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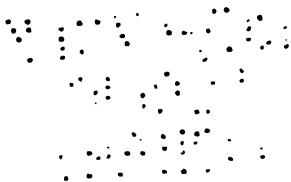
The Spectator.



(*L O N D O N :*)

(*Printed for Harrison and Co. 11, St. James's Street, London.*)

1786.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS EARL OF WHARTON.

MY LORD,

THE Author of the Spectator having prefixed before each of his volumes the name of some great person to whom he has particular obligations, lays his claim to your Lordship's patronage upon the same account. I must confess, my Lord, had not I already received great instances of your favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a work of this nature to your perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the characters of men, and all the parts of human life, that it is impossible for the least misrepresentation of them to escape your notice. It is your Lordship's particular distinction that you are master of the whole compass of business, and have signalized yourself in all the different scenes of it. We admire some for the dignity, others for the popularity of their behaviour; some for their clearness of judgment, others for their happiness of expression; some for the laying of schemes, and others for the putting of them in execution: it is your Lordship only who enjoys these several talents united, and that too in as great perfection as others possess them singly. Your enemies acknowledge this great extent in your Lordship's character, at the same time that they use their utmost industry and invention to derogate from it. But it is for your honour, that those who are now your enemies were always so. You have acted in so much consistency with yourself, and promoted the interests of your country in so uniform a manner, that even those who would misrepresent your generous designs for the public good, cannot but approve the steadiness and intrepidity with which you pursue them. It is a most sensible pleasure to me that I have this opportunity of professing myself one of your great admirers, and, in a very particular manner,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

And most obedient, humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.







THE  
S P E C T A T O R.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

N<sup>o</sup> ECCXXII. MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1712.

—AD NUMUM MORRORE GRAVI DEDUCIT ET ANGIT.

HOR. ARS POET. V. 110.

—GRIEF DEJECTS, AND WRINGS THE TORTURED SOUL.

ROSCOMMON.

**I**T is often said, after a man has heard a story with extraordinary circumstances, it is a very good one if it be true; but as for the following relation, I should be glad were I sure it were false. It is told with such simplicity, and there are so many artless touches of distress in it, that I fear it comes too much from the heart.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**S**OME years ago it happened that I lived in the same house with a young gentleman of merit; with whose good qualities I was so much taken, as to make it my endeavour to shew as many as I was able in myself. Familiar converse improved general civilities into an unfeigned passion on both sides. He watched an opportunity to declare himself to me; and I, who could not expect a man of so great an estate as his, received his addresses in such terms, as gave him no reason to believe I was displeased with them, though I did nothing to make him think me more easy than was decent. His father was a very hard worldly man, and proud; so that there

was no reason to believe he would easily be brought to think there was any thing in any woman's person or character that could balance the disadvantage of an unequal fortune. In the mean time the son continued his application to me, and omitted no occasion of demonstrating the most disinterested passion imaginable to me; and in plain direct terms offered to marry me privately, and keep it so till he should be so happy as to gain his father's approbation or become possessor of his estate. I passionately loved him, and you will believe I did not deny such a one what was my interest also to grant. However, I was not so young as not to take the precaution of carrying with me a faithful servant, who had been also my mother's maid, to be present at the ceremony: when that was over, I demanded a certificate, signed by the minister, my husband, and the servant I just now spoke of. After our nuptials, we conversed together very familiarly in the same house; but the restraints we were generally under, and the interviews we had being stolen and interrupted, made our behaviour to each other have

rather the impatient fondness which is visible in lovers, than the regular and gratified affection which is to be observed in man and wife. This observation made the father very anxious for his son, and press him to a match he had in his eye for him. To relieve my husband from this importunity, and conceal the secret of our marriage, which I had reason to know would not be long in my power in town, it was resolved that I should retire into a remote place in the country, and converse under feigned names by letter. We long continued this way of commerce; and I with my needle, a few books, and reading over and over my husband's letters, passed my time in a resigned expectation of better days. Be pleased to take notice, that within four months after I left my husband I was delivered of a daughter, who died within a few hours after her birth. This accident, and the retired manner of life I led, gave criminal hopes to a neighbouring brute of a country gentleman, whose folly was the source of all my affliction. This rustic is one of those rich clowns who supply the want of all manner of breeding by the neglect of it, and with noisy mirth, half understanding, and ample fortune, force themselves upon persons and things without any sense of time and place. The poor ignorant people where I lay concealed, and now passed for a widow, wondered I could be so shy and strange, as they called it, to the squire; and were bribed by him to admit him whenever he thought fit. I happened to be sitting in a little parlour which belonged to my own part of the house, and musing over one of the fondest of my husband's letters, in which I always kept the certificate of my marriage, when this rude fellow came in, and with the nauseous familiarity of such unbred brutes, snatched the papers out of my hand. I was immediately under so great a concern, that I threw myself at his feet, and begged of him to return them. He, with the same odious pretence to freedom and gaiety, swore he would read them. I grew more importunate, he more curious, till at last, with an indignation arising from a passion I then first disco-

vered in him, he threw the papers into the fire, swearing that since he was not to read them, the man who writ them should never be so happy as to have me read them over again. It is insignificant to tell you my tears and reproaches made the boisterous calf leave the room ashamed and out of countenance, when I had leisure to ruminate on this accident with more than ordinary sorrow: however, such then was my confidence in my husband, that I writ to him the misfortune, and desired another paper of the same kind. He deferred writing two or three posts, and at last answered me in general, that he could not then send me what I asked for; but when he could find a proper conveyance, I should be sure to have it. From this time his letters were more cold every day than other, and as he grew indifferent I grew jealous. This has at last brought me to town, where I find both the witnesses of my marriage dead, and that my husband, after three months cohabitation, has buried a young lady whom he married in obedience to his father. In a word, he shuns and disowns me. Should I come to the house and confront him, the father would join in supporting him against me, though he believed my story: should I talk it to the world, what reparation can I expect for an injury I cannot make out? I believe he means to bring me, through necessity, to resign my pretensions to him for some provision for my life; but I will die first. Pray bid him remember what he said, and how he was charmed when he laughed at the heedless discovery I often made of myself; let him remember how awkward I was in my dissembled indifference towards him before company; ask him how I, who could never conceal my love for him, at his own request can part with him for ever? Oh, Mr. Spectator, sensible spirits know no indifference in marriage; what then do you think is my piercing affliction!—I leave you to represent my distress your own way, in which I desire you to be speedy, if you have compassion for innocence exposed to infamy.

T

OCTAVIA.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXXIII. TUESDAY, MARCH II.

—MODO VIR, MODO FOEMINA—

VIRG.

SOMETIMES A MAN, SOMETIMES A WOMAN.

THE journal, with which I presented my reader on Tuesday last, has brought me in several letters; with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the Rake's Journal, the Sor's Journal, the Whoremaster's Journal, and among several others a very curious piece, entitled—'The Journal of a Mohock.' By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifle and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shews the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blamable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself Clarinda, is such a journalist as I require: she seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU having let your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you inclosed. You must know, Mr. Spectator, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had several

matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by a very pretty fellow. As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write upon the very day after your Spectator upon that subject.

TUESDAY night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

WEDNESDAY. From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read the Spectator.

From eleven to one. At my toilette, tried a new head. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. Mem. I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. Mem. Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed, paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At Bassett. Mem. Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY. From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dream'd that I punted to Mr. Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in Aurengzebe a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow Lady Faddie's Cupid for Veny. Read the play bills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. Mem. Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. Fontange, the fire-woman, her account of my Lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent Frank

to know how my Lady Heclic reited after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy for a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

**FRIDAY.** Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters. Cupid and Veny.

Ten o'clock. Staid within all day, not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbons. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myself up in my chamber, practised Lady Betty Modely's skuttle.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet-leaf in it. Eyes ached and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of Aurengzebe.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spitey at home. Conversation: Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old Lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townley has red hair. Mem. Mrs. Spitey whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth, I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.

**SATURDAY.** Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. Mem. The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowled to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapp'd Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out Ancora. Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

**SUNDAY.** Indisposed.

**MONDAY.** Eight o'clock. Waked by Miss Kitty. Aurengzebe lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobbs to the dumb man according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. Mem. The conjurer was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, &c.

Upon looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet-leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream. Your humble servant,

CLARINDA.

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make

make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, a lady, who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

## ON THE COUNTESS' DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this marble hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:  
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,  
Fair and learn'd, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

L

## CCCXXIV. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12.

O CURVÆ IN TERRIS ANIMÆ, ET COELESTIUM INANES!

PERS. SAT. II. v. 61.

O SOULS, IN WHOM NO HEAVENLY FIRE IS FOUND,  
FAT MINDS, AND EVER GROV'LING ON THE GROUND!

DRYDEN.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE materials you have collected together towards a general History of Clubs, make so bright a part of your speculations, that I think it is but a justice we all owe the learned world to furnish you with such assistance as may promote that useful work. For this reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect informations of a set of men (if you will allow them a place in that species of being) who have lately erected themselves into a nocturnal fraternity under the title of The Mohock Club, a name borrowed it seems from a sort of Canibals in India, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The president is stiled Emperor of the Mohocks; and his arms are a Turkish crescent, which his imperial majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead. Agreeable to their name, the avowed design of their institution is mischief; and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed. An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures, is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this principle in it's full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity; then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets

through which they patrol. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed. To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, is reckoned a *Coup d'eclat*. The particular talents by which these Misanthropes are distinguished from one another consist in the various kinds of barbarities which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the Lion upon them; which is performed by squeezing the nose flat to the face, and boring out the eyes with their fingers: others are called the dancing-masters, and teach their scholars to cut capers by running swords through their legs; a new invention, whether originally French I cannot tell. A third sort are the tumblers, whose office it is to set women on their heads and commit certain indecencies, or rather barbarities, on the limbs which they expose. But these I forbear to mention, because they cannot but be very shocking to the reader as well as the Spectator. In this manner they carry on a war against mankind; and by the standing maxims of their policy, are to enter into no alliances but one, and that is offensive and defensive with all bawdy-houses in general, of which they have declared themselves protectors and guaranties.

I must own, Sir, these are only broken incoherent memoirs of this wonderful society, but they are the best I have been yet able to procure; for being but of late established, it is not ripe for a

just

just history. And to be serious, the chief design of this trouble is to hinder it from ever being so. You have been pleased, out of a concern for the good of your countrymen, to act under the character of Spectator, not only the part of a looker-on, but an overseer of their actions; and whenever such enormities as this infect the town, we immediately fly to you for redress. I have reason to believe that some thoughtless youngsters, out of a false notion of bravery, and an immoderate fondness to be distinguished for fellows of fire, are insensibly hurried into this senseless scandalous project: such will probably stand corrected by your reproofs, especially if you inform them that it is not courage for half a score fellows, mad with wine and lust, to set upon two or three soberer than themselves; and that the manners of Indian savages are no becoming accomplishments to an English fine gentleman. Such of them as have been bullies and scowerers of a long standing, and are grown veterans in this kind of service, are, I fear, too hardened to receive any impressions from your admonitions. But I beg you would recommend to their perusal your ninth speculation: they may there be taught to take warning from the club of Duellists; and be put in mind, that the common fate of those men of honour was to be hanged. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

PHILANTHROPOS.

MARCH THE 10th,

1712.

The following letter is of a quite contrary nature; but I add it here, that the reader may observe at the same view, how amiable ignorance may be when it is shewn in it's simplicities, and how

detestable in barbarities. It is by an honest countryman to her and came to the hands of a lady sense wrapped about a thin who has long kept it by her as of artless love.

TO HER I VERY MUCH  
MRS. MARGARET CL

LOVELY, and oh that I loving Mrs. Margaret Cl you let affection excuse me. Having been so happy as to sight of your sweet counter comely body, sometimes with occasion to buy treacle or liquor at the apothecaries shop enamoured with you, that I can keep close my flaming desire to your servant. And I am the now to write to your sweet self. I am now my own man, and where I please; for my father away, and now I am come to a which is ten yard land, and and there is never a yard of field but it is as well worth to a year, as a thief is worth a half all my brothers and sisters are for: besides I have good house though I say it, both brass and linens and woollens; and the house be thatched, yet, if you match, it shall go hard but I one half of it slated. If you of this motion, I will wait up soon as my new cloaths is a hay-harvest is in. I could, say it, have good—. The off; and posterity must be con know, that Mrs. Margaret C very pretty, but are left in th to the name of her lover.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXXV. THURSDAY, MARCH 13.

—QUID FRUSTRA SIMULACRA FUGACIA CAPTAS?  
 QUOD PETIS, EST NUSQUAM: QUOD AMAS AVERTERE, PERDES.  
 ISTA REPERCUSSE QUAM CERNIS IMAGINIS UMBRA EST,  
 NIL HABET ISTA SUI; TECUM VENITQUE, MANETQUE,  
 TECUM DISCEDET SI TU DISCEDERE POSSIS.

OVID. MET. L. 3. V. 432.

[FROM THE FABLE OF NARCISSUS.]

WHAT COULD, FOND YOUTH, THIS HELPLESS PASSION MOVE?  
 WHAT KINDLED IN THEE THIS UNFITTED LOVE?  
 THY OWN WARM BLUSH WITHIN THE WATER GLOWS;  
 WITH THEE THE COLOUR'D SHADOW COMES AND GOES:  
 IT'S EMPTY BEING ON THYSELF RELIES;  
 STEP THOU ASIDE, AND THE FRAIL CHARMER DIES.

ADDISON.

**W**ILL Honeycomb diverted us last night with an account of a young fellow's first discovering his passion to his mistress. The young lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable opinion of him, and was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his advances. As he was one day talking with her in company of her two sisters, the conversation happening to turn upon love, each of the young ladies was, by way of rail-lery, recommending a wife to him; when, to the no small surprise of her who languished for him in secret, he told them with a more than ordinary seriousness, that his heart had been long engaged to one whose name he thought himself obliged in honour to conceal; but that he could shew her picture in the lid of his snuff-box. The young lady, who found herself most sensibly touched by this confession, took the first opportunity that offered of snatching his box out of his hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it, but finding her resolved to look into the lid, begged her that if she should happen to know the person, she would not reveal her name. Upon carrying it to the window, she was very agreeably surprised to find there was nothing within the lid but a little looking-glass, in which after she had viewed her face with more pleasure than she had ever done before, she returned the box with a smile, telling him, she could not but admire at his choice.

Will fancying that this story took, immediately fell into a dissertation on the usefulness of looking-glasses; and

applying himself to me, asked if there were any looking-glasses in the times of the Greeks and Romans; for that he had often observed in the translations of poems out of those languages, that people generally talked of seeing themselves in wells, fountains, lakes, and rivers: 'Nay,' says he, 'I remember Mr. Dryden in his Ovid tells us of a swinging fellow called Polypheme, that made use of the sea for his looking-glass, and could never dress himself to advantage but in a calm.'

My friend Will, to shew us the whole compass of his learning upon this subject, further informed us that there were still several nations in the world so very barbarous as not to have any looking-glasses among them; and that he had lately read a voyage to the South-Sea, in which it is said, that the ladies of Chili always dressed their heads over a basin of water.

I am the more particular in my account of Will's last night's lecture on these natural mirrors, as it seems to bear some relation to the following letter which I received the day before.

228,

**I** Have read your last Saturday's observations on the fourth book of Milton with great satisfaction, and am particularly pleased with the hidden moral which you have taken notice of in several parts of the poem. The design of this letter is to desire your thoughts, whether there may not also be some moral couched under that place in the same book where the poet lets us know, that



the first woman, immediately after her creation, ran to a looking-glass, and became so enamoured of her own face, that she had never removed to view any of the other works of nature, had she not been led off to a man. If you think fit to set down the whole passage from Milton, your readers will be able to judge for themselves, and the quotation will not a little contribute to the filling up of your paper. Your humble servant,

R. T.

The last consideration urged by my querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The passage he alludes to, is part of Eve's speech to Adam, and one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem.

“ That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
“ I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd  
“ Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring  
“ where  
“ And what I was, whence thither brought,  
“ and how.  
“ Not distant far from thence a murmuring  
“ sound  
“ Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread  
“ Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd  
“ Pure as the expanse of heav'n: I thither went  
“ With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me  
“ down  
“ On the green bank, to look into the clear  
“ Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
“ As I bent down to look, just opposite  
“ A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,

“ Bending to look on me; I started back.  
“ It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd  
“ Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answer  
“ looks  
“ Of sympathy and love: there I had  
“ Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with  
“ desire,  
“ Had not a voice thus warn'd me: “  
“ thou see'st,  
“ What there thou see'st, fair creature  
“ thyself;  
“ With thee it came and goes: but follow  
“ And I will bring thee where no shadow  
“ Thy coming, and thy soft embraces  
“ Whose image thou art, him thou shalt  
“ Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
“ Multitudes like thyself, and thence be  
“ Mother of human race.” What could  
“ But follow straight, invisibly thus led  
“ Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall  
“ Under a plantain; yet methought less  
“ Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
“ Than that smooth wat'ry image: but  
“ turn'd;  
“ Thou following cry'dst aloud—“ Re-  
“ fair Eve.  
“ Whom fly'st thou? Whom thou fly'st  
“ him thou art,  
“ His flesh, his bone; to give thee being  
“ Out of my side to thee, nearest my  
“ Substantial life, to have thee by my  
“ Henceforth an individual solace dear  
“ Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee  
“ My other half!”—with that thy  
“ hand  
“ Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time  
“ How beauty is excell'd by manly grace  
“ And wisdom, which alone is truly fair  
“ So spake our general mother—

## Nº CCCXXVI. FRIDAY, MARCH 14.

INCLUSAM DANAEN TURRIS ANENEA,  
ROBUSTÆQUE FORES, ET VIGILUM CANUM  
TRISTES EXCUSÆ, MUNIERANT SATIS  
NOCTURNIS AB ADULTERIS;  
SI NON—

HOR. OD. XVI. L. 3. V. 1

A TOW'ER OF BRASS, ONE WOULD HAVE SAID,  
AND LOCKS, AND BOLTS, AND IRON BARS,  
MIGHT HAVE PRESERV'D ONE INNOCENT MAIDENHEAD;  
BUT VENUS LAUGH'D, &c. COWLEY

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOUR correspondent's letter relating to Fortune-Hunters, and your subsequent discourse upon it, have given me encouragement to send you a state of my case, by which you will see, that the matter complained of is a common grievance both to city and country.

I am a country gentleman of between five and six thousand a year. It is my

misfortune to have a very fine park and only daughter; upon which account I have been so plagued with deer-stealers and fops, that for these four years I have scarce enjoyed a moment's I look upon myself to be in a state of war, and am forced to keep as constant watch in my seat, as a governor who do that commanded a town on the frontier of an enemy's country. I have





deed pretty well secured my park, having for this purpose provided myself of four keepers who are left-handed, and handle a quarter-staff beyond any other fellows in the country. And for the guard of my house, besides a band of pensioner matrons and an old maiden relation whom I keep on constant duty, I have blunderbusses always charged, and fox-gins planted in private places about my garden, of which I have given frequent notice in the neighbourhood; yet so it is, that in spite of all my care, I shall every now and then have a saucy rascal ride by reconnoitring (as I think you call it) under my windows, as sprucely dressed as if he were going to a ball. I am aware of this way of attacking a mistress on horseback, having heard that it is a common practice in Spain; and have therefore taken care to remove my daughter from the road-side of the house, and to lodge her next the garden. But to cut short my story; what can a man do after all? I durst not stand for member of parliament last election, for fear of some ill consequence from my being off my post. What I would therefore desire of you is, to promote a project I have set on foot; and upon which I have writ to some of my friends; and that is, that care may be taken to secure our daughters by law, as well as our deer; and that some honest gentleman of a public spirit, would move for leave to bring in a bill for the better preserving of the female game. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant.

MILE-END-GREEN, MARCH 6, 1711-12.

MR. SPECTATOR,

HERE is a young man walks by our door every day about the dusk of the evening. He looks up at my window, as if to see me; and if I steal towards it to peep at him, he turns another way, and looks frightened at finding what he was looking for. The air is very cold; and pray let him know that if he knocks at the door, he will be carried to the parlour fire, and I will come down soon after, and give him an opportunity to break his mind. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

MARY COMFIT.

If I observe he cannot speak, I'll give him time to recover himself, and ask him how he does.

DEAR SIR,

I Beg you to print this without delay, and by the first opportunity give us the natural causes of longing in women; or put me out of fear that my wife will one time or other be delivered of something as monstrous as any thing that has yet appeared to the world; for they say the child is to bear a resemblance of what was desired by the mother. I have been married upwards of six years, have had four children, and my wife is now big with the fifth. The expences she has put me to in procuring what she has longed for during her pregnancy with them, would not only have handsomely defrayed the charges of the month, but of their education too; as not to confine itself to the usual objects of eatables and drinkables, but running out after equipages and furniture, and the like extravagancies. To trouble you only with a few of them; when she was with child of Tom, my eldest son, she came home one day just fainting, and told me she had been visiting a relation, whose husband had made her a present of a chariot, and a stately pair of horses; and that she was positive she could not breath a week longer, unless she took the air in the fellow to it of her own within that time: this, rather than lose an heir, I readily complied with. Then the furniture of her best room must be instantly changed, or she should mark the child with some of the frightful figures in the old-fashioned tapestry. Well, the upholsterer was called, and her longing saved that bout. When she went with Molly, she had fixed her mind upon a new set of plate, and as much china as would have furnished an Indian shop: these also I cheerfully granted, for fear of being father to an Indian Pagod. Hitherto I found her demands rose upon every concession; and had she gone on, I had been ruined: but by good fortune, with her third, which was Peggy, the height of her imagination came down to the corner of a venison pasty, and brought her once even upon her knees to gnaw off the ears of a pig from the spit. The gratifications of her palate were easily preferred to those of her vanity; and sometimes a partridge or a quail, a wheat-ear, or the pestle of a lark, were cheerfully purchased; nay, I could be contented though I were to feed her with green pease in April, or cherries in May.

But with the babe she now goes, she is turned girl again, and fallen to eating of chalk, pretending, it will make the child's skin white; and nothing will serve her but I must bear her company, to prevent it's having a shade of my brown. In this however I have ventured to deny her. No longer ago than yesterday, as we were coming to town, she saw a parcel of crows so heartily at breakfast upon a piece of horse-flesh, that she had an invincible desire to partake with them, and (to my infinite surprise) begged the coachman to cut her off a slice as if it were for himself, which the fellow did; and as soon as she came home she fell to it with such an appetite, that she seemed rather to devour than eat it. What her next folly will be, I

cannot guess: but in the mean time request to you is, that if there be way to come at these wild unaccountable roving of imagination by reason and argument, you'd speedily assist us your assistance. This exceeds grievance of pin-money, and I thin every settlement there ought to be clause inserted, that the father shall be answerable for the longings of daughter. But I shall impatiently peck your thoughts on this matter; am, Sir, your most obliged, and faithful humble servant,

T

Let me know whether you think next child will love horses as much Molly does china-ware.

## N<sup>o</sup> CCCXXVII. SATURDAY, MARCH 15.

———MAJOR RERUM MINI NASCITUR ORDO.

VIRG. ÆN. VII. V. 4.

A LARGER SCENE OF ACTION IS DISPLAY'D.

DAYDEN

WE were told in the foregoing book, how the evil spirit practised upon Eve as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride, and ambition. The author, who shews a wonderful art throughout his whole poem, in preparing the reader for the several occurrences that arise in it, founds, upon the above-mentioned circumstance, the first part of the fifth book. Adam upon his awaking finds Eve still asleep, with an unusual discomposure in her looks. The posture in which he regards her, is described with a tenderness not to be expressed, as the whisper, with which he awakens her, is the softest that ever was conveyed to a lover's ear.

His wonder was, to find unawaken'd Eve  
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,  
As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice  
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus—  
Awake,

' My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
' Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight!  
' Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh  
    field

' Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark  
    ' Spring  
' Our tender plants, how blows the citrong  
' What drops the myrrh, and what the b:  
    ' reed,  
' How nature paints her colours, how the  
' Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sw  
    Such whispering wak'd her, but with st.  
    led eye  
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spak  
' O sole, in whom my thoughts find all  
    ' posse,  
' My glory, my perfection! glad I see  
' Thy face, and morn return'd'——

I cannot but take notice, that Milton in the conferences between Adam and Eve, had his eye very frequently upon the book of Canticles, in which then a noble spirit of eastern poetry, and very often not unlike what we meet with Homer, who is generally placed in the age of Solomon. I think there no question but the poet in the preceding speech remembered those two passages which are spoken on the like occasions and filled with the same pleasing images of nature.

' My beloved spake, and said unto  
' me, Rise up, my love, my fair-one  
' and come away; for lo, the winter  
' past, the rain is over and gone,  
    ' flow

'flowers appear on the earth, the time  
'of the finging of birds is come, and  
'the voice of the turtle is heard in our  
'land. The fig-tree putteth forth her  
'green figs, and the vines with the ten-  
'der grape give a good smell. Arise,  
'my love, my fair-one, and come away.  
'Come, my beloved, let us go forth  
'into the field, let us get up early to  
'the vineyards, let us see if the vine  
'flourish, whether the tender grape ap-  
'pear, and the pomegranates bud forth.'

His preferring the garden of Eden to  
that

—Where the Sapient king  
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse,  
shews that the poet had this delightful  
scene in his mind.

Eve's dream is full of those 'high  
'conceits engendering pride,' which, we  
are told, the Devil endeavoured to instil  
into her. Of this kind is that part of  
it where she fancies herself awakened by  
Adam in the following beautiful lines.

'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant  
'time,  
'The cool, the silent save where silence yields  
'To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
'Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now  
'reigns  
'Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleas-  
'ing light  
'Shadowy sets off the face of things: in vain,  
'If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his  
'eyes,  
'Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?  
'In whose sight all things joy, with ravish-  
'ment,  
'Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.'

An injudicious poet would have made  
Adam ask through the whole work in  
such sentiments as these. But flattery  
and falsehood are not the courtship of  
Milton's Adam, and could not be heard  
by Eve in her state of innocence, ex-  
cepting only in a dream produced on  
purpose to taint her imagination. Other  
vain sentiments of the same kind, in this  
relation of her dream, will be obvious  
to every reader. Though the catastrophe  
of the poem is finely prefigured on this  
occasion, the particulars of it are so art-  
fully shadowed, that they do not antici-  
pate the story which follows in the ninth  
book. I shall only add, that though  
the vision itself is founded upon truth,  
the circumstances of it are full of that  
wildness and inconsistency which are na-

tural to a dream. Adam, conformable  
to his superior character for wisdom,  
instructs and comforts Eve upon this  
occasion.

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was  
cheer'd,  
But silently a gentle tear let fall  
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair;  
Two other precious drops, that ready flood  
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell  
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

The morning hymn is written in imi-  
tation of one of those psalms, where, in  
the overflowings of gratitude and praise,  
the psalmist calls not only upon the an-  
gels, but upon the most conspicuous  
parts of the inanimate creation, to join  
with him in extolling their common  
Maker. Invocations of this nature fill  
the mind with glorious ideas of God's  
works, and awaken that divine enthu-  
siasm, which is so natural to devotion.  
But if this calling upon the dead parts of  
nature, is at all times a proper kind of  
worship, it was in a particular manner  
suitable to our first parents, who had the  
creation fresh upon their minds, and had  
not seen the various dispensations of Pro-  
vidence, nor consequently could be ac-  
quainted with those many topics of  
praise which might afford matter to the  
devotions of their posterity. I need not  
remark the beautiful spirit of poetry,  
which runs through this whole hymn,  
nor the holiness of that resolution with  
which it concludes.

Having already mentioned those  
speeches which are assigned to the per-  
sons in this poem, I proceed to the de-  
scription which the poet gives of Ra-  
phael. His departure from before the  
throne, and his flight through the choirs  
of angels, is finely imaged. As Milton  
every where fills his poem with circum-  
stances that are marvellous and astonish-  
ing, he describes the gate of heaven as  
framed after such a manner, that it  
opened of itself upon the approach of  
the angel who was to pass through it.

—Till at the gate  
Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide  
On golden hinges turning, as by work  
Divine the sovereign architect had fram'd.

The poet here seems to have rewarded  
two or three passages in the 8th Iliad,  
as that in particular, where, speaking  
of Vulcan, Homer says, that he had  
made

made twenty Tripodes running on golden wheels; which, upon occasion, might go of themselves to the assembly of the gods, and when there was no more use for them, return again after the same manner. Scaliger has rallied Homer very severely upon this point, as M. Dacier has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether, in this particular of Homer, the marvellous does not lose sight of the probable. As the miraculous workmanship of Milton's gates is not so extraordinary as this of the Tripodes, so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had he not been supported in it by a passage in the Scripture, which speaks of wheels in heaven that had life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still, in conformity with the cherubims whom they accompanied.

There is no question but Milton had this circumstance in his thoughts, because in the following book he describes the chariot of the Messiah with living wheels, according to the plan in Ezekiel's vision.

—————Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound  
The chariot of paternal Deity,  
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel  
undrawn,  
Itself instinct with spirit—————

I question not but Bossu, and the two Daciers, who are for vindicating every thing that is censured in Homer, by something parallel in holy writ, would have been very well pleased had they thought of confronting Vulcan's Tripodes with Ezekiel's wheels.

Raphael's descent to the earth, with the figure of his person, is represented in very lively colours. Several of the French, Italian, and English poets, have given a loose to their imaginations in the description of angels: but I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in Milton. After having set him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the earth, the poet concludes his description with a circumstance, which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest strength of fancy,

—————Like Maia's son he stood,  
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance  
fill'd  
The circuit wide.—————

Raphael's reception by the angels; his passing through tinets of sweets; his distant approach to Adam; have all the graces it is capable of bestowing. The afterwards gives us a particular of Eve in her domestic employment.

So saying, with dispatchful looks  
She turn'd, on hospitable thought  
What choice to choose for delicate  
What order, so contriv'd, as not  
Tastes, not well join'd inelegant,  
Taste after taste, upbraid with kind  
Besires her then, &c.

Though in this, and other the same book, the subject is housewifery of our first parents off with so many pleasing im strong expression, as make it the least agreeable parts in the work.

The natural majesty of Adam at the same time his submissive our to the superior being, vouchsafed to be his guest; the hail which the angel bestows mother of mankind, with the Eve ministering at the table; ar stances which deserve to be ad.

Raphael's behaviour is every able to the dignity of his nature to that character of a social with which the author has so introduced him. He had rec structions to converse with one friend converses with another to warn him of the enemy, contriving his destruction: as he is represented as sitting down with Adam, and eating of the Paradise. The occasion nature him to his discourse on the angels. After having thus ent conversation with man upon different subjects, he warns his obedience, and makes a nature to the history of that fall who was employed in the circuit of our first parents.

Had I followed Monsieur Be thod in my first paper on I should have dated the action of the first book from the beginning of Raphael's speech in this book, a poses the action of the *Æneid* in the second book of that could alledge many reasons drawing the action of the *Æneid* from its immediate beginning

book, than from it's remote beginning in the second; and shew why I have considered the sacking of Troy as an episode, according to the common acceptance of that word. But as this would be a dry, unentertaining piece of criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Which ever of the notions be true, the unity of Milton's action is preserved according to either of them; whether we consider the fall of man is it's immediate beginning, as proceeding from the resolutions taken in the infernal council, or in it's more remote beginning, as proceeding from the first revolt of the angels in heaven. The occasion which Milton assigns for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in holy writ, and on the opinion of some great writers, so it was the most proper that the poet could have made use of.

The revolt in heaven is described with great force of imagination and a fine variety of circumstances. The learned reader cannot but be pleased with the poet's imitation of Homer in the last of the following lines.

At length into the limits of the north  
They came, and Satan took his royal seat  
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount  
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs  
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of  
gold,

The palace of great Lucifer, (so call  
That structure in the dialect of men  
Interpreted) —

Homer mentions persons and things, which he tells us in the language of the gods are called by different names from those they go by in the language of men. Milton has imitated him with his usual judgment in this particular place, wherein he has likewise the authority of Scripture to justify him. The part of Abdiel, who was the only spirit that in this infinite host of angels preserved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious singularity. The zeal of the seraphim breaks forth in a becoming warmth of sentiments and expressions, as the character which is given us of him denotes that generous scorn and intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The author doubtless designed it as a pattern to those, who live among mankind in their present state of degeneracy and corruption.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
Among the faithiefs, faithful only he;  
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
Unshaken, unseduc'd, untterrify'd,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:  
Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant  
mind

Though single. From amidst them forth he  
pass'd,

Long way thro' hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;  
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd  
On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction  
doom'd.

L

## Nº CCCXXVIII. MONDAY, MARCH 17.

NULLUM ME A LABORE RECLINAT OTIUM.

HOR. EPOD. XVIII. V. 24.

NO EASE DOETH LAY ME DOWN FROM PAIN.

CREECH.

MR. SPECTATOR,

AS I believe this is the first complaint that ever was made to you of this nature, so you are the first person I ever could prevail upon myself to lay it before. When I tell you I have a healthy, vigorous constitution, a plentiful estate, no inordinate desires, and am married to a virtuous lovely woman, who neither wants wit nor good-nature, and by whom I have a numerous offspring to perpetuate my family, you will naturally conclude me a happy man. But, notwithstanding these promising

appearances, I am so far from it, that the prospect of being ruined and undone, by a sort of extravagance which of late years is in a less degree crept into every fashionable family, deprives me of all the comforts of my life, and renders me the most anxious, miserable man on earth. My wife, who was the only child and darling care of an indulgent mother, employed her early years in learning all those accomplishments we generally understand by good-breeding and polite education. She sings, dances, plays on the lute and harpsichord, paints prettily,



tilly, is a perfect mistress of the French tongue, and has made a considerable progress in Italian. She is besides excellently skilled in all domestic sciences, as preserving, pickling, pastry, making wines of fruits of our own growth, embroidering, and needlework of every kind. Hitherto you will be apt to think there is very little cause of complaint; but suspend your opinion till I have further explained myself, and then I make no question but you will come over to mine. You are not to imagine I find fault that she either possesses or takes delight in the exercises of those qualifications I just now mentioned; it is the immoderate fondness she has to them that I lament, and that what is only designed for the innocent amusement and recreation of life, is become the whole business and study of her's. The six months we are in town, (for the year is equally divided between that and the country) from almost break of day till noon, the whole morning is laid out in practising with her several masters; and to make up the losses occasioned by her absence in summer, every day in the week their attendance is required; and as they all are people eminent in their professions, their skill and time must be recompensed accordingly: so how far these articles extend, I leave you to judge. Limning, one would think, is no expensive diversion; but as she manages the matter, it is a very considerable addition to her disbursements; which you will easily believe, when you know she paints fans for all her female acquaintance, and draws all her relations pictures in miniature; the first must be mounted by nobody but Colinar, and the other set by nobody but Charles Mather. What follows, is still much worse than the former; for, as I told you, she is a great artist at her needle, it is incredible what sums she expends in embroidery; for, besides what is appropriated to her personal use, as mantuas, petticoats, stomachers, handkerchiefs, purses, pin-cushions, and working aprons, she keeps four French protestants continually employed in making divers pieces of superfluous furniture, as quilts, toiles, hangings for closets, beds, window-curtains, easy-chairs, and tabourets: nor have I any hopes of ever reclaiming her from this extravagance, while she obstinately persists in thinking it a notable piece of

good housewifery; because made at home, and she shares in the performance. There is no end of relating to particulars of the annual charging her store room with pickles and preserves; I am contented with having enough, if it be done every way she consults an hereditary book for her female ancestors; I was famed for good housewifery of whom is made immortal her name to an eye-water of puddings. I cannot recite all her medicinal prescriptions, ferecloths, powder cordials, ratafia, perfico, and cherry-brandy, toge numerous sorts of simple there is nothing I lay so near as that detestable catalogue of wines, which derive from the fruits, herbs, or juices they are chiefly pernicious to the health; and to dom survive the year, thrown away, under a false frugality. I may affirm it in more than if I entertain sitous with the best burgundy. Coffee, chocolate, perial, pecco, and bohea-trifles; but when the pretences of the tea-table are swell the account higher than I imagine. I cannot conceive doing her justice in one; a her frugality is so remarkable not deny her the merit of it in relation to her children confined, both boys and large room in the remotest house, with bolts on the door to the windows, under the tuition of an old woman, a dry nurse to her grandmother, their residence all the year as they are never allowed to prudently thinks it needless expence in apparel or leisure; eldest daughter, to this day neither read nor writ, if it for the butler, who, being country attorney, has tau a hand, as is generally using bills in Chancery. I have sufficiently tired your my domestic grievances;

you will agree could not well be contained in a narrower compass, when you consider what a paradox I undertook to maintain in the beginning of my epistle, and which manifestly appears to be but too melancholy a truth. And now I heartily wish the relation I have given of my misfortunes may be of use and benefit to the public. By the example I have set before them, the truly virtuous wives may learn to avoid those errors which have so unhappily misled mine, and which are visibly these three; first,

in mistaking the proper objects of her esteem, and fixing her affections upon such things as are only the trappings and decorations of her sex; secondly, in not distinguishing what becomes the different stages of life; and, lastly, the abuse and corruption of some excellent qualities, which, if circumscribed within just bounds, would have been the blessing and prosperity of her family, but, by a vicious extreme, are like to be the bane and destruction of it.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXXIX. TUESDAY, MARCH 18.

IRE TAMEN RESTAT, NUMA QUO DEVENIT, ET ANCUS.

HOR. EPIST. VI. L. I. V. 27.

WITH ANCUS, AND WITH NUMA, KINGS OF ROME,  
WE MUST DESCEND INTO THE SILENT TOMB.

**M**Y friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzick: when of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country: that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people; to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; 'And truly,' says Sir Roger, 'if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.'

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me,

told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacco-shop's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out—'A brave man I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudsly Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried—'Sir Cloudsly Shovel! a very gallant man!' As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner—'Dr. Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!'

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.'

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, what authority they had to say, that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an an-

swer, told him, that he hoped he would pay his forfeit. I Sir Roger a little ruffled thus trepanned; but our sitting upon his demand, recovered his good-humour in my ear, that if we were with us, and saw that it would go hard but he tobacco-stopper out of one of them.

Sir Roger, in the next hand upon Edward the T and leaning upon the p gave us the whole history Prince; concluding, that Baker's opinion, Edward one of the greatest princes upon the English throne.

We were then shewn Confessor's tomb; upon v ger acquainted us, that h who touched for the evi wards Henry the Fourth: he shook his head, and was fine reading in the ca reign.

Our conductor then p monument where there is one of our English kin head; and upon giving that the head, which was ver, had been stolen away since—'Some whig, I'll says Sir Roger; 'you ou your kings better; they 'the body too, if you do

The glorious names of Fifth and Queen Elizabeth knight great opportunities and of doing justice to Sir ker, who, as our knight some surprise, had a great in him, whose monument seen in the Abbey.

For my own part I co pleased to see the knight honest passion for the glory, and such a respectful memory of it's prince

I must not omit, that tl of my good old friend, w towards every one he co made him very kind to o whom he looked upon a dinary man; for which r him by the hand at partin that he should be very gl at his lodgings in Nerfo and talk over these mat more at leisure.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXXX. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19.

MAXIMA DEBITUR PUEBIS REVERENTIA—

JUV. SAT. XIV. V. 47.

TO YOUTH THE TENDEREST REGARD IS DUE.

THE following letters, written by two very considerate correspondents, both under twenty years of age, are very good arguments of the necessity of taking into consideration the many incidents which affect the education of youth.

SIR,

I Have long expected, that in the course of your observations upon the several parts of human life, you would one time or other fall upon a subject, which, since you have not, I take the liberty to recommend to you. What I mean, is the patronage of young modest men to such as are able to countenance and introduce them into the world. For want of such assistances, a youth of merit languishes in obscurity or poverty, when his circumstances are low, and runs into riot and excess when his fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make myself better understood, than by sending you an history of myself, which I shall desire you to insert in your paper, it being the only way I have of expressing my gratitude for the highest obligations imaginable.

I am the son of a merchant of the city of London, who, by many losses, was reduced from a very luxuriant trade and credit to very narrow circumstances, in comparison to that of his former abundance. This took away the vigour of his mind, and all manner of attention to a fortune which he now thought desperate; insomuch that he died without a will, having before buried my mother in the midst of his other misfortunes. I was sixteen years of age when I lost my father; and an estate of 200l. a year came into my possession, without friend or guardian to instruct me in the management or enjoyment of it. The natural consequence of this was, (though I wanted no director, and soon had fellows who found me out for a smart young gentleman, and led me into all the debaucheries of which I was capable) that my companions and I could not well be supplied without running in

debt, which I did very frankly, till was arrested, and conveyed, with a guard strong enough for the most desperate assassin, to a bailiff's house, where I lay four days surrounded with very merry, but not very agreeable company. As soon as I had extricated myself from that shameful confinement, I reflected upon it with so much horror, that I deserted all my old acquaintance, and took chambers in an inn of court, with a resolution to study the law with all possible application. But I trifled away a whole year in looking over a thousand intricacies, without a friend to apply to in any case of doubt; so that I only lived there among men, as little children are sent to school before they are capable of improvement, only to be out of harm's way. In the midst of this state of suspense, not knowing how to dispose of myself, I was sought for by a relation of mine, who, upon observing a good inclination in me, used me with great familiarity, and carried me to his seat in the country. When I came there, he introduced me to all the good company in the county; and the great obligation I have to him for this kind notice, and residence with him ever since, has made so strong an impression upon me, that he has the authority of a father over me, founded upon the love of a brother. I have a good study of books, a good stable of horses always at my command; and though I am not now quite eighteen years of age, familiar converse on his part, and a strong inclination to exert myself on mine, have had an effect upon me that makes me acceptable wherever I go. Thus, Mr. Spectator, by this gentleman's favour and patronage, it is my own fault if I am not wiser and richer every day I live. I speak this as well by subscribing the initial letters of my name to thank him, as to incite others to an imitation of his virtue. It would be a worthy work to shew what great charities are to be done without expence, and how many noble actions are lost, out of inadvertency in persons capable

of performing them, if they were put in mind of it. If a gentleman of figure in a county would make his family a pattern of sobriety, good sense, and breeding, and would kindly endeavour to influence the education, and growing prospects of the younger gentry about him, I am apt to believe it would save him a great deal of stale beer on a public occasion, and render him the leader of his country from their gratitude to him, instead of being a slave to their riots and tumults in order to be made their representative. The same thing might be recommended to all who have made any progress in any parts of knowledge, or arrived at any degree in a profession; others may gain preferments and fortunes from their patrons, but I have, I hope, received from mine good habits and virtues. I repeat to you, Sir, my request to print this, in return for all the evil an helpless orphan shall ever escape, and all the good he shall receive in this life; both which are wholly owing to this gentleman's favour to, Sir, your most obedient servant,

S. P.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty pleasure in learning. I have been at the Latin school four years. I do not know I ever played truant, or neglected any task my master set me in my life. I think on what I read in school as I go home at noon and night, and so intently, that I have often gone half a mile out of my way, not minding whither I went. Our maid tells me, she often hears me talk Latin in my sleep; and I dream two or three nights in a week I am reading Juvenal and Homer. My master seems as well pleased with my performances as any boy's in the same class. I think, if I know my own mind, I would choose rather to be a scholar, than a prince without learning. I have a very good affectionate

father; but a mighty near, the charges of tells me he be ruin him; that what in books I want one.

pocket-money now and then, of. He has o no more book buy them him race the other passion he did it, but only n make him this in my learni month behind books my mat the boys in th classic authors lettered on the reckoning up school, and te good. My f rages me, th and melanco what is the ma to tell him; f to encourage to chide my t his temper, m if you have an you would gi this case, and courage their them diligent have heard son do any thing I would but mir be glad to be pardon my ho confider and j for your prof Your humble

LONDON, M  
2, 1711

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXXXI. THURSDAY, MARCH 20.

STOLIDAM PRÆBET TIBI VELLERE BARBAM.

PERS. SAT. II. L. 28.

HOLDS OUT HIS FOOLISH BEARD FOR THEE TO PLUCK.

WHEN I was last with my friend Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it, when after some time he pointed to the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them. 'For my part,' says he, 'when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle smock-faced young fellow. I love to see your Abrahams, your Isaacs, and your Jacobs, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings.' The knight added, if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavour to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that upon a month's warning he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphosis our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir Roger, was for many ages looked upon as the type of wisdom. Lucian more than once rallies the philosophers of his time, who endeavoured to rival one another in beards; and represents a learned man who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as unqualified for it by the shortness of his beard.

Ælian, in his account of Zoilus, the pretended critic, who wrote against Homer and Plato, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this Zoilus had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many suckers, which if they had been suffer-

ed to grow, might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his beard.

I have read somewhere that one of the popes refused to accept an edition of a saint's works, which were presented to him, because the saint, in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard.

We see by these instances what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned, which have been permitted him of late years.

Accordingly several wise nations have been so extremely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their beards, that they seem to have fixed the point of honour principally in that part. The Spaniards were wonderfully tender in this particular. Don Quevedo, in his third vision on the Last Judgment, has carried the humour very far, when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happening to disorder his mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling-irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find that the beard flourished in the Saxon heptarchy, but was very much discouraged under the Norman line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns, under different shapes. The last effort it made seems to have been in Queen Mary's days, as the curious reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the figures of Cardinal Poole, and Bishop Gardiner; though at the same time, I think it may be questioned, if zeal against popery has not induced our protestant painters to extend the beards of these two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking  
 NOIV

notice of in the reign of King James the First.

During the civil wars there appeared one, which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence; I mean that of the redoubted Hudibras, an account of which Butler has transmitted to posterity in the following lines:

His tawny beard was th' equal grace  
Both of his wisdom, and his face;  
In cut and dye so like a tyle,  
A sudden view it would beguile:  
The upper part thereof was whey,  
The nether orange mixt with grey.

The whisker continued for some time among us after the extirpation of beards; but this is a subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct treatise, which I keep by me in manuscript, upon the Mustachoe.

If my friend Sir Roger's project of

introducing beards should take fear the luxury of the present make it a very expensive fashion is no question but the beaux provide themselves with false lightest colours, and the moderate lengths. A fair beard, of stry size, which Sir Roger set prove, could not come under guineas. The famous gold Æsculapius could hardly be valuable than one made in the gance of the fashion.

Besides we are not certain dies would not come into when they take the air on. They already appear in hats, thers, coats and periwigs; a reason why we may not think they would have their riding the same occasion.

I may give the moral of this in another paper.

## Nº CCCXXXII. FRIDAY, MARCH 2

—MINUS APTUS ACUTIS  
NARIUS HORUM HOMINUM—

HOR. SAT. III. L.

WE CANNOT BEAR THE RAILLERY OF THE AGE. CR

DEAR SHORT FACE,

**I**N your speculation of Wednesday last you have given us some account of that worthy society of brutes the Mohocks; wherein you have particularly specified the ingenious performances of the lion-tippers, the dancing-masters, and the tumblers: but as you acknowledge you had not then a perfect history of the whole club, you might very easily omit one of the most notable species of it, the Sweaters, which may be reckoned a sort of dancing-masters too. It is, it seems, the custom for half a dozen, or more, of these well-disposed savages, as soon as they have inclosed the person upon whom they design the favour of a sweat, to whip out their swords, and holding them parallel to the horizon, they describe a sort of magic circle round about him with the points. As soon as this piece of conjuration is performed, and the patient without doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward the operation, that member of the circle, towards whom he is so rude as to turn his back first, runs his sword directly into that part of the patient wherein

school-boys are punished; a very natural to imagine this make him tack about to point, every gentleman does same justice as often as he affront. After this jig has three times round, and the thought to have sweat sufficient very handsomely rubbed down attendants, who carry with instruments for that purpose, charged. This relation I told friend of mine, who has lately derided this discipline. He tells the honour to dance before himself, not without the acclamations both of his jesty and the whole ring; they say, neither I nor any of his dance ever dreamt he would have any reputation by his activity.

I can assure you, Mr. S. very near being qualified to you a faithful and painful this walking bagnio, if I may myself: for going out the along Fleet Street, and having curiosity, just entered into di-

a wandering female who was travelling the same way, a couple of fellows advanced towards us, drew their swords, and cried out to each other—'A sweat! A sweat!' Whereupon suspecting they were some of the ringleaders of the bagnio, I also drew my sword, and demanded a parley; but finding none would be granted me, and perceiving others behind them filing off with great diligence to take me in flank, I began to sweat for fear of being forced to it: but very luckily betaking myself to a pair of heels, which I had reason to believe would do me justice, I instantly got possession of a very snug corner in a neighbouring alley that lay in my rear; which post I maintained for above half an hour with great firmness and resolution, though not letting this success so far overcome me, as to make me unmindful of the circumspection that was necessary to be observed upon my advancing again towards the street; by which prudence and good management I made a handsome and orderly retreat, having suffered no other damage in this action than the loss of my baggage, and the dislocation of one of my shoe-heels, which last I am just now informed is in a fair way of recovery. These sweaters, by what I can learn from my friend, and by as near a view as I was able to take of them myself, seem to me to have at present but a rude kind of discipline amongst them. It is probable, if you would take a little pains with them, they might be brought into better order. But I will leave this to your own discretion; and will only add, that if you think it worth while to insert this by way of caution to those who have a mind to preserve their skins whole from this sort of cupping, and tell them at the same time the hazard of treating with night-walkers, you will perhaps oblige others, as well as your humble servant,

JACK LIGHTFOOT.

P.S. My friend will have me acquaint you, that though he would not willingly detract from the merit of that extraordinary strokesman Mr. Sprightly, yet it is his real opinion, that some of

those fellows, who are employed as rubbers to this new-fashioned bagnio, have struck as bold strokes as ever he did in his life.

I had sent this four and twenty hours sooner, if I had not had the misfortune of being in a great doubt about the orthography of the word Bagnio. I consulted several dictionaries, but found no relief; at last having recourse both to the bagnio in Newgate Street, and to that in Chancery Lane, and finding the original manuscripts upon the sign-posts of each to agree literally with my own spelling, I returned home, full of satisfaction, in order to dispatch this epistle.

MR. SPECTATOR,

AS you have taken most of the circumstances of human life into consideration, we the underwritten thought it not improper for us also to represent to you our condition. We are three ladies who live in the country, and the greatest improvements we make is by reading.—We have taken a small journal of our lives, and find it extremely opposite to your last Tuesday's speculation. We rise by seven, and pass the beginning of each day in devotion, and looking into those affairs that fall within the occurrences of a retired life; in the afternoon we sometimes enjoy the company of some friend or neighbour, or else work or read; at night we retire to our chambers, and take leave of each other for the whole night at ten o'clock. We take particular care never to be sick of a Sunday. Mr. Spectator, we are all very good maids, but ambitious of characters which we think more laudable, that of being very good wives. If any of your correspondents inquire for a spouse for an honest country gentleman, whose estate is not dipped, and wants a wife that can save half his revenue, and yet make a better figure than any of his neighbours of the same estate, with finer bred women, you shall have further notice from, Sir, your courteous readers,

MARTHA BUSY.  
DEBORAH THRIFTY.  
ALICE EARLY.

T



N<sup>o</sup> CCCXXXIII. SATURDAY, MARCH :

VOCAT IN CERTAMINA DIVOS.

VIRG. ÆN. VI. V. 172.

HE CALLS EMBATTLED DEITIES TO ARMS.

**W**E are now entering upon the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*, in which the poet describes the battle of angels; having raised his reader's expectation, and prepared him for it by several passages in the preceding books. I omitted quoting these passages in my observations on the former books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the subject of which gave occasion to them. The author's imagination was so inflamed with this great scene of action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus where he mentions Satan in the beginning of his poem.

——Him the almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In adamant chain and penal fire,  
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

We have likewise several noble hints of it in the infernal conference.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned powers,  
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war,  
Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
Hast lost us heav'n; and all this mighty host  
In horrible destruction laid thus low—  
But see the angry victor hath recall'd  
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
Back to the gates of heav'n: the sulph'rous  
hail

Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid  
The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,  
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous  
rage,

Perhaps has spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.

There are several other very sublime images on the same subject in the first book, as also in the second.

What when we fled again, pursu'd and strook  
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and be-  
sought

The deep to shelter us; this Hell then seem'd  
A refuge from those wounds —

In short, the poet never mentions anything of this battle, but in such a manner as is full of greatness and terror as are all the subjects. Among several cannot forbear quoting that where the Power, who is presiding over the chaos, speaks in the second book.

Thus Satan; and him thus the  
With faltering speech, and vitaged  
Answer'd—' I know thee, str  
' thou art,

' That mighty leading angel, wh  
' Made head against heav'n's  
' overthrown.

' I saw and heard; for such a nu  
' Fled not in silence through the fi  
' With ruin upon ruin, rout on  
' Confusion worse confounded; a  
' gates

' Pour'd out by millions her victo  
' Pursuing——'

It required great pregnancy of thought, and strength of imagination, to fill this battle with such circumstances as should raise and astonish the reader; and at the same time act as a judgment, to avoid anything that might appear light. Those who look into Homer are surprised to find his battles still above another, and improving to the conclusion of the *Iliad*. The fight of angels is wrought up with the same beauty. It is ushered in with signs of wrath as are suitable to the power intended. The first movement is carried on under fire, occasioned by the flight of the mercurial burning darts and arrows discharged from either hand. The second onset is still more terrible, filled with those artificial circumstances which seem to make the victory full, and produce a kind of coronation even in the good angels. Followed by the tearing up of mountains and promontories; till in the end the Messiah comes forth in a cloud of majesty and terror. The

his appearance amidst the roarings of his thunders, the flashes of his lightnings, and the noise of his chariot-wheels, is described with the utmost flights of human imagination.

There is nothing in the first and last day's engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the ideas most readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of angels.

The second day's engagement is apt to startle an imagination, which has not been raised and qualified for such a description, by the reading of the ancient poets, and of Homer in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our author, to ascribe the first use of artillery to the rebel-angels. But as such a pernicious invention may be well supposed to have proceeded from such authors, so it enters very properly into the thoughts of that being, who is all along described as aspiring to the majesty of his Maker. Such engines were the only instruments he could have made use of to imitate those thunders, that in all poetry, both sacred and profane, are represented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether so daring a thought as the former. We are, in some measure, prepared for such an incident by the description of the giants war, which we meet with among the ancient poets. What still made this circumstance the more proper for the poet's use, is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the giants war, which makes so great a noise in antiquity, and gave birth to the sublimest description in Hesiod's works, was an allegory founded upon this very tradition of a fight between the good and bad angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what judgment Milton, in this narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the descriptions of the Latin and Greek poets; and at the same time improved every great hint which he met with in their works upon this subject. Homer in that passage, which Longinus has celebrated for its sublimeness, and which Virgil and Ovid have copied after him, tells us, that the giants threw Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa. He adds an epithet to Pelion (*εισέφυστος*) which very much swells the idea, by bringing up to the reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There

is further a great beauty in his singling out by name these three remarkable mountains, so well known to the Greeks. This last is such a beauty, as the scene of Milton's war could not possibly furnish him with. Claudian, in his fragment upon the giants war, has given full scope to that wildness of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us that the giants tore up whole islands by the roots, and threw them at the gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up Lemnos in his arms, and whirling it to the skies, with all Vulcan's shop in the midst of it. Another tears up mount Ida, with the river Enipeus, which ran down the sides of it; but the poet not content to describe him with this mountain upon his shoulders, tells us that the river flowed down his back as he held it up in that posture. It is visible to every judicious reader, that such ideas favour more of burlesque, than of the sublime. They proceed from a wantonness of imagination, and rather divert the mind than astonish it. Milton has taken every thing that is sublime in these several passages, and composes out of them the following great image.

From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,  
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their  
load,

Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops  
Uplifting bore them in their hands.

We have the full majesty of Homer in this short description, improved by the imagination of Claudian, without its puerilities.

I need not point out the description of the fallen angels seeing the promontories hanging over their heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless beauties in this book, which are so conspicuous, that they cannot escape the notice of the most ordinary reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful strokes of poetry in this book, and such a variety of sublime ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this paper. Besides that I find it in a great measure done to my hand at the end of my Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Poetry. I shall refer my reader thither for some of the master-strokes of the sixth book of Paradise Lost, though at the same time there are many others which that noble author has not taken notice of.

Milton, notwithstanding the sublime genius he was master of, has in this book drawn to his assistance all the helps he could meet with among the ancient poets. The sword of Michael, which makes so great a havock among the bad angels, was given him, we are told, out of the armory of God.

————— But the sword

Of Michael from the armory of God  
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen  
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite  
Descending, and in half cut sheer—————

This passage is a copy of that in Virgil, wherein the poet tells us, that the sword of Æneas, which was given him by a deity, broke into pieces the sword of Turnus, which came from a mortal forge. As the moral in this place is divine, so by the way we may observe that the bestowing on a man who is favoured by Heaven such an allegorical weapon, is very conformable to the old eastern way of thinking. Not only Homer has made use of it, but we find the Jewish hero in the book of Maccabees, who had fought the battles of the chosen people with so much glory and success, receiving in his dream a sword from the hand of the prophet Jeremiah. The following passage, wherein Satan is described as wounded by the sword of Michael, is in imitation of Homer.

The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
Pass'd thro' him; but th' ethereal substance  
Clos'd.

Not long divisible; and from the gash  
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd  
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,  
And all his armour stain'd—————

Homer tells us in the same manner, that upon Diomedes wounding the gods, there flowed from the wound an ichor, or pure kind of blood, which was not bled from mortal viands; and that though the pain was exquisitely great, the wound soon closed up and healed in those beings who are vested with immortality.

I question not but Milton, in his description of his furious Moloch flying from the battle, and howling with the wound he had received, had his eye on Mars in the Iliad; who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the fight, and making an outcry

louder than that of a whole army, as it begins the charge. Hence the Greeks and Trojans, engaged in a general battle, on each side with the bells of the wounded deity. The reader may observe how Milton has kept up the terror of this image, without the ridicule of it.

————— Where the might of God  
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd  
Of Moloch, furious king; who  
And at his chariot-wheels to  
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy  
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous  
Down cloven to the waist, with  
And uncouth pain fled below

Milton has likewise raised a new idea in this book which has not been taken out of the poetical picture. The Messiah's chariot, before taken notice of, is a vision of Ezekiel, who, as he serves, has very much in it of the prophet's spirit in the poetical prophecy.

The following lines, in which the commission which is given to extirpate the host of rebellion is drawn from a sublime passage in the Psalms.

Go then thou Mightiest in thy  
Ascend my chariot, guide thine  
That shake heav'n's basis;  
my war,  
My bow, my thunder, my  
Gird on thy sword on thy

The reader will easily see that these are other strokes of the same hand.

There is no question but that Milton heated his imagination with the gods in Homer, before he entered into this engagement. In Homer there gives us a mixture of heroes and gods, mixed in battle. Mars animates the armies, and lifts up his voice in a manner, that it is heard of all the shouts and confusion. Jupiter at the same time strikes their heads; while Neptune a tempest, that the whole world and all the tops of the mountains about them. The poet represents Pluto himself, whose habitation is in the very centre of the earth, as being frightened at the shock, the

his throne. Homer afterwards describes Vulcan as pouring down a storm of fire upon the river Xanthus, and Minerva as throwing a rock at Mars; who, he tells us, covered seven acres in his fall.

As Homer has introduced into his battle of the gods every thing that is great and terrible in nature, Milton has filled his fight of good and bad angels with all the like circumstances of horror. The shout of armies, the rattling of brazen chariots, the hurling of rocks and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employed to lift up the reader's imagination, and give him a fuitable idea of so great an action. With what art has the poet represented the whole body of the earth trembling, even before it was created!

————— All heaven  
Refounded, and had earth been then, all earth  
Had to her centre shook —————

In how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole heaven shaking under the wheels of the Messiah's chariot, with that exception to the throne of God!

————— Under his burning wheels  
The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the throne itself of God —————

Notwithstanding the Messiah appears clothed with so much terror and majesty, the poet has still found means to make his readers conceive an idea of him, beyond what he himself is able to describe.

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but  
check'd  
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven.

In a word, Milton's genius, which was so great in itself, and so strengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to his subject, which was the most sublime that could enter into the thoughts of a poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he knew it was necessary to give it certain resting-places and opportunities of recovering itself from time to time: he has therefore with great address interspersed several speeches, reflections, similitudes, and the like reliefs, to diversify his narration, and ease the attention of the reader, that he might come fresh to his great action, and by such a contrast of ideas, have a more lively taste of the nobler parts of his description.

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## Nº CCCXXXIV. MONDAY, MARCH 24.

————— VOLUISTI, IN SUO GENERE, UNUMQUEMQUE NOSTRUM QUASI QUENDAM ESSE ROSCIUM, DIXISTIQUE NON TAM EA QUÆ RECTA ESSENT PROBARI, QUAM QUÆ PRAVA SUNT FASTIDIIS ADHÆRESCERE.

CICERO DE GESTU.

YOU WOULD HAVE EACH OF US BE A KIND OF ROSCIUS IN HIS WAY; AND YOU HAVE SAID, THAT MEN ARE NOT SO MUCH PLEASED WITH WHAT IS RIGHT, AS DISGUSTED AT WHAT IS WRONG.

IT is very natural to take for our whole lives a light impression of a thing, which at first fell into contempt with us for want of consideration. The real use of a certain qualification (which the wiser part of mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous circumstance) shews the ill consequence of such prepossessions. What I mean, is the art, skill, accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of dancing. I knew a gentleman of great abilities, who bewailed the want of this part of his education to the end of a very honourable life. He observed

that there was not occasion for the common use of great talents; that they are but seldom in demand; and that these very great talents were often rendered useless to a man for want of small attainments. A good mien (a becoming motion, gesture and aspect) is natural to some men; but even these would be highly more graceful in their carriage, if what they do from the force of nature were confirmed and heightened from the force of reason. To one who has not at all considered it, to mention the force of reason on such a subject, will appear fantastical; but when you have a little attended to it, an

assembly of men will have quite another view: and they will tell you, it is evident from plain and infallible rules, why this man with those beautiful features and well-fashioned person, is not so agreeable as he who sits by him without any of those advantages. When we read we do it without any exerted act of memory that presents the shape of the letters; but habit makes us do it mechanically, without staying, like children, to recollect and join those letters. A man who has not had the regard of his gesture in any part of his education, will find himself unable to act with freedom before new company, as a child that is but now learning would be to read without hesitation. It is for the advancement of the pleasure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary life; that one would wish dancing were generally understood as conducive as it really is to a proper deportment in matters that appear the most remote from it. A man of learning and sense is distinguished from others as he is such, though he never runs upon points too difficult for the rest of the world; in like manner the reaching out of the arm, and the most ordinary motion, discovers whether a man ever learnt to know what is the true harmony and composure of his limbs and countenance. Whoever has seen Booth, in the character of Pyrrhus, march to his throne to receive Orestes, is convinced that majestic and great conceptions are expressed in the very step; but perhaps, though no other man could perform that incident as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater elevation, were he a dancer. This is so dangerous a subject to treat with gravity, that I shall not at present enter into it any further; but the author of the following letter has treated it in the essay he speaks of in such a manner, that I am beholden to him for a resolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of any thing, until I have heard what they who have another opinion of it have to say in its defence.

MR. SPECTATOR,

SINCE there are scarce any of the arts and sciences that have not been recommended to the world by the pens of some of the professors, masters, or lovers of them, whereby the usefulness, excellence, and benefit arising from

them, both as to the speculative part, have been to the great advantage and of such arts and sciences; dancing, an art celebrated in so extraordinary a totally neglected by the most left destitute of any pen to its various excellencies and merit to mankind?

The low ebb to which dancing is fallen, is altogether owing to the art is esteemed an amusing trifle; it lies altogether neglected, and is unhappily the imputation of illiteracy: and as Terence, in his prologues, complains of the drawing all the spectators from so may we well say, that tumbling is now preferred to dancing as the place of just and ing on our theatres. It is my opinion, high time that should come to its assistance from the many gross errors that have crept into it, to cast its real beauties; and in its true light, would its usefulness and elegance of it, its sure and instruction produce and also lay down some rules, that might so tend to the benefit of its professors, and of the spectators, that the better enabled to perform the latter rendered more capable what is (if there be any) able in this art.

To encourage, therefore, a generous pen capable of so generous an undertaking, and in some measure to relieve dancing from the disadvantage at present lies under, I, dancing, have attempted a treatise as an essay towards an history of it; in which I have enquired into its antiquity, original, and use; what esteem the ancients have had for it, and how likewise considered the perfection of all its several parts, how beneficial and delightful as a qualification and an endeavour to answer all the ends that have been maliciously ascribed to it. I have proceeded to give a list of the particular dances of the Greeks and Romans, whether religious, like, or civil; and taken particular notice of that part of dancing

the ancient stage, and in which the pantomimes had so great a share; nor have I been wanting in giving an historical account of some particular masters excellent in that surprising art. After which I have advanced some observations on the modern dancing, both as to the stage, and that part of it, so absolutely necessary for the qualification of gentlemen and ladies; and have concluded with some short remarks on the origin and progress of the character by which dances are writ down, and communicated to one master from another. If some great genius after this would arise, and advance this art to that perfection it seems capable of receiving, what might not be expected from it? For if we consider the origin of arts and sciences, we shall find that some of them took rise from beginnings so mean and unpromising, that it is very wonderful to think that ever such surprising structures should have been raised upon such ordinary foundations. But what cannot a great genius effect? Who would have thought that the clangorous noise of a smith's hammer should have given the first rise to music? Yet Macrobius in his second book relates that Pythagoras, in passing by a smith's shop, found that the sounds proceeding from the hammers were either more grave or acute, according to the different weights of the hammers. The philosopher, to improve this hint, suspends different weights by strings of the same bigness, and found in like manner that the sounds answered to the weights. This being discovered, he finds out those numbers

which produced sounds that were consonants: as, that two strings of the same substance and tension, the one being double the length of the other, gave that interval which is called diapason, or an eighth; the same was also effected from two strings of the same length and size, the one having four times the tension of the other. By these steps, from so mean a beginning, did this great man reduce, what was only before noise, to one of the most delightful sciences, by marrying it to the mathematics; and by that means caused it to be one of the most abstract and demonstrative of sciences. Who knows therefore but motion, whether decorous or representative, may not (as it seems highly probable it may) be taken into consideration by some person capable of reducing it into a regular science, though not so demonstrative as that proceeding from sounds, yet sufficient to entitle it to a place among the magnified arts?

Now, Mr. Spectator, as you have declared yourself visitor of dancing-schools, and this being an undertaking which more immediately respects them, I think myself indispensably obliged, before I proceed to the publication of this my essay, to ask your advice, and hold it absolutely necessary to have your approbation; and in order to recommend my treatise to the perusal of the parents of such as learn to dance, as well as to the young ladies, to whom, as visitor, you ought to be guardian. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

SALOP, MARCH 10,

1712.

T

## N<sup>o</sup> CCCXXXV. TUESDAY, MARCH 25.

RESPICERE EXEMPLAR VITÆ MORUMQUE JUBERO  
DOCTUM IMITATOREM, ET VERAS HINC DUCERE VOCES.

HOR.

THESE ARE THE LIKEST COPIES, WHICH ARE DRAWN  
FROM THE ORIGINAL OF HUMAN LIFE.

ROSCOMMON.

MY friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me, at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. 'The last I saw,' said Sir Roger, 'was

' the Committee, which I should not  
' have gone to neither, had not I been  
' told before-hand, that it was a good  
' Church-of-England comedy.' He then proceeded to enquire of me who this distressed mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me

me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocs should be abroad. 'I assure you,' says he, 'I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know,' continued the knight with a smile, 'I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shewn them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before.' Sir Roger added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it: 'for I threw them out,' says he, 'at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However,' says the knight, 'if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.'

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left-hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the play-house, where after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with

him, and seated him between pit. As soon as the house and the candles lighted, he stood up and looked about that pleasure, which a man with humanity naturally at the sight of a multitude seem pleased with one another take of the same common evil. I could not but fancy to see an old man stood up in the pit, that he made a very good play to a tragic audience. Upon seeing of Pyrrhus, the knight he did not believe the knight himself had a better strut. I was very attentive to my old marks, because I looked for a piece of natural criticism well pleased to hear his conclusion of almost every play that he could not imagine the play would end. One who much concerned for Andronicus a little while after as my mione; and was extremely thoughtful what would become

When Sir Roger saw the obstinate refusal to her opportunities, he whispered me that he was sure she would win him; to which he added, than ordinary vehemence. 'not imagine, Sir, what to do with a widow.' Upon threatening afterwards to the knight shook his head at himself—'Ay, do if you part dwell so much upon imagination, that at the third act, as I was thinking thing else, he whispered me. 'These widows, Sir, are the worst creatures in the world,' says he, 'you think is the play according to the rules, as you call them; people in tragedy always understood? Why, the single sentence in this play does not know the meaning of it.'

The fourth act very before I had time to give the man an answer: 'The knight, sitting down with satisfaction, 'I suppose very much of Hector's ghost.' He gave his attention, and, from the first, fell a praising the widow indeed, a little mistake a

pages, whom, at his first entering, he took for Astyanax; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added—'On my word, a notable young baggage!'

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: 'And let me tell you,' says he, 'though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them.' Captain Sentry seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards

Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smother the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus's death, and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the play-house; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given the old man.

L

## Nº CCCXXXVI. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26.

—CLAMENT PERIISSE PUDOREM

CUNCTI PENE PATRES: EA CUM REPREHENDERE CONER,  
QUÆ GRAVIS ÆSOPUS, QUÆ DOCTUS ROSCIUS EGIT:  
VEL QUIA NIL RECTUM, NISI QUOD PLACUIT SIBI. DUCUNT;  
VEL QUIA TURPE PUTANT PARERE MINORIBUS. ET QUÆ  
IMBERBES DIDICERE, SENES PERDENDA FATERI.

HOR. EP. I. L. 2. v. 80.

IMITATED.

ONE TRAGIC SENTENCE IF I DARE DERIDE,  
WHICH BETTERTON'S GRAVE ACTION DIGNIFY'D,  
OR WELL-MOUTH'D BOOTH WITH EMPHASIS PROCLAIMS,  
(THO' BUT, PERHAPS, A MUSTER-ROLL OF NAMES!)  
HOW WILL OUR FATHERS RISE UP IN A RAGE,  
AND SWEAR, ALL SHAME IS LOST IN GEORGE'S AGE!  
YOU'D THINK NO FOOL'S DISGRAC'D THE FORMER REIGN,  
DID NOT SOME GRAVE EXAMPLES YET REMAIN,  
WHO SCORN A LAD SHOULD TEACH HIS FATHER SKILL,  
AND, HAVING ONCE BEEN WRONG, WILL BE SO STILL.

POPE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

AS you are the daily endeavourer to promote learning and good sense, I think myself obliged to suggest to your consideration whatever may promote or prejudice them. There is an evil which

has prevailed from generation to generation, which grey hairs and tyrannical custom continue to support; I hope your spectatorial authority will give a seasonable check to the spread of the infection; I mean old men's overbearing the strong-

est



est sense of their juniors by the mere force of seniority; so that for a young man in the bloom of life and vigour of age to give a reasonable contradiction to his elders, is esteemed an unpardonable insolence, and regarded as a reversing the decrees of nature. I am a young man, I confess, yet I honour the grey head as much as any, one; however, when in company with old men I hear them speak obscurely, or reason preposterously, (into which absurdities, prejudice, pride, or interest, will sometimes throw the wisest) I count it no crime to rectify their reasonings, unless conscience must truckle to ceremony, and truth fall a sacrifice to complaisance. The strongest arguments are enervated, and the brightest evidence disappears, before those tremendous reasonings and dazzling discoveries of venerable old age: "You are young giddy-headed fellows, you have not yet had experience of the world." Thus we young folks find our ambition cramped, and our laziness indulged, since, while young, we have little room to display ourselves; and, when old, the weakness of nature must pass for strength of sense, and we hope that hoary heads will raise us above the attacks of contradiction. Now, Sir, as you would enliven our activity in the pursuit of learning, take our case into consideration; and, with a gloss on brave Elihu's sentiments, assert the rights of youth, and prevent the pernicious encroachments of age. The generous reasonings of that gallant youth would adorn your paper; and I beg you would insert them, not doubting but that they will give good entertainment to the most intelligent of your readers:

"So these three men ceased to answer Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes. Then was kindled the wrath of Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram: against Job was his wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God. Also against his three friends was his wrath kindled, because they had found no answer, and yet had condemned Job. Now Elihu had waited till Job had spoken, because they were elder than he. When Elihu saw there was no answer in the mouth of these three men, then his wrath was kindled. And Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, answered and said

"I am young, and ye are v  
"wherefore I was afraid, and  
"shew you mine opinion.  
"Days should speak, and mul  
"years should teach wisdom  
"there is a spirit in man, and  
"inspiration of the Almighty giv  
"understanding. Great men  
"always wise: neither do t  
"understand judgment. The  
"said—Hearken to me, I a  
"shew mine opinion. Behold  
"for your words; I gave ear  
"reasons, whilst you searched  
"to say. Yea, I attended un  
"and behold there was none  
"that convinced Job, or that  
"his words; lest ye should  
"have found out wisdom: God t  
"eth him down, not man. Now h  
"not directed his words against  
"neither will I answer him with  
"speeches. They were amazed;  
"answered no more: they left off s  
"ing. When I had waited (for  
"spake not, but stood still and an  
"ed no more) I said—I will a  
"also my part, I also will shew  
"opinion. For I am full of m  
"the spirit within me constraineth  
"Behold, my belly is as wine v  
"hath no vent, it is ready to burst  
"new bottles. I will speak that I  
"be refreshed: I will open my lip  
"answer. Let me not, I pray  
"accept any man's person, neithe  
"me give flattering titles unto  
"For I know not to give flattery;  
"tles; in so doing my Maker w  
"soon take me away."

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have formerly read with great  
satisfaction your papers about idols,  
the behaviour of gentlemen in  
coffee-houses where women offic  
and impatiently waited to see you  
India and china shops into consi  
tation: but since you have passed us  
in silence, either that you have n  
yet thought us worth your notice  
that the grievances we lie under  
escaped your discerning eye, I  
make my complaints to you, and  
encouraged to do it, because you  
a little at leisure at this present wri  
I am, dear Sir, one of the top cl  
women about town; and, though  
it, keep as good things, and recei  
fine company, as any o' this end o

town, let the other be who she will: in short, I am in a fair way to be easy, were it not for a club of female Rakes, who under pretence of taking their innocent rambles, forsooth, and diverting the spleen, seldom fail to plague me twice or thrice a day to cheapen tea, or buy a screen; 'What else should they mean?' as they often repeat it. These Rakes are your idle ladies of fashion, who, having nothing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over my ware. One of these no-customers (for by the way they seldom or never buy any thing) calls for a set of tea-dishes, another for a basin, a third for my best green tea, and even to the punch-bowl, there is scarce a piece in my shop but must be displaced, and the whole agreeable architecture disordered; so that I can compare them to nothing but to the night-goblins that take a pleasure to overturn the disposition of plates and dishes in the kitchens of your house-

wisely maids. Well, after all this racket and clutter, this is too dear, that is their aversion; another thing is charming, but not wanted: the ladies are cured of the spleen, but I am not a shilling the better for it. Lord! what signifies one poor pot of tea, considering the trouble they put me to? Vapours, Mr. Spectator, are terrible things; for though I am not possessed by them myself, I suffer more from them than if I were. Now I must beg you to admonish all such day-goblins to make fewer visits, or to be less troublesome when they come to one's shop; and to convince them that we honest shopkeepers have something better to do, than to cure folks of the vapours *gratis*. A young son of mine, a school-boy, is my secretary, so I hope you will make allowances. I am, Sir, your constant reader, and very humble servant,

REBECCA THE DISTRESSED.

MARCH THE 22<sup>D</sup>.

T

## N<sup>o</sup> CCCXXXVII. THURSDAY, MARCH 27.

PINGIT EQUUM TENERA DOCELEM CERVICEM MAGISTER,  
IRR VIAM QUAM MONSTRAT EQUUS—

HOR. EP. II. L. I. V. 64.

THE JOCKEY TRAINS THE YOUNG AND TENDER HORSE,  
WHILE YET SOFT-MOUTH'D, AND BREEDS HIM TO THE COURSE.

CREECH.

I Have lately received a third letter from the gentleman, who has already given the public two essays upon education. As his thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this subject, I shall communicate them to the reader.

SIR,

IF I had not been hindered by some extraordinary business, I should have sent you sooner my further thoughts upon education. You may please to remember that in my last letter I endeavoured to give the best reasons that could be urged in favour of a private or public education. Upon the whole it may perhaps be thought that I seemed rather inclined to the latter, though at the same time I confessed that virtue, which ought to be our first and principal care, was more usually acquired in the former.

I intend therefore, in this letter, to offer at methods, by which I conceive

boys might be made to improve in virtue, as they advance in letters.

I know that in most of our public schools vice is punished and discouraged, whenever it is found out; but this is far from being sufficient, unless our youth are at the same time taught to form a right judgment of things, and to know what is properly virtue.

To this end, whenever they read the lives and actions of such men as have been famous in their generation, it should not be thought enough to make them barely understand so many Greek or Latin sentences, but they should be asked their opinion of such an action or saying, and obliged to give their reasons why they take it to be good or bad. By this means they would insensibly arrive at proper notions of courage, temperance, honour and justice.

There must be great care taken how the example of any particular person is recommended to them in gross; instead

of which they ought to be taught where- in such a man, though great in some respects, was weak and faulty in others. For want of this caution, a boy is often so dazzled with the lustre of a great character, that he confounds its beauties with its blemishes, and looks even upon the faulty part of it with an eye of admiration.

I have often wondered how Alexander, who was naturally of a generous and merciful disposition, came to be guilty of so barbarous an action as that of dragging the governor of a town after his chariot. I know this is generally ascribed to his passion for Homer; but I lately met with a passage in Plutarch, which, if I am not very much mistaken, still gives us a clearer light into the motives of this action. Plutarch tells us, that Alexander in his youth had a master named Lyfimachus, who, though he was a man destitute of all politeness, ingratiated himself both with Philip and his pupil, and became the second man at court, by calling the king Peleus, the prince Achilles, and himself Phoenix. It is no wonder if Alexander, having been thus used not only to admire, but to personate Achilles, should think it glorious to imitate him in this piece of cruelty and extravagance.

To carry this thought yet further, I shall submit it to your consideration, whether instead of a theme or copy of verses, which are the usual exercises, as they are called in the school phrase, it would not be more proper that a boy should be tasked once or twice a week to write down his opinion of such persons and things as occur to him in his reading; that he should descant upon the actions of Turnus or Æneas, shew wherein they excelled or were defective, censure or approve any particular action, observe how it might have been carried to a greater degree of perfection, and how it exceeded or fell short of another. He might at the same time mark what was moral in any speech, and how far it agreed with the character of the person speaking. This exercise would soon strengthen his judgment in what is blameable or praise-worthy, and give him an early seasoning of morality.

Next to those examples which may be met with in books, I very much approve Horace's way of setting before youth the infamous or honourable characters

of their cotemporaries: that poet tells us, this was the method his father made use of to incline him to any particular virtue, or give him an aversion to any particular vice. 'If,' says Horace, 'my father advised me to live within bounds, and be contented with the fortune he should leave me: "Do not you see," says he, "the miserable condition of Burrus, and the son of Albus? Let the misfortunes of those two wretches teach you to avoid luxury and extravagance." If he would inspire me with an abhorrence to debauchery, "Do not," says he, "make yourself like Sestianus, when you may be happy in the enjoyment of lawful pleasures. How scandalous," says he, "is the character of Trebonius, who was lately caught in bed with another man's wife?" To illustrate the force of this method, the poet adds, that as a headstrong patient, who will not at first follow his physician's prescriptions, grows orderly when he hears that his neighbours die all about him; so youth is often frightened from vice, by hearing the ill reports it brings upon others.

Xenophon's schools of equity, in his life of Cyrus the great, are sufficiently famous. He tells us, that the Persian children went to school, and employed their time as diligently in learning the principles of justice and sobriety, as youth in other countries did to acquire the most difficult arts and sciences: the governors spent most part of the day hearing their mutual accusations against the other, whether for violence, cheating, slander, or ingratitude; and taught them how to give judgment against those who were found to be in any way guilty of these crimes. I do not know the story of the long and short coat which Cyrus himself was punished for a case equally known with any in the world.

The method which Apuleius to the Indian Gymnosophists took to catechise their disciples, is still more curious and remarkable. His words are as follow: 'When their dinner is ready before it is served up, the master quire of every particular scholar he has employed his time in rising; some of them answer, having been chosen as arbiters between two persons, they have posed their differences, and in

' friends; some, that they have been executing the orders of their parents; and others, that they have either found out something new by their own application, or learnt it from the instructions of their fellows: but if there happens to be any one among them, who cannot make it appear that he has employed the morning to advantage, he is immediately excluded from the company, and obliged to work while the rest are at dinner.'

It is not impossible, that from these several ways of producing virtue in the minds of boys, some general method might be invented. What I would endeavour to inculcate, is, that our youth cannot be too soon taught the principles of virtue, seeing the first impressions which are made on the mind are always the strongest.

The archbishop of Cambray makes Telemachus say, that, though he was young in years, he was old in the art of knowing how to keep both his own and his friends secrets. 'When my father,' says the prince, 'went to the siege of Troy, he took me on his knees, and after having embraced and blessed me, as he was surrounded by the nobles of Ithaca—"O my friends," says he, "into your hands I commit the education of my son; if ever you loved his father, shew it in your care towards him: but above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a secret." These words of my father,' says Telemachus, 'were continually repeated to me by his friends in his absence; who made no scruple of communicating to me their uneasiness to see my mother surrounded with lovers,

and the measures they designed to take on that occasion.' He adds, that he was so ravished at being thus treated like a man, and at the confidence reposed in him, that he never once abused it; nor could all the insinuations of his father's rivals ever get him to betray what was committed to him under the seal of secrecy.

There is hardly any virtue which a lad might not thus learn by practice and example.

I have heard of a good man, who used at certain times to give his scholars sixpence a-piece, that they might tell him the next day how they had employed it. The third part was always to be laid out in charity, and every boy was blamed or commended as he could make it appear he had chosen a fit object.

In short, nothing is more wanting to our public schools, than that the masters of them should use the same care in fashioning the manners of their scholars, as in forming their tongues to the learned languages. Wherever the former is omitted, I cannot help agreeing with Mr. Locke, that a man must have a very strange value for words, when preferring the languages of the Greeks and Romans to that which made them such brave men, he can think it worth while to hazard the innocence and virtue of his son for a little Greek and Latin.

As the subject of this essay is of the highest importance, and what I do not remember to have yet seen treated by any author, I have sent you what occurred to me on it from my own observation or reading, and which you may either suppress or publish as you think fit. I am, Sir, yours, &c. X

Nº CCCXXXVIII. FRIDAY, MARCH 28.

—NIL FUIT UNQUAM  
TAM DISPAR SIBI—

HOR. SAT. III. L. I. V. 18.

MADE UP OF NOUGHT BUT INCONSISTENCIES.

I Find the tragedy of The Distressed Mother is published to-day: the author of the prologue, I suppose, pleads an old excuse I have read somewhere of 'being dull with design;' and the gentleman who writ the epilogue, has, to my knowledge, so much of greater moment to value himself upon, that he will

easily forgive me for publishing the exceptions made against gaiety at the end of serious entertainments, in the following letter: I should be more unwilling to pardon him, than any body, a practice which cannot have any ill consequence, but from the abilities of the person who is guilty of it.

4 R 2

MR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Had the happiness the other night of sitting very near you and your worthy friend Sir Roger, at the acting of the new tragedy, which you have in a late paper or two so justly recommended. I was highly pleased with the advantageous situation fortune had given me in placing me so near two gentlemen, from one of which I was sure to hear such reflections on the several incidents of the play, as pure nature suggested, and from the other such as flowed from the exactest art and judgment: though I must confess that my curiosity led me so much to observe the knight's reflections, that I was not so well at leisure to improve myself by yours. Nature, I found played her part in the knight pretty well, till at the last concluding lines she entirely forsook him. You must know, Sir, that it is always my custom, when I have been well entertained at a new tragedy, to make my retreat before the facetious epilogue enters; not but that those pieces are often very well writ, but having paid down my half-crown; and made a fair purchase of as much of the pleasing melancholy as the poet's art can afford me, or my own nature admit of, I am willing to carry some of it home with me; and cannot endure to be at once tricked out of all, though by the wittiest dexterity in the world. However, I kept my seat the other night, in hopes of finding my own sentiments of this matter favoured by your friend's; when to my great surprise, I found the knight entering with equal pleasure into both parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs. Oldfield's gaiety, as he had been before with Andromache's greatness. Whether this were no other than an effect of the knight's peculiar humanity, pleased to find at last, that after all the tragical doings every thing was safe and well, I don't know. But for my own part, I must confess I was so dissatisfied, that I was sorry the poet had saved Andromache, and could heartily have wished that he had left her stone-dead upon the stage. For you cannot imagine, Mr. Spectator, the mischief she was reserved to do me. I found my soul, during the action, gradually worked up to the highest pitch; and felt the exalted passion, which all generous minds conceive at the sight of virtue in distress. The impression, believe me, Sir, was so

strong upon me, that I as if I had been let alone in an extremity have ventured myself and Sir Roger a score of the fiercest Mohoc dicrous epilogue in the closet all my ardour, and upon all such noble atch downright silly and romantic the rest of the audience felt well tell: for myself I must at the end of the play I uniform, and all of a piece end of the epilogue, it was together and divided betw earnest, that if you will f extravagant fancy, I will down. I could not but t soul had at that moment body, and descended to shades in the posture it was a strange figure it would among them. They wot known what to have made ley spectre, half comic and ail over resembling a riddle that at the same time laugh and cries on the other. I fence, I think, I have ever h this, as it seems to me the tural tack of the comic tail head, is this, that the mindience must be refreshed, and and ladies not sent away homes with too dismal and thoughts about them: for the consequence of this? V obliged indeed to the poets tenderness they express for our persons, and heartily for it. But if that be all, Sir, assure them, that we us like to come to any great that, let them do their best all probability live out the days, and frequent the t than ever. What makes srious to have some inform matter, is, because of an ill or two attending it: for a of our church musicians be the theatre, they have, in these epilogues, introduced well voluntaries a sort of foreign to the design of chur to the great prejudice of people. Those singing should be informed that t suit their airs to the plac nets; and that the musician

keep to the text as much as the preacher. For want of this, I have found by experience a great deal of mischief; for when the preacher has often, with great piety and art enough, handled his subject, and the judicious clerk has with the utmost diligence culled out two staves proper to the discourse, and I have found in myself and in the rest of the pew good thoughts and dispositions, they have been all in a moment dissipated by a merry jig from the organ-loft. One knows not what further ill effects the epilogues

I have been speaking of may in time produce: but this I am credibly informed of, that Paul Lorrain has resolved upon a very sudden reformation in his tragical dramas; and that at the next monthly performance, he designs, instead of a penitential psalm, to dismiss his audience with an excellent new ballad of his own composing. Pray, Sir, do what you can to put a stop to these growing evils, and you will very much oblige your humble servant,

PHYSIOLUS.

## Nº CCCXXXIX. SATURDAY, MARCH 29.

—UT HIS EXORDIA PRIMIS  
OMNIA, ET IPSE TENER MUNDI CONCREVERIT ORBIS.  
TUM DURARE SOLUM ET DISCLUDERE NEREA FONTO  
CONPERIT, ET RERUM PAULATIM SUMERE FORMAS.

VIRG. ECL. VI. v. 33.

HE SUNG THE SECRET SEEDS OF NATURE'S FRAME;  
HOW SEAS, AND EARTH, AND AIR, AND ACTIVE FLAME,  
FELL THROUGH THE MIGHTY VOID, AND IN THEIR FALL  
WERE BLINDLY GATHER'D IN THIS GOODLY BALL.  
THE TENDER SOIL THEN STIFF'NING BY DEGREE,  
SHUT FROM THE BOUNDED EARTH THE BOUNDING SEAS,  
THE EARTH AND OCEAN VARIOUS FORMS DISCLOSE,  
AND A NEW SUN TO THE NEW WORLD AROSE.

DRYDEN.

**L**ONGINUS has observed, that there may be a loftiness in sentiments where there is no passion, and brings instances out of ancient authors to support this his opinion. The pathetic, as that great critic observes, may animate and inflame the sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that those, who excel most in stirring up the passions, very often want the talent of writing in the great and sublime manner, and so on the contrary. Milton has shewn himself a master in both these ways of writing. The seventh book, which we are now entering upon, is an instance of that sublime which is not mixed and worked up with passion. The author appears in a kind of composed and sedate majesty; and though the sentiments do not give so great an emotion as those in the former book, they abound with as magnificent ideas. The sixth book, like a troubled ocean, represents greatness in confusion; the seventh affects the imagination like the ocean in a calm, and fills the mind of the reader, without producing in it any thing like tumult or agitation.

The critic above-mentioned, among

the rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in works of the same nature; as in particular, that, if he writes on a poetical subject, he should consider how Homer would have spoken on such an occasion. By this means one great genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his spirit, without copying servilely after him. There are a thousand shining passages in Virgil, which have been lighted up by Homer.

Milton, though his own natural strength of genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his conceptions by such an imitation as that which Longinus has recommended.

In this book, which gives us an account of the six days works, the poet received but very few assistances from Heathen writers, who are strangers to the wonders of creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of poetry upon this subject in holy writ, the author has numberless allusions to them through

through the whole course of this book. The great critic I have before mentioned, though an heathen, has taken notice of the sublime manner in which the lawgiver of the Jews has described the creation in the first chapter of Genesis; and there are many other passages in Scripture, which rise up to the same majesty, where this subject is touched upon. Milton has shewn his judgment very remarkably, in making use of such of these as were proper for his poem, and in duly qualifying those high strains of eastern poetry, which were suited to readers whose imaginations were set to an higher pitch than those of colder climates.

Adam's speech to the angel, wherein he desires an account of what had passed within the regions of nature before the creation, is very great and solemn. The following lines, in which he tells him, that the day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind.

And the great light of day yet wants to run  
Much of his race, though steep; suspense in  
heav'n

Held by thy voice; thy potent voice, he hears,  
And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
His generation, &c.

The angel's encouraging our first parents in a modest pursuit after knowledge, with the causes which he assigns for the creation of the world, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the heavens were made, comes forth in the power of his Father, surrounded with an host of angels, and clothed with such a majesty as becomes his entering upon a work, which, according to our conceptions, appears the utmost exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful description has our author raised upon that hint in one of the prophets!

‘And behold there came four chariots  
‘out from between two mountains, and  
‘the mountains were mountains of  
‘brass.’

About his chariot numberless were pour'd  
Cherub and Seraph, potentates and thrones,  
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots  
wing'd

From th'armory of God, where stand of old  
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd  
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,  
Celestial equipage; and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,

Attendant on their Lord: heav'  
Her ever-during gates, harmon  
On golden hinges moving—

I have before taken notice of the chariots of God, and of the heaven; and shall here on Homer gives us the same latter, as opening of themselves he afterwards takes off from us, that the hours first moved those prodigious heaps which lay as a barrier before.

I do not know any thing more sublime than the which follows, where the represented at the head of as looking down into the clearing it's confusion, riding into it, and drawing the first the creation.

On heav'nly ground they stood  
the shore

They view'd the vast immeasurable  
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful  
Up from the bottom turn'd by  
And surging waves, as mountain  
Heav'n's height, and with the  
the pole.

‘Silence, ye troubled wave  
‘deep, peace,’

Said then th'omniscient word, ‘your  
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of  
Up-lifted, in paternal glory rode  
Far into chaos, and the world u  
For chaos heard his voice. Him  
Follow'd in bright procession, to  
Creation, and the wonders of h  
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, an  
He took the golden compasses,  
In God's eternal store to circumscribe  
This universe, and all created things  
One foot he center'd, and the o  
Round through the vast profound  
And said—‘Thus far extend,

‘bounds,  
‘This be thy just circumference

The thought of the golden is conceived altogether in Homer, and is a very noble and wonderful description. He speaks of the gods, ascribes several arms and instrument same greatness of imagination reader only peruse the description of Minerva's Ægis, or buckler, book, with her spear, which overturn whole squadrons, a met that was sufficient to command drawn out of an hundred. The golden compasses in

mentioned passage appear a very natural instrument in the hand of him, whom Plato somewhere calls the divine Geometrician. As poetry delights in cloathing abstracted ideas in allegories and sensible images, we find a magnificent description of the creation formed after the same manner in one of the prophets, wherein he describes the almighty Architect as measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, meting out the heavens with his span, comprehending the dust of the earth in a measure, weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Another of them, describing the Supreme Being in this great work of creation, represents him as laying the foundations of the earth, and stretching a line upon it: and in another place as garnishing the heavens, stretching out the north over the empty place, and hanging the earth upon nothing. This last noble thought Milton has expressed in the following verse:

And earth self-balanc'd on her centre hung.

The beauties of description in this book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this paper. The poet has employed on them the whole energy of our tongue. The several great scenes of the creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner, that the reader seems present at this wonderful work, and to assist among the choirs of angels, who are the spectators of it. How glorious is the conclusion of the first day!

—Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:  
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
By the celestial choirs, when orient light  
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;  
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth! with joy and  
shout  
The hollow universal orb they fill'd.

We have the same elevation of thought in the third day, when the mountains were brought forth, and the deep was made.

Immediately the mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-  
heave  
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:  
So high as heav'n the tumid hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
Capacious bed of waters—

We have also the rising of the whole  
vegetable world described in this day's

work, which is filled with all the graces that other poets have lavished on their description of the spring, and leads the reader's imagination into a theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several glories of the heavens make their appearance on the fourth day.

First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,  
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round  
Inveited with bright rays, jocund to run  
His longitude thro' heav'n's high road; the  
gray

Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,  
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the  
Moon,

But opposite in levell'd west was set  
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
From him, for other lights she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,  
Revolv'd on heav'n's great axle, and her reign  
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousand stars, that then ap-  
pear'd

Spangling the hemisphere.—

One would wonder how the poet could be so concise in his description of the six days works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an episode; and at the same time so particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation, from the reptile to the Behemoth. As the Lion and the Leviathan are two of the noblest productions in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a most exquisite spirit of poetry in the account which our author gives us of them. The sixth day concludes with the formation of man, upon which the angel takes occasion, as he did after the battle in heaven, to remind Adam of his obedience, which was the principal design of this his visit.

The poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into heaven, and taking a survey of his great work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the poem, where the author describes that great period of time, filled with so many glorious circumstances; when the heavens and earth were finished; when the Messiah ascended up in triumph through the everlasting gates; when he looked down with pleasure upon his new creation; when every part of nature seemed to rejoice in it's existence; when the morning-stars sang together,



together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:  
Yet not till the Creator form'd his work  
Defitting, tho' unwearied, up return'd,  
Up to the heav'n of heav'ns, his high abode,  
Thence to behold this new created world  
Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd  
In prospect from his throne, how good, how  
fair,

Answering his great idea. Up he rode,  
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd  
Angelic harmonies; the earth, the air  
Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou  
heard'st)

The heavens and all the constellations rung,  
The planets in their station list'ning stood,  
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.

'Open, ye everlasting gates,' they sung,  
'Open, ye heav'ns, your living doors; let in  
'The great Creator from his work return'd  
'Magnificent, his six d'ys work, a world!'

I cannot conclude this book upon the creation, without mentioning a poem

which has lately appeared under that title. The work was undertaken with so good an intention, and is executed with so great a mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse. The reader cannot but be pleased to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason, amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination. The author has shewn us that design in all the works of nature, which necessarily leads us to the knowledge of it's first cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestible instances, that divine wisdom, which the son of Sirach has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in his formation of the world, when he tells us—'that he created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works.'

L

## Nº CCCXL. MONDAY, MARCH 31.

QUIS NOVUS HIC NOSTRIS SUCCESSIT SEDIBUS HOSPEX?

QUEM SESE ORE FERENS! QUAM FORTI PECTORE ET ARMIS!

VIRG. ÆN. IV. VER. 10.

WHAT CHIEF IS THIS THAT VISITS US FROM FAR,

WHOSE GALLANT MIEN BESPEAKS HIM TRIN'D TO WAR!

**I** Take it to be the highest instance of a noble mind, to bear great qualities without discovering in a man's behaviour any consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the world. Or, to say it otherwise, it is the duty of a great person so to demean himself, as that whatever endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no qualities but such as any man may arrive at: he ought to think no man valuable but for his public spirit, justice, and integrity; and all other endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those virtues. Such a man, if he is wise or valiant, knows it is of no consideration to other men that he is so, but as he employs those high talents for their use and service. He who affects the applauses and addresses of a multitude, or assumes to himself a pre-eminence upon any other consideration, must soon turn admiration into contempt. It is certain, that there can be no merit in any man who is not con-

scious of it; but the sense that it is valuable only according to the application of it, makes that superiority amiable, which would otherwise be invidious. In this light it is considered as a thing in which every man bears a share: it annexes the ideas of dignity, power, and fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who is possessor of it; and all men who are strangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a curiosity in beholding the person, behaviour, figure, and shape of him, in whose character, perhaps, each man had found something in common with himself.

Whether such, or any other, are causes, all men have a yearning sity to behold a man of heroic and I have had many letters parts of this kingdom, that would give them an exact a the statue, the mien, the aspect of prince who lately visited Europe. It would puzzle

form to himself the sort of man: all correspondents expect to hear the action mentioned, when they receive a description of him: there is almost something that concerns them, and growing out of their own feelings, in all their enquiries. A friend of mine in Wales beseeches me to be very exact in my account of that great man, who had marched and all his baggage over the Alps; and it is possible, to learn whether the man who shewed him the way, and was in the map, be yet living. A friend from the university, who is intent on the study of humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I had any opportunity, in observing the whole intercourse between his Highness and our country. Thus do men's fancies run according to their several education and circumstances; but all pay a tribute mixed with admiration, to this great man's character. I have waited for an opportunity in Holland, before I would let my correspondents know, that I have been so uncurious a spectator, as to have seen Prince Eugene. It is not very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every expectation of what he has writ to me on that head; but it is possible for me to find words to know what an artful glance there is in his countenance who surprised us; how daring he appears who is in the trenches at Turin: but in all this I can say, that he who beholds him will easily expect from him any action that is to be imagined or executed without the aid of wit or force of man. The prince has that stature which makes a man seem to be all parts of exercise, that to be graceful on occasions of ceremony, and no less adaptability and dispatch: his aspect is composed; his eye lively and full, yet rather vigilant than gazing; his action and address the very image of majesty, and his behaviour so sensibly peculiarly graceful in a sort of mixing insensibly with the company, as to become one of the company, without receiving the courtship of it. The ease of his person, and composure

of his limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is in his looks something sublime, which does not seem to arise from his quality or character, but the innate disposition of his mind. It is apparent that he suffers the presence of much company, instead of taking delight in it; and he appeared in public while with us, rather to return goodwill, or satisfy curiosity, than to gratify any taste he himself had of being popular. As his thoughts are never tumultuous in danger, they are as little discomposed on occasions of pomp and magnificence: a great soul is affected in either case no farther than in considering the properest methods to extricate itself from them. If this hero has the strong incentives to uncommon enterprises that were remarkable in Alexander, he prosecutes and enjoys the fame of them, with the justness, propriety, and good sense of Cæsar. It is easy to observe in him a mind as capable of being entertained with contemplation as enterprise; a mind ready for great exploits, but not impatient for occasions to exert itself. The prince has wisdom and valour in as high perfection as man can enjoy it; which noble faculties, in conjunction, banish all vain glory, ostentation, ambition, and all other vices which might intrude upon his mind to make it unequal. These habits and qualities of soul and body render this personage so extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every man should have in him, the exertion of his very self, abstracted from the circumstances in which fortune has placed him. Thus were you to see Prince Eugene, and were told he was a private gentleman, you would say he is a man of modesty and merit: should you be told that was Prince Eugene, he would be diminished no otherwise, than that part of your distant admiration would turn into familiar goodwill.

This I thought fit to entertain my reader with, concerning an hero who never was equalled but by one man: over whom also he has this advantage, that he has had an opportunity to manifest an esteem for him in his adversity.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXLI. TUESDAY, APRIL 1.—REVOCATE ANIMOS, MOESTUMQUE TIMOREM  
MITTITE—

VIRG. ÆN. I. v. 206.

RESUME YOUR COURAGE, AND DISMISS YOUR CARE.

DRYDEN.

HAVING, to oblige my correspondent Phylubulus, printed his letter last Friday, in relation to the new epilogue, he cannot take it amiss, if I now publish another, which I have just received from a gentleman who does not agree with him in his sentiments upon that matter.

SIR,

I Am amazed to find an epilogue attacked in your last Friday's paper, which has been so generally applauded by the town, and received such honours as were never before given to any in an English theatre.

The audience would not permit Mrs. Oldfield to go off the stage the first night, till she had repeated it twice; the second night the noise of *Ancora's* was as loud as before, and she was again obliged to speak it twice; the third night it was called for a second time; and in short, contrary to all other epilogues, which are dropt after the third representation of the play, this has already been repeated nine times.

I must own I am the more surpris'd to find this censure in opposition to the whole town, in a paper which has hitherto been famous for the candour of its criticisms.

I can by no means allow your melancholy correspondent, that the new epilogue is unnatural, because it is gay. If I had a mind to be learned, I could tell him that the prologue and epilogue were real parts of the ancient tragedy; but every one knows that on the British stage they are distinct performances by themselves, pieces entirely detached from the play, and no way essential to it.

The moment the play ends, Mrs. Oldfield is no more Andromache, but Mrs. Oldfield; and though the poet had left Andromache stone-dead upon the stage, as your ingenious correspondent phrases it, Mrs. Oldfield might still have spoke a merry epilogue. We have

an instance of this in tragedy where there is not only a death but a martyrdom. St. Catherine was there perforated by Nel Gwin; she lies 'stone-dead upon the stage,' but upon those gentlemen's offering to remove her body, whose business it is to carry off the slain in our English tragedies, she breaks out into that abrupt beginning of what was a very ludicrous, but at the same time thought a very good epilogue:

Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded dog,

I am to rise and speak the epilogue.

This diverting manner was always practis'd by Mr. Dryden, who, if he was not the best writer of tragedies in his time, was allowed by every one to have the happiest turn for a prologue or an epilogue. The epilogues to Cleomenes, Don Sebastian, The Duke of Guise, Aurengzebe, and Love Triumphant, are all precedents of this nature.

I might further justify this practice by that excellent epilogue which was spoken a few years since, after the tragedy of Phædra and Hippolitus; with a great many others, in which the authors have endeavour'd to make the audience merry. If they have not all succeeded so well as the writer of this, they have however shewn that it was not for want of good will.

I must further observe, that the gaiety of it may be still the more proper, as it is at the end of a French play: since every one knows that nation, who are generally esteem'd to have as polite taste as any in Europe, always cl their tragic entertainments with what they call a *petite piece*, which is posely designed to raise mirth, and away the audience well-pleas'd. The same person, who has support'd chief character in the tragedy, performs the principal part in the *petite* so that I have myself seen at Paris

tes and Lubin acted the same night by the same man.

Tragi-comedy, indeed, you have yourself in a former speculation found fault with very justly, because it breaks the tide of the passions while they are yet flowing; but this is nothing at all to the present case, where they have already had their full course.

As the new epilogue is written conformable to the practice of our best poets, so it is not such an one, which, as the Duke of Buckingham says in his Rehearsal, might serve for any other play; but wholly rises out of the occurrences of the piece it was composed for.

The only reason your mournful correspondent gives against this facetious epilogue, as he calls it, is, that he has a mind to go home melancholy. I wish the gentleman may not be more grave than wise. For my own part, I must confess I think it very sufficient to have the anguish of a fictitious piece remain upon me while it is representing, but I love to be sent home to bed in a good humour. If *Phyſibulus* is however resolved to be inconsolable, and not to have his tears dried up, he need only continue his old custom, and when he has had his half crown's worth of sorrow, sink out before the epilogue begins.

It is pleasant enough to hear this tragical genius complaining of the great mischief *Andromache* had done him. What was that? Why, she made him laugh. The poor gentleman's sufferings put me in mind of *Harlequin's* case, who was tickled to death. He tells us soon after, through a small mistake of sorrow, for rage, that during the whole action he was so very sorry, that he thinks he could have attacked half a score of the fiercest *Mohocs* in the excess of his grief. I cannot but look upon it as an unhappy accident, that a man, who is so bloody-minded in his afflic-

tion, was diverted from this fit of outrageous melancholy. The valour of this gentleman in his distress brings to one's memory the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, who lays about him at such an unmerciful rate in an old romance. I shall readily grant him that his soul, as he himself says, would have made a very ridiculous figure, had it quitted the body, and descended to the poetical shades in such an encounter.

As to his conceit of tacking a 'tragic head' with a 'comic tail,' in order to refresh the audience, it is such a piece of jargon, that I do not know what to make of it.

The elegant writer makes a very sudden transition from the play-house to the church, and from thence to the gallows.

As for what relates to the church, he is of opinion that these epilogues have given occasion to those merry jigs from the organ-loft, which have dissipated those good thoughts and dispositions he has found in himself, and the rest of the pew, upon the singing of two staves culled out by the judicious and diligent clerk.

He fetches his next thought from *Tyburn*; and seems very apprehensive lest there should happen any innovations in the tragedies of his friend *Paul Lorrain*.

In the mean time, Sir, this gloomy writer, who is so mightily scandalized at a gay epilogue after a serious play, speaking of the fate of those unhappy wretches who are condemned to suffer an ignominious death by the justice of our laws, endeavours to make the reader merry on so improper an occasion, by those poor burlesque expressions of tragical dramas, and monthly performances. I am, Sir, with great respect, your most obedient, most humble servant,

PHILOMEIDES.

X

N<sup>o</sup>. CCCXLII. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2.

JUSTITIÆ PARTES SUNT NON VIOLARE HOMINES: VERECUNDIÆ NON OFFENDERE. TULL.

JUSTICE CONSISTS IN DOING NO INJURY TO MEN; DECENCY IN GIVING THEM NO OFFENCE.

**A**S regard to decency is a great rule of life in general, but more especially to be consulted by the female world, I cannot overlook the following letter which describes an egregious offender.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Was this day looking over your papers, and reading in that of December the 6th, with great delight, the amiable grief of Aferia for the absence of her husband, it threw me into a great deal of reflection. I cannot say but this arose very much from the circumstances of my own life, who am a soldier, and expect every day to receive orders, which will oblige me to leave behind me a wife that is very dear to me, and that very deservedly. She is, at present, I am sure, no way below your Aferia for conjugal affection: but I see the behaviour of some women so little suited to the circumstances wherein my wife and I shall soon be, that it is with a reluctance I never knew before, I am going to my duty. What puts me to present pain, is, the example of a young lady, whose story you shall have as well as I can give it you. Hortensius, an officer of good rank in her Majesty's service, happened in a certain part of England to be brought to a country-gentleman's house, where he was received with that more than ordinary welcome, with which men of domestic lives entertain such few soldiers whom a military life, from the variety of adventures, has not rendered overbearing, but humane, easy, and agreeable. Hortensius staid here some time, and had easy access at all hours, as well as unavoidable conversation at some parts of the day with the beautiful Sylvana, the gentleman's daughter. People who live in cities are wonderfully struck with every little country abode they see when they take the air; and it is natural to fancy they could live in every neat cot-

tage (by which they pass) much happier than in their present circumstances. The turbulent way of life which Hortensius was used to, made him reflect with much satisfaction on all the advantages of a sweet retreat one day; and among the rest, you will think it not improbable, it might enter into his thought, that such a woman as Sylvana would consummate the happiness. The world is so debauched with mean considerations, that Hortensius knew it would be received as an act of generosity, if he asked for a woman of the highest merit, without further questions, of a parent who had nothing to add to her personal qualifications. The wedding was celebrated at her father's house: when that was over, the generous husband did not proportion his provision for her to the circumstances of her fortune, but considered his wife as his darling, his pride, and his vanity, or rather that it was in the woman he had chosen that a man of sense could shew pride or vanity with an excuse, and therefore adorned her with rich habits and valuable jewels. He did not however omit to admonish her that he did his very utmost in this; that it was an ostentation he could not be guilty of: but to a woman he had so much pleasure in, desiring her to consider it as such; and begged of her also to take these matters rightly, and believe the gems, the gowns, the laces would still become her better, if her air and behaviour was such, that it might appear dressed thus rather in compliance to humour that way, than out of any love she herself had for the trifes. This lesson, too hard for a woman, F tensius added that she must be so stay with her friends in the country his return. As soon as Hortensius parted, Sylvana saw in her glass, that the love he conceived was wholly owing to the seeing her: and she was

was only her misfortune the rest of mankind had not beheld her, or men of much greater quality and merit had contended for one so genteel, though bred in obscurity; so very witty, though never acquainted with court or town. She therefore resolved not to hide so much excellence from the world, but without any regard to the absence of the most generous man alive, she is now the gayest lady about this town, and has shut out the thoughts of her husband by a constant retinue of the vainest young fellows this age has produced; to entertain whom, she squanders away all Hortensius is able to supply her with, though that supply is purchased with no less difficulty than the hazard of his life.

Now, Mr. Spectator, would it not be a work becoming your office to treat this criminal as she deserves? You should give it the severest reflections you can: you should tell women, that they are more accountable for behaviour in absence than after death. The dead are not dishonoured by their levities; the living may return, and be laughed at by empty fops, who will not fail to turn into ridicule the good man, who is so unseasonable as to be still alive, and come and spoil good company. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

All strictness of behaviour is so unmercifully laughed at in our age, that the other much worse extreme is the more common folly. But let any woman consider, which of the two offences a husband would the more easily forgive, that of being less entertaining than she could to please company, or raising the desires of the whole room to his disadvantage; and she will easily be able

to form her conduct. We have indeed carried women's characters too much into public life, and you shall see them now-a-days affect a sort of fame: but I cannot help venturing to disoblige them for their service, by telling them, that the utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life; she is blameable or praise-worthy according as her carriage affects the house of her father or her husband. All she has to do in this world, is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother: all these may be well performed, though a lady should not be the very finest woman at an opera or an assembly. They are likewise consistent with a moderate share of wit, a plain dress, and a modest air. But when the very brains of the sex are turned, and they place their ambition on circumstances, wherein to excel is no addition to what is truly commendable, where can this end, but as it frequently does, in their placing all their industry, pleasure, and ambition on things, which will naturally make the gratifications of life last, at best, no longer than youth and good fortune? And when we consider the least ill consequence, it can be no less than looking on their own condition, as years advance, with a disrelish of life, and falling into contempt of their own persons, or being the derision of others. But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than an additional part of the species, (for their own happiness and comfort, as well as that of those for whom they were born) their ambition to excel will be directed accordingly; and they will in no part of their lives want opportunities of being shining ornaments to their fathers, husbands, brothers, or children.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXLIII. THURSDAY, AP

ERRAT, ET II  
HUC VENIT, HINC ILLUC, ET QUOSLIBET OCCUPAT  
SPIRITUS; EQUÉ FERIS HUMANA IN CORPORA TRA  
INQUE FERAS NOSTER

PYTHAG. AP. OVID. META

ALL THINGS ARE BUT ALTER'D, NOTHING  
AND HERE AND THERE TH' UNBODY'D SPIRIT FLIES  
BY TIME, OR FORCE, OR SICKNESS DISPOSSESS'D,  
AND LODGES, WHERE IT LIGHTS, IN MAN OR BEAST:  
D:

**W**ILL Honeycomb, who loves to shew upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls, and that the eastern part of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. 'Sir Paul Rycaut,' says he, 'gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. You must know,' says Will, 'the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. They will tell you,' says Will, 'that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us.'

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, Will told us that Jack Freeclove, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. 'Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very pretty epistle upon this hint. Jack,' says he, 'was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress in the person of the

'monkey; and upon  
'down so soon as I  
'in the window, at  
'business.  
'The lady soon at  
'parlour, and seeing  
'upon a paper with  
'took it up, and to  
'doubt,' says Will  
'written by Jack or

MADAM,  
**N**OT having the  
have a long time  
an opportunity of ma  
to you; and having  
veniences of pen, I  
me, I gladly take the  
you my history in  
could not do by word  
must know, Madam,  
sand years ago I was  
man, and versed in  
secrets which your  
pher, called Pythagor  
learned from our fra  
ingratiated myself by  
the occult sciences w  
I used to converse w  
mitted to grant me  
ask of him. I desi  
might never pass in  
brute creature; but  
not in his power to  
begged, that into w  
should chance to tran  
still retain my mem  
scious that I was the  
lived in different anim  
me was within his p  
ingly promised on th  
that he would grant  
From that time forth  
blameably, that I w

of Brachmans, an office charged with great integrity of my death.

I was shuffled into another husband and acted my part so very well that I became first minister to the king who reigned upon the banks of the Nile. I here lived in great innocence of the Brachman, and was allowed to rifle and oppress the rich my sovereign; till at last it became so odious, that my sovereign recovered his credit with his subjects through the heart with which I was one day addressing him at the head of his army.

I next remove I found myself in the shape of a jackal. I was lifted myself in the service. I used to yelp near his midnight, which was his time and seeking after his prey. I followed me in the rear, and I run down a fat buck, a hare, after he had feasted plentifully upon it himself, and then throw me a bone out half-picked for my entertainment; but upon my being unprovided in two or three chases, he caught a confounded gripe in his side and died of it.

In my next transmigration I was born with two legs, and became an ant; but having been great extravagancies, and being sold to an expensive jade of a man, so cursed in debt, that I was to chew my head. I could not get out of my house, but I was some body or other that lay in the street. As I ventured abroad in the dusk of the evening, I was up and hurried into a dunghill and I died a few months after.

I then entered into a flying squirrel that state led a most melancholy life for the space of six years. As the prey pursued me when I was in the water, and if I betook myself to wings, it was ten to one that a flock of birds aiming at me would catch me. As one day flying amidst a great number of goshawks, I observed a huge eagle sitting his bill and hovering over my head. Upon my dipping my head to avoid him, I fell into the jaws of a monstrous shark that swallowed me down in an instant.

I was some years afterwards, to my great surprise, an eminent banker in Lombard Street; and remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became so very sordid and avaricious, that the whole town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look upon, for I had in a manner starved myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I died.

I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled into an ennet: I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but some time or other I might be reduced to a mite if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with great diligence to the offices that were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the whole mole-hill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burthen, by an unlucky cock-sparrow that lived in the neighbourhood, and had before made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in the shape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transigrations, I fell into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder an hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the spot.

I might tell you of many other transigrations which I went through; how I was a town-rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as also how I was a taylor, a shrimp, and a tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes I was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about six years since. You may remember, Madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow whom you were then so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a hill in Æthiopia, where I lived in my present grotesque shape, until I was caught



caught by a servant of the English factory, and sent over into Great Britain: I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You see, Madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a chain: I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for, when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my person will not tend to

my disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed favours to your most devoted humble servant,

PUGG.

P. S. I would advise your little shock dog to keep out of my way; for as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he will not like. L

## Nº CCCXLIV. FRIDAY, APRIL 4.

IN SOLO VIVENDI CAUSA PALATO EST.

JUV. SAT. II. V. 11.

SUCH, WHOSE SOLE BUSINESS IS EATING; WHO CAN GIVE  
BUT THAT ONE BRUTAL REASON WHY THEY LIVE.

CONGREVE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Think it has not yet fallen into your way to discourse on little ambition, or the many whimsical ways men fall into, to distinguish themselves among their acquaintance: such observations, well pursued, would make a pretty history of low life. I myself am got into a great reputation, which arose (as most extraordinary occurrences in a man's life seem to do) from a mere accident. I was some days ago unfortunately engaged among a set of gentlemen, who esteem a man according to the quantity of food he throws down at a meal. Now I, who am ever for distinguishing myself according to the notions of superiority which the rest of the company entertain, eat so immoderately for their applause, as had like to have cost me my life. What added to my misfortune was, that having naturally a good stomach, and having lived soberly for some time, my body was as well prepared for this contention as if it had been by appointment. I had quickly vanquished every glutton in company but one, who was such a prodigy in his way, and withal so very merry during the whole entertainment, that he insensibly betrayed me to continue his competitor, which in a little time concluded in a compleat victory over my rival; after which, by way of insult, I eat a considerable proportion beyond what the spectators thought me obliged in honour to do. The effect however of this engagement, has made me resolve never to eat more for renown; and I have, pursuant to this resolution, compounded

three wagers I had depending on the strength of my stomach; which happened very luckily, because it was stipulated in our articles either to play or pay. How a man of common sense could be thus engaged, is hard to determine; but the occasion of this is to desire you to inform several gluttons of my acquaintance, who look on me with envy, that they had best moderate their ambition in time, lest infamy or death attend their success. I forgot to tell you, Sir, with what unpeakable pleasure I received the acclamations and applause of the whole board, when I had almost eat my antagonist into convulsions: it was then that I returned him mirth upon him with such success as he was hardly able to swallow, though prompted by a desire of fame, and a passionate fondness for distinction. I had not endeavoured to excel so far, had not the company been so loud in their approbation of my victory. I don't question but the same thirst after glory has often caused a man to drink quarts without taking breath, and prompted men to many other difficult enterprises; which if otherwise pursued, might turn very much to a man's advantage. This ambition of mine was indeed extravagantly pursued; however I cannot but observe, that you hardly ever find a man commended for a good stomach but he immediately falls to eating; (though he had before dined) as we confirm the person that commend in his good opinion of him, as vince any other at the table, have been unattentive enough

have done justice to his character. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,  
EPICURE MAMMON.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have writ to you three or four times, to desire you would take notice of an impertinent custom the women, the fine women, have lately fallen into, of taking snuff. This silly trick is attended with such a coquet air in some ladies, and such a sedate masculine one in others, that I cannot tell which most to complain of; but they are to me equally disagreeable. Mrs. Santer is so impatient of being without it, that she takes it as often as she does salt at meals, and as she affects a wonderful ease and negligence in all her manner, an upper lip mixed with snuff and the sauce, is what is presented to the observation of all who have the honour to eat with her. The pretty creature her niece does all she can to be as disagreeable as her aunt; and if she is not as offensive to the eye, she is quite as much to the ear, and makes up all she wants in a confident air, by a nauseous rattle of the nose, when the snuff is delivered, and the fingers make the stops and closes on the nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a very courtly image in speaking of ladies; that is very true; but where arises

the offence? Is it in those who commit, or those who observe it? As for my part, I have been so extremely disgusted with this filthy physic hanging on the lip, that the most agreeable conversation, or person, has not been able to make up for it. As to those who take it for no other end but to give themselves occasion for pretty action, or to fill up little intervals of discourse, I can bear with them; but then they must not use it when another is speaking, who ought to be heard with too much respect, to admit of offering at that time from hand to hand the snuff-box. But Flavilla is so far taken with her behaviour in this kind, that she pulls out her box (which is indeed full of good Brazil) in the middle of the sermon; and to shew she has the audacity of a well-bred woman, she offers it the men as well as the women who sit near her: but since by this time all the world knows she has a fine hand, I am in hopes she may give herself no further trouble in this matter. On Sunday was sevensnight, when they came about for the offering, she gave her charity with a very good air, but at the same time asked the churchwarden if he would take a pinch. Pray, Sir, think of these things in time, and you will oblige, Sir,

T Your most humble servant.

## N<sup>o</sup> CCCXLV. SATURDAY, APRIL 5.

SANCTIUS HIS ANIMAL, MENTISQUE CAPACIUS ALTÆ  
DEERAT ADHUC, ET QUOD DOMINARI IN CÆTERA POSSET,  
NATUS HOMO EST——

OID. MET. LIB. I. V. 76.

A CREATURE OF A MORE EXALTED KIND  
WAS WANTING YET, AND THEN WAS MAN DESIGN'D;  
CONSCIOUS OF THOUGHT, OF MORE CAPACIOUS BREAT,  
FOR EMPIRE FORM'D, AND FIT TO RULE THE REST.

DRYDEN.

THE accounts which Raphael gives of the battle of angels and the creation of the world, have in them those qualifications which the critics judge requisite to an episode. They are nearly related to the principal action, and have a just connection with the fable.

The eighth book opens with a beautiful description of the impression which this discourse of the archangel made on our first parents. Adam afterwards, by a very natural curiosity, enquires con-

cerning the motions of those celestial bodies which make the most glorious appearance among the six days works. The poet here, with a great deal of art, represents Eve as withdrawing from this part of their conversation, to amusements more suitable to her sex. He well knew that the episode in this book, which is filled with Adam's account of his passion and esteem for Eve, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful reasons for her retiring.

So spake our fire, and by his count'nance  
 seem'd  
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse, which  
 Eye  
 Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,  
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and  
 flow'rs,  
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
 Her nursery: they at her coming sprung,  
 And touch'd by her fair attendance gladder grew.  
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
 Deighted, or not capable her ear  
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,  
 Adam relating, the sole auditors;  
 Her husband thus relates the prefer'd  
 Before the angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
 With conjugal caresses; from his lip  
 Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet  
 now  
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd!

The angel's returning a doubtful answer to Adam's enquiries was not only proper for the moral reason which the poet assigns, but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the sanction of an archangel to any particular system of philosophy. The chief points in the Ptolemaic and Copernican hypothesis are described with great conciseness and perspicuity, and at the same time dressed in very pleasing and poetical images.

Adam, to detain the angel, enters afterwards upon his own history, and comes to mention the circumstance in which he found himself upon his creation; as also his conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with Eve. There is no part of the poem more apt to raise the attention of the reader, than this discourse of our great ancestor; as nothing can be more surprising and delightful to us, than to hear the sentiments that arose in the first man, while he was yet new and fresh from the hands of his Creator. The poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this subject in Holy Writ with so many beautiful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this whole episode. As our author knew this subject could not but be agreeable to his reader, he would not throw it into the relation of the six days work, but reserved it for a distinct episode, that he might have an

opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the poem, I cannot but take notice of two shining passages in the dialogue between Adam and the angel. The first is that wherein our ancestor gives an account of the pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble moral.

'For while I sit with thee, I seem in heav'n,  
 'And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
 'Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst  
 'And hunger both, from labour, at the hour  
 'Of sweet repast: they satiate, and soon fill  
 'Tho' pleasant; but thy words with grace  
 'divine

'Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no satiety.'

The other I shall mention, is that in which the angel gives a reason why he should be glad to hear the story Adam was about to relate.

'For I that day was absent as befit,  
 'Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
 'Far on excursion towards the gates of hell;  
 'Squar'd in full legion (such command we  
 'had)  
 'To see that none thence issued forth a spy,  
 'Or enemy, while God was in his work,  
 'Lest he, incens'd at such eruption bold,  
 'Destruction with creation might have mix'd.'

There is no question but our poet drew the image in what follows from that in Virgil's sixth book where Æneas and the Sybil stand before the adamantine gates, which are there described as shut upon the place of torments, and listen to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noise of iron whips, that were heard in those regions of pain and sorrow.

—Fast we found, fast shut  
 The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;  
 But long ere our approaching heard within  
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,  
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his condition and sentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeably does he represent the position in which he found himself, the beautiful landscape that surrounded him, the gladness of heart which grew him on that occasion?

—As new wak'd from sound  
 'Soft on the flow'ry herb I found  
 'In balmy sweat, which with his be  
 'Soon dry'd, and on the reeking

'Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes  
 'I turn'd,  
 'And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd  
 'By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
 'As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
 'Stood on my feet: about me round I saw  
 'Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
 'And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by  
 'these,  
 'Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd,  
 'or flew,  
 'Birds on the branches warbling; all things  
 'smil'd  
 'With fragrance, and with joy my heart  
 'o'erflow'd.'

Adam is afterwards described as surprised at his own existence, and taking a survey of himself, and of all the works of nature. He likewise is represented as discovering by the light of reason, that he and every thing about him must have been the effect of some Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a right to his worship and adoration. His first address to the sun, and to those parts of the creation which made the most distinguished figure, is very natural and amiable to the imagination.

—'Thou sun,' said I, 'fair light,  
 'And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,  
 'Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and  
 'plains,  
 'And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,  
 'Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?'

His next sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired. His dream, in which he still preserves the consciousness of his existence, together with his removal into the garden which was prepared for his reception, are also circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred story.

These and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty, at the same time that they have all the graces of nature. They are such as none but a great genius could have thought of, though, upon the perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the subject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural, they are not obvious, which is the true character of all fine writing.

The impression which the interdiction of the tree of life left in the mind of our first parent, is described with great strength and judgment; as the image of the several beasts and birds passing in review before him is very beautiful and lively.

—'Each bird and beast behold  
 'Approaching two and two, these cowering low  
 'With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on  
 'his wing:  
 'I nam'd them as they pass'd——'

Adam, in the next place, describes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the subject of solitude. The poet here represents the Supreme Being, as making an essay of his own work, and putting to the trial that reasoning faculty with which he had endued his creature. Adam urges, in this divine colloquy, the impossibility of his being happy, though he was the inhabitant of Paradise, and lord of the whole creation, wit out the conversation and society of some rational creature, who should partake those blessings with him. This dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornament, is as fine a part as any in the whole poem: the more the reader examines the justness and delicacy of its sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The poet has wonderfully preserved the character of majesty and condescension in the Creator, and at the same time that of humility and adoration in the creature, as particularly in the following lines.

'Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,  
 'As with a smile, more brighten'd, thus re-  
 'ply'd, &c.  
 —'I with leave of speech implor'd,  
 'And humble deprecation thus reply'd—  
 "Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly  
 "Power,  
 'My Maker, be propitious while I speak," &c.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his second sleep, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of Eve. The new passion that was awakened in him at the sight of her, is touched very finely:

'Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
 'Manlike, but different sex; so lovely fair,  
 'That what seem'd fair in all the world,  
 'seem'd now

- ‘ Mean, or in her sum’d up, in her contain’d,
- ‘ And in her looks, which from that time in-  
‘ fus’d
- ‘ Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before:
- ‘ And into all things from her air inspir’d
- ‘ The spirit of love and amorous delight.’

Adam’s distress upon losing sight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the discovery of a real creature who resembled the apparition which had been presented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtship, are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of sentiment.

Though this part of the poem is worked up with great warmth and spirit, the love which is described in it is every way suitable to a state of innocence. If the reader compares the description which Adam here gives of his leading Eve to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr. Dryden has made on the same occasion in a scene of his Fall of Man, he will be sensible of the great care which Milton took to avoid all thoughts on so delicate a subject, that might be offensive to religion or good manners. The sentiments are chaste, but not cold; and convey to the mind ideas of the most transporting passion and of the greatest purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the author joined together, in the reflection which Adam makes on the pleasures of love, compared to those of sense!

- ‘ Thus have I told thee all my state, and  
‘ brought
- ‘ My story to the sum of earthly bliss
- ‘ Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
- ‘ In all things else delight indeed, but such
- ‘ As us’d or not, works in the mind no change
- ‘ Nor vehement desires; these delicacies
- ‘ I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits,  
‘ and flowers,
- ‘ Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
- ‘ Far otherwise, transported I behold,
- ‘ Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
- ‘ Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else
- ‘ Superior and unmov’d, here only weak
- ‘ Against the charms of beauty’s powerful  
‘ glance.
- ‘ Or nature fail’d in me, and left some part
- ‘ Not proof enough such object to sustain;
- ‘ Or from my side subducing, took perhaps

- ‘ More than enough; at least on her bestow’d
- ‘ Too much of ornament, in outward shew
- ‘ Elaborate, of inward less exact.
- ‘ ———— When I approach
- ‘ Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
- ‘ And in herself compleat, so well to know
- ‘ Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
- ‘ Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
- ‘ All higher knowledge in her presence falls
- ‘ Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
- ‘ Loses discountenanc’d, and like folly shews;
- ‘ Authority and reason on her wait,
- ‘ As one intended first, not after made
- ‘ Occasionally; and to consummate all,
- ‘ Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
- ‘ Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
- ‘ About her, as a guard angelic plac’d.’

These sentiments of love in our first parent, gave the angel such an insight into human nature, that he seems apprehensive of the evils which might befall the species in general, as well as Adam in particular, from the excess of his passion. He therefore fortifies him against it by timely admonitions; which very artfully prepare the mind of the reader for the occurrences of the next book, where the weakness, of which Adam here gives such distant discoveries, brings about the fatal event which is the subject of the poem. His discourse which follows the gentle rebuke he received from the angel, shews that his love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in reason, and consequently not improper for Paradise.

- ‘ Neither her outside form’d so fair, nor aught
- ‘ In procreation common to all kinds,
- ‘ (‘Tho’ higher of the genial bed by far,
- ‘ And with mysterious reverence I deem)
- ‘ So much delights me, as these graceful acts,
- ‘ Those thousand decencies that daily flow
- ‘ From all her words and actions, mixt with  
‘ love
- ‘ And sweet compliance, which declare un-  
‘ feign’d
- ‘ Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
- ‘ Harmony to behold in wedded pair!’

Adam’s speech, at parting with the angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature, and at the same time a certain dignity and greatness suitable to the father of mankind in his state of innocence.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXLVI. MONDAY, APRIL 7.

CONSUETUDINEM BENIGNITATIS LARGITIONI MUNERUM LONGE ANTEPONO.  
 HÆC EST GRAVIUM HOMINUM ATQUE MAGNORUM; ILLA QUASI ASSENTA-  
 TORUM POPULI, MULTITUDINIS LEVITATEM VOLUPTATE QUASI TITILLAN-  
 TIUM. TULL.

ESTEEM A HABIT OF BENIGNITY GREATLY PREFERABLE TO MUNIFICENCES  
 THE FORMER IS PECULIAR TO GREAT AND DISTINGUISHED PERSONS; THE  
 LATTER BELONGS TO FLATTERERS OF THE PEOPLE, WHO COURT THE AP-  
 PRAISE OF THE INCONSTANT VULGAR.

**W**HEN we consider the offices of human life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call Generosity, which, when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded temper, than an honest and liberal mind. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that all liberality should have for it's basis and support frugality. By this means the beneficent spirit works in a man from the convictions of reason, not from the impulses of passion. The generous man in the ordinary acceptation, without respect of the demands of his family, will soon find upon the foot of his account, that he has sacrificed to fools, knaves, flatterers, or the deservedly unhappy, all the opportunities of affording any future assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in itself laudable, should not a man take care to secure an ability to do things praise-worthy as long as he lives? Or could there be a more cruel piece of raillery upon a man who should have reduced his fortune below the capacity of acting according to his natural temper, than to say of him—'That gentleman was generous?' My beloved author therefore has, in the sentence on the top of my paper, turned his eye with a certain satiety from beholding the addresses to the people by largesses and public entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the circumstances of time; and a man's own fortune. A constant benignity in commerce with the rest of the world, which ought to run through all a man's actions, has effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and less ostentatious in yourself. He turns his recommendation of this virtue in commercial life: and according to him, a citizen who is frank in his kindnesses,

and abhors severity in his demands; he who in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to disputes, and above the sense of little sufferings; bears a nobler character, and does much more good to mankind than any other man's fortune without commerce can possibly support. For the citizen above all other men has opportunities of arriving at 'that highest fruit of wealth, to be liberal without the least expence of a man's own fortune.' It is not to be denied but such a practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the obligation, that, among traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the favour a secret, as he who receives it. The unhappy distinctions among us in England are so great, that to celebrate the intercourse of commercial friendship (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous man so many enemies of the contrary party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of Tom the Bounteous, who lends at the ordinary interest, to give men of less fortune opportunities of making greater advantages. He conceals under a rough air and distant behaviour, a bleeding compassion and womanish tenderness. This is governed by the most exact circumspection, that there is no industry wanting in the person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper expences. This I know of Tom, but who dare say it of so known a Tory? The same care I was forced to use some time ago in the report of another's virtue, and said fifty instead of an hundred, because the man I pointed at was a Whig. Actions of this kind are popular without being invidious: for every man of ordinary circumstances looks upon a man who has this known benignity in his nature, as a person  
 ready

ready to be his friend upon such terms as he ought to expect it; and the wealthy, who may envy such a character, can do no injury to it's interests but by the imitation of it, in which the good citizen will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to myself a greater idea of human life, than in what is the practice of some wealthy men whom I could name, that make no step to the improvement of their own fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other men who would languish in poverty without that munificence. In a nation where there are so many public funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good subject, who does not embark some part of his fortune with the state, to whose vigilance he owes the security of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an obligation upon many, and extending his benignity the farthest a man can possibly, who is not engaged in commerce. But he who trades, besides giving the state some part of this sort of credit he gives his banker, may in all the occurrences of his life have his eye upon the removing want from the door of the industrious, and defending the unhappy upright man from bankruptcy. Without this benignity, pride or vengeance will precipitate a man to chide the receipt of half his demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has shewn mercy. This benignity is essential to the character of a fair trader, and any man who designs to enjoy his wealth with honour and self-satisfaction; nay, it would not be hard to imagine, that the practice of supporting good and industrious men, would carry a man further even to his profit, than indulging the propensity of serving and obliging the fortunate. My author argues on this subject, in order to incline men's minds to those who want them most, after this manner: 'We must always consider the nature of things, and govern ourselves accordingly. The wealthy man, when he has repaid you, is upon a balance with you; but the person whom you favoured with

' a loan, if he should think himself repaid, has paid you. The conspicuous man benefits you by the conferred a benefit on one. You always suspect the same thing as to receive it from you, who know have done himself more than I not act like him from whom I visit, but also of doing him a little office, he is so far from me will labour to actions and exertions to reward to me, at least further than I but what you humble fortune that he is a good man, the all men of that there are more.'

There is not to a principle of justice; I am the least of benignity: Spectator. Alas narrow compass, immediately under either players, or stances bear an all therefore I am all of this kind, is to follow the rule there will be perfecting, more of a virtue, for the better, the father and this day the hope all the good town will favour plunder in Alexandria and Orestes, will night, when he glory for their happier condition of

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXLVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 8.

QUIS FUROR, O CIVES! QUÆ TANTA LICENTIA FERRI!

LUCAN, LIB. I. V. 8.

WHAT BLIND DETESTED MADNESS, COULD AFFORD  
SUCH HORRID LICENCE TO THE MURDERING SWORD?

ROWE.

not question but my country-  
fers have been very much sur-  
at the several accounts they have  
th in our public papers, of that  
of men among us, lately known  
name of Mohocs. I find the  
is of the learned, as to their origin  
signs, are altogether various, in-  
that very many begin to doubt  
r indeed there were ever any such  
of men. The terror which  
itself over the whole nation some  
ince on account of the Irish, is  
esth in most people's memories,  
it afterwards appeared there was  
least ground for that general  
nation.

late panic fear was, in the opi-  
many deep and penetrating per-  
of the same nature. These will  
; that the Mohocs are like those  
s and apparitions which frighten  
towns and villages in her Ma-  
dominions, though they were  
seen by any of the inhabitants.  
are apt to think that these Mo-  
re a kind of bull-beggars, first  
ed by prudent married men, and  
s of families, in order to deter  
ives and daughters from taking  
at unreasonable hours; and that  
they tell them the Mohocs will  
hem, it is a caution of the same  
with that of our forefathers,  
hey bid their children have a care  
z-head and Bloody-homes.

my own part, I am afraid there  
o much reason for the great alarm  
ole city has been in upon this  
n; though at the same time I must  
at I am in some doubt whether  
lowing pieces are genuine and  
tie: the more so, because I am  
lly satisfied that the name, by  
the emperor subscribes himself,  
gether conformable to the Indian  
raphy.

ill only further inform my readers,  
was some time since I received  
owing letter and manifesto, though

for particular reasons I did not think  
fit to publish them till now.

## TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,

**F**INDING that our earnest endea-  
vours for the good of mankind have  
been basely and maliciously represented  
to the world, we send you inclosed our  
imperial manifesto, which it is our will  
and pleasure that you forthwith com-  
municate to the public, by inserting it  
in your next daily paper. We do not  
doubt of your ready compliance in this  
particular, and therefore bid you heart-  
ily farewell. Signed,

TAW WAW EBEN ZAN KALADAR,  
Emperor of the Mohocs.

THE MANIFESTO OF TAW WAW  
EBEN ZAN KALADAR, EMPEROR  
OF THE MOHOCs.

**W**HEREAS we have received in-  
formation from sundry quarters of  
this great and populous city, of several  
outrages committed on the legs, arms,  
noses, and other parts of the good people  
of England, by such as have stiled them-  
selves our subjects; in order to vindicate  
our imperial dignity from the false  
aspersions which have been cast on it,  
as if we ourselves might have encour-  
aged or abetted any such practice; we  
have, by these presents, thought fit to  
signify our utmost abhorrence and de-  
testation of all such tumultuous and ir-  
regular proceedings; and do hereby  
further give notice, that if any person  
or persons has or have suffered any  
wound, hurt, damage, or detriment in  
his or their limb or limbs, otherwise  
than shall be hereafter specified, the said  
person or persons, upon applying them-  
selves to such as we shall appoint for  
the inspection and redress of the grie-  
vances aforesaid, shall be forthwith com-  
mitted to the care of our principal sur-  
geon, and be cured at our own expence, in  
some one or other of those hospitals which  
we are now erecting for that purpose.

And



And to the end that no one may, either through ignorance or inadvertency, incur those penalties which we have thought fit to inflict on persons of loose and dissolute lives, we do hereby notify to the public, that if any man be knocked down or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful business, at proper hours, that it is not done by our order; and we do hereby permit and allow any such person so knocked down or assaulted, to rise again, and defend himself in the best manner that he is able.

We do also command all and every our good subjects, that they do not presume, upon any pretext whatsoever, to issue and sally forth from their respective quarters till between the hours of eleven and twelve. That they never tip the lion upon man, woman, or child, till the clock at St. Dunstan's shall have struck one.

That the sweat be never given but between the hours of one and two; always provided, that our hunters may begin to hunt a little after the close of the evening, any thing to the contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided also, that if ever they are reduced to the necessity of pinking, it shall always be in the most fleshy parts, and such as are least exposed to view.

It is also our imperial will and pleasure, that our good subjects the sweaters do establish their hummums in such close places, alleys, nooks, and corners, that the patient or patients may not be in danger of catching cold.

That the tumblers, &c. chiefly commit the fem themselves to Drury La lieus of the Temple, other party and division do each of them keep respective quarters we h them. Provided never thing herein contained be construed to extend who have our full licence to enter into any part wherever their game th

And whereas we ha at our imperial heart th tion of the cities of Lo minster, which to our u faction we have in some effected, we do hereby and exhort all husband keepers, and masters either of the aforesaid c repair themselves to the bitations at early and s but also to keep their w ters, sons, servants, a from appearing in the times and seasons wh them to a military dis practised by our good t hocs: and we do further imperial word, that as formation aforesaid st about, we will forthwi tilities to cease.

Given from our Coe Tavern, March 15, 17

## CCCXLVIII. WEDNESDAY, APR

INVIDIAM PLACARE PARAS VIRTUTE RELICTA?

HOR. SAT. II.

TO SHUN DETRACTION, WOULD THOU VIRTUE FI

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have not seen you lately at any of the places where I visit, so that I am afraid you are wholly unacquainted with what passes among my part of the world, who are, though I say it, without controversy, the most accomplished and best bred of the town. Give me leave to tell you that I am extremely discomposed when I hear scandal, and am an utter enemy to all manner of detraction, and think it the greatest meanness that people of distinction can be guilty of:

however it is hardly into company, where them pulling one another that from no other proof of hearing any one correct, both as to wit and come no other than the few trifling people's fact cannot possibly arrive really any thing in being. What they would is, to make all good a report, and with whit

and impertinencies, to have the conduct of those reports. By this means innocents are blasted upon their first appearance in town; and there is nothing more required to make a young woman the object of envy and hatred, than to deserve love and admiration. This abominable endeavour to suppress or lessen every thing that is praise-worthy, is as frequent among the men as the women. If I can remember what passed at a visit last night, it will serve as an instance that the sexes are equally inclined to defamation; with equal malice, with equal impotence, Jack Triplett came into my Lady Airy's about eight of the clock. You know the manner we sit at a visit, and I need not describe the circle; but Mr. Triplett came in, introduced by two tapers supported by a spruce servant, whose hair is under a cap till my lady's candles are all lighted up, and the hour of ceremony begins: I say, Jack Triplett came in, and singing (for he is really good company)—'Every feature, charming creature'—he went on—'It is a most unreasonable thing that people cannot go peaceably to see their friends, but those murderers are let loose. Such a shape! such an air! what a glance was that as her chariot passed by mine!' My lady herself interrupted him; 'Pray who is this fine thing?'—'I warrant,' says another, 'it is the creature I was telling your ladyship of just now.'—'You were telling of?' says Jack; 'I wish I had been so happy as to have come in and heard you, for I have not words to say what she is: but if an agreeable height, a modest air, a virgin shame, and impatience of being beheld amidst a blaze of ten thousand charms—' The whole room flew out—'Oh Mr. Triplett?' When Mrs. Lofty, a known prude, said she believed she knew whom the gentleman meant; but she was indeed, as he civilly represented her, impatient of being beheld. Then turning to the lady next to her—'The most unbred creature you ever saw.' Another pursued the discourse—'As unbred, Madam, as you may think her, she is extremely belied if she is the novice she appears; she was last week at a ball till two in the morning; Mr. Triplett knows whether he was the happy man that took care of her home; but—' This was followed by some particular exception that each woman in the room made to

some peculiar grace or advantage; so that Mr. Triplett was beaten from one limb and feature to another, till he was forced to resign the whole woman. In the end, I took notice Triplett recorded all his malice in his heart; and saw in his countenance, and a certain waggish *shrug*, that he designed to repeat the conversation: I therefore let the discourte die, and soon after took an occasion to recommend a certain gentleman of my acquaintance for a person of singular modesty, courage, integrity, and withal as a man of an entertaining conversation, to which advantages he had a shape and manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. Triplett, who is a woman's man, seemed to hear me with patience enough commend the qualities of his mind: he never heard indeed but that he was a very honest man and no fool; but for a fine gentleman, he must ask pardon. Upon no other foundation than this, Mr. Triplett took occasion to give the gentleman's pedigree, by what methods some part of the estate was acquired, how much it was beholden to a marriage for the present circumstances of it: after all he could see nothing but a common man in his person, his breeding or understanding.

Thus, Mr. Spectator, this impertinent humour of diminishing every one who is produced in conversation to their advantage, runs through the world; and I am, I confess, so fearful of the force of ill tongues, that I have begged of all those who are my well-wishers, never to commend me, for it will but bring my frailties into examination, and I had rather be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed perfections. I am confident a thousand young people, who would have been ornaments to society, have, from fear of scandal, never dared to exert themselves in the polite arts of life. Their lives have passed away in an odious rusticity, in spite of great advantages of person, genius, and fortune. There is a vicious terror of being blamed in some well-inclined people, and a wicked pleasure in suppressing them in others; both which I recommend to your spectatorial wisdom to animadvert upon; and if you can be successful in it, I need not say how much you will deserve of the town; but new toasts will owe to you their beauty, and new wits their fame. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

T

MARY.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXLIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 10

— QUOS ILLE TIMORUM  
 MAXIMUS HAUD URGET LETHI METUS: INDE RUENDI  
 IN FERRUM MENS PRONA VIRIS, ANIMÆQUE CAPACES  
 MORTIS ———— LUCAN, LIB. I.

THRICE HAPPY THEY BENEATH THEIR NORTHERN SKIES,  
 WHO THAT WORST FEAR, THE FEAR OF DEATH, DESPISE!  
 HENCE THEY NO CARES FOR THIS FRAIL BEING FEEL,  
 BUT RUSH UNDAUNTED ON THE POINTED STEEL,  
 PROVOKE APPROACHING FATE, AND BRAVELY SCORN  
 TO SPARE THAT LIFE, WHICH MUST SO SOON RETURN.

I Am very much pleased with a consolatory letter of Phalaris, to one who had lost a son that was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father, is, to the best of my memory, as follows; that he should consider death had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy: that while he lived he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise until his head is laid in the dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration that Epaminondas, being asked whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed? 'You must first see us die,' saith he, 'before that question can be answered.'

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions and preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well written play, where the principal persons

still act in character, whatever is which they undergo. Then a great person in the Grecian history, whose death has not marked upon by some writer and censured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the writer who has descanted on it. Mr. St. Evremond is very particular in setting forth the constancy and rage of Petronius Arbiter at the last moments, and thinks covers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution than in those of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates. It is no question but this polite and elegant observation of appearing singular remarks, and making discovery had escaped the observation of Petronius. It was Petronius's merit, that in the same gaiety of temper he lived; but as his life was a loose and dissolute, the indifference he shewed at the close of it looked upon as a piece of natural levity, rather than of resolution. The resolution of Socrates, from very different motives, consciousness of a well-spent life, prospect of a happy eternity, ingenious author above-mentioned so pleased with gaiety of humour, dying man, he might have much nobler instance of it in our countryman Sir Thomas More.

This great and learned martyr was for enlivening his ordinary courses with wit and pleasantness as Erasmus tells him in an epitaph, acted in all parts of his second Democritus.

He died upon a point of religion is respected as a martyr by the which he suffered. That innocent

which had been so conspicuous in his life, did not forsake him to the last: he maintained the same cheerfulness of heart upon the scaffold, which he used to shew at his table; and upon laying his head on the block, gave instances of that good humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the most ordinary occurrences. His death was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing his head from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper, on such an occasion as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example. Men's natural fears will be a sufficient guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was philosophy in this extraordinary man, would be frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper, as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

I shall conclude this paper with the instance of a person who seems to me to have shewn more intrepidity and greatness of soul in his dying moments, than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans. I met with this instance in the History of the Revolutions in Portugal, written by the Abbot de Vertot.

When Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, had invaded the territories of

Muli Moluc, Emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge, which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.

L

## Nº CCCL. FRIDAY, APRIL II.

EA ANIMI ELATIO, QUÆ CERNITUR IN PERICULIS, SI JUSTITIA VACAT PUGNATQUE PRO SUIS COMMODIS, IN VITIUM EST.

TULL.

THAT COURAGE AND INTREPIDITY OF MIND, WHICH DISTINGUISHES ITSELF IN DANGERS, IF IT IS VOID OF ALL REGARD TO JUSTICE, AND SUPPORTS A MAN ONLY IN THE PURSUIT OF HIS OWN INTEREST, IS VICIOUS.

**C**APTAIN Sentry was last night at the club, and produced a letter from Ipswich, which his correspondent desired him to communicate to his friend the Spectator. It contained an account of an engagement between a French privateer commanded by one Dominick Potiere, and a little vessel of that place laden with corn, the matter whereof, as

I remember, was one Goodwin. The Englishman defended himself with incredible bravery, and beat off the French, after having been boarded three or four times. The enemy still came on with greater fury, and hoped by his number of men to carry the prize, till at last the Englishman finding himself sink apace, and ready to perish, struck: but the ef-

and in the eyes of little people  
sprightly and agreeable ;  
man of resolution and true  
is overlooked and disregarded  
despised. There is a proper  
things ; and I believe what  
lars call just and sublime, in  
to turgid and bombast expressions  
give you an idea of what I mean  
I say modesty is the certain  
of a great spirit, and im-  
affection of it. He that  
judgment, and never rises  
proper warmth, manifest  
force of genius ; in like manner  
who is quiet and equal in his  
our, is supported in that  
by what we may call true  
Alas, it is not so easy a thing  
brave man as the unthinking  
mankind imagine : to dare  
that there is in it. The philosophers  
were just now talking of, are  
nests enough to attack his enormous  
not greatness of mind enough  
mire the same quality even  
enemy in defending himself  
his base and little mind  
taken up in the sordid re-  
prize, of which he failed  
damage done to his own  
therefore he used an honest  
defended his own from him  
manner as he would a thief  
rob him.

‘ He was equally disapproving of those who had not spirit enough to combat the cause of one cause would be laudable in the other criminal. Malice, hatred, vengeance, are the weapons of mean men in the pursuit of fame, glory, conquests, and opportunities to pardon and to oppose, are what glow in the breast of the gallant.’ The captain then continued his discourse with a specimen of his learning; and gave us to understand that he had read a French author upon the subject of justice in point of law. ‘ I love,’ said Mr. Sentry, ‘ who mixes the rules of law with annotations upon writers of poetry,’ added he, ‘ in his discourse upon epic poem, takes a great deal of space to speak of the same quality in the character of Achilles, drawn in the two different manners of Turnus and Æneas; the courage of the chief and the magnanimity of Turnus; but in the opinion of many others which

amongst the rest that of piety. Turnus is therefore all along painted by the poet full of ostentation, his language haughty and vain-glorious, as placing his honour in the manifestation of his valour; Æneas speaks lit-

tle, is slow to action, and shews only a sort of defensive courage. If equipage and address make Turnus appear more courageous than Æneas, conduct and success prove Æneas more valiant than Turnus.

T

## Nº CCCLI. SATURDAY, APRIL 12.

IN TE OMNIS DOMUS INCLINATA RECUMBIT.

VIRG. ÆN. XII. v. 59.

ON THEE THE FORTUNES OF OUR HOUSE DEPEND.

IF we look into the three great heroic poems which have appeared in the world, we may observe that they are built upon very slight foundations. Homer lived near three hundred years after the Trojan war; and, as the writing of history was not then in use among the Greeks, we may very well suppose, that the tradition of Achilles and Ulysses had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge; though there is no question but he has wrought into his two poems such of their remarkable adventures, as were still talked of among his contemporaries.

The story of Æneas on which Virgil founded his poem, was likewise very bare of circumstances, and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embellishing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his fable, the principal particulars, which were generally believed among the Romans, of Æneas's voyage and settlement in Italy.

The reader may find an abridgment of the whole story as collected out of the ancient historians, and as it was received among the Romans, in Dionysius Halicarnassensis.

Since none of the critics have considered Virgil's fable, with relation to this history of Æneas; it may not perhaps be amiss to examine it in this light, so far as regards my present purpose. Whoever looks into the abridgment above-mentioned, will find that the character of Æneas is filled with piety to the gods, and a superstitious observation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions. Virgil has not only preserved this character in the person of Æneas,

but has given a place in his poem to those particular prophecies which he found recorded of him in history and tradition. The poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprising. I believe very many readers have been shocked at that ludicrous prophecy, which one of the Harpies pronounces to the Trojans in the third book, namely, that, before they had built their intended city, they should be reduced by hunger to eat their very tables. But when they hear that this was one of the circumstances that had been transmitted to the Romans in the history of Æneas, they will think the poet did very well in taking notice of it. The historian above-mentioned acquaints us, a prophetess had foretold Æneas, that he should take his voyage westward, till his companions should eat their tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in Italy, as they were eating their flesh upon cakes of bread for want of other conveniencies, they afterwards fed on the cakes themselves; upon which one of the company said merrily—'We are eating our tables.' They immediately took the hint, says the historian, and concluded the prophecy to be fulfilled. As Virgil did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the history of Æneas, it may be worth while to consider with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a passage in an heroic poem. The prophetess who foretells it, is an hungry Harpy, as the person who discovers it is young Ascanius.

Hous

*Hæc etiam mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus!*  
ÆN. VII. v. 116.

See, we devour the plates on which we fed.  
DRYDEN.

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the company. I am apt to think that the changing of the Trojan fleet into Water-nymphs, which is the most violent machine in the whole *Æneid*, and has given offence to several critics, may be accounted for the same way. Virgil himself, before he begins that relation, premises, that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by tradition. What further confirms me that this change of the fleet was a celebrated circumstance in the history of *Æneas*, is, that Ovid has given a place to the same metamorphosis in his account of the heathen mythology.

None of the critics I have met with have considered the fable of the *Æneid* in this light, and taken notice how the tradition, on which it was founded, authorises those parts in it which appear most exceptionable; I hope the length of this reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my readers.

The history, which was the basis of Milton's poem, is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad*, or *Æneid*. The poet has likewise taken care to insert every circumstance of it in the body of his fable. The ninth book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field, that he tempted the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit, that she was overcome by this temptation, and that Adam followed her example. From these few particulars, Milton has formed one of the most entertaining fables that invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several circumstances among so many beautiful and natural fictions of his own, that his whole story looks only like a comment upon sacred writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the disposition and contrivance of the fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth

book, which has more story in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole poem. Satan's traversing the globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the night, as fearing to be discovered by the angel of the sun, who had before detested him, is one of those beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his second series of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and to avoid discovery, sinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and rises up again through a fountain that issued from it by the tree of life. The poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own person, and, after the example of Homer, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a soliloquy of this infernal agent, who was thus restless in the destruction of man. He is then described as gliding through the garden, under the resemblance of a mist, in order to find out that creature in which he designed to tempt our first parents. This description has something in it very poetical and surprising.

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,  
Like a black mist low creeping, he hid on  
His midnight search, where soonest he might  
find

The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found  
In labyrinth of a ny a round self-roll'd,  
His head the midst, well stor'd wth subtle  
wiles.

The author afterwards gives us a description of the morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a divine poem, and peculiar to that first season of nature. He represents the earth, before it was curied, as a great altar, breathing out it's incense from all parts, and sending up a pleasant savour to the nostrils of it's Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of Adam and Eve, as offering the morning worship, and filling up universal consent of praise and action.

Now when as sacred light began to  
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that by  
Their morning incense, when all thi  
breathe,  
From th'earth's great altar send up/  
To the Creator, and his nostrils

With grateful smell; forth came the human pair,  
And join'd their vocal worship to the choir  
Of creatures wanting voice——

The dispute which follows between our two first parents is represented with great art: it proceeds from a difference of judgment, not of passion, and is managed with reason, not with heat: it is such a dispute as we may suppose might have happened in Paradise, had man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interpersed in Adam's discourse, and which the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of. That force of love which the father of mankind so finely describes in the eighth book, and which is inserted in my last Saturday's paper, shews itself here in many fine instances: as in those fond regards he casts towards Eve at her parting from him.

Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay:  
Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd  
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r.

In his impatience and amusement during her absence:

———Adam the while,  
Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn  
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,  
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.  
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and  
new  
Salute in her return, so long delay'd.

But particularly in that passionate speech, where seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her rather than to live without her.

———Some cursed fraud  
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to die!  
How can I live without thee! how forego  
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn!  
Should God create another Eve, and I  
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart! no, no! I see  
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
We never shall be parted, bliss or woe!

The beginning of this speech, and the preparation to it, are animated with the same spirit as the conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several wiles which are put in practice by the tempter, when he found Eve separated from her husband, the many pleasing images of nature which are intermixed in this part of the story, with it's gradual and regular progress to the fatal catastrophe, are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their reflective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular similitudes in my remarks on this great work, because I have given a general account of them in my paper on the first book. There is one, however, in this part of the poem, which I shall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole poem; I mean that where the serpent is described as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil spirit, and conducting Eve to her destruction, while Adam was at too great a distance from her to give her his assistance. These several particulars are all of them wrought into the following similitude.

———Hope elevates, and joy  
Brightens his crest; as when a wand'ring fire,  
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night  
Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
Kindled through agitation to a flame,  
(Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends)  
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his  
way  
To bogs and mires, and oft thro' pond or pool,  
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.

That secret intoxication of pleasure, with all those transient flushings of guilt and joy, which the poet represents in our first parents upon eating the forbidden fruit, to those stagings of spirit, damps of sorrow, and mutual accusations which succeed it, are conceived with a wonderful imagination, and described in very natural sentiments.

When Dido, in the fourth *Æneid*, yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, Virgil tells us the earth trembled, the heavens were filled with flashes of lightning, and the nymphs howled upon the mountain tops. Milton, in the same poetical spirit, has described all nature as disturbed upon Eve's eating the forbidden fruit.



So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she  
eat:  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her  
seat  
Sighing, thro' all her works gave signs of woe  
That all was lost——

Upon Adam's falling into the same  
guilt, the whole creation appears a se-  
cond time in convulsions.

———He scrupled not to eat  
Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,  
But fondly overcome with female charm.  
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;  
Sky low'd, and, muttering thunder, some  
sad drops  
Wept at completing of the mortal sin.

As all nature suffered by the guilt of  
our first parents, these symptoms of  
trouble and consternation are wonder-  
fully imagined, not only as prodigies,  
but as marks of her sympathising in the  
fall of man.

Adam's converse with Eve, after  
having eaten the forbidden fruit, is an  
exact copy of that between Jupiter and  
Juno in the fourteenth Iliad. Juno  
there approaches Jupiter with the girdle  
which she had received from Venus;  
upon which he tells her, that she ap-  
peared more charming and desirable than  
she had ever done before, even when  
their loves were at the highest. The  
poet afterwards describes them as repos-  
ing on a summit of mount Ida, which  
produced under them a bed of flowers,  
the lotos, the crocus, and the hyacinth;  
and concludes his description with their  
falling asleep.

Let the reader compare this with the

following passage in Milton,  
gins with Adam's speech to

' For never did thy beauty, since  
' I saw thee first and wedded thee  
' With all perfections, so inflame  
' With ardour to enjoy thee, far  
' Than ever, bounty of this virtue

So said he, and forbore not  
Of amorous intent, well under  
Of Eve, whose eye darted content  
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shew  
Thick over-head with verdant  
bower'd,

He led her nothing loth; flow  
couch,

Pansies, and violets, and asphodel  
And hyacinth, earth's freshest  
There they their fill of love and  
Took largely, of their mutual gift  
The solace of their sin, till dew  
Oppress'd them——

As no poet seems ever to  
Homer more, or to have imi-  
tated him in the greatness of  
Milton, I think I should  
but a very imperfect accom-  
modation, if I had not observed  
remarkable passages which  
parallels in these two great  
might, in the course of these  
have taken notice of many  
lines and expressions which  
ed from the Greek poet, but  
this would have appeared  
and over-curious, I have  
omitted them. The greater  
however, are not only set o  
shewn in the same light with  
the same nature in Homer,  
means may be also guarded  
cavils of the tasteless or igno-

## Nº CCCLII. MONDAY, APRIL 14.

———SI AD HONESTATEM NATI SUMUS, EA AUT SOLA EXPET  
AUT CERTE OMNI PONDERE GRAVIOR EST HABENDA QUAM RELIQ

IF VIRTUE BE THE END OF OUR BEING, IT MUST EITHER INCREASE  
CONCERN, OR AT LEAST TAKE PLACE OF ALL OUR OTHER INT

**W**ILL Honeycomb was com-  
plaining to me yesterday, that  
the conversation of the town is so alter-  
ed of late years, that a fine gentleman  
is at a loss for matter to start discourse,

as well as unable to fall in  
he generally meets with.  
notice, that there is now at  
the sun which he supposes to  
new, because not mention

satirist or moralist in any age—'Men,' said he, 'grow knaves sooner than they ever did since the creation of the world before.' If you read the tragedies of the last age, you find the artful men, and persons of intrigue, are advanced very far in years, and beyond the pleasures and sallies of youth; but now Will observes, that the young have taken in the vices of the aged, and you shall have a man of five and twenty crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile. My friend adds, that till about the latter end of King Charles's reign, there was not a rascal of any eminence under forty: in the places of resort for conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving men's fortunes, without regard to the methods toward it. This is so fashionable, that young men turn themselves upon a certain neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging in their general turn of mind and discourse, that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honesty; preferring the capacity of being artful to gain their ends, to the merit of despising those ends when they come in competition with their honesty. All this is due to the very silly pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the ability of carrying their point; in a word, from the opinion that shallow and unexperienced people entertain of the short-lived force of cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various faces which folly, covered with artifice, puts on to impose upon the unthinking, produce a great authority for asserting, that nothing but truth and ingenuity has any lasting good effect, even upon a man's fortune and interest.

'Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit or dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many

'times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

'It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of intanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

'Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lye is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more changeable, than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow

and unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words: it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever conveniencies may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought, that God hath in his great wisdom hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are so blind-

ed by their covetousness, that they cannot lose present advantage, nor forego upon it, though by ways direct; they cannot see so remote a consequence of a grity, and the vast benefits which it will bring at last. Were but this false wife and clear-sighted discern this, they would be very knavery, not out of honesty and virtue, but with design to promote and accomplish effectually their own interest; therefore the justice of the providence hath hid this true wisdom from their eyes, that might not be upon equal terms the just and upright, and their own wicked designs by lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were in the world for a day, he never have occasion to comply with mankind, never make good opinion or good will; then no great matter (speaking of the concerns of this world) a man spent his reputation and ventured it at once that he be to continue in the world would have the advantage whilst he is in it, the use of truth and sincerity in words and actions; for this will last and hold out, while other arts will fail, but integrity will carry a man and bear him out to the last.

## N<sup>o</sup> CCCLIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 15

IN TENUI LABOR—

VIRG. GEORG. IV

THOUGH LOW THE SUBJECT, IT DESERVES OUR PAINS.

**T**HE gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular, with his thoughts upon education, has just sent me the following letter.

SIR,

**I** Take the liberty to send you a fourth letter upon the education of youth: in my last I gave you my thoughts about

some particular tasks which it might not be amiss to mix with usual exercises, in order to an early seasoning of virtue; this propose some others, which might contribute to give a turn for the world, and enable them to make their way in it.

The design of learning it, either to render a man

to himself, and teach him to solitude with pleasure, or if he can to an estate, to supply that and furnish him with the means of living one. A person who applies to learning with the first views may be said to study for himself, as he who proposes to himself, second, properly studies for use. It does it to raise himself a fortune; other to set off that which he is possessed of. But as the far art of mankind are included in these, I shall only propose some at present for the service of such as seek to advance themselves in the study of their learning: in order to which I shall premise, that many more have been acquired by little acquisitions than by extraordinary ones of qualities which make the figure in the eye of the world, and are always the most useful in business, or the most advantageous to persons.

Costs which require men of shining uncommon parts to discharge are so very few, that many a great genius goes out of the world without having had an opportunity to exert hereas persons of ordinary talents meet with occasions suited to their parts and capacities every day in the common occurrences of life.

I am acquainted with two persons who were formerly school-fellows, and are now good friends ever since. One was not only thought an impenetrable blockhead at school, but still retained his reputation at the university; the other was the pride of his master, the most celebrated person in the college of which he was a member. The want of genius is at present buried in the entry parsonage of eight-score years; while the other, with the abilities of a common scrivener, has attained to a state of above an hundred thousands.

From what I have said, it will appear a doubtful case to many a citizen, whether or no he ought to let his son should be a great genius. I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a lad the care of one, whom nature has not furnished with any particular marks of genius.

I fault therefore of our grammar-schools, that every boy is pushed on

to works of genius: whereas it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical arts and sciences as do not require any great share of parts to be master of them, and yet may come often into play during the course of a man's life.

Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I have known a man contract a friendship with a minister of state, upon cutting a dial in his window; and remember a clergyman, who got one of the best benefices in the west of England, by setting a country gentleman's affairs in some method, and giving him an exact survey of his estate.

While I am upon this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a particular which is of use in every station of life, and which methinks every master should teach his scholars; I mean the writing of English letters. To this end, instead of perplexing them with Latin epistles, themes, and verses, there might be a punctual correspondence established between two boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of business, or be allowed sometimes to give a range to their own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever failed at the appointed time to answer his correspondent's letter.

I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom, when they come to be men, than by all the Greek and Latin their masters can teach them in seven or eight years.

The want of it is very visible in many learned persons, who, while they are admiring the styles of Demosthenes or Cicero, want phrases to express themselves on the most common occasions. I have seen a letter from one of these Latin orators, which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common attorney.

Under this head of writing I cannot omit accounts and short-hand, which are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of such arts as I have been here recommending.

You must doubtless, Sir, observe, that I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such boys as do not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their natural talents, and consequently are not qualified for the finer parts of learning; yet I believe I might carry

this matter still further, and venture to assert that a lad of genius has sometimes occasion for these little acquirements, to be as it were the fore-runners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

History is full of examples of persons, who, though they have had the largest abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the favour of great men by these trivial accomplishments; as the complete gentleman in some of our modern comedies, makes his first advances to his mistress under the disguise of a painter, or a dancing-master.

The difference is, that in a lad of genius these are only so many accomplishments, which in another are essentials; the one diverts himself with them, the other works at them. In short, I look upon a great genius, with these little

additions, in the same light as I regard the Grand Signior, who is obliged by an express command in the Alcoran, to learn and practise some handicraft trade. Though I need not to have gone for my instance farther than Germany, where several emperors have voluntarily done the same thing. Leopold the last worked in wood; and I have heard there are several handicraft works of his making to be seen at Vienna so neatly turned, that the best joiner in Europe might safely own them without any disgrace to his profession.

I would not be thought, by any thing I have said, to be against improving a boy's genius to the utmost pitch it can be carried. What I would endeavour to shew in this essay, is, that there may be methods taken to make learning advantageous even to the meanest capacities. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

X

Nº CCCLIV. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16.

—CUM MAGNIS VIRTUTIBUS APPARS  
GRANDE SUPERCILIIUM.—

JUV. SAT. VI. V. 163.

WE OWN THY VIRTUES; BUT WE BLAME BESIDE  
THY MIND ELATE WITH INSOLENCE AND PRIDE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU have in some of your discourses described most sorts of women in their distinct and proper classes, as the Ape, the Coquette, and many others; but I think you have never yet said any thing of a Devotee. A Devotee is one of those who disparage religion by her insincere and unseasonable introduction of the mention of virtue on all occasions: she professes she is what nobody ought to doubt she is; and betrays the labour she is put to, to be what she ought to be with cheerfulness and alacrity. She lives in the world, and denies herself none of the diversions of it, with a constant declaration how insipid all things in it are to her. She is never herself but at church; there she displays her virtue, and is so fervent in her devotions, that I have frequently seen her pray herself out of breath. While other young ladies in the house are dancing, or playing at questions and commands, she reads aloud in her closet. She says all love is ridiculous,

except it be celestial; but she speaks of the passion of one mortal to another with too much bitterness, for one that had no jealousy mixed with her contempt of it. If at any time she sees a man warm in his addresses to his mistress, she will lift up her eyes to Heaven and cry—'What nonsense is that fool talking; will the bell never ring for prayers?' We have an eminent lady of this stamp in our country, who pretends to amusements very much above the rest of her sex. She never carries a white shock-dog with her under her arm, nor a squirrel or mouse in her pocket, but always an abridged piece of morality to recite when she is sure of being observed. When she went to the famous assembly (which I must confess was but a diversion to be encouraged by rank and figure) it was not, ladies, to hear those poor animals nor to see fellows run naked, but to hear country-squires in white girdles make love at

coach, and cry—'Madam, this is dainty weather.' Thus she described the diversion; for she went only to pray heartily that nobody might be hurt in the crowd, and to see if the poor fellow's face, which was distorted with grinning, might any way be brought to itself again. She never chats over her tea, but covers her face, and is supposed in an ejaculation before she takes a sup. This ostentatious behaviour is such an offence to true sanctity, that it disparages it, and makes virtue not only unamiable, but also ridiculous. The sacred writings are full of reflections which abhor this kind of conduct; and a Devotee is so far from promoting goodness, that she deters others by her example. Folly and vanity in one of these ladies, is like vice in a clergyman; it does not only debase him, but makes the inconsiderate part of the world think the worse of religion. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

HOTSPUR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**XENOPHON**, in his short account of the Spartan commonwealth, speaking of the behaviour of their young men in the streets, says, there was so much modesty in their looks, that you might as soon have turned the eyes of a marble statue upon you, as their's; and that in all their behaviour they were more modest than a bride when put to bed upon her wedding-night: this virtue, which is always subjoined to magnanimity, had such an influence upon their courage, that in battle an enemy could not look them in the face, and they durst not but die for their country.

Whenever I walk into the streets of London and Westminster, the countenances of all the young fellows that pass by me, make me wish myself in Sparta: I meet with such blustering airs, big looks, and bold fronts, that to a superficial observer would bespeak a courage above those Grecians. I am arrived to that perfection in speculation, that I understand the language of the eyes, which would be a great misfortune to me, had

I not corrected the testiness of old age by philosophy. There is scarce a man in a red coat who does not tell me, with a full stare, he is a bold man: I see several swear inwardly at me, without any offence of mine, but the oddness of my person: I meet contempt in every street, expressed in different manners, by the scornful look, the elevated eyebrow, and the swelling nostrils of the proud and prosperous. The 'prentice speaks his disrespect by an extended finger, and the porter by stealing out his tongue. If a country gentleman appears a little curious in observing the edifices, signs, clocks, coaches, and dials, it is not to be imagined how the polite rabble of this town, who are acquainted with these objects, ridicule his rusticity. I have known a fellow with a burden on his head steal a hand down from his load, and slyly twirl the cock of a squire's hat behind him; while the offended person is swearing, or out of countenance, all the wag-wits in the highway are grinning in applause of the ingenious rogue that gave him the tip, and the folly of him who had not eyes all round his head to prevent receiving it. These things arise from a general affectation of smartness, wit, and courage. Wycherley somewhere rallies the pretensions this way, by making a fellow say, 'Red breeches are a certain sign of valour;' and Otway makes a man, to boast his agility, trip up a beggar on crutches. From such hints I beg a speculation on this subject; in the mean time, I shall do all in the power of a weak old fellow in my own defence; for as Diogenes, being in quest of an honest man, sought for him when it was broad day-light with a lanthorn and candle, so I intend for the future to walk the streets with a dark lanthorn, which has a convex crystal in it; and if any man stares at me, I give fair warning that I will direct the light full into his eyes. Thus despairing to find men modest, I hope by this means to evade their impudence. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

T

SOPHROSUNIUS.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCLV. THURSDAY, APRIL 17.

NON EGO MORDACI DISTINXI CARMINE QUENQUAM.

OVID. TRIST. L. 2. V. 563.

FNE'ER IN GALL DIPP'D MY INVENOM'D PEN,

NOR BRANDED THE BOLD FRONT OF SHAMELESS MEN.

I Have been very often tempted to write invectives upon those who have detracted from my works, or spoken in derogation of my person; but I look upon it as a particular happiness, that I have always hindered my resentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone through half a satire, but found so many motions of humanity rising in me towards the persons whom I had severely treated, that I threw it into the fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry enough to make several little epigrams and lampoons; and after having admired them a day or two, have likewise committed them to the flames. These I look upon as so many sacrifices to humanity, and have received much greater satisfaction from the suppressing such performances, than I could have done from any reputation they might have procured me, or from any mortification they might have given my enemies, in case I had made them public. If a man has any talent in writing, it shews a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches in the same spirit of bitterness with which they are offered: but when a man has been at some pains in making suitable returns to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and stifle his resentments, seems to have something in it great and heroic. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater still is the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in Epictetus, which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The sense of it is as follows: Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? Consider with thyself whether his reproaches

are true: if they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appearest to be. If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild, affable, and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally cease: his reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches.

I often apply this rule to myself; and when I hear of a satirical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falsehood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why should a man be sensible of the sting of a reproach who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it? or subject himself to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude, which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himself in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

The famous Monsieur Balzac, in a letter to the Chancellor of France, who had prevented the publication of a book against him, has the following words which are a lively picture of the greatness of mind so visible in the works of that author. 'If it was a new thing it may be I should not be distressed with the suppression of the book that should abuse me; but six are enough of them to make a library, I am secretly pl-

' the number increased, and take delight  
' in raising a heap of stones that envy  
' has cast at me without doing me any  
' harm.'

The author here alludes to those monuments of the eastern nations, which were mountains of stones raised upon the dead body by travellers, that used to cast every one his stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain that no monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the hands of envy. For my part, I admire an author for such a temper of mind as enables him to bear an undeserved reproach without resentment, more than for all the wit of any of the finest satirical reply.

Thus far I thought necessary to explain myself in relation to those who have animadverted on this paper, and to shew the reasons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal answer. I must further add, that the work would have been of very little use

to the public, had it been filled with personal reflections and debates; for which reason I have never once turned out of my way to observe those little cavils which have been made against it by envy or ignorance. The common fry of scribblers, who have no other way of being taken notice of but by attacking what has gained some reputation in the world, would have furnished me with business enough, had they found me disposed to enter the lists with them.

I shall conclude with the fable of Boccacini's traveller, who was so pestered with the noise of grasshoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horse in great wrath to kill them all. ' This,' says the author, ' was troubling himself to ' no manner of purpose: had he pursued his journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome insects ' would have died of themselves in a ' very few weeks, and he would have ' suffered nothing from them.' L

## Nº CCCLVI. FRIDAY, APRIL 18.

—APTISSIMA QUÆQUE DABUNT DII,  
CHARIOR EST ILLIS NOMO QUAM SIBI!—

JUV. SAT. X. V. 349.

—THE GODS WILL GRANT  
WHAT THEIR UNERRING WISDOM SEES THEY WANT:  
IN GOODNESS, AS IN GREATNESS, THEY EXCEL;  
AH THAT WE LOV'D OURSELVES BUT HALF SO WELL!

DRYDEN.

IT is owing to pride, and a secret affectionation of a certain self-existence, that the noblest motive for action that ever was proposed to man, is not acknowledged the glory and happiness of their being. The heart is treacherous to itself, and we do not let our reflections go deep enough to receive religion as the most honourable incentive to good and worthy actions. It is our natural weakness, to flatter ourselves into a belief, that if we search into our inmost thoughts, we find ourselves wholly disinterested, and divested of any views arising from self-love and vain-glory. But however spirits of superficial greatness may disdain at first sight to do any thing, but from a noble impulse in themselves, without any future regards in this or any other being; upon stricter enquiry they will find, to act worthily, and expect to be rewarded only in an-

other world, is as heroic a pitch of virtue as human nature can arrive at. If the tenor of our actions have any other motive than the desire to be pleasing in the eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow that we must be more than men, if we are not too much exalted in prosperity and depressed in adversity. But the christian world has a Leader, the contemplation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of his power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidden and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word Christian does not carry with it at first view all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic.

The



The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions until after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society: yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

When a man with a steady faith looks back on the great catastrophe of this day, with what bleeding emotions of heart must he contemplate the life and sufferings of his Deliverer! When his agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the glance of a wanton, for the applause of a vain world, for an heap of fleeting past pleasures, which are at present aking sorrows!

How pleasing is the contemplation of the lowly steps our Almighty Leader took in conducting us to his heavenly mansions! In plain and apt parable, similitude, and allegory, our great Master enforced the doctrine of our salvation; but they of his acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the presumption of being wiser than they: they could not raise their little ideas above the consideration of him, in those circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he, who appeared not more terrible or pompous, should have any thing more exalted than themselves; he in that place therefore would no longer ineffably exert a power which was incapable of conquering the prepossession of their narrow and mean conceptions.

Multitudes followed him, and brought him the dumb, the blind, the sick, and maimed; whom when their Creator had touched, with a second life they saw, spoke, leaped, and ran. In affection to him, and admiration of his actions, the crowd could not leave him, but waited near him until they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for succour. He had compassion on them, and by a miracle supplied their necessities. Oh, the extatic entertainment, when they could behold their food immediately encrease to the Distributer's hand, and see their God in person feeding and refreshing his creatures! Oh envied happiness! But why do I say envied? as if our God did not still preside over our temperate meals,

chearful hours, and innocent conversations.

But though the sacred story is every where full of miracles not inferior to this, and though in the midst of those acts of divinity he never gave the least hint of a design to become a secular prince, yet had not hitherto the apostles themselves any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches, and pomp; for Peter, upon an accident of ambition among the apostles, hearing his Master explain that his kingdom was not of this world, was so scandalized, that he whom he had so long followed should suffer the ignominy, shame, and death, which he foretold, that he took him aside and said—'Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee:' for which he suffered a severe reprehension from his Master, as having in his view the glory of man rather than that of God.

The great change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of nature thought fit as a saviour and deliverer to make his public entry into Jerusalem with more than the power and joy, but none of the ostentation and pomp of a triumph; he came humble, meek, and lowly; with an unfelt new extasy, multitudes strewed his way with garments and olive-branches, crying, with loud gladness and acclamation—'Hosannah to the Son of David, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!' At this great King's accession to his throne, men were not ennobled, but saved; crimes were not remitted, but sins forgiven; he did not bestow medals, honours, favours, but health, joy, fight, speech. The first object the blind ever saw, was the Author of sight; while the lame ran before, and the dumb repeated the Hosannah. Thus attended, he entered into his own house, the sacred Temple and by his divine authority expelled traders and worklings that profited; and thus did he for a time great and despotic power, to believers understand, that it was not of, but superiority to, all worldly minion, that made him not But is this then the Saviour? Deliverer? Shall this obnoxious command Israel, and sit on of David? Their proud hearts, which were petrified with love and pride of this world, pregnable to the reception

tor, and were now enough ex-  
d with benefits to conspire his

Our Lord was sensible of their  
and prepared his disciples for it,  
sunting to them now more dis-  
what should befall him; but Peter,  
a ungrounded resolution, and in  
of temper, made a sanguine pro-  
n, that though all men were of-  
in him, yet would not he be-  
d. It was a great article of our  
r's business in the world to bring  
a sense of our inability, without  
assistance, to do any thing great  
d; he therefore told Peter, who  
it so well of his courage and fide-  
at they would both fail him, and  
e should deny him thrice that very

it what heart can conceive, what

' tongue utter the sequel? Who is that  
' yonder buffeted, mocked, and spurn-  
' ed? Whom do they drag like a felon?  
' Whither do they carry my Lord, my  
' King, my Saviour, and my God?  
' And will he die to expiate those very  
' injuries? See where they have nailed  
' the Lord and Giver of life! How his  
' wounds blacken, his body writhes, and  
' heart heaves with pity and with agony!  
' O Almighty Sufferer, look down, look  
' down from thy triumphant infamy:  
' lo, he inclines his head to his sacred  
' bosom! Hark, he groans! See, he ex-  
' pires! The earth trembles, the temple  
' rends, the rocks burst, the dead arise.  
' Which are the quick? Which are the  
' dead? Sure nature, all nature is de-  
' parting with her Creator.'

T

## Nº CCCLVII. SATURDAY, APRIL 19.

—QUIS TALIA FANDO

TEMPERET A LACHRYMIS?—

VIRG. ÆN. II. v. 6.

WHO CAN RELATE SUCH WORDS WITHOUT A TEAR?

THE tenth book of *Paradise Lost*  
has a greater variety of persons in  
any other in the whole poem.  
The author, upon the winding up of  
the action, introduces all those who had  
a concern in it, and shews with great  
the influence which it had upon  
them. It is like the last act of  
a written tragedy, in which all who  
part in it are generally drawn up  
before the audience, and represented un-  
der circumstances in which the de-  
clatation of the action places them.  
We all therefore consider this book  
as four heads, in relation to the ce-  
lestial, the infernal, the human, and the  
divine persons, who have their re-  
spective parts allotted in it.

We begin with the celestial persons:  
the guardian angels of *Paradise* are de-  
scribed as returning to heaven upon the  
man, in order to approve their vi-  
sion; their arrival, their manner of  
conduct, with the sorrow which ap-  
pears in themselves, and in those spirits  
who are said to rejoice at the conversion  
of the man, are very finely laid together  
in the following lines.

Up into Heav'n from *Paradise* in haste  
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad  
For man, for of his state by this they knew,  
Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stol'n  
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome  
news

From earth arriv'd at Heaven gate, displeas'd  
All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare  
That time celestial visages; yet mixt  
With pity, violated not their bliss.  
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
Th' æthereal people ran, to hear and know  
How all befel: they tow'rd the throne supreme  
Accountable made haste, to make appear,  
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,  
And easily approv'd; when the most High  
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud  
Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

The same Divine Person, who in the  
foregoing parts of this poem interceded  
for our first parents before their fall,  
overthrew the rebel angels, and created  
the world, is now represented as descend-  
ing to *Paradise*, and pronouncing sen-  
tence upon the three offenders. The cool  
of the evening being a circumstance with  
which Holy Writ introduces this great  
scene, it is poetically described by our  
author, who has also kept religiously

to the form of words, in which the three several sentences were passed upon Adam, Eve, and the Serpent. He has rather chosen to neglect the numerousness of his verse, than to deviate from those speeches which are recorded on this great occasion. The guilt and confusion of our first parents standing naked before their Judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of Sin and Death into the works of the creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his angels that surrounded him.

- See! with what heat these dogs of hell advance,
- To waste and havock yonder world, which I
- So fair and good created;’ &c.

The following passage is formed upon that glorious image in Holy Writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable host of angels, uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunderings, or of many waters.

He ended, and the heav’nly audience loud  
Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,  
Through multitude that sung—‘Just are thy  
ways,  
• Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works,  
• Who can extenuate thee?’—

Though the author in the whole course of his poem, and particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite allusions to places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my remarks of such as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of the fable. Of this kind is that passage in the present book, where describing Sin and Death as marching through the works of Nature, he adds,

—Behind her Death  
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
On his pale horse—

Which alludes to that passage in Scripture so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination. ‘And I looked and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with sickness, and with the beasts of the earth.’ Under this first head of celestial persons we must likewise take notice of the command which the angels received, to pro-

duce the several changes in fully the beauty of the cir-  
cordingly they are repre-  
fecting the stars and plan-  
lignant influences, weak-  
of the sun, bringing dov-  
into the milder regions of  
ing winds and storms in fe-  
of the sky, storing the clot-  
der, and in short, pervert  
frame of the universe to  
of it’s criminal inhabitant  
a noble incident in the p-  
lowing lines, in which we  
heaving up the earth, and  
different posture to the sun  
had before the fall of man  
with that sublime imagi-  
was so peculiar to this great

Some say he bid his angels to  
The poles of earth twice tend  
From the sun’s axle; they will  
Oblique the centric globe.—

We are in the second place  
the infernal agents under  
Milton has given us of  
book. It is observed that  
would set forth the great  
plan, that he conducts his  
all the parts of the earth  
discovered in his time.  
and Europe, are the scene  
his fable. The plan of I  
is of an infinitely greater  
fills the mind with many  
ing circumstances. Satan  
rounded the earth seven  
at length from Paradise.  
him steering his course an  
stellations, and after hav-  
the whole creation, pursui-  
through the chaos, and en-  
own infernal dominions.

His first appearance in  
of fallen angels, is work-  
circumstances which give a  
prise to the reader: but it  
cident in the whole poem  
this more than the trans-  
the whole audience, that  
count their leader gives the  
pedition. The gradual c-  
tan himself is described  
manner, and may vie with  
celebrated transformation  
looked upon as the most  
in that poet’s works. Mil-  
of improving his own h-  
stowing the last finish

every incident which is admitted into his poem. The unexpected hits which arise in this episode, the dimensions and bulk of Satan so much superior to those of the infernal spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole episode, as I have observed in the sixth paper of these remarks the great judgment with which it was contrived.

The parts of Adam and Eve, or the human persons, come next under our consideration. Milton's art is no where more shewn than in his conducting the parts of these our first parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the reader with pity and compassion towards them. Though Adam involves the whole species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for Eve that ruined Adam and his posterity. I need not add, that the author is justified in this particular by many of the fathers, and the most orthodox writers. Milton has by this means filled a great part of his poem with that kind of writing which the French critics call the tender, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of readers.

Adam and Eve, in the book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such sentiments as do not only interest the reader in their afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration. When Adam sees the several changes of nature produced about him, he appears in a disorder of mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence and his happiness; he is filled with horror, remorse, despair; in the anguish of his heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unasked existence.

'Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
'To mould me man? Did I solicit thee  
'From darkness to promote me? or here place  
'In this delicious garden? As my will  
'Concurr'd not to my being, 'twere but right

'And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
'Desirous to resign, and render back  
'All I receiv'd'———

He immediately after recovers from his presumption, owns his doom to be just, and begs that the death which is threatened him may be inflicted on him.

—————'Why delays  
'His hand to execute what his decree  
'Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive?  
'Why am I mock'd with death, and length-  
'en'd out  
'To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
'Mortality my sentence, and be earth  
'Insensible! how glad would lay me down,  
'As in my mother's lap! there should I rest  
'And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
'Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worse  
'To me and to my offspring, would torment  
'me  
'With cruel expectation.'———

This whole speech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all those sentiments which we may suppose natural to a mind so broken and disturbed. I must not omit that generous concern which our first father shews in it for his posterity, and which is so proper to affect the reader.

—————'Hide me from the face  
'Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
'Of happiness! yet well, if here would end  
'The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear  
'My own deservings: but this will not serve;  
'All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,  
'Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
'Delightfully—"Increase and multiply;"  
'Now death to hear! ———

—————'In me all  
'Posterity stands curs'd! fair patrimony,  
'That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able  
'To waste it all myself, and leave you none!  
'So disinherited, how would you bless  
'Me now your curse! ah, why should all  
'mankind,  
'For one man's fault, thus guiltless be con-  
'demn'd,  
'If guiltless? but from me what can proceed  
'But all corrupt?'———

Who can afterwards behold the father of mankind, extended upon the earth, uttering his midnight complaints, bewailing his existence, and wishing for death, without sympathizing with him in his distress?

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
Thro' the still night; not now (as ere man  
fell)

Wholesome and cool, and mild, but with  
black air  
Accompanied with damps and dreadful gloom;  
Which to his evil conscience represented  
All things with double terror. On the ground  
Outstretch'd he lay; on the cold ground! and  
oft  
Curs'd his creation; death as oft accus'd  
Of tardy execution—

The part of Eve in this book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the reader in her favour. She is represented with great tenderness as approaching Adam, but is spurned from him with a spirit of upbraiding and indignation, conformable to the nature of man, whose passions had now gained the dominion over him. The following passage, wherein she is described as renewing her addresses to him, with the whole speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetic:

He added not, and from her turn'd: but Eve  
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not  
flowing,  
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
Fell humble; and embracing them besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.  
' Forake me not thus, Adam! witness  
' Heav'n  
' What love sincere, and rev'rence in my heart  
' I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
' Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant  
' I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not  
' Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
' Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
' My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,  
' Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
' While yet we live, scarce one short hour  
' perhaps,  
' Between us two let there be peace,' &c.

Adam's reconciliation to her is worked up in the same spirit of tenderness. Eve afterwards proposes to her husband, in the blindness of her despair, that to prevent their guilt from descending upon posterity, they should resolve to live childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods. As those sentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the mother of mankind with more than ordinary commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine moral. The resolution of dying to end our miseries, does not shew such a degree of magnanimity as a resolution to bear them, and submit to the dispensations of Providence. Our author has therefore, with great delicacy, represented Eve as entertaining

this thought, and Adam adding it.

We are, in the last place, the imaginary persons, or Sin, who act a large part in Such beautiful extended a certainly some of the finest of genius; but, as I have been ed, are not agreeable to the an heroic poem. This Death is very exquisite in not considered as a part of the truths contained in it and open, that I shall not explaining them; but shall that a reader who knows of the English tongue, will to think how the poet can apt words and phrases to actions of those two imaginary and particularly in that Death is exhibited as forming over the Chaos; a work of genius of Milton.

Since the subject I am upon an opportunity of speaking of such shadowy and imaginary as may be introduced into it I shall beg leave to explain matter which is curious in and which none of the treated of. It is certain Virgil are full of imaginary who are very beautiful in they are just shewn without gaged in any series of action indeed represents Sleep as ascribes a short part to him but we must consider, that now regard such a person shadowy and unsubstantial, made statues of him, placed their temples, and looked a real deity. When Homer of other such allegorical is only in short express convey an ordinary though in the most pleasing manner rather be looked upon phrases, than allegorical. Instead of telling us that they fly when they are terrified, the persons of Flight and he tells us, are inseparable. Instead of saying that the titan when Apollo ought to have recompence, he tells us, that brought him his reward, describing the effects which Ægis produced in battle, that the brims of it were

by Terror, Rout, Discord, Fury, Pursuit, Massacre, and Death. In the same figure of speaking, he represents Victory as following Diomedes; Discord as the mother of funerals and mourning; Venus as dressed by the Graces; Bellona as wearing terror and consternation like a garment. I might give several other instances out of Homer, as well as a great many out of Virgil. Milton has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking, as where he tells us, that Victory sat on the right-hand of the Messiah, when he marched forth against the rebel angels; that at the rising of the sun, the Hours unbarred the gates of light; that Discord was the daughter of Sin. Of the same nature are those expressions, where describing the singing of the nightingale, he adds—'Silence was pleased;' and upon the Messiah's bidding peace to the chaos—'Confusion heard his voice.' I might add innumerable instances of our poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which persons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are such short allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular circumstances to the reader, after an unusual and entertaining manner. But when such persons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for

an heroic poem, which ought to appear credible in it's principal parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking that Sin and Death are as improper agents in a work of this nature, as Strength and Necessity in one of the tragedies of Æschylus, who represented those two persons nailing down Prometheus to a rock, for which he has been justly censured by the greatest critics. I do not know any imaginary person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the prophets, who, describing God as descending from heaven and visiting the sins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumstance—'Before him went the Pestilence.' It is certain this imaginary person might have been described in all her purple spots. The Fever might have marched before her, Pain might have stood at her right-hand, Phrenzy on her left, and Death in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted upon the earth in a flash of lightning: she might have tainted the atmosphere with her breath; the very glaring of her eyes might have scattered infection. But I believe every reader will think, that in such sublime writings the mentioning of her, as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful poet could have bestowed upon her in the richness of his imagination.

L

N<sup>o</sup> CCCLVIII. MONDAY, APRIL 21.

—DESIPERE IN LOCO.

HOR. OD. XII. L. IV. V. ULT.

'TIS WISDOM'S PART SOMETIMES TO PLAY THE FOOL.

CHARLES Lilly attended me the other day, and made me a present of a large sheet of paper, on which is delineated a pavement in Mosaic work, lately discovered at Stunsfield near Woodstock. A person who has so much the gift of speech as Mr. Lilly, and can carry on a discourse without reply, had great opportunity on that occasion to expatiate upon so fine a piece of antiquity. Among other things, I remember he gave me his opinion, which he drew from the ornaments of the work, that this was the floor of a room dedi-

cated to mirth and concord. Viewing this work, made my fancy run over the many gay expressions I have read in ancient authors, which contained invitations to lay aside care and anxiety, and give a loose to that pleasing forgetfulness wherein men put off their characters of business, and enjoy their very selves. These hours were generally passed in rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner, as the objects all around the company gladdened their hearts; which, joined to the cheerful looks of well-chosen and agree-

able

able friends, gave new vigour to the airy, produced the latent fire of the modest, and gave grace to the slow humour of the reserved. A judicious mixture of such company, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and the whole apartment glittering with gay lights, cheered with a profusion of roses, artificial falls of water, and intervals of soft notes to songs of love and wine, suspended the cares of human life, and made a festival of mutual kindness. Such parties of pleasure as these, and the reports of the agreeable passages in their jollities, have in all ages awakened the dull part of mankind to pretend to mirth and good humour, without capacity for such entertainments; for if I may be allowed to say so, there are an hundred men fit for any employment, to one who is capable of passing a night in the company of the first taste, without shocking any member of the society, over-rating his own part of the conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the pleasure of the whole company. When one considers such collections of companions in past times, and such as one might name in the present age, with how much spleen must a man needs reflect upon the awkward gaiety of those who affect the frolic with an ill grace! I have a letter from a correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy, dull companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a frolic. Irregularity in itself is not what creates pleasure and mirth; but to see a man who knows what rule and decency are, descend from them agreeably in our company, is what denominates him a pleasant companion. Instead of that, you find many whose mirth consists only in doing things which do not become them, with a secret consciousness that all the world knows they know better: to this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry fellows among whom the frolic was started, and passed by a great majority, that every man should immediately draw a tooth; after which they have gone in a body and smoked a cobbler. The same company at another night has each man burned his cravat; and one perhaps, whose estate would bear it, has thrown a long wig and laced hat into the same fire. Thus they have jested themselves stark naked, and

ran into the streets, and frightened women very successfully. There is no inhabitant of any standing in Covent Garden, but can tell you an hundred good humours, where people have come off with little bloodshed, and yet scoured all the witty hours of the night. I know a gentleman that has several wounds in the head by watch-poles, and has been thrice run through the body to carry on a good jest: he is very old for a man of so much good humour; but to this day he is seldom merry, but he has occasion to be valiant at the same time. But by the favour of these gentlemen, I am humbly of opinion, that a man may be a very witty man, and never offend one statute of this kingdom, not excepting even that of stabbing.

The writers of plays have what they call unity of time and place to give a justness to their representation; and it would not be amiss if all who pretend to be companions, would confine their action to the place of meeting: for a frolic carried farther may be better performed by other animals than men. It is not to rid much ground, or do much mischief, that should denominate a pleasant fellow; but that is truly frolic which is the play of the mind, and consists of various and unforced sallies of imagination. Festivity of spirit is a very uncommon talent, and must proceed from an assemblage of agreeable qualities in the same person. There are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a talent one cannot name in a man, especially when one considers that it is never very graceful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second place. The best man that I know of for heightening the revel gaiety of a company, is Estcourt, whose jovial humour diffuses itself from the highest person at an entertainment to the meanest waiter. Merry tales, accompanied with apt gestures and lively representations of circumstances and persons, beguile the gravest mind into a consent to be as humorous as himself. Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he has a mimicry that does not debase the person he represents; but which, taking from the gravity of the character, adds to the agreeableness of it. This pleasant fellow gives one some idea of the ancient Pantomime, who is said to have given the audience, in dumb-show, an exact idea

idea of any character or passion, or an intelligible relation of any public occurrence, with no other expression than that of his looks and gestures. If all, who have been obliged to these talents in Effcourt, will be at Love for Love to-

morrow night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at so easy a rate as being present at a play which nobody would omit seeing, that had, or had not ever seen it before.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCLIX. TUESDAY, APRIL 22.

TORVA LEENA LUPUM SEQUITUR, LUPUS IPSE CAPELLAM;  
FLORENTI CYTISUM SEQUITUR LASCIVA CAPELLA.

VIrg. ECL. VI. v. 63.

THE GREEDY LIONESS THE WOLF PURSUES,  
THE WOLF THE KID, THE WANTON KID THE BROWSE.

DRYDEN.

AS we were at the club last night, I observed that my old friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the company, was whittling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself—‘A foolish woman! I cannot believe it.’ Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. ‘However,’ says Sir Roger, ‘I can never think that she will have a man that is half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.’

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a janty laugh—‘I thought, knight,’ said he, ‘thou hadst lived long enough in the world, not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known.’

Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. ‘I am now,’ says he, ‘upon the verge of fifty’ (though by the way we all knew that he was turned of threescore:) ‘You may easily guess,’ continued Will, ‘that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I cannot much boast of my success.’

‘I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old Put forbid me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.’

‘I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me, that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lion’s Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never enquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.’

‘A few months after I addressed myself to a young lady, who was an only daughter, and of a good family; I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and in short made

no



no doubt of her heart; and though my fortune was not equal to her's, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house, in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard to my unspeakable surprize, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid indeed told me one day, that her mistress had said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I do not know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly burne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by a hard frock.

As Will's transitions are extremely

quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday, which deserved to be writ in letters of gold: and taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall.

Oh! why did God,  
Creator wife! that peopled highest heav'n  
With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
Of nature? and not fill the world at once  
With men, as angels, without feminine?  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind? this mischief had not then be-  
fall'n,

And more that shall befall, innumerable  
Disturbances on earth through female snares,  
And strait conjunction with this sex: for either  
He never shall find out fit mate; but such  
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;  
Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain  
Through her perverseness; but shall see her  
gain'd

By a far worse: or if she love, withheld  
By parents; or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock-bound  
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:  
Which infinite calamity shall cause  
To human life, and household peace confound.

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention, and desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed. X

## Nº CCCLX. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23.

DE PAUPERTATE TACENTES  
PLURIMO QUERUNT.

HOR. EPIST. XVII. L. I. V. 43.

THE MAN THAT'S SILENT, NOR PROCLAIMS HIS WANT,  
GETS MORE THAN HIM THAT MAKES A LOUD COMPLAINT. CREECH.

I Have nothing to do with the business of this day, any further than affixing the piece of Latin on the head of my paper; which I think a motto not unsuitable, since if silence of our poverty is a recommendation, still more commendable is his modesty who conceals it by a decent dress.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THERE is an evil under the sun which has not yet come within your speculation, and is, the censure, dis-

esteem, and contempt, which some young fellows meet with from particular persons, for the reasonable methods they take to avoid them in general. This is by appearing in a better dress than may seem to a relation regularly consistent with a small fortune; and therefore may occasion a judgment of a (able extravagance in other particular) but the disadvantage with which a man of narrow circumstances speaks, is so feelingly set forth in the book called *The Christian H*

the appearing to be otherwise is not only pardonable but necessary. Every one knows the hurry of conclusions that are made in contempt of a person that appears to be calamitous, which makes it very excusable to prepare one's self for the company of those that are of a superior quality and fortune, by appearing to be in a better condition than one is, so far as such appearance shall not make us really of worse.

It is a justice due to the character of one who suffers hard reflections from any particular person upon this account, that such persons would enquire into his manner of spending his time; of which, though no further information can be had than that he remains so many hours in his chamber, yet if this is cleared, to imagine that a reasonable creature wrung with a narrow fortune does not make the best use of this retirement, would be a conclusion extremely uncharitable. From what has, or will be said, I hope no consequence can be extorted, implying, that I would have any young fellow spend more time than the common leisure which his studies require, or more money than his fortune or allowance may admit of, in the pursuit of an acquaintance with his betters: for as to his time, the gross of that ought to be sacred to more substantial acquisitions; for each irrevocable moment of which he ought to believe he stands religiously accountable. And as to his dress, I shall engage myself no further than in the modest defence of two plain suits a year: for being perfectly satisfied in Eutrapelus's contrivance of making a Mohoc of a man, by presenting him with laced and embroidered suits, I would by no means be thought to controvert the conceit, by insinuating the advantages of foppery. It is an assertion which admits of much proof, that a stranger of tolerable sense, dressed like a gentleman, will be better received by those of quality above him, than one of much better parts, whose dress is regulated by the rigid notions of frugality. A man's appearance falls within the censure of every one that sees him; his parts and learning very few are judges of; and even upon these few, they cannot at first be well intruded; for policy and good-breeding will counsel him to be reserved among strangers, and to support himself only by the common spirit of conversation. Indeed

among the injudicious, the words delicacy, idiom, fine images, structure of periods, genius, fire, and the rest, made use of with a frugal and comely gravity, will maintain the figure of immense reading, and the depth of criticism.

All gentlemen of fortune, at least the young and middle-aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their dress, and consequently to value others in some measure upon the same consideration. With what confusion is a man of figure obliged to return the civilities of the hat to a person whose air and attire hardly intitle him to it? for whom nevertheless the other has a particular esteem, though he is ashamed to have it challenged in so public a manner. It must be allowed, that any young fellow that affects to dress and appear genteelly, might with artificial management save ten pounds a year; as instead of fine holland he might mourn in sackcloth, and in other particulars be proportionably shabby: but of what service would this sum be to avert any misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little good acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any other? As the appearance of an easy fortune is necessary towards making one, I do not know but it might be of advantage sometimes to throw into one's discourse certain exclamations about Bank Stock, and to shew a marvellous surprise upon it's fall, as well as the most affected triumph upon it's rise. The veneration and respect which the practice of all ages has preserved to appearances, without doubt suggested to our tradesmen that wife and politic custom, to apply and recommend themselves to the public by all those decorations upon their sign-posts and houses, which the most eminent hands in the neighbourhood can furnish them with. What can be more attractive to a man of letters, than that innumerable erudition of all ages and languages, which a skilful bookseller, in conjunction with a painter, shall image upon his column and the extremities of his shop? The same spirit of maintaining a handsome appearance reigns among the grave and solid apprentices of the law, (here I could be particularly dull in proving the word apprentice to be significant of a harpist) and you may easily distinguish who has most lately made his pretensions

sions to business, by the white and most ornamental frame of his windows: if indeed the chamber is a ground room, and has rails before it, the finery is of necessity more extended, and the pomp of business better maintained. And what can be a greater indication of the dignity of dress, than that burdensome finery which is the regular habit of our judges, nobles, and bishops, with which upon certain days we see them incumbered? And though it may be said, this is awful, and necessary for the dignity of the state, yet the wisest of them have been remarkable, before they arrived at their present stations, for being 'very well-dressed persons.' As to my own part, I am near thirty; and since I left school have not been idle, which is a modern phrase for having studied hard. I brought off a clean system of moral

philosophy, and a metaphysics, from that, I have been eating part of the perquisites of the law, which sends to all its which severe studies at proper intervals of the classics. No I am what Shakspeare of no mark or makes me understand that since the regulating friends and a force of a profession uncertain, a man shall have opportunities, acquaintance, to a chance which is for a man.

## Nº CCCLXI. THURSDAY, APRIL

TARTAREAM INTENDIT VOCEM, QUÆ PROTINUS  
CONTEMUIT DOMUS—

VIRG.

THE BLAST TARTAREAN SPREADS IT'S NOTES  
THE HOUSE ASTONISH'D TREMBLES AT THE SO

**I** Have lately received the following letter from a country gentleman.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**T**HE night before I left London I went to see a play called The Humorous Lieutenant. Upon the rising of the curtain I was very much surprized with the great concert of cat-calls which was exhibited that evening, and began to think with myself that I had made a mistake, and gone to a music-meeting instead of the playhouse. It appeared indeed a little odd to me to see so many persons of quality of both sexes assembled together at a kind of caterwauling; for I cannot look upon that performance to have been any thing better, whatever the musicians themselves might think of it. As I had no acquaintance in the house to ask questions of, and was forced to go out of town early the next morning, I could not learn the secret of this matter. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to give me some account of this strange instrument which I found the company called a cat-call; and particularly to let

me know whether lately come from that part, to be free whether hear an English durst not shew my in the playhouse, if fit the very next reformers. I am, Sir, your affectionate friend and  
JO

In compliance with request, I design to throw upon the cat-call make myself a master purchased one though not without being informed at that the players have all up. I have learned antiquarian original, and find it divided among them particular. A fellow society, who is my great proficient in of music, conclude of it's make, and

at the cat-call is older than inventions of Jubal. He ob-  
y well, that musical instrum-  
k their first rise from the notes  
and other melodious animals;  
at,' says he, 'was more na-  
an for the first ages of man-  
imitate the voice of a cat that  
der the same roof with them?'  
that the cat had contributed  
armony than any other ani-  
e are not only beholden to her  
ind instrument, but for our  
fic in general.

r virtuoso of my acquaintance  
low the cat-call to be older  
pis, and is apt to think it ap-  
the world soon after the an-  
dy; for which reason it has  
e in our dramatic entertain-  
for must I here omit what a  
us gentleman, who is lately  
om his travels, has more than  
ed me, namely, that there was  
up at Rome the statue of a  
who holds an instrument in  
hand very much resembling  
n cat-call.

re others who ascribe this in-  
Orpheus, and look upon the  
be one of those instruments  
t famous musician made use  
/ the beasts about him. It  
that the roaring of a cat does  
together a greater audience of  
than this instrument, if dex-  
ayed upon in proper time and

withstanding these various and  
njectures, I cannot forbear  
hat the cat-call is originally  
English music. It's resem-  
the voice of some of our Bri-  
ters, as well as the use of it,  
peculiar to our nation, con-  
n this opinion. It has at least  
reat improvements among us,  
e consider the instrument it-  
se several quavers and graces  
thrown into the playing of  
one might be sensible of this,  
l that remarkable overgrown  
hich was placed in the centre  
and presided over all the rest  
brated performance lately ex-  
Drury Lane.

said thus much concerning  
d of the cat-call, we are in the  
to consider the use of it. The  
erts itself to most advantage

in the British theatre: it very much im-  
proves the sound of nonsense, and often  
goes along with the voice of the actor  
who pronounces it, as the violin or  
harpichord accompanies the Italian re-  
citative.

It has often supplied the place of the  
ancient chorus, in the words of Mr.  
\*\*\*. In short, a bad poet has as great  
an antipathy to a cat-call, as many  
people have to a real cat.

Mr. Collier, in his ingenious Essay  
upon Music, has the following passage.

'I believe it is possible to invent an  
'instrument that shall have a quite con-  
'trary effect to those martial ones now  
'in use: an instrument that shall sink  
'the spirits, and shake the nerves, and  
'curdle the blood, and inspire despair,  
'and cowardice and consternation, at a  
'surprising rate. It is probable the  
'roaring of lions, the warbling of cats  
'and screech-owls, together with a mix-  
'ture of the howling of dogs, judi-  
'ciously imitated and compounded,  
'might go a great way in this inven-  
'tion. Whether such anti-music as  
'this might not be of service in a  
'camp, I shall leave to the military men  
'to consider.'

What this learned gentleman sup-  
poses in speculation, I have known  
actually verified in practice. The cat-  
call has struck a damp into generals,  
and frightened heroes off the stage. At  
the first sound of it I have seen a crowned  
head tremble, and a prince's fall into  
fits. The Humorous Lieutenant him-  
self could not stand it; nay, I am told  
that even Almanzor looked like a mouse,  
and trembled at the voice of this terrify-  
ing instrument.

As it is of a dramatic nature, and  
peculiarly appropriated to the stage, I  
can by no means approve the thought  
of that angry lover, who after an un-  
successful pursuit of some years, took  
leave of his mistress in a serenade of  
cat-calls.

I must conclude this paper with the  
account I have lately received of an in-  
genious artist, who has long studied this  
instrument, and is very well versed in  
all the rules of the drama. He teaches  
to play on it by book, and to express by  
it the whole art of criticism. He has  
his bass and his treble cat-call; the for-  
mer for tragedy, the latter for comedy;  
only in tragi-comedies they may both  
play together in concert. He has a

particular squeak to denote the violation of each of the unities, and has different sounds to shew whether he aims at the poet or the player. In short, he teaches the finut-note, the fustian-note,

the stupid note, and of air that may seem an incorrigible pl in the whole comp

## Nº CCCLXII. FRIDAY, APR

LAUDIBUS ARGUITUR VINI VINDUSUS.

HOR. I

THE MAN, WHO PRAISES DRINKING, STANDS PRO  
CONVICT A SOT ON HIS OWN EVIDENCE.

TEMPLE, APRIL 24.

MR. SPECTATOR,

SEVERAL of my friends were this morning got together over a dish of tea in very good health, though we had celebrated yesterday with more glasses than we could have dispensed with, had we not been beholden to Brooke and Hellier. In gratitude therefore to those good citizens, I am, in the name of the company, to accuse you of great negligence in overlooking their merit, who have imported true and generous wine, and taken care that it should not be adulterated by the retailers before it comes to the tables of private families, or the clubs of honest fellows. I cannot imagine how a Spectator can be supposed to do his duty, without frequent resumption of such subjects as concern our health, the first thing to be regarded, if we have a mind to relish any thing else. It would therefore very well become your spectatorial vigilance, to give it in orders to your officer for inspecting signs, that in his march he would look into the itinerants who deal in provisions, and inquire where they buy their several wares. Ever since the decease of Cully-Mully-Puff, of agreeable and noisy memory, I cannot say I have observed any thing sold in carts or carried by horse or ass, or in fine, in any moving market, which is not perished or putrified; witness the wheelbarrows of rotten raisins, almonds, figs, and currants, which you see vendied by a merchant dressed in a second-hand suit of a foot-soldier. You should consider that a child may be poisoned for the worth of a farthing; but except his poor parents send to one certain doctor in town, they can have no advice for him under a guinea. When poisons are thus cheap, and medicines thus dear, how can you be negligent in inspecting

what we eat and notice of such as the citizens, who have us of late in that custom among them particular ho the life of a citizen does the world owe the death of multi deserve well of you act to the detriment ought to reprove their fellow-subject they deserve to we be for the public vend wines should that behalf. The ter-sessions should that the vintner, customers, shall drinker thereof d a day after taking of wilful murder instructed to inquire delinquents according to the crime received that it can medley or manslaughter it shall appear w right Herefordshire Port; but his knowledge it to be bear the fore said; for that he, the lawful act willing and is therefore all the pains to v if it were proved run a man through whipped through my third year at is or should be well proved should violation, because i cannot be too great the injustice as w

who play with men's lives, by preparing liquors, whose nature, for aught they know, may be noxious when mixed, though innocent when apart: and Brooke and Hellier, who have insured our safety at our meals, and driven jealousy from our cups in conversation, deserve the custom and thanks of the whole town; and it is your duty to remind them of the obligation. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

TOM POTTLE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a person who was long immured in a college, read much, saw little; so that I knew no more of the world than what a lecture or view of the map taught me. By this means I improved in my study, but became unpleasant in conversation. By conversing generally with the dead, I grew almost unfit for the society of the living; so by a long confinement I contracted an ungainly aversion to conversation, and ever discoursed with pain to myself, and little entertainment to others. At last I was in some measure made sensible of my failing, and the mortification of never being spoke to, or speaking, unless the discourse ran upon books, put me upon forcing myself amongst men. I immediately affected the politest company, by the frequent use of which I hoped to wear off the rust I had contracted; but by an uncouth imitation of men used to act in public, I got no further than to discover I had a mind to appear a finer thing than I really was.

Such I was, and such was my condition, when I became an ardent lover, and passionate admirer of the beautiful Belinda: then it was that I really began to improve. This passion changed all my fears and diffidences in my general behaviour to the sole concern of pleasing her. I had not now to study the action of a gentleman; but love possessing all my thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had a mind to appear.

My thoughts grew free and generous, and the ambition to be agreeable to her I admired, produced in my carriage a faint similitude of that disengaged manner of my Belinda. The way we are in at present is, that she sees my passion, and sees I at present forbear speaking of it through prudential regards. This respect to her the returns with much civility, and makes my value for her as little a misfortune to me as is consistent with discretion. She sings very charmingly, and is readier to do so at my request, because she knows I love her: she will dance with me rather than another for the same reason. My fortune must alter from what it is, before I can speak my heart to her; and her circumstances are not considerable enough to make up for the narrowness of mine. But I write to you now, only to give you the character of Belinda, as a woman that has address enough to demonstrate a gratitude to her lover, without giving him hopes of success in his passion. Belinda has from a great wit, governed by as great prudence, and both adorned with innocence, the happiness of always being ready to discover her real thoughts. She has many of us, who now are her admirers; but her treatment of us is so just and proportioned to our merit towards her, and what we are in ourselves, that I protest to you, I have neither jealousy nor hatred towards my rivals. Such is her goodness, and the acknowledgment of every man who admires her, that he thinks he ought to believe she will take him who best deserves her. I will not say that this peace among us is not owing to self-love, which prompts each to think himself the best deserver: I think there is something uncommon and worthy of imitation in this lady's character. If you will please to print my letter, you will oblige the little fraternity of happy rivals, and in a more particular manner, Sir, your most humble servant,

T

WILL CYMON.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCLXIII. SATURDAY, APRIL

CRUELIS UBIQUE  
LUCTUS, UBIQUE FAVOR, ET FLURIMA MORTIS IMAGO.  
VIRG. ÆN.

ALL PARTS RESOUND WITH TUMULTS, PLAINTS, AND FEAR;  
AND GRISLY DEATH IN SUNDRY SHAPES APPEARS.

MILTON has shewn a wonderful art in describing that variety of passions, which arise in our first parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the triumph of their guilt through remorse, shame, despair, contrition, prayer, and hope, to a perfect and compleat repentance. At the end of the tenth book they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: to which the poet joins this beautiful circumstance, that they offered up their penitential prayers on the very place where their judge appeared to them when he pronounced their sentence.

They forthwith to the place  
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
Before him reverent, and both confess'd  
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with  
tears  
Watering the ground.

There is a beauty of the same kind in a tragedy of Sophocles, where Oedipus, after having put out his own eyes, instead of breaking his neck from the palace battlements (which furnishes so elegant an entertainment for our English audience) desires that he may be conducted to Mount Cithæron, in order to end his life in that very place where he was exposed in his infancy, and where he should then have died, had the will of his parents been executed.

As the author never fails to give a poetical turn to his sentiments, he describes in the beginning of this book the acceptance which these their prayers met with, in a short allegory, formed upon that beautiful passage in Holy Writ: 'And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne:

' and the smoke of the  
' came with the prayers  
' ascended up before God

———To heav'n their  
Flew up, nor mis'd their  
winds

Blown vagabond or frustrated  
Dimensionless through heav'n  
clad

With incense, where the good  
By their great Intercessor,  
Before the Father's throne.

We have the same thing a second time in the introduction of the Messiah, which is done with emphatical sentiments as

Among the poetical passages which Milton has so finely in this part of his narration, that wherein Ezekiel, speaking of the angels who appeared to him, adds, that 'every one had two faces, and that 'their whole backs, and their hands, and their wings, were full of eyes:

———The cohort  
Of watchful cherubim, thou  
Had, like a double Janus,  
Spangled with eyes

The assembling of all heaven to hear the solemn decree upon man, is represented with great ideas. The Almighty, as remembering mercy and judgment, and commending to deliver his message in gentle terms, lest the spirit of man already broken with guilt and misery, should be overwhelmed by him.

———Yet left thee  
At the sad sentence rigorous  
For I behold them softened  
Bewailing their excess, all

The conference of Adam and Eve, full of moving sentiments

road after the melancholy night they had passed together, they the lion and the eagle pursuing them their prey towards the gates of Paradise. There is a beauty in this incident, not only presents great and just omens, are always agreeable in poetry, it expresses that enmity which is produced in the animal creation, to shew the like changes, as well as to grace his fable of the prodigy, represents the sunclipse. This particular incident will have a fine effect upon the imagination of the reader, in regard to the sun; for at the same time that it is under an eclipse, a bright scends in the western quarter of the sky, filled with an host of angels more luminous than the sun. The whole theatre of nature is so, that this glorious machine appears in all its lustre and magni-

Why in the east  
ere day's mid-course? and morn-  
light  
ent in yon western cloud that draws  
blue firmament a radiant white,  
' descends with something heav'nly  
ght?

'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands  
in a sky of jasper lighted now  
ise, and on a hill made halt;  
is apparition.

I do not observe how properly this who always suits his parts to whom he introduces, has em- Michael in the expulsion of our ents from Paradise. The arch- this occasion neither appears in er shape, nor in that familiar with which Raphael, the soci- rit, entertained the father of I before the fall. His person, and behaviour, are suitable to if the highest rank, and exqui- ried in the following passage.

'b' archangel soon drew nigh,  
s shape celestial; but as man  
neet man: over his lucid arms  
y vest of purple flow'd  
an Melibœan, or the grain  
, worn by kings and heroes old,  
f truce: Iris had dipt the woof:  
helm, unbuckled, shew'd him prime  
od where youth ended; by his side,  
listering zodiac hung the sword,

Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.  
Adam bow'd low, he kingly from his state  
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declared.

Eve's complaint, upon hearing that she was to be removed from the garden of Paradise, is wonderfully beautiful: the sentiments are not only proper to the subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish.

' Must I then leave thee, Paradise? thus  
' leave  
' Thee, native soil, these happy walks and  
' shades,  
' Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend  
' Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
' That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,  
' That never will in other climate grow,  
' My early visitation, and my last  
' At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
' From the first opening bud, and gave you  
' names;  
' Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank  
' Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial  
' fount?  
' Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd  
' With what to sight or smell was sweet;  
' from thee  
' How shall I part, and whither wander down  
' Into a lower world, to this obscure  
' And wild? how shall we breathe in other air  
' Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits?"

Adam's speech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated turn. No- thing can be conceived more sublime and poetical than the following passage in it.

' This most afflicts me, that departing hence,  
' As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd  
' His blessed count'nance; here I could fre-  
' quent,  
' With worship, place by place where he  
' vouchsaf'd  
' Presence divine; and to my sons relate  
' On this mount he appar'd, under this tree  
' Stood visible, among these pines his voice  
' I heard, here with him at this fountain  
' talk'd:  
' So many grateful altars I would rear  
' Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
' Of lustre from the brook, in memory  
' Or monument to ages, and thereon  
' Offer sweet-smelling gums and fruits and  
' flow'rs.  
' In yonder nether world, where shall I seek  
' His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?  
' For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd  
' To life prolong'd, and promis'd race, I know  
' Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
' Of glory, and far off his steps adore."



## THE SPECTATOR.

The angel afterwards leads Adam to highest mount of Paradise, and lays out for him a whole hemisphere, as a proper stage for those visions which were to be represented on it. I have before observed how the plan of Milton's poem in many particulars greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. Virgil's hero, in the last of these poems, is entertained with a sight of all those who are to descend from him; but though that episode is justly admired as one of the noblest designs in the whole *Æneid*, every one must allow that this of Milton is of a much higher nature. Adam's vision is not confined to any particular tribe of mankind, but extends to the whole species.

In this great review which Adam takes of all his sons and daughters, the first objects he is presented with exhibit to him the story of Cain and Abel, which is drawn together with much closeness and propriety of expression. That curiosity and natural horror which arises in Adam at the sight of the first dying man, is touched with great beauty.

‘ But have I now seen death? Is this the way  
I must return to native dust? O fight  
Of terror foul, and ugly to behold,  
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!’

The second vision sets before him the image of death in a great variety of appearances. The angel, to give him a general idea of those effects which his guilt had brought upon his posterity, places before him a large hospital or lazaret house, filled with persons lying under all kinds of mortal diseases. How finely has the poet told us that the sick persons languished under lingering and incurable distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such imaginary beings as those I mentioned in my last Saturday's paper!

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans: Despair  
Tended the sick, but not from couch to couch;  
And over them triumphant Death his dart  
Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invoc'd  
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.

The passion, which likewise rises in Adam on this occasion, is very natural.

Sight so deform what heart of rock could long  
Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,  
Tho' not of woman born; compassion quell'd  
His best of man, and gave him up to tears.

The discourse between the angel Adam, which follows, abounds in noble morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry, than a contrast and opposition of incidents, the author, after this melancholy prospect of death and sickness, raises up a scene of mirth, love, and civility. The secret pleasure that steals into Adam's heart, as he is intent upon vision, is imagined with great delicacy. I must not omit the description of loose female troop, who seduced sons of God, as they are called in Scripture.

‘ For that fair female troop thou saw'st,  
‘ Seem'd  
‘ Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so  
‘ Yet empty of all good, wherein consist  
‘ Woman's domestic honour, and chief pride  
‘ Bred only and compleated to the taste  
‘ Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance  
‘ To dress, and trouble the tongue, and  
‘ The eye:  
‘ To these that sober race of men, whose  
‘ Religious title them the sons of God,  
‘ Shall yield up all their virtue, all their  
‘ Ignobly, to the trains and to the smile  
‘ Of these fair atheists——’

The next vision is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrors of war. Adam at the sight of it melts into tears, and breaks out in that pathetic speech—

———‘ O what are these,  
‘ Death's ministers, <sup>are these,</sup> port men, who  
‘ Death  
‘ Inhumanly to <sup>are</sup> men, and multipli  
‘ Ten-thousand-fold the sin of him  
‘ His brothers for of whom such  
‘ Make they but of their brethren  
‘ Men?’

Milton, to keep up an agerity in his visions, after having put in the mind of his reader ideas of terror which are contrary to the description of war, passes to softer images of triumphs: in that vision of lewdness which ushers in the flood.

As it is visible that the eye upon Ovid's account of the deluge, the reader may how much judgment to every thing that is *redundant* in the Latin poet. *Wolfe* the wolf swimming or nor any of those war

h. Seneca found fault with, as un-  
 minding the great catastrophe of na-

If our poet has imitated that verse  
 which Ovid tells us that there was  
 nothing but sea, and that this sea had  
 no shore to it, he has not set the thought  
 on a light as to incur the censure  
 which critics have passed upon it. The  
 part of that verse in Ovid is idle  
 superfluous, but just and beautiful  
 in Milton.

*ne mare et tellus nullum discrimen ba-  
 bebant,  
 ipsi pontus erat, decrant quoque littora  
 litora.*

OVID. MET. I. v. 291.

Heavens and earth were in confusion lost;  
 And all of waters, and without a coast.

DAYDEN.

—Sea cover'd sea,  
 Without shore—

MILTON.

Milton the former part of the de-  
 scription does not forestall the latter.  
 much more great and solemn on  
 occasion is that which follows in  
 English poet,

—And in their palaces,  
 Of luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters  
 help'd  
 to build—

that in Ovid, where we are told  
 that the sea-calves lay in those places  
 where the goats were used to browse?  
 The reader may find several other pa-  
 passages in the Latin and English  
 version of the deluge, wherein our  
 poet has visibly the advantage. The  
 being over-charged with clouds,  
 descending of the rains, the rising  
 of seas, and the appearance of the  
 monsters, are such descriptions as every  
 reader will take notice of. The circum-  
 stances relating to Paradise is so finely  
 related, and suitable to the opinions  
 of learned authors, that I cannot  
 be giving it a place in this paper.

—Then shall this mount

Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd  
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,  
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,  
 Down the great river to the opening gulf,  
 And there take root; an island salt and bare,  
 The haunt of seals and orcs and sea-mews  
 clang.

The transition which the poet makes  
 from the vision of the deluge, to the  
 concern it occasioned in Adam, is ex-  
 quisitely graceful, and copied after Vir-  
 gil, though the first thought it intro-  
 duces is rather in the spirit of Ovid.

'How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to be-  
 hold  
 'The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
 'Depopulation! thee another flood  
 'Of tears and sorrow, a flood thee also  
 'drown'd  
 'And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently  
 'rear'd  
 'By th' angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,  
 'Tho' comfortless, as when a father mourns  
 'His children all in view destroy'd at once.'

I have been the more particular in  
 my quotations out of the eleventh book  
 of Paradise Lost, because it is not ge-  
 nerally reckoned among the most shining  
 books of this poem; for which reason  
 the reader might be apt to overlook those  
 many passages in it which deserve our  
 admiration. The eleventh and twelfth  
 are indeed built upon that single circum-  
 stance of the removal of our first parents  
 from Paradise; but though this is not  
 in itself so great a subject as that in most  
 of the foregoing books, it is extended  
 and diversified with so many surprising  
 incidents and pleasing episodes, that  
 these two last books can by no means  
 be looked upon as unequal parts of this  
 divine poem. I must further add, that,  
 had not Milton represented our first pa-  
 rents as driven out of Paradise, his Fall  
 of Man would not have been compleat,  
 and consequently his action would have  
 been imperfect.

L

N<sup>o</sup> CCCLXIV. MONDAY, APRIL 28.

—————NAVIGUS ATQUE  
 QUADRIGIS PETIMUS BENE VIVERE.

HOR. EP. XI. L. I. V. 29.

WE RIDE AND SAIL IN QUEST OF HAPPINESS.

CREECH.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**A** Lady of my acquaintance, for whom I have too much respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet action, has given occasion to this trouble: she is a widow, to whom the indulgence of a tender husband has intrusted the management of a very great fortune, and a son about sixteen, both which she is extremely fond of. The boy has parts of the middle size, neither shining nor despicable, and has passed the common exercises of his years with tolerable advantage, but is withal what you would call a forward youth: by the help of this last qualification, which serves as a varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best use of his learning, and display it at full length upon all occasions. Last summer he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably, by puzzling the vicar before an assembly of most of the ladies in the neighbourhood; and from such weighty considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the mother is become invincibly persuaded that her son is a great scholar; and that to chain him down to the ordinary methods of education with others of his age, would be to cramp his faculties, and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful capacity.

I happened to visit at the house last week, and missing the young gentleman at the tea-table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a circumstance avoid enquiring after him. My lady told me he was gone out with her woman, in order to make some preparations for their equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry him to travel. The oddness of the expostion shocked me a little; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this summer to shew her son his estate in a distant county, in which he had never yet been. But she soon took care to rob me of that agree-

able mistake, and let me into the whole affair. She enlarged upon young master's prodigious improvements, and his comprehensive knowledge of all book-learning; concluding, that it was now high time he should be made acquainted with men and things; that she had resolved he should make the tour of France and Italy, but could not bear to have him out of her sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

I was going to rally her for so extravagant a resolution, but found myself not in a fit humour to meddle with a subject that demanded the most soft and delicate touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the son's abilities, or the mother's discretion; being sensible that in both these cases, though supported with all the powers of reason, I should, instead of gaining her ladyship over to my opinion, only expose myself to her dislike: I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole matter to the Spectator.

When I came to reflect at night, as my custom is, upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but believe that this humour of carrying a boy to travel in his mother's lap, and that upon pretence of learning men and things, case of an extraordinary nature, and ries on it a particular stamp of fi I did not remember to have met it's parallel within the compass of observation, though I could call some not extremely unlike it: for my thoughts took occasion to into the general notion of trav it is now made a part of. Nothing is more frequent t' a lad from grammar and tander the tuition of some p who is willing to be banished pounds a year, and a little vi him crying and snivelling i countries. Thus he spend children do at puppet-show much the same advant

ing at an amazing variety of things; strange indeed to one not prepared to comprehend the end and meaning of them; whilst he is laying the solid foundation of knowledge in his mind, and is giving just rules to direct his progress in life under some skill of the art of instruction.

There be a more astonishing thought, than to consider how men fall into so palpable a mistake? a large field, and may very well be a sprightly genius; but I do remember you have yet taken a turn with, Sir, you would make understand, that travel is really a step to be taken in the institution; and to set out with it, is to where they should end.

Not only the true end of visiting foreign parts, is to look into their customs, and observe in what part they excel or come short of our own; but to unlearn some odd peculiarities, manners, and wear off such awkwardnesses and affectations in our own, as possibly may have been contracted from constantly associating with them; of men, by a more free, general, and easy conversation: but how can these advantages be attained by a mere stranger to the customs and policies of his native country, not yet fixed in his mind the principles of manners and behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a structure without any foundation; if I may be allowed the expression, to work a rich embroidery upon air.

The true end of travelling, which deserves to be considered, is the improving of the best authors of antiquity, seeing the places where they lived, of which they wrote; to compare the natural face of the country with the notions they have given us, and now well the picture agrees with the real. This must certainly be a most improving exercise to the mind that is turned for it; besides that it is a good measure to be made subservient to morality, if the person is careful of drawing just conclusions concerning the uncertainty of human things, the ruinous alterations time and chance have brought upon so many cities, and whole countries,

which make the most illustrious figures in history. And this hint may be not a little improved by examining every little spot of ground that we find celebrated as the scene of some famous action, or retaining any footsteps of a Cato, Cicero, or Brutus, or some such great virtuous man. A nearer view of any such particular, though really little and trifling in itself, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous mind to an emulation of their virtues, and a greater ardency of ambition to imitate their bright examples, if it comes duly tempered and prepared for the impression. But this I believe you will hardly think those to be, who are so far from entering into the sense and spirit of the ancients, that they do not yet understand their language with any exactness.

But I have wandered from my purpose, which was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond English mother, and mother's own son, from being shewn a ridiculous spectacle through the most polite parts of Europe. Pray tell them, that though to be sea-sick, or jumbled in an outlandish stage-coach, may perhaps be healthful for the constitution of the body, yet it is apt to cause such a dizziness in young empty heads, as too often lasts their life time. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

PHILIP HOMEERED.

SIR,

BIRCHEN JANE.

I Was married on Sunday last, and went peacefully to bed; but to my surprise, was awakened the next morning by the thunder of a set of drums. These warlike sounds (methinks) are very improper in a marriage-concert, and give great offence; they seem to insinuate, that the joys of this state are short, and that jars and discord soon ensue. I fear they have been ominous to many matches, and sometimes proved a prelude to a battle in the honey-moon. A nod from you may hush them; therefore, pray, Sir, let them be silenced, that for the future none but soft airs may usher in the morning of a bridal night, which will be a favour not only to those who come after, but to me, who can still subscribe myself, your most humble and most obedient servant,

ROBIN BRIDEGROOM.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am one of that sort of women whom the gayer part of our sex are apt to call a prude. But to shew them that I have very little regard to their rallery, I shall be glad to see them all at the Amorous Widow, or the Wanton Wife, which is to be acted, for the benefit of Mrs. Porter, on Monday the 28th instant. I assure you, I can laugh at an amorous widow, or wanton wife, with as little temptation to imitate them, as I could at any other vicious character.

Mrs. Porter obliged me so very much in the exquisite sense she seemed to have of the honourable sentiments and noble passions in the character of Hermione, that I shall appear in her behalf at a comedy, though I have no great relish for any entertainments where the mirth is not seasoned with a certain severity, which ought to recommend it to people who pretend to keep reason and authority over all their actions. I am, Sir, your frequent reader,

T

ALTAMIRA.

Nº CCCLXV. TUESDAY, APRIL 29.

VERE MAGIS, QUIA VERE CALOR REDIT OSSIBUS—

VIRG. GEORG. III. V. 272.

BUT MOST IN SPRING; THE KINDLY SPRING INSPIRES  
REVIVING HEAT, AND KINDLES GENIAL FIRES.

THE author of the Menagiana acquaints us, that discoursing one day with several ladies of quality about the effects of the month of May, which infuses a kindly warmth into the earth, and all it's inhabitants; the Marchioness of S——, who was one of the company, told him, that though she would promise to be chaste in every month besides, she could not engage for herself in May. As the beginning therefore of this month is now very near, I design this paper for a caveat to the fair-sex, and publish it before April is quite out, that if any of them should be caught tripping, they may not pretend they had not timely notice.

I am induced to this, being persuaded the above-mentioned observation is as well calculated for our climate as for that of France, and that some of our British ladies are of the same constitution with the French marchioness.

I shall leave it among physicians to determine what may be the cause of such an anniversary inclination; whether or no it is that the spirits, after having been as it were frozen and congealed by winter, are now turned loose, and set a rambling; or that the gay prospects of fields and meadows, with the courtship of the birds in every bush, naturally unbend the mind and soften it to pleasure: or that, as some have imagined, a woman is prompted by a kind of instinct to throw herself on a bed

of flowers, and not to let those beautiful couches which nature has provided lie useless. However it be, the effects of this month on the lower part of the sex, who act without disguise, are very visible. It is at this time we see the young wenches in a country parish dancing round a May-pole, which one of our learned antiquaries supposes to be a relique of a certain Pagan worship that I do not think fit to mention.

It is likewise on the first day of this month that we see the ruddy milk-maid exerting herself in a most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards, and, like the virgin Tarpeia, oppressed by the costly ornaments which her benefactors lay upon her.

I need not mention the ceremony of the green gown, which is also peculiar to this gay season.

The same periodical love-fit spreads through the whole sex, as Mr. Dry well observes in his description of merry month.

For thee, sweet month, the groves  
liv'ries wear,  
If not the first, the fairest of the yr  
For thee the Graces lead the dan  
And Nature's ready pencil paints  
The sprightly May commands  
keep  
The vigils of her night, and bres  
Each gentle breast with kind  
moves,  
Inspire new flames, revives:

rdingly among the works of the  
asters in painting, who have  
his genial season of the year, we  
serve Cupids confused with Ze-  
ying up and down promiscuously  
all parts of the picture. I cannot  
from my own experience, that  
his time of the year love-letters  
to me in great numbers, from  
ters of the nation.

I received an epistle in particular by  
post from a Yorkshire gentleman,  
besides heavy complaints of one Ze-  
whom it seems he has courted  
successfully these three years past.

He tells me that he designs to try her  
yet, and if he does not carry  
it, he will never think of her

ing thus fairly admonished the fe-  
; and laid before them the dan-  
y are exposed to in this critical  
I shall in the next place lay  
the rules and directions for the  
avoiding those calamities, which  
are very frequent in this season.

In the first place, I would advise them  
to venture abroad in the fields,  
in the company of a parent, a guar-  
dian, or some other sober discreet per-  
son, who may have before shewn how apt they  
are to slip in a flowery meadow, and  
then observe to them, that Pro-  
per was out a maying, when she met  
with that fatal adventure, to which Mil-  
des, when he mentions

—That fair field  
where Proserpine gath'ring flow'rs,  
fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis-  
cern'd—

I am going into quotations, I  
include this head with Virgil's  
young people, while they are  
; wild strawberries and nose-

gays, that they should have a care of  
the 'snake in the grass.'

In the second place, I cannot but ap-  
prove those prescriptions, which our  
astrological physicians give in their al-  
manacks for this month; such as are 'a  
' spare and simple diet, with the mode-  
' rate use of phlebotomy.'

Under this head of abstinence I shall  
also advise my fair readers to be in a par-  
ticular manner careful how they meddle  
with romances, chocolate, novels, and  
the like inflammers, which I look upon  
as very dangerous to be made use of  
during this great carnival of nature.

As I have often declared, that I have  
nothing more at heart than the honour  
of my dear country-women, I would  
beg them to consider, whenever their re-  
solutions begin to fail them, that there  
are but one-and-thirty days of this soft  
season, and that if they can but weather  
out this one month, the rest of the year  
will be easy to them. As for that part  
of the fair-sex who stay in town, I  
would advise them to be particularly  
cautious how they give themselves up to  
their most innocent entertainments. If  
they cannot forbear the play-house, I  
would recommend tragedy to them, ra-  
ther than comedy; and should think the  
puppet-show much safer for them than  
the opera all the while the sun is in  
Gemini.

The reader will observe, that this pa-  
per is written for the use of those ladies,  
who think it worth while to war against  
nature in the cause of honour. As for  
that abandoned crew, who do not think  
virtue worth contending for, but give  
up their reputation at the first summons,  
such warnings and premonitions are  
thrown away upon them. A prostitute  
is the same easy creature in all months  
of the year, and makes no difference be-  
tween May and December. X

N<sup>o</sup> CCCLXVI. WEDNESDAY, APRIL

PONE ME PIGRIS UBI NULLA CAMPIS  
 ARBOR ÆSTIVA RECREATUR AURA; —  
 DULCE RIDENTEM LALAGEN AMARO,  
 DULCE LOQUENTEM. HOR. OD. XXII. L.

SET ME WHERE ON SOME PATHLESS PLAIN  
 THE SWARTHY AFRICANS COMPLAIN,  
 TO SEE THE CHARIOT OF THE SUN  
 SO NEAR THE SCORCHING COUNTRY RUN:  
 THE BURNING ZONE, THE FROZEN ISLES,  
 SHALL HEAR ME SING OF CELIA'S SMILES;  
 ALL COLD BUT IN HER BREAST I WILL DESPISE,  
 AND DARK ALL HEAT BUT THAT OF CELIA'S EYES.

Rosc.

**T**HERE are such wild inconsistencies in the thoughts of a man in love, that I have often reflected there can be no reason for allowing him more liberty than others possessed with phrenzy, but that his distemper has no malevolence in it to any mortal. That devotion to his mistress kindles in his mind a general tenderness, which exerts itself towards every object as well as his favourite. When this passion is represented by writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain quaintnesses and turns of imagination, which are apparently the work of a mind at ease; but the men of true taste can easily distinguish the exertion of a mind which overflows with tender sentiments, and the labour of one which is only describing distress. In performances of this kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty; every sentiment must grow out of the occasion, and be suitable to the circumstance of the character. Where this rule is transgressed, the humble servant, in all the fine things he says, is but shewing his mistress how well he can dress, instead of saying how well he loves. Lace and drapery is as much a man, as wit and turn is passion.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**T**HE following verses are a translation of a Lapland love-song, which I met with in Scheffer's history of that country. I was agreeably surprised to find a spirit of tenderness and poetry in a region which I never suspected for delicacy. In hotter climates, though altogether uncivilized, I had not wondered if I had found some sweet wild notes

among the natives, where groves of oranges, and heaps of birds about them; but a rich, breathing sentiments poetry, not unworthy old Rome; a regular ode from pinched with frost, and darkness so great a part where it is amazing that natives should get food, or be propagate their species: this seemed a greater miracle to famous stories of their d winds and enchantments.

I am the bolder in common northern song, because I have kept to the sentiments, without diminishing; and pretend praise from my translation who smooth and clean the country which have suffer riage. The numbers in are as loose and unequal, which the British ladies sporadics; and perhaps the fair might not think it a disagree from a lover: but I have bind it in stricter measure more proper for our tongue, happy wilder graces may bet genius of the Laponian land

It will be necessary to in the author of this song, not liberty of visiting his mistress's house, was in hopes c at a distance in the fields.

**T**HOU rising sun, whose gl  
 Invites my fair to rural pl  
 Dispel the mist, and clear the  
 And bring my Orre to my eye

II.

I sure my dear to view,  
 at pine-tree's topmost bough,  
 that quiv'ring plays,  
 and round for ever gaze.

III.

Door, where art thou laid?  
 I conceals my sleeping maid?  
 roots enrag'd I'll tear  
 that hide my promis'd fair.

IV.

I ride the clouds and skies,  
 raven's pinions rise:  
 ye swans, a moment stay,  
 I lover on his way.

V.

O long my bride denies,  
 wasting summer flies:  
 wintry blasts I fear,  
 or night shall keep me here.

VI.

For strength with steel compare?  
 as fetters stronger far:  
 steel are limbs confin'd,  
 love enchains the mind.

VII.

then perplex thy breast,  
 rights torment, the first are best;  
 O go, 'tis death to stay.  
 hrra, haste away.

SPECTATOR, APRIL THE 10th.

ie of those despicable creatures  
 a chambermaid, and have lived  
 strefs for some time, whom I  
 ny life, which has made my  
 I pleasure inseparable. My  
 elight has been in being em-  
 out her person; and indeed she  
 ldom out of humour for a wo-  
 er quality: but here lies my  
 ; Sir; to bear with me is all  
 regement she is pleased to be-

stow upon me; for she gives her cast-off  
 clothes from me to others: some she is  
 pleased to bestow in the house to those  
 that neither want nor wear them, and  
 some to hangers-on, that frequent the  
 house daily, who come dressed out in  
 them. This, Sir, is a very mortifying  
 sight to me, who am a little necessitous  
 for clothes, and love to appear what I  
 am, and causes an uneasiness, so that I  
 cannot serve with that cheerfulness as  
 formerly; which my mistress takes no-  
 tice of, and calls envy and ill-temper at  
 seeing others preferred before me. My  
 mistress has a younger sister lives in the  
 house with her, that is some thousands  
 below her in estate, who is continually  
 heaping her favours on her maid; so  
 that she can appear every Sunday, for  
 the first quarter, in a fresh suit of clothes  
 of her mistress's giving, with all other  
 things suitable. All this I see without  
 envying, but not without wishing my  
 mistress would a little consider what a  
 discouragement it is to me to have my  
 perquisites divided between fawners and  
 jobbers, which others enjoy entire to  
 themselves. I have spoken to my mis-  
 tress, but to little purpose; I have de-  
 sired to be discharged, (for indeed I fret  
 myself to nothing) but that she answers  
 with silence. I beg, Sir, your direction  
 what to do, for I am fully resolved to  
 follow your counsel; who am your ad-  
 mirer and humble servant,

CONSTANTIA COMB-BRUSH.

I beg that you will put it in a better  
 dress, and let it come abroad, that my  
 mistress, who is an admirer of your spe-  
 culations, may see it. T

## Nº CCCLXVII. THURSDAY, MAY I.

—PERITURÆ PARCITE CHARTÆ.

JUV. SAT. I. V. 13.

IN MERCY SPARE US, WHEN WE DO OUR BEST  
 TO MAKE AS MUCH WASTE PAPER AS THE REST.

often pleased myself with con-  
 sidering the two kinds of benefits  
 accrue to the public from these  
 speculations, and which, were I to  
 alter the manner of logicians, I  
 distinguish into the material and  
 ideal. By the latter I understand  
 advantages which my readers re-  
 ceive, their minds are either improved

or delighted by these my daily labours;  
 but having already several times descant-  
 ed on my endeavours in this light, I shall  
 at present wholly confine myself to the  
 consideration of the former. By the word  
 Material I mean those benefits which arise  
 to the public from these my speculations,  
 as they consume a considerable quantity  
 of our paper manufacture, employ our  
 artificers



artisans in printing, and find business for great numbers of indigent persons.

Our paper-manufacture takes into it several mean materials which could be put to no other use, and affords work for several hands in the collecting of them, which are incapable of any other employment. Those poor retailers, whom we see so busy in every street, deliver in their respective gleanings to the merchant. The merchant carries them in loads to the paper-mill, where they pass through a fifth set of hands, and give life to another trade. Those, who have mills on their estates, by this means considerably raise their rents, and the whole nation is in a great measure supplied with a manufacture, for which formerly she was obliged to her neighbours.

The materials are no sooner wrought into paper, but they are distributed among the presses, where they again set innumerable artists at work, and furnish business to another mystery. From hence, accordingly as they are stained with news or politics, they fly through the town in Postmen, Post-boys, Daily Courants, Reviews, Medleys, and Examiners. Men, women, and children, contend who shall be the first bearers of them, and get their daily sustenance by spreading them. In short, when I trace in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of Spectators, I find so many hands employed in every step they take through their whole progress, that while I am writing a Spectator, I fancy myself providing bread for a multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my paper, after it is thus printed and published, is still beneficial to the public on several occasions. I must confess I have lighted my pipe with my own works for this twelvemonth past: my landlady often sends up her little daughter to desire some of my old Spectators, and has frequently told me, that the paper they are printed on is the best in the world to wrap spice in. They likewise make a good foundation for a mutton pie, as I have more than once experienced, and were very much sought for last Christmas by the whole neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the changes that a linen fragment undergoes, by passing through the several hands above mentioned. The finest pieces of holland, when worn to tatters, assume a new whiteness more beautiful than their

first, and often return in the shape of letters to their native country. A lady's shift may be metamorphosed into billets-doux, and come into her possession a second time. A beau may peruse his cravat after it is worn out, with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he did in a glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for some years as a towel or a napkin, may by this means be raised from a dunghill, and become the most valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet.

The politest nations of Europe have endeavoured to vie with one another for the reputation of the finest printing: absolute governments, as well as republics, have encouraged an art which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial that ever was invented among the sons of men. The present king of France, in his pursuits after glory, has particularly distinguished himself by the promoting of this useful art, inasmuch that several books have been printed in the Louvre at his own expence, upon which he sets so great a value, that he considers them as the noblest presents he can make to foreign princes and ambassadors. If we look into the commonwealths of Holland and Venice, we shall find that in this particular they have made themselves the envy of the greatest monarchies. Elzevir and Aldus are more frequently mentioned than any pensioner of the one or doge of the other.

The several presses which are now in England, and the great encouragement which has been given to learning, for some years last past, has made our nation as glorious upon this account, as for it's late triumphs and conquests. The new edition which is given us of Cæsar's Commentaries, has already been taken notice of in foreign Gazettes, and is a work that does honour to the English press. It is no wonder that an edition should be very correct, which has passed through the hands of one of the most accurate, learned, and judicious writers this age has produced. The beauty of the paper, of the character, and of the several cuts with which this noble work is illustrated, makes it the finest book that I have ever seen; and is a true instance of the English genius, which, though it does not come the first into any art, generally carries it to greater heights than any other country in the world. I am particularly glad that this author comes





comes from a British printing-house in so great a magnificence, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable account of our country.

My illiterate readers, if any such there are, will be surpris'd to hear me talk of learning as the glory of a nation, and of printing as an art that gains a reputation to a people among whom it flourishes. When mens thoughts are taken up with

avarice and ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary power or interest to the person who is concerned in it. But as I shall never sink this paper so far as to engage with Goths and Vandals, I shall only regard such kind of reasoners with that pity which is due to so deplorable a degree of stupidity and ignorance. I.

## Nº CCCLXVIII. FRIDAY, MAY 2.

NOS DECEBAT

LUGERE UBI ESSET ALIQUIS IN LUCEM EDITUS,

HUMANÆ VITÆ VARIA REPUTANTES MALA :

AT QUI LABORES MORTE FINISSET GRAVES,

OMNES AMICOS LAUDE ET LÆTITIA EXEQUI.

EURIP. APUD TULL.

WHEN FIRST AN INFANT DRAWS THE VITAL AIR,

OFFICIOUS GRIEF SHOULD WELCOME HIM TO CARE :

BUT JOY SHOULD LIFE'S CONCLUDING SCENE ATTEND,

AND MIRTH BE KEPT TO GRACE A DYING FRIEND.

**A**S the Spectator is in a kind a paper of news from the natural world, as others are from the busy and politic part of mankind, I shall translate the following letter written to an eminent French gentleman in this town from Paris, which gives us the exit of a heroine who is a pattern of patience and generosity.

SIR,

PARIS, APRIL 18, 1712.

**I**T is so many years since you left your native country, that I am to tell you the characters of your nearest relations as much as if you were an utter stranger to them. The occasion of this is to give you an account of the death of Madam de Villacerfe, whose departure out of this life I know not whether a man of your philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole life happy in an uninterrupted health, and was always honoured for an evenness of temper and greatness of mind. On the 10th instant that lady was taken with an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known that some years ago Monsieur Festeau, one of the most considerable surgeons in Paris, was

desperately in love with this lady: her quality placed her above any application to her on the account of his passion: but as a woman always has some regard to the person whom she believes to be her real admirer, she now took it in her head (upon advice of her physicians to lose some of her blood) to send for Monsieur Festeau on that occasion. I happened to be there at that time, and my near relation gave me the privilege to be present. As soon as her arm was stripped bare, and he began to press it in order to raise the vein, his colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden tremor, which made me take the liberty to speak of it to my cousin with some apprehension: she smiled and said, she knew Mr. Festeau had no inclination to do her injury. He seemed to recover himself, and smiling also, proceeded in his work. Immediately after the operation he cried out that he was the most unfortunate of all men, for that he had opened an artery instead of a vein. It is as impossible to express the artist's distraction as the patient's compoüre. I will not dwell on little circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three days time it was thought necessary to take off her arm. She was so far from using Festeau, as it would be natural for one of a lower spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any

consultation about her present condition, and on every occasion asked whether he was satisfied in the measures that were taken about her. Before this last operation she ordered her will to be drawn, and after having been about a quarter of an hour alone, she bid the surgeons, of whom poor Festeau was one, go on in their work. I know not how to give you the terms of art, but there appeared such symptoms after the amputation of her arm, that it was visible she could not live four and twenty hours. Her behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole affair, that I was particularly curious in taking notice of what passed, as her fate approached nearer and nearer, and took notes of what she said to all about her, particularly word for word what she spoke to Mr. Festeau, which was as follows.

'Sir, you give me inexpressible sorrow for the anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed to all intents and purposes from the interests of human life, therefore I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; no, you are my benefactor, as you have hastened my entrance into a happy immortality. This is my sense of this accident; but the world in which you live may have thoughts of it to your disadvantage; I have therefore taken care to provide for you in my will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their ill-nature.'

While this excellent woman these words, Festeau looked as if he received a condemnation to die, in a pension for his life. Madam lacerse lived till eight of the clock next night, and though she much laboured under the most exquisite torments, she possessed her mind with a wonderful patience, that one rather say she ceased to breathe than she died at that hour. You, who not the happiness to be personally to this lady, have nothing but to in the honour you had of being to so great merit; but we, who have her conversation, cannot so easily our own happiness by reflection on her's. I am, Sir, your affectionate kinsman, and most obedient servant,

PAUL REG

There hardly can be a greater proof of an heroic mind, than the undisturbed manner in which this lady bore this misfortune. The regard of self could not make her overlook the contrition of the unhappy man, more than ordinary concern for all his guilt. It would certainly be singular use to human society to have an exact account of this lady's conduct, which was crowned by common magnanimity. Such a conduct was not to be acquired in the last age, nor is it to be doubted but it was the constant practice of all that is praiseworthy, which made her capable of dying death, not as the dissolution and consummation of her life.

## Nº CCCLXIX. SATURDAY, MAY 3.

SEGNIS IRRITANT ANIMOS DEMISSA PER AURES,  
QUAM QUÆ SUNT OCULIS SUBJECTA FIDELIBUS.

HOR. *ARS POET.*

— WHAT WE HEAR MOVES LESS THAN WHAT WE SEE.

Roscon

MILTON, after having represented in vision the history of mankind to the first great period of nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in narration. He has devised a very handsome reason for the angel's proceeding with Adam after this manner; though doubtless the true reason was the difficulty which the poet would have found to have shadowed out so mixed and

complicated a story in visible words. I could wish, however, that he had done it, whatever pains I have cost him. To give my reason freely, I think that the exhibition of the history of mankind in this part in narrative, is as if an painter should put in colours the main part of his subject, and write down the remaining part of it. If Milton

ny where, it is in this narration, in some places the author has attentive to his divinity, that he selected his poetry. The narrative, however, rises very happily on occasions, where the subject is of poetical ornaments, as particularly in the confusion which he de- among the builders of Babel, his short sketch of the plagues of

The storm of hail and fire, the darkness that overspread the r three days, are described with strength. The beautiful passage follows is raised upon noble hints picture:

—Thus with ten wounds  
er-dragon tam'd at length submits  
his sojourners depart; and oft  
is his stubborn heart, but still as ice  
arden'd after thaw: till in his rage  
g whom he late dismiss'd, the sea  
s him with his host, but then lets pass  
ry land between two crystal walls,  
y the rod of Moses so to stand

river-dragon is an allusion to the le, which inhabits the Nile, from Egypt derives her plenty. This is taken from that sublime passage in Ezekiel—' Thus saith the Lord, Behold I am against thee, Pharaoh of Egypt, the great dragon lieth in the midst of his rivers, h hath said, My river is mine

And I have made it for my—  
Milton has given us another noble and poetical image in the description, which is copied almost for word out of the history of

ht he will pursue, but his approach  
s defend's between till morning watch;  
through the fiery pillar and the cloud  
oking forth, will trouble all his host,  
aze their chariot wheels: when by  
command

on-e more his potent rod extends  
e sea: the sea his rod obeys:  
r embattel'd ranks the waves return  
erwhelm their war—

he principal design of this episode give Adam an idea of the holy who was to reinstate human na- that happiness and perfection which it had fallen, the poet con- himself to the line of Abraham, whence the Messiah was to de-

scend. The angel is described as seeing the patriarch actually travelling towards the Land of Promise, which gives a particular liveliness to this part of the narration.

' I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
' He leaves his gods, his friends, his native soil  
' Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the ford  
' To Haran, after him a cumbrous train  
' Of herds, and flocks, and num'rous servitude;  
' Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his  
' wealth  
' With God, who call'd him in a land unknown.  
' Canaan he now attains; I see his tents  
' Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbour-  
' ing plain  
' Of Moreh; there by promise he receives  
' Gift to his progeny of all that land;  
' From Hamath northward to the desert south.  
' Things by their names I call, tho' yet un-  
' nam'd,')

As Virgil's vision in the sixth *Æneid* probably gave Milton the hint of this whole episode, the last line is a translation of that verse where Anchises mentions the names of places, which they were to bear hereafter.

*Hæc tum nomina erant, nunc sunt sine nomine terre.*

The poet has very finely represented the joy and gladness of heart which rises in Adam upon the discovery of the Messiah. As he sees his day at a distance through types and shadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the redemption of man completed, and Paradise again renewed, he breaks forth in rapture and transport;

' O goodness infinite, goodness immense!  
' That all this good of evil shall produce,' &c.

I have hinted in my sixth paper on Milton, that an heroic poem, according to the opinion of the best critics, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of the reader, after having conducted it through many doubts and fears, sorrows and disquietudes, in a state of tranquillity and satisfaction. Milton's fable, which had so many other qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular. It is here, therefore, that the poet has shewn a most exquisite judgment, as well as the finest invention, by finding out a method to supply this natural defect in his subject. Accordingly he leaves the adversary of man-

kind, in the last view which he gives us of him, under the lowest state of mortification and disappointment. We see him chewing ashes, groveling in the dust, and loaden with supernumerary pains and torments. On the contrary, our two first parents are comforted by dreams and visions, cheered with promises of salvation, and, in a manner, raised to a greater happiness, than that which they forfeited: in short, Satan is represented miserable in the height of his triumphs, and Adam triumphant in the height of misery.

Milton's poem ends very nobly. The last speeches of Adam and the archangel are full of moral and instructive sentiments. The sleep that fell upon Eve, and the effects it had in quieting the disorders of her mind, produces the same kind of consolation in the reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful speech which is ascribed to the mother of mankind, without a secret pleasure and satisfaction.

- Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st,  
    'I know;
- For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
- Which he hath sent propitious, some great  
    'good
- Prefaging, since with sorrow and heart's  
    'distress
- Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
- In me is no delay: with thee to go,
- Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
- Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me
- Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,
- Who for my wifful crime art banish'd hence.
- This further consolation yet secure
- I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
- Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
- By me the promis'd seed shall all restore.'

The following lines, which conclude the poem, rise in a most glorious blaze of poetical images and expressions.

Heliodorus in his *Æthiopica* acquaints us, that the motion of the gods differs from that of mortals, as the former do not stir their feet, nor proceed step by step, but slide over the surface of the earth by an uniform swimming of the whole body. The reader may observe with how poetical a description Milton has attributed the same kind of motion to the angels who were to take possession of Paradise.

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard  
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too  
    'ough

Th' archangel stood; and from the  
To their fix'd station, all in bright  
The cherubim descended; on the  
Gliding meteo:ous, as evening mist  
Ris'n from a river, o'er the marsh  
And gathers ground fast at the lab'r  
Homeward returning. High in front  
The brandish'd sword of God befor  
    blaz'd

Fierce as a comet—

The author helped his invention the following passage, by reflecting the behaviour of the angel, who Holy Writ, has the conduct of I his family. The circumstances from that relation are very greatly made use of on this occasion.

In either hand the hast'ning angel  
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' east  
Led them dir'ct; and down the cliff  
To the subjected plain; then disapp  
They looking back, &c.

The scene which our first parents surprised with, upon their looking on Paradise, wonderfully strikes the reader's imagination, as nothing more natural than the tears they shed at that occasion.

They looking back, all th' eastern  
    held  
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat  
Wav'd over by that flaming brand,  
With dreadful faces throng'd and fier  
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but  
    them soon;  
The world was all before them, where t  
Their place of rest, and Providence thei

If I might presume to offer the smallest alteration in this divine, I should think the poem would end with the passage here quoted, than the two verses which follow:

They hand in hand, with wand'ring f  
    slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary w

These two verses, though they have their beauty, fall very much below the foregoing passage, and renew the mind of the reader that anguish was pretty well laid by that correction;

The world was all before them, where t  
Their place of rest, and Providence thei

The number of books in *Paradise Lost* is equal to those of the *Æneid*. Our author in his first edition had divided his poem into ten books, but afterwards broke the seventh and the eleventh each of them into two different books, by the help of some small additions. This second division was made with great judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a chimerical beauty as that of resembling *Virgil* in this particular, but for the more just and regular disposition of this great work.

Those who have read *Bossu*, and many of the critics who have written since his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular moral which is inculcated in *Paradise Lost*. Though I can by no means think with the last mentioned French author, that an epic writer first of all pitches upon a certain moral, as the ground-work and foundation of his poem, and afterwards finds out a story to it: I am, however, of opinion, that no just heroic poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great moral may be deduced. That which reigns in *Milton* is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined: it is in short this, 'That obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and that disobedience makes them miserable.' This is visibly the moral of the principal fable, which turns upon *Adam* and *Eve*, who continued in *Paradise* while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the moral of the principal episode, which shews us how an innumerable multitude of angels fell from their state of bliss, and were cast into hell upon their disobedience. Besides this great moral, which may be looked upon as the soul of the fable, there are an infinity of under-morals which are to be drawn from the several parts of the poem, and which makes this work more useful and instructive than any other poem in any language.

Those who have criticised on the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months and days contained in the action of each of those poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in *Milton*, he

will find that from *Adam's* first appearance in the fourth book, to his expulsion from *Paradise* in the twelfth, the author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is described in the three first books, as it does not pass within the regions of nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any calculations of time.

I have now finished my observations on a work which does an honour to the English nation. I have taken a general view of it under these four heads, the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language, and made each of them the subject of a particular paper. I have in the next place spoken of the censures which our author may incur under each of these heads, which I have confined to two papers, though I might have enlarged the number, if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a subject. I believe, however, that the severest reader will not find any little fault in heroic poetry, which this author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those heads among which I have distributed his several blemishes. After having thus treated at large of *Paradise Lost*, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this poem in the whole, without descending to particulars. I have therefore bestowed a paper upon each book, and endeavoured not only to prove that the poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties, and to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavoured to shew how some passages are beautified by being sublime, others by being soft, others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the passion, which by the moral, which by the sentiment, and which by the expression. I have likewise endeavoured to shew how the genius of the poet shines by a happy invention, a distant allusion, or a judicious imitation; how he has copied or improved *Homer* or *Virgil*, and raised his own imaginations by the use which he has made of several poetical passages in *Scripture*. I might have inserted also several passages in *Tasso*, which our author has imitated; but as I do not look upon *Tasso* to be a sufficient voucher, I would not perplex my reader with such quotations, as might do more honour to the Italian than the English poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable



numerable kinds of beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to poetry, and which may be met with in the works of this great author. Had I thought, at my first engaging in this design, that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have ventured

upon it; but the kind rec it has met with amongst judgments I have a value as the uncommon demar bookseller tells me have b these particular discourses, reason to repent of the pain at in composing them.

## Nº CCCLXX. MONDAY, MAY 5.

TOTUS MUNDTIS AGIT NISTRIONEM.

**M**ANY of my fair readers, as well as very gay and well-received persons of the other sex, are extremely perplexed at the Latin sentences, at the head of my speculations; I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with translations of each of them: however, I have to-day taken down from the top of the stage in Drury Lane a bit of Latin which often stands in their view, and signifies that 'the whole world asks the player.' It is certain that if we look round us, and behold the different employments of mankind, you hardly see one who is not, as the player is, in an assumed character. The lawyer, who is vehement and loud in a cause wherein he knows he has not the truth of the question on his side, is a player as to the personated part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the prostitution of himself for hire; because the pleader's falsehood introduces injustice, the player feigns for no other end but to divert or instruct you. The divine, whose passions transport him to say any thing with any view but promoting the interests of true piety and religion, is a player with a still greater imputation of guilt, in proportion to his depreciating a character more sacred. Consider all the different pursuits and employments of men, and you will find half their actions tending to nothing else but disguise and imposture; and all that is done which proceeds not from a man's very self is the action of a player. For this reason it is that I make so frequent mention of the stage: it is, with me, a matter of the highest consideration what parts are well or ill performed, what passions or sentiments are indulged or cultivated, and consequently what manners and customs are transfused from the stage to the world, which reci-

procally imitate each of writers of epic poems in dowy persons, and represent virtues under the character of women; so I, who am in the world, may perhaps for use of the names of the stage, to represent or admit transacted affairs in the world am commending Wilks for the tenderness of a husband in *Macbeth*, the contrition of a prodigal in *Harry the Fourth*, the emptiness of a young nature and wealth in *The Jubilee*, the officiousness of a servant in *The Fox*: when I celebrate Wilks, I talk to who are engaged in any circumstances. If I were to be neglected, misapplied, stood, might not I say: great capacity? But it is of others who bear a figure that his talents were un their business to impose cannot become him, or hands any thing in which shine. Were one to raise himself in a man who p world for a fine thing, in him, one might say, if he were not on the stage, (C false pretensions to a general of mankind more admire than deride him come to characters directed is not to be imagined what regulated stage would have manners. The craft of absurdity of a rich fool, roughness of a fellow of the ungraceful mirth of half wit, might be for ev

countenance by proper parts for Dogget. Johnson, by acting Corbaccio the other night, must have given all who saw him a thorough detestation of aged avarice. The petulancy of a peevish old fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the ingenious Mr. William Penkethman in *The Fop's Fortune*; where, in the character of Don Cholerick Snap Shorto de Testy, he answers no questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. Penkethman is also master of as many faces in the dumb-scene as can be expected from a man in the circumstances of being ready to perish out of fear and hunger: he wonders throughout the whole scene very masterly, without neglecting his victuals. If it be, as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great qualification for the world to follow business and pleasure too, what is it in the ingenious Mr. Penkethman to represent a sense of pleasure and pain at the same time; as you may see him do this evening?

As it is certain that a stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the nation, men turned for regular pleasure cannot employ their thoughts more usefully, for the diversion of mankind,

than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this entertainment to the greatest height. It would be a great improvement, as well as embellishment to the theatre, if dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the actors. One who has the advantage of such an agreeable girlish person as Mrs. Bicknell, joined with her capacity of imitation, could in proper gesture and motion represent all the decent characters of female life. An amiable modesty in one aspect of a dancer, and assumed confidence in another, a sudden joy in another, a falling off with an impatience of being beheld, a return towards the audience with an unsteady resolution to approach them, and a well-acted solicitude to please, would revive in the company all the fine touches of mind raised in observing all the objects of affection or passion they had before beheld. Such elegant entertainments as these would polish the town into judgment in their gratifications; and delicacy in pleasure is the first step people of condition take in reformation from vice. Mrs. Bicknell has the only capacity for this sort of dancing of any on the stage; and I dare say all who see her performance to-morrow night, when sure the romp will do her best for her own benefit, will be of my mind.

Nº CCCLXXI. TUESDAY, MAY 6.

JAMNE IGITUR LAUDAS QUOD DE SAPIENTIBUS UNUS  
RIDEBAT? ———

JUV. SAT. X. V. 28.

AND SHALL THE SAGE \* YOUR APPROBATION WIN,  
WHOSE LAUGHING FEATURES WORE A CONSTANT GRIN?

I Shall communicate to my reader the following letter for the entertainment of this day.

171,  
YOU know very well that our nation is more famous for that sort of men who are called Whims and Humourists, than any other country in the world; for which reason it is observed that our English comedy excels that of all other nations in the novelty and variety of it's characters.

Among those innumerable sets of Whims which our country produces, there are none whom I have regarded

with more curiosity than those who have invented any particular kind of diversion for the entertainment of themselves or their friends. My letter shall single out those who take delight in forming a company that has something of burlesque and ridicule in it's appearance. I shall make myself understood by the following example. One of the wits of the last age, who was a man of a good estate, thought he never laid out his money better than in a jest. As he was one year at the Bath, observing that in the great confluence of fine people, there were several among them with long chins, a part of the visage by

\* Democritus.

which

which he himself was very much distinguished, he invited to dinner half a score of these remarkable persons who had their mouths in the middle of their faces. They had no sooner placed themselves about the table, but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our English proverb says—

'Tis merry in the hall,  
When beards wag all.

It proved so in the assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many peaks of faces agitated with eating, drinking, and discourse, and observing all the signs that were present meeting together very often over the centre of the table, every one grew sensible of the jest, and came into it with so much good-lumour, that they lived in strict friendship and alliance from that day forward.

The same gentleman some time after packed together a set of Oglers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky cast in their eyes. His diversion on this occasion was to see the cross bows, mistaken signs, and wrong connivances that passed amidst so many broken and refracted rays of sight.

The third feast which this merry gentleman exhibited was to the Stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient body to fill his table. He had ordered one of his servants, who was placed behind a screen, to write down their table-talk, which was very easy to be done without the help of shorthand. It appears by the notes which were taken, that though their conversation never fell, there were not above twenty words spoken during the first course; that upon serving up the second, one of the company was a quarter of an hour in telling them, that the ducklings and asparagus were very good; and that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same opinion. This jest did not, however, go off so well as the former; for one of the guests being a brave man, and fuller of resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the room, and sent the facetious inviter a challenge in writing, which, though it was afterwards dropped by the interposition of friends, put a stop to these ludicrous entertainments.

Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree

with me, that as there is no such thing as these jests, they ought to be disesteemed and looked upon rather as pieces of luckiness than wit. However, natural for one man to refine and think of another, and impossible for any single person, how great soever his parts may be, to invent an improvement in the art of being witty, I bring it to its utmost perfection here give you an account of a gentleman of my acquaintance upon hearing the character of above mentioned, has himself taken it, and endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited a dozen of his friends one day to who were each of them famous for setting several redundant phrases of discourse, as, 'D'ye hear me, I say that is, And so, Sir.' Each of his guests making frequent use of particular elegance, appeared so rich to his neighbour, that he could reflect upon himself as appearing very ridiculous to the rest of the company: by this means, before the day was long together, every one talked with the greatest circumspection, and fully avoiding his favourite words, the conversation was cleared of redundancies, and had a greater value of sense, though less of sound in it.

The same well-meaning gentleman took occasion at another time to together such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual cursing and swearing. In order to shew the absurdity of the practice, he had recourse to the invention above-mentioned, having placed an amanuensis in a private part of the room. After the second bottle, when men open their mouths without reserve, my honest friend took notice of the many superfluous and unnecessary words that had been said in his house since their sitting down at table, and how much good conversation they had lost by giving way to these pernicious phrases. 'What a tale have you told me, would they have raised a quarrel, poor, had we put the laws in force upon one another?' Even of them took this gentle reproach as a part. Upon which he told them that knowing their conversation would be no secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in writing, and for them to take what would read it to their pleasure. There were ten of them, which might have been read

had there not been those abominable interpolations I have before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold it looked rather like a conference of devils than of men. In short, every man trembled at himself upon hearing what he had pronounced amidst that and inadvertency of discourse. I will only mention another occasion wherein he made use of the same in order to cure a different kind of men, the pests of all polite conversation and murder time as much as either the two former, though they do so innocently; I mean that dull generation of story-tellers. My friend got over about half a dozen of his acquaintance, who were infected with this malady. The first day one of them sitting down, entered upon the story of Namur, which lasted until four

of the clock, their time of parting. The second day a North-Briton took possession of the discourse, which it was impossible to get out of his hands so long as the company staid together. The third day was engrossed after the same manner by a story of the same length. They at last began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treating one another, and by this means awakened out of that lethargy with which each of them had been seized for several years.

As you have somewhere declared, that extraordinary and uncommon characters of mankind are the game which you delight in, and as I look upon you to be the greatest sportsman, or, if you please, the Nimrod among this species of writers, I thought this discovery would not be unacceptable to you.

I am, Sir, &c.

## Nº CCCLXXII. WEDNESDAY, MAY 7.

—FUDET NEM OPPROBRIA NOBIS

ET DICI POTUISSE, ET NON POTUISSE REPELLI.

OVID. MET. 2. v. 759.

TO HEAR AN OPEN SLANDER, IS A CURSE;

BUT NOT TO FIND AN ANSWER, IS A WORSE.

DRYDEN.

SPECTATOR, MAY 6, 1712. A person of the parish of Covent Garden, and complained to you some time ago, that as I was tolling into the church at eleven in the morning, a crowd of quality hastened to assemble to see a puppet-show on the other side of the garden. I had at the same time a great disesteem for Mr. Powell, and the thoughtless commonwealth, as he had enticed the gentry into those rings: but let that be as it will, now convinced of the honesty and integrity of the said Mr. Powell and my; and send this to acquaint that he has given all the profits arising to-morrow night by his play of the poor charity-children's parish. I have been informed, that in Holland all persons who set up a puppet-show, or act any stage-play, be they of wood and wire, or of flesh and blood, are obliged to pay out of their gain such a proportion to the honest and industrious poor in the neighbourhood: by this means they make idleness and pleasure pay a tax to la-

bour and industry. I have been told also, that all the time of Lent, in Roman Catholic countries, the persons of condition administered to the necessities of the poor, and attended the beds of the lazars and diseased persons. Our Protestant ladies and gentlemen are so much to seek for proper ways of passing time, that they are obliged to Punchinello for knowing what to do with themselves. Since the case is so, I desire only you would entreat our people of quality, who are not to be interrupted in their pleasure, to think of the practice of any moral duty, that they would at least find some fine for their sins, and give something to these poor children; a little out of their luxury and superfluity would atone, in some measure, for the wanton use of the rest of their fortunes. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if the ladies, who haunt the cloisters and passages of the playhouse, were upon every offence obliged to pay to this excellent institution of schools of charity: this method would make offenders themselves do service to the public. But in the mean

time I desire you would publish this voluntary reparation which Mr. Powell does our parish, for the noise he has made in it by the constant rattling of coaches, drums, trumpets, triumphs, and battles. The destruction of Troy adorned with highland dances, are to make up the entertainment of all who are so well disposed as not to forbear a light entertainment, for no other reason but that it is to do a good action. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

RALPH BELLFRY.

I am credibly informed, that all the insinuations, which a certain writer made against Mr. Powell at the Bath, are false and groundless.

MR. SPECTATOR,

MY employment, which is that of a broker, leading me often into taverns about the Exchange, has given me occasion to observe a certain enormity, which I shall here submit to your animadversion. In three or four of these taverns, I have, at different times, taken notice of a precise set of people with grave countenances, short wigs, black cloaths, or dark camblet trimmed with black, and mourning gloves and hatbands, who meet on certain days at each tavern successively, and keep a sort of moving club. Having often met with their faces, and observed a certain slinking way in their dropping in one after another, I had the curiosity to enquire into their characters, being the rather moved to it by their agreeing in the singularity of their dress; and I find upon due examination they are a knot of parish-clerks, who have taken a fancy to one another, and perhaps settle the bills of mortality over their half-pints. I have so great a value and veneration for any who have but even an assenting Amen in the service of religion, that I am afraid lest these persons should incur some scandal by this practice; and would therefore, without raiillery, advise them to send the Florence and pullets home to their own houses, and not

pretend to live as well as the overseers of the poor. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

HUMPHRY TRANSFER.

MR. SPECTATOR,

MAY 6.

I Was last Wednesday night at a tavern in the city, among a set of men who call themselves the Lawyers Club. You must know, Sir, this club consists only of attorneys; and at this meeting every one proposes the cause he has then in hand to the board, upon which each member gives his judgment according to the experience he has met with. If it happens that any one puts a case of which they have had no precedent, it is noted down by the clerk Will Goosequill, (who registers all their proceedings) that one of them may go the next day with it to a counsel. This indeed is commendable, and ought to be the principal end of their meeting; but had you been there to have heard them relate their methods of managing a cause, their manner of drawing out their bills, and, in short, their arguments upon the several ways of abusing their clients, with the applause that is given to him who has done it most artfully, you would before now have given your remarks on them. They are so conscious that their discourses ought to be kept a secret, that they are very cautious of admitting any person who is not of their profession. When any who are not of the law are let in, the person who introduces him, says, he is a very honest gentleman, and he is taken in, as their cant is, to pay costs. I am admitted upon the recommendation of one of their principals, as 'a very honest, good-natured fellow,' that will never be in a plot, and only desires to drink his bottle and smoke his pipe. You have formerly remarked upon several sorts of clubs; and as the tendency of this is only to increase fraud and deceit, I hope you will please to take notice of it. I am (with respect) your humble servant,

H. R.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCLXXIII. THURSDAY, MAY 8.

FALLIT ENIM VITIUM SPECIE VIRTUTIS ET UMBRA.

JUV. SAT. XIV. V. 109.

VICE OFT IS HID IN VIRTUE'S FAIR DISGUISE,  
AND IN HER BORROW'D FORM ESCAPES ENQUIRING EYES.

**M**R. Locke, in his Treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two chapters upon the Abuse of Words. The first and most palpable abuse of words, he says, is, when they are used without clear and distinct ideas: the second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady in the application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the result of our contemplations and reasonings, while we have no precise ideas fixed to our words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this inconvenience, more especially in moral discourses, where the same word should constantly be used in the same sense, he earnestly recommends the use of definitions. 'A definition,' says he, 'is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known.' He therefore accuses those of great negligence, who discourse of moral things with the least obscurity in the terms they make use of, since upon the forementioned ground he does not scruple to say, that he thinks 'morality' is capable of demonstration as well as 'the mathematics.'

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than those two, Modesty and Assurance. To say, such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good-breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, 'A man of assurance,' though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of modesty from being confounded with that of sheepishness, and to hinder impudence from passing for assurance.

If I was put to define modesty, I would call it, 'The reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.'

For this reason a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in the closet, as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father, but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved by this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take assurance to be 'the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind.' That which generally gives a man assurance is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to dispute the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

5 C 2

A man

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the prince above-mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain, that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say a Modest Assurance; by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

\* I shall conclude with observing, that

as the same man may be both  
and assured, so it is also possible  
same person to be both impud  
bashful.

We have frequent instances of an odd kind of mixture in people of improved minds and mean education, though they are not able to meet the eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villainies, or most indecencies.

Such a person seems to have resolution to do ill even in spite self, and in defiance of all those and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his

Upon the whole, I would establish this maxim, that the love of virtue is the most proper means to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always to shelter itself in one of the excuses, and is sometimes attended with

Nº CCCLXXIV. FRIDAY, MAY 9.

NIL ACTUM REPUTANS SI QUID SUPERESSET AGENDUM.

LUC. LIB. II. V. 6

HE RECKONS NOT THE PAST, WHILE AUGHT REMAIN'D  
GREAT TO BE DONE, OR MIGHTY TO BE GAIN'D.

Row:

**T**HERE is a fault, which, though common, wants a name. It is the very contrary to procrastination : as we lose the present hour by delaying from day to day to execute what we ought to do immediately ; so most of us take occasion to sit still and throw away the time in our possession, by retrospect on what is past, imagining we have already acquitted ourselves, and established our characters in the sight of mankind. But when we thus put a value upon ourselves for what we have already done, any farther than to explain ourselves in order to assist our future conduct, that will give us an over-weening opinion of our merit to the prejudice of our present industry. The great rule, methinks, should be to manage the instant in which we stand, with fortitude, equanimity, and moderation, according to men's respective circumstances. If our past actions reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own severe reflections so effectually as by a contrary

behaviour. If they are praised, the memory of them is of no use and suitably to them. Thus present behaviour is an implication for any miscarriage in what but present slackness will not for past activity. Time has slipped up all that we contemporaries terday, as irrevocably as its actions of the antediluvians: are again awake, and what do to-day, which passes while yet speaking? Shall we remember of last night, or resolve exercise of virtue to-morrow? It is certainly gone, and to-morrow never arrive: this instant make. Can you oblige any man of his virtue? Do it immediately. visit a sick friend? Will it re-see you enter, and suspend ease and pleasure to comfort his, and hear the importunate wretch in pain? Do not slacken, but be gone. Your mi-

bring sorrow, and your bottle madness: go to neither.—Such virtues and diversions as these are mentioned because they occur to all men. But every man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the use of the present moment, and resolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable folly. What I attempted to consider, was the mischief of setting such a value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a man have filled all the offices of life with the highest dignity until yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to-day, he must expect he will in the effects upon his reputation be considered as the man who died yesterday. The man, who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a press of people; those before him intercept his progress, and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. Cæsar, of whom it was said, 'that he thought nothing done while there was any thing left for him to do,' went on in performing the greatest exploits, without assuming to himself a privilege of taking rest upon the foundation of the merit of his former actions. It was the manner of that glorious captain to write down what scenes he passed through, but it was rather to keep his affairs in method, and capable of a clear review in case they should be examined by others, than that he built a renown upon any thing that was past. I shall produce two fragments of his, to demonstrate, that it was his rule of life to support himself rather by what he should perform, than what he had done already. In the tablet which he wore about him the same year in which he obtained the battle of Pharsalia, there were found these loose notes for his own conduct: it is supposed, by the circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the evening of the same night.

'My part is now but begun, and my glory must be sustained by the use I make of this victory; otherwise my loss will be greater than that of Pompey. Our personal reputation will rise or fall as we bear our respective fortunes. All my private enemies among the prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this,

'in order to obtain such another day. Trebutius is ashamed to see me: I will go to his tent and be reconciled in private. Give all the men of honour who take part with me, the terms I offered before the battle. Let them owe this to their friends who have been long in my interests. Power is weakened by the full use of it, but extended by moderation. Galbinus is proud, and will be servile in his present fortune: let him wait. Send for Stertinius: he is modest, and his virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled my heart with reflection, and am fit to rejoice with the army to-morrow. He is a popular general who can expose himself like a private man during a battle; but he is more popular who can rejoice but like a private man after a victory.'

What is particularly proper for the example of all who pretend to industry in the pursuit of honour and virtue, is, that this hero was more than ordinary solicitous about his reputation, when a common mind would have thought itself in security, and given itself a loose to joy and triumph. But though this is a very great instance of his temper, I must confess I am more taken with his reflections, when he retired to his closet in some disturbance upon the repeated ill omens of Calphurnia's dream the night before his death. The literal translation of that fragment shall conclude this paper.

'Be it so then. If I am to die to-morrow, that is what I am to do to-morrow: it will not be then, because I am willing it should be then; nor shall I escape it, because I am unwilling. It is in the gods when, but in myself how I shall die. If Calphurnia's dreams are fumes of indigestion, how shall I behold the day after to-morrow? If they are from the gods, their admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their decree, but to meet it. I have lived to a fulness of days and of glory: what is there that Cæsar has not done with as much honour as ancient heroes? Cæsar has not yet died; Cæsar is prepared to die.'



N<sup>o</sup> CCCLXXV. SATURDAY, MAY 10.

NON POSSIDENTEM MULTA VOCABERIS  
 RECTE BEATUM: RECTIUS OCCUPAT  
 NOMEN BEATI, QUI DEORUM  
 MUNERIBUS SAPIENTER UTI,  
 DURAMQUE CALLET FAUPERIEM PATI,  
 PEJUSQUE LETHO FLAGITIUM TIMET.

HOR. OD. IX. L. IV. V. 45.

WE BARBAROUSLY CALL THEM BLEST,  
 WHO ARE OF LARGEST TENEMENTS POSSEST,  
 WHILE SWELLING COFFERS BREAK THEIR OWNERS REST. }  
 MORE TRULY HAPPY THOSE, WHO CAN  
 GOVERN THAT LITTLE EMPIRE, MAN:  
 WHO SPEND THEIR TREASURE FREELY, AS 'T WAS GIVEN  
 BY THE LARGE BOUNTY OF INDULGENT HEAVEN:  
 WHO, IN A FIX'D, UNALTERABLE STATE, }  
 SMILE AT THE DOUBTFUL TIDE OF FATE,  
 AND SCORN ALIKE HER FRIENDSHIP AND HER HATES  
 WHO POISON LESS THAN FALSHOOD FEAR,  
 LOATH TO PURCHASE LIFE SO DEAR.

STEPNEY.

**I** Have more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of Seneca the philosopher, that a virtuous person struggling with misfortunes, and rising above them, is an object on which the gods themselves may look down with delight. I shall therefore set before my reader a scene of this kind of distress in private life, for the speculation of this day.

An eminent citizen who had lived in good fashion and credit, was, by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his friends in order to support the shew of an estate when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she *did not expect him*, and surprised her in *tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness*

to receive him. To lessen their expense their eldest daughter, (whom I shall call Amanda) was sent into the country the house of an honest farmer, who married a servant of the family. The young woman was apprehensive of ruin which was approaching, and privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of passed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when she left the manor, who often called in a farmer's house as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity but from a loose education had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a design upon Amanda's virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person and having observed his growing passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a match she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations. One day as he called to see her, he found her in tears over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave her account that her father had lately stripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with some difficulty found out the cause of her grief, seized this occasion to make her a proposal, which was impossible to express. Amanda's

she found his pretensions were reasonable. She was now deserted hopes, and had no power to rush from him in the disturbance, locked herself up in her room. He immediately dispatched a messenger to her father with the following letter.

I have heard of your misfortune, and I am sorry to hear that you have lost your daughter, if she will be so good as to settle on her four hundred a-year, and to lay down the high you are now distressed. I am so ingenuous as to tell you that I intend marriage: but if you are willing to use your authority with me, but desiring him to call again in the morning, she wrote to her daughter.

Her father came to the hands of Amanda; she opened and read it with surprise and concern. She did not know how to explain herself to the messenger, but desiring him to call again in the morning, she wrote to her daughter.

My child,  
My father and I have just now received a letter from a gentleman who has come to you, with a proposal that I may be your mistress, and would throw me into a degree of misery than any other that has come upon us. How barbarous a man think that that the parents would be tempted to consent to want by giving up the best of their daughter to infamy and ruin? It is a cruel artifice to make this promise when he thinks our necessity will compel us to any thing; I will not eat the bread of shame; are we charge thee not to think of avoiding the share which is due to virtue. Beware of pitying me, for I had as you have perhaps

All things will yet be well, I will write my child better news, I am interrupted; I know not how to move to say things would I was going on I was startled of one that knocked at the door which brought us an unexpected debt which has long been due! I will now tell thee all. I say I have lived almost with-

our support, having conveyed what little money I could raise to your poor father. Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will be soon at liberty. That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no companion at present besides little Fanny, who stands watching my looks as I write, and is crying for her sister: she says she is sure you are not well, having discovered that my present trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my sorrows to grieve thee. No, it is to intreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear cheerfully an affliction which we have not brought on ourselves, and remember there is a Power who can better deliver us out of it, than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear child. Thy affectionate mother—

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the letter, privately to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress: but at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to see her were in vain, until she was assured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that she would read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention: her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle which he now wrote to Amanda's mother.

MADAM,

I Am full of shame, and will never forgive myself, if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the

the afflicted; nor could anything, but my being a stranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a son. You cannot be unhappy while Amanda is your daughter: nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, which is in the power of, Madam, your most obedient, humble servant—.

This letter he sent by his steward, and

soon after went up to town him complete the generous act he had resolved on. By his friendship and assistance, Amanda's father was quick in a condition of retrieving his perished affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and making himself happy by an alliance with their virtues.

## Nº CCCLXXVI. MONDAY, MAY 12.

—FAVORE EX PYTHAGOREO.

PERS. SAT. VI. V. II.

FROM THE PYTHAGOREAN PEACOCK.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have observed that the officer you some time ago appointed as inspector of signs has not done his duty so well as to give you an account of very many strange occurrences in the public streets which are worthy of, but have escaped your notice. Among all the oddnesses which I have ever met with, that which I am now telling you of gave me most delight. You must have observed that all the criers in the street attract the attention of the passengers, and of the inhabitants in the several parts, by something very particular in their tone itself, in the dwelling upon a note, or else making themselves wholly unintelligible by a scream. The person I am so delighted with has nothing to sell, but very gravely receives the bounty of the people, for no other merit but the homage they pay to his manner of signifying to them that he wants a subsidy. You must, sure, have heard speak of an old man, who walks about the city, and that part of the suburbs which lies beyond the Tower, performing the office of a day-watchman, followed by a goose, which bears the bob of his ditty, and confirms what he says with a Quack, Quack. I gave little heed to the mention of this known circumstance, until being the other day in those quarters, I passed by a decrepid old fellow with a pole in his hand, who just then was bawling out, 'Half an hour after one of the clock!' and immediately a dirty goose behind him made her response, Quack, Quack. I could not forbear attending this grave procession for the length of half a street,

with no small amazement to find the whole place so familiarly acquainted with a melancholy midnight voice at day, giving them the hour, and striking them of the departure of time, bounce at their doors. While I was struck of this novelty, I went into a friend's house, and told him how I was delighted with their whimsical monitor and equipage. My friend gave me a short story; and interrupted my commendation of the man, by telling me the lives of these two animals is purchased by the good parts of the goose to the leader; for it seems the person who walked before her was a watchman in that neighbourhood; and the goose herself, by frequently hearing his tone of her natural vigilance, not only served, but answered it very regularly from time to time. The watchman so affected with it, that he bought and has taken her in partner, only to keep their hours of duty from night to day. The town has come into it, and now live very comfortably. This is the matter of fact: now I desire you, who are a profound philosopher, to consider the alliance of instinct and reason. Your speculation may turn very naturally to the force the superior part of man may have upon the spirits of such like this watchman, may be very near the standard of geese. And you add to this practical observation, that all ages and times the world has been tried away by odd unaccountable creatures which one would think would pass for no creature which had reason; and yet the symbol of this goose, and

to the manner and method of creatures, with their eyes open, thick and thin, for they know it, they know not why. which is humbly submitted to editorial wisdom, by, Sir, your humble servant,

MICHAEL GANDER.

SPECTATOR,

for several years had under my the government and education of adies, which trust I have endeavored to discharge with due regard to several capacities and fortunes: I felt nothing undone to imprint in one of them an humble courteous companioned with a graceful behavior, and have made them pretty acquainted with the household partly affairs; but still I find there is wanting very much in the air adies, different from what I observe those that are esteemed your fine-men. Now, Sir, I must own to never suffered my girls to learn to dance; but since I have read your discourse of dancing, where you have described the beauty and spirit there is in motion, I own myself your convinced resolve for the future to give young ladies that accomplishment. In imparting my design to their I have been made very uneasy of time, because several of them declared, that if I did not make the matter they recommended, would take away their children.

There was Colonel Jumper's lady, a colonel of the trainbands, that has a great interest in her parish; she recommends Mr. Trot for the prettiest master in town, that no man teaches a jig like him, that she has seen him rise six or seven capers together with the greatest ease imaginable, and that his scholars twist themselves more ways than the scholars of any master in town: besides there is Madam Prim, an alderman's lady, recommends a master of her own name, but she declares he is not of their family, yet a very extraordinary man in his way; for besides a very soft air he has in dancing, he gives them a particular behaviour at a tea-table, and in presenting their snuff-box, to twirl, slip, or flirt a fan, and how to place patches to the best advantage, either for fat or lean, long or oval faces: for my lady says there is more in these things than the world imagines. But I must confess the major part of those I am concerned with, leave it to me. I desire therefore, according to the inclosed direction, you would send your correspondent who has writ to you on that subject to my house. If proper application this way can give innocence new charms, and make virtue legible in the countenance, I shall spare no charge to make my scholars in their very features and limbs bear witness how careful I have been in the other parts of their education. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

RACHEL WATCHFUL.

T

## Nº CCCLXXVII. TUESDAY, MAY 13.

QUID QUISQUE VITET, NUNQUAM HOMINI SATIS  
CAUTUM EST IN HORAS.

HOR. OD. XIII. L. 2. V. 13.

WHAT EACH SHOULD FLY, IS SELDOM KNOWN;  
WE, UNPROVIDED, ARE UNDONE.

CREECH.

'E was the mother of poetry, and still produces among the most and barbarous, a thousand imitations and poetical complaints. As a footman talk like Oronoko converts a brutal rustic into a swain. The most ordinary plebeian mechanic in love, bleeds and dyes with a certain elegance and softness of sentiments which this passion inspirits.

*inward languishings of a mind*

infected with this softness, have given birth to a phrase which is made use of by all the melting tribe, from the highest to the lowest, I mean that of 'dying for love.'

Romances, which owe their very being to this passion, are full of these metaphorical deaths. Heroes and heroines, knights, squires, and damsels, are all of them in a dying condition. There is the same kind of mortality in our modern tragedies, where every one gasps, faints,

faints, bleeds, and dies. Many of the poets, to describe the execution which is done by this passion, represent the fair-sex as basilisks that destroy with their eyes; but I think Mr. Cowley has with great justness of thought compared a beautiful woman to a porcupine, that sends an arrow from every part.

I have often thought, that there is no way so effectual for the cure of this general infirmity, as a man's reflecting upon the motives that produce it. When the passion proceeds from the sense of any virtue or perfection in the person beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a man considers that all his heavy complaints of wounds and deaths rise from some little affectations of coquetry, which are improved into charms by his own fond imagination, the very laying before himself the cause of his distemper, may be sufficient to effect the cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several bundles of letters which I have received from dying people, and composed out of them the following bill of mortality, which I shall lay before my reader without any farther preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several places where there is most danger, and those fatal arts which are made use of to destroy the heedless and unwary.

Lysander, slain at a puppet-show on the third of September.

Thirlis, shot from a casement in Piccadilly.

T. S. wounded by Zelinda's scarlet stocking, as she was stepping out of a coach.

Will. Simple, smitten at the opera by the glance of an eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

Tho. Vainlove, lost his life at a ball.

Tim. Tattle, killed by the tap of a fan on his left shoulder by Coquetilla, as he was talking carelessly with her in a bow-window.

Sir Simon Softly, murdered at the playhouse in Drury Lane by a frown:

Philander, mortally wounded by Cleora, as she was adjusting her tucker.

Ralph Gapley, Esq. hit by a random shot at the ring.

F. R. caught his death upon the water, April the first.

W. W. killed by an unl that was playing with e upon the side of the front-Lane.

Sir Christopher Crazy, the brush of a whalebone p Sylvius, shot through t fan at St. James's church.

Damon, struck through a diamond necklace.

Thomas Trusty, Francis William Meanwell, Esqrs. standing in a row, t the same time by an ogle Trapland.

Tom Rattle, chancing a lady's tail as he came o house, she turned full u laid him dead upon the sp

Dick Tastewell, slain b the Queen's box in the thi Trip to the Jubilee.

Samuel Felt, haberdas in his walks to Islington, fanna Crossstitch, as she w over a stile.

R, F. T, W. S, I. M. to death in the last birth-

Roger Blinko, cut off i first year of his age by a

Musidorus, slain by flew out of a dimple in cheek.

Ned Courtly, presentin her glove (which she h purpose) she received it, his life with a curtly.

John Gosselin, having r hurt from a pair of blue making his escape was d smile.

Strephon, killed by C looked down into the pit

Charles Careless, shot of fifteen, who unexpecte head upon him out of a

Josiah Wither, aged three, sent to his long h beth Jetwell, spinster.

Jack Freelove, murde in her hair.

William Wifecare, G a flood of tears by Moh

John Pleadwell, Esq. Temple, barrister at law his chambers the 6th inst who pretended to come advice.





N<sup>o</sup> CCCLXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, MAY 14.

AGGREDERE, O MAGNOS, ADERIT JAM TEMPUS HONORES.

VIRG. ECL. IV. v. 48.

MATURE IN YEARS, TO READY HONOURS MOVE.

DRYDEN.

I Will make no apology for entertaining the reader with the following poem, which is written by a great genius, a friend of mine, in the country, who is not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker.

## M E S S I A H.

A SACRED ECLOGUE, COMPOSED OF SEVERAL PASSAGES OF ISAIAH THE PROPHET.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song,  
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.  
 The mossy fountains, and the Sylvan shades,  
 The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,  
 Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,  
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!  
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun,  
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!  
 From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise,  
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies;  
 Th' æthereal spirit o'er it's leaves shall move,  
 And on it's top descends the mystic Dove.  
 Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!  
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;  
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;  
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
 And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend.  
 Swift fly the years; and rise th' expected morn!  
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!  
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:  
 See lefty Lebanon his head advance,  
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance,  
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,  
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfume the skies!  
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;  
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears;  
 A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,  
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.  
 Lo Earth receives him from the bending skies!  
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise!  
 With heads inclin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;  
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!  
 The SAVIOUR comes! by ancient bards foretold:  
 Hear him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!  
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.

Isaiah, Cap. 31.  
ver. 1.

Cap. 45. ver. 8.

Cap. 25. ver. 4.

Cap. 9. ver. 7.

Cap. 35. ver. 2.

Cap. 40. ver.  
3, 4.Cap. 42. ver. 18.  
Cap. 35. ver.  
3, 6.

Tia



- 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:  
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe;  
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,  
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear,
- Cap. 25. ver. 8. In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,  
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
- Cap. 40. ver. 11. As the good Shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
 Seeks freshest pastures and the purest air,  
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,  
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,  
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:  
 Mankind shall thus his guardian care engage,  
 The promis'd Father of the future age.
- Cap. 9. ver. 6. No more shall nation against nation rise,  
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,  
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;  
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
 And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.
- Cap. 65. ver. 21, 22. Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son  
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;  
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
- Cap. 35. ver. 3, 7. The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,  
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear:  
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
- Cap. 41. ver. 19. Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,  
 and Cap. 55. ver. 13. The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:  
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,  
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
- Cap. 11. ver. 6, 7, 8. The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;  
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.  
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake;  
 Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,  
 And with their forked tongue and pointless sting shall play.
- Cap. 60. ver. 1. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!  
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
- Cap. 60. ver. 4. See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;  
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn  
 In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
- Cap. 60. ver. 3. See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;  
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
- Cap. 60. ver. 6. And heap'd with products of Sabeen springs!  
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
 See Heav'n it's sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
- Cap. 60. ver. 19, 20. No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn,

But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
 O'erflow thy courts: The *Light Himself* shall shine  
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!  
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
 But fix'd His word, His saving pow'r remains:  
 Thy Realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns. T

Cap. 51. ver. 6.  
 and Cap. 54.  
 v. 10.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCLXXIX. THURSDAY, MAY 15.

SCIRE TUUM NINIL EST NISI TE SCIRE NOC SCIAT ALTER.

PERS. SAT. I. v. 27.

SCIENCE IS NOT SCIENCE TILL REVEAL'D.

DRYDEN.

I have often wondered at that ill-natured position which has been times maintained in the schools, is compris'd in an old Latin verse, ely, that 'a man's knowledge is with nothing if he communicates at he knows to any one besides.' There is certainly no more sensible pleasure to a good-natured man, than if he by any means gratify or inform the of another. I might add, that virtue naturally carries it's own rd along with it, since it is almost ssible it should be exercised without nprovement of the person who prac- it. The reading of books, and aily occurrences of life, are conti- y furnishing us with matter for ght and reflection. It is extremely al for us to desire to see such our ghts put into the dress of words, ut which indeed we can scarce have ar and distinct idea of them our- : when they are thus cloathed in fions, nothing so truly shews us her they are just or false, as those s which they produce in the minds hers. m apt to flatter myself, that in the e of these my speculations, I have d of several subjects, and laid down such rules for the conduct of a s life, which my readers were either ly ignorant of before, or which at those few, who were acquainted them, looked upon as so many fe- they have found out for the con- of themselves, but were resolv'd to have made public. m the more confirm'd in this opi- from my having received several , wherein I am censur'd for hav- olituted Learning to the embraces

of the vulgar, and made her, as one of my correspondents phrases it, a common strumpet: I am charg'd by another with laying open the arcana, or secrets of prudence, to the eyes of every reader.

The narrow spirit which appears in the letters of these my correspondents is the less surprising, as it has shewn itself in all ages: there is still extant an epistle written by Alexander the Great to his tutor Aristotle, upon that philosopher's publishing some part of his writings; in which the prince complains of his having made known to all the world those secrets in learning which he had before communicated to him in private lectures; concluding, That he had rather excel the rest of mankind in knowledge than in power.

Louisa de Padilla, a lady of great learning, and Countess of Aranda, was in like manner angry with the famous Gratian, upon his publishing his treatise of the Discreto; wherein she fancied that he had laid open those maxims to common readers, which ought only to have been reserved for the knowledge of the great.

These objections are thought by many of so much weight, that they often defend the above-mentioned authors, by affirming they have affected such an obscurity in their stile and manner of writing, that though every one may read their works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their meaning.

Persius, the Latin satirist, affected obscurity for another reason; with which however Mr. Cowley is so offended, that writing to one of his friends — 'You,' says he, 'tell me, that you do not know whether Persius be a good poet or no, because you cannot understand

understand him; for which very reason I affirm that he is not so.'

However, this art of writing unintelligibly has been very much improved, and followed by several of the moderns, who observing the general inclination of mankind to dive into a secret, and the reputation many have acquired by concealing their meaning under obscure terms and phrases, resolve, that they may be still more abstruse, to write without any meaning at all. This art, as it is at present practised by many eminent authors, consists in throwing so many words at a venture into different periods, and leaving the curious reader to find the meaning of them.

The Egyptians, who made use of hieroglyphics to signify several things, expelled a man who confined his knowledge and discoveries altogether within himself, by the figure of a dark lathorn closed on all sides, which, though it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of light or advantage to such as stood by it. For my own part, as I shall from time to time communicate to the public whatever discoveries I happen to make, I should much rather be compared to an ordinary lamp, which consumes and waits itself for the benefit of every passer-by.

I shall conclude this paper with the story of Rosicrucius's sepulchre. I suppose I need not inform my readers that this man was the author of the Rosicrucian sect, and that his disciples still pretend to new discoveries which they are never to communicate to the rest of mankind.

A certain person having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the ground, where this philosopher lay interred, met with a small door, having a wall on each side of it. His curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately surprised by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a very fair vault: at the upper end of it was a statue of a man in armour sitting by a table, and leaning on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no sooner set one foot within the vault, than the statue erecting itself from its leaning posture, stood bolt upright; and upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in his right hand. The man still ventured a third step, when the statue with a furious blow broke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left his guest in a sudden darkness.

Upon the report of this adventure, the country people soon came with lights to the sepulchre, and discovered that the statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work; that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid with several springs, which, upon any man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened.

Rosicrucius, say his disciples, made use of this method, to shew the world that he had re-invented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients, though he was resolved no one should reap any advantage from the discovery.

X

Nº CCCLXXX. FRIDAY, MAY 16.

RIVALEM PATIENTER HABE.

OID. *ARS AM.* L. II. V. 538.

WITH PATIENCE BEAR A RIVAL IN THY LOVE.

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1712.

THE character you have in the world of being the lady's philosopher, and the pretty advice I have seen you give to others in your papers, make me desire myself to you in this abrupt manner, and to desire your opinion what in this age a woman may call a lover.

I have lately had a gentleman that I thought had some pretensions to me, inasmuch that most of my friends took notice of it and thought we were really married; which I did not take much pains to undeceive them, and especially a young gentleman of my particular acquaintance which was then in the country. She coming to town, and

intimacy so great, she gave liberty of taking me to task for it: I ingenuously told her not married, but I did not at might be the event. She acquainted with the gentleman, seemed to take upon her to enquire about it. Now whether a had made a greater conquest old, I will leave you to judge: informed that he utterly deprentensions to courtship, but fessed a sincere friendship for whether marriages are proway of friendship or not, is fire to know, and what I may l a lover. There are so many in a language fit only for that, and yet guard themselves eaking in direct terms to the it it is impossible to distinguish courtship and conversation. I will do me justice both upon and my friend, if they pro further: in the mean time I with so equal a behaviour, that hand the swain too are mightily; each believes I, who know h well, think myself revenged ve to one another, which cre-reconcilable jealousy. If all ght again, you shall hear fur- 1, Sir, your most obedient ser-

MYRTILLA.

APRIL 28, 1712.

SPECTATOR,  
Your observations on persons that e behaved themselves irrevechurh, I doubt not have had effect on some that have read ut there is another fault which rto escaped your notice, I mean persons as are very zealous and to perform an emulation that reparatory to the service of the and yet neglect to join in the self. There is an instance of friend of Will Honeycomb's, opposite to me: he seldom until the prayers are about half d when he has entered his seat, of joining with the congrega-devoutly holds his hat before for three or four moments, then all his acquaintance, sits down, pinch of snuff, if it be evening perhaps a nap, and spends the g time in surveying the con-

gregation. Now, Sir, what I would desire, is, that you will animadvert a little on this gentleman's practice. In my opinion, this gentleman's devotion, cap-in-hand, is only a compliance to the custom of the place, and goes no farther than a little ecclesiastical good-breeding. If you will not pretend to tell us the motives that bring such triflers to solemn assemblies, yet let me desire that you will give this letter a place in your paper, and I shall remain, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

J. S.

MR. SPECTATOR, MAY THE 5th.

THE conversation at a club, of which I am a member, last night falling upon vanity and the desire of being admired, put me in mind of relating how agreeably I was entertained at my own door last Thursday by a clean fresh-coloured girl, under the most elegant and the best furnished milk-pail I had ever observed. I was glad of such an opportunity of seeing the behaviour of a coquet in low life, and how she received the extraordinary notice that was taken of her; which I found had affected every muscle of her face in the same manner as it does the feature of a first-rate toast at a play, or in an assembly. This hint of mine made the discourse turn upon the sense of pleasure; which ended in a general resolution, that the milk-maid enjoys her vanity as exquisitely as the woman of quality. I think it would not be an improper subject for you to examine this frailty, and trace it to all conditions of life; which is recommended to you as an occasion of obliging many of your readers, among the rest, your most humble servant,

T. B.

SIR,

COMING last week into a coffee-house not far from the Exchange with my basket under my arm, a Jew of considerable note, as I am informed, takes half a dozen oranges of me, and at the same time slides a guinea into my hand; I made him a curtsy, and went my way: he followed me, and finding I was going about my business, he came up with me, and told me plainly, that he gave me the guinea with no other intent but to purchase my person for an hour. 'Did you so, Sir?' says I; 'you gave it me then to make me be wicked; I will keep it to make me honest.'

' honest. However, not to be in the least ungrateful, I promise you I will lay it out in a couple of rings, and wear them for your sake.' I am so just, Sir, besides, as to give every body that asks how I came by my rings this account of my benefactor; but to save me the trouble of telling my tale over and over again, I humbly beg the favour of you so to tell it once for all, and you will extremely oblige your humble servant,

BETTY LEMON.

MAY 12, 1712.

SIR, ST. BRIDE'S, MAY 15, 1712.

IT is a great deal of pleasure to me, and I dare say will be no less satisfaction to you, that I have an opportu-

nity of informing you, that the gentlemen and others of the parish of St. Bride's, have raised a charity-school of fifty girls, as before of fifty boys. You were so kind to recommend the boys to the charitable world, and the other sex hope you will do them the same favour in Friday's Spectator for Sunday next, when they are to appear with their humble airs at the parish church of St. Bride's. Sir, the mention of this may possibly be serviceable to the children; and sure no one will omit a good action attended with no expence.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

THE SEXTON.

T

## Nº CCCLXXXI. SATURDAY, MAY 17.

ÆQUAM MEMENTO REBUS IN ARDUIS  
SERVARE MENTEM, NON SECUS IN BONIS  
AB INSOLENTI TEMPERATAM  
LÆTITIA MORITURE DELI.

HOR. OD. III. L. II. V. 1.

BE CALM, MY DELIUS, AND SERENE,  
HOWEVER FORTUNE CHANGE THE SCENE:  
IN THY MOST DEJECTED STATE,  
SINK NOT UNDERNEATH THE WEIGHT;  
NOR YET WHEN HAPPY DAYS BEGIN,  
AND THE FULL TIDE COMES ROLLING IN,  
LET A FIERCE, UNRULY JOY,  
THE SETTLED QUIET OF THY MIND DESTROY.

ANON.

I Have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is

every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great pattern of perfection was never seen to laugh.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excel-

lent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within it's influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of it's own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in it's third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all it's dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine Will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and assen-

sive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil: it is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good-humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in it's beginning. How many false congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this it's entrance into eternity, when it takes a view

N<sup>o</sup> CCCLXXXIII. TUESDAY, MAY 20.

CRIMINIBUS DEBENT MORTUI—

JUV. SAT. I. V. 75.

A BEAUTEOUS GARDEN, BUT BY VICE MAINTAIN'D.

AS I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next Spectator, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden, in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the stair-case, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below until I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden-leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, — 'You must know,' says Sir Roger, 'I never make use of any body to row me, that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar, than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg.'

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Vauxhall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right

leg, and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight in the triumph of his heart made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old knight turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. 'A most heathenish sight!' says Sir Roger: 'there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church-work is slow, church-work is slow!'

I do not remember I have any where mention'd, in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting every body that passes by him with a good-morrow, or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water; but to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us, what queer old Put we had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a wenching at his years; with a great deal of the like Thames-ribaldry, Sir Roger seemed a little

ed at first, but at length a-  
face of magistracy, told us,  
were a Middlesex justice, he  
ke such vagrants know that  
y's subjects were no more to  
by water than by land.

re now arrived at Spring Gar-  
is exquisitely pleasant at this  
re year. When I considered  
ncy of the walks and bowers,  
hoirs of birds that sung upon  
and the loose tribe of people  
ed under their shades, I could  
ok upon the place as a kind  
etan paradise. Sir Roger told  
him in mind of a little coppice  
se in the country, which his  
sed to call an aviary of night-  
'You must understand,' says  
t, 'there is nothing in the  
nat pleases a man in love so  
your nightingale. Ah, Mr.  
or! the many moon-light nights  
have walked by myself, and  
on the widow by the music  
ightingale!' He here fetched a  
and was falling into a fit of  
when a maik, who came be-

hind him, gave him a gentle tap upon  
the shoulder, and asked him if he would  
drink a bottle of mead with her? But  
the knight being startled at so unexpect-  
ed a familiarity, and displeased to be in-  
terrupted in his thoughts of the widow,  
told her, she was a wanton baggage, and  
bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass  
of Burton-ale, and a slice of hung-beef.  
When we had done eating ourselves, the  
knight called a waiter to him, and bid  
him carry the remainder to the water-  
man that had but one leg. I perceived  
the fellow stared upon him at the odd-  
ness of the message, and was going to  
be saucy; upon which I ratified the  
knight's commands with a peremptory  
look.

As we were going out of the garden,  
my old friend thinking himself obliged,  
as a member of the quorum, to animad-  
vert upon the morals of the place, told  
the mistress of the house, who sat at the  
bar, that he should be a better customer  
to her garden, if there were more night-  
ingales, and fewer strumpets.

I

## CCCLXXXIV. WEDNESDAY, MAY 21.

MAY 24, N. S. THE SAME REPUBLICAN HANDS, WHO HAVE SO OFTEN  
THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE'S RECOVERY KILLED HIM IN OUR  
PRINTS, HAVE NOW REDUCED THE YOUNG DAUPHIN OF FRANCE TO  
ESPERATE CONDITION OF WEAKNESS, AND DEATH ITSELF, THAT IT  
TO CONJECTURE WHAT METHOD THEY WILL TAKE TO BRING HIM  
E AGAIN. MEAN TIME WE ARE ASSURED BY A VERY GOOD HAND  
ARIS, THAT ON THE 20TH INSTANT, THIS YOUNG PRINCE WAS AS WELL  
HE WAS KNOWN TO BE SINCE THE DAY OF HIS BIRTH. AS FOR THE  
THEY ARE NOW SENDING HIS GHOST, WE SUPPOSE, (FOR THEY NE-  
D THE MODESTY TO CONTRADICT THE ASSERTIONS OF HIS DEATH)  
MERCI IN LORRAIN, ATTENDED ONLY BY FOUR GENTLEMEN, AND A  
MESTICS OF LITTLE CONSIDERATION. THE BARON DE BOTHMAR  
DELIVERED IN HIS CREDENTIALS TO QUALIFY HIM AS AN AMBAS-  
TO THIS STATE, (AN OFFICE TO WHICH HIS GREATEST ENEMIES WILL  
LEDGE HIM TO BE EQUAL) IS GONE TO UTRECHT, WHENCE HE WILL  
D TO HANOVER, BUT NOT STAY LONG AT THAT COURT, FOR FEAR  
ACE SHOULD BE MADE DURING HIS LAMENTED ABSENCE.

POST-BOY, MAY 20.

be thought not able to read,  
I overlook some excellent  
ly come out. My Lord Bi-  
Alaph has just now publish-  
mons, the preface to which  
e to determine a great point.  
ke a good man and a good  
in opposition to all the flattery  
ubmission of false friends to  
tested, that Christianity left us

where it found us as to our civil rights.  
The present entertainment shall consist  
only of a sentence out of the Post-boy,  
and the said preface of the Lord of St.  
Alaph. I should think it a little odd if  
the author of the Post-boy should with  
impunity call men republicans for a  
gladness on the report of the death of the  
Pretender; and treat Baron Bothmar,  
the minister of Hanover, in such a man-

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ner as you see in my motto. I must own, I think every man in England concerned to support the succession of that family.

THE publishing a few sermons, whilst I live, the latest of which was preached about eight years since, and the first above seventeen, will make it very natural for people to enquire into the occasion of doing so; and to such I do very willingly assign these following reasons.

First, from the observations I have been able to make for these many years last past, upon our public affairs, and from the natural tendency of several principles and practices, that have of late been studiously revived, and from what has followed thereupon, I could not help both fearing and presaging, that these nations would some time or other, if ever we should have an enterprising prince upon the throne, of more ambition than virtue, justice, and true honour, fall into the way of all other nations, and lose their liberty.

Nor could I help foretelling to whose charge a great deal of this dreadful mischief, whenever it should happen, would be laid; whether justly or unjustly, was not my business to determine; but I resolved, for my own particular part, to deliver myself, as well as I could, from the reproaches and the curses of posterity, by publicly declaring to all the world, that although, in the constant course of my ministry, I have never failed on proper occasions to recommend, urge, and insist upon the loving, honouring, and reverencing the prince's person, and holding it, according to the laws, inviolable and sacred; and paying all obedience and submission to the laws, though never so hard and inconvenient to private people: yet did I never think myself at liberty, or authorised to tell the people, that either Christ, St. Peter, or St. Paul, or any other holy writer, had by any doctrine delivered by them, subverted the laws and constitutions of the country in which they lived, or put them in a worse condition, with respect to their civil liberties, than they would have been, had they not been Christians. I ever thought it a most impious blasphemy against that holy religion, to father any thing upon it that might encourage tyranny, oppression, or injustice in a prince, or that easily tended to

make a free and happy people slaves and miserable. No: people may make themselves as wretched as they will, but let not God be called into that wicked party. When force and violence, and hard necessity, have brought the yoke of servitude upon a people's neck, religion will supply them with a patient and submissive spirit under it until they can innocently shake it off; but certainly religion never puts it on. This always was, and this at present is, my judgment of these matters: and I would be transmitted to posterity (for the little share of time such names as mine can live) under the character of one who loved his country, and would be thought a good Englishman, as well as a good clergyman.

This character I thought would be transmitted by the following sermons, which were made for, and preached in a private audience, when I could think of nothing else but doing my duty on the occasions that were then offered by God's providence, without any manner of design of making them public: and for that reason I give them now as they were then delivered; by which I hope to satisfy those people who have objected a change of principles to me, as if I were not now the same man I formerly was. I never had but one opinion of these matters; and that I think is so reasonable and well-grounded, that I believe I can never have any other.

Another reason of my publishing these sermons at this time is, that I have a mind to do myself some honour by doing what honour I could to the memory of two most excellent princes, and who have very highly deserved at the hands of all the people of these dominions, who have any true value for the protestant religion, and the constitution of the English government, of which they were the great deliverers and defenders. I have lived to see their illustrious names very rudely handled, and the great benefits they did this nation treated slightly and contemptuously. I have lived to see our deliverance from arbitrary power and popery, traduced and vilified by some who formerly thought it was their greatest merit, and made it part of their boast and glory, to have had a little hand and share in bringing it about; and others, who, without it, must have lived in exile, poverty, and misery, meanly disclaiming it, and using

ill the glorious instruments thereof. Who could expect such a requital of such merit? I have, I own it, an ambition of exempting myself from the number of unthankful people: and as I loved and honoured those great princes living, and lamented over them when dead, so I would gladly raise them up a monument of praise as lasting as any thing of mine can be; and I chuse to do it at this time, when it is so unfashionable a thing to speak honourably of them.

The sermon that was preached upon the Duke of Gloucester's death was printed quickly after, and is now, because the subject was so suitable, joined to the others. The loss of that most promising and hopeful prince was, at that time, I saw, unspeakably great; and many accidents since have convinced us, that it could not have been overvalued. That precious life, had it pleased God to have prolonged it the usual space, had saved us many fears and jealousies, and dark distrusts, and prevented many alarms, that have long kept us, and will keep us still waking and uneasy. Nothing remained to comfort and support us under this heavy stroke, but the necessity it brought the king and nation under of settling the succession in the house of Hanover, and giving it an hereditary right, by act of parliament, as long as it continues protestant. So much good did God, in his merciful providence, produce from a misfortune, which we could never otherwise have sufficiently deplored!

The fourth sermon was preached upon the queen's accession to the throne, and the first year in which that day was solemnly observed, (for, by some accident or other, it had been overlooked the year before;) and every one will see without the date of it, that it was preached very early in this reign, since I was able only to promise and presage it's future glories and successes, from the good appearances of things, and the happy turn our affairs began to take; and could not then count up the victories and triumphs that, for seven years after, made it, in the prophet's language,

'a name and a praise among all the people of the earth.' Never did seven such years together pass over the head of any English monarch, nor cover it with so much honour: the crown and sceptre seemed to be the queen's least ornaments; those other princes wore in common with her, and her great personal virtues were the same before and since; but such was the fame of her administration of affairs at home, such was the reputation of her wisdom and felicity in chusing ministers, and such was then esteemed their faithfulness and zeal, their diligence and great abilities in executing her commands; to such a height of military glory did her great general and her armies carry the British name abroad; such was the harmony and concord betwixt her and her allies, and such was the blessing of God upon all her counsels and undertakings, that I am as sure as history can make me, no prince of our's ever was so prosperous and successful, so beloved, esteemed, and honoured by their subjects and their friends, nor near so formidable to their enemies. We were, as all the world imagined then, just entering on the ways that promised to lead to such a peace, as would have answered all the prayers of our religious queen, the care and vigilance of a most able ministry, the payments of a willing and obedient people, as well as all the glorious toils and hazards of the soldiery; when God, for our sins, permitted the spirit of discord to go forth, and, by troubling sore the camp, the city, and the country, (and oh that it had altogether spared the places sacred to his worship!) to spoil for a time this beautiful and pleasing prospect, and give us in it's stead, I know not what—Our enemies will tell the rest with pleasure. It will become me better to pray to God to restore us to the power of obtaining such a peace, as will be to his glory, the safety, honour, and the welfare of the queen and her dominions, and the general satisfaction of all her high and mighty allies.

T  
MAY 2, 1712.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCLXXXV. THURSDAY, MAY 22.

—THESEA PECTORA JUNCTA VIDE.

OVID. TRIST. L. I. EL. III.

BREASTS THAT WITH SYMPATHIZING ARDOUR GLOW'D,  
AND HOLY FRIENDSHIP, SUCH AS THESEUS VOW'D.

I Intend the paper for this day as a loose essay upon Friendship, in which I shall throw my observations together without any set form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often said on this subject.

Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of one another. Though the pleasures and advantages of friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral writers, and are considered by all as great ingredients of human happiness, we very rarely meet with the practice of this virtue in the world.

Every man is ready to give in a long catalogue of those virtues and good qualities he expects to find in the person of a friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.

Love and esteem are the first principles of friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.

As, on the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a man whom we cannot esteem; so, on the other, though we are truly sensible of a man's abilities, we can never raise ourselves to the warmth of friendship, without an affectionate good-will towards his person.

Friendship immediately banishes envy under all its disguises. A man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter stranger to this virtue.

There is something in friendship so very great and noble, that in those fictitious stories which are invented to the honour of any particular person, the authors have thought it as necessary to make their hero a friend as a lover. Achilles has his Patroclus, and Æneas his Achates. In the first of these instances we may observe, for the reputation of the subject I am treating of, that Greece was almost ruined by the

hero's love, but was preserved friendship.

The character of Achates suggests an observation we may often on the intimacies of great men, frequently chuse their companions for the qualities of the heart than of the head, and prefer fidelity, easy, inoffensive, complying ten those endowments which make greater figure among mankind not remember that Achates, who presented as the first favourite gives his advice or strikes a blow the whole Æneid.

A friendship, which makes a noise, is very often most useful: for reason I should prefer a prudent to a zealous one.

Atticus, one of the best men of ancient Rome, was a very remarkable instance of what I am here saying. This extraordinary person, after civil wars of his country, when the designs of all parties equally to the subversion of liberty, by only preserving the esteem and affections of both the competitors, found a way to serve his friends on either side: a he sent money to young Marius, whose father was declared an enemy of the commonwealth, he was himself Sylla's chief favourite, and always that general.

During the war between Cæsar and Pompey, he still maintained a neutral conduct. After the death of Cæsar he sent money to Brutus in his private capacity and did a thousand good offices to Brutus's wife and friends when they seemed ruined. Lastly, even in the bloody war between Antony and Octavius, Atticus still kept his friendship to both: 'in fact, the first,' says Cornelius Nepos, 'ever he was absent from Rome, part of the empire, write him what he was doing; where and whither he intended to

gave him constantly an exact  
of all his affairs.

Of inclinations in every  
s so far from being requisite  
benevolence in two minds to-  
other, as it is generally ima-  
I believe we shall find some  
st friendships to have been  
between persons of different  
the mind being often pleased  
perfections which are new to  
it does not find among it's  
upliftments. Besides that a  
e measure supplies his own  
d fancies himself at second-  
ed of those good qualities  
nents, which are in the pos-  
sion who in the eye of the  
looked on as his other self.

A difficult province in friend-  
letting a man see his faults  
which should, if possible, be  
that he may perceive our  
given him not so much to  
ives as for his own advan-  
reproaches therefore of a  
d always be strictly just, and  
quent.

Ant desire of pleasing in the

person reproved, may otherwise change  
into a despair of doing it, while he finds  
himself censured for faults he is not  
conscious of. A mind that is softened  
and humanized by friendship, cannot  
bear frequent reproaches; either it must  
quite sink under the oppression, or abate  
considerably of the value and esteem it  
had for him who bestows them.

The proper business of friendship is  
to inspire life and courage; and a soul  
thus supported, outdoes itself; whereas  
if it be unexpectedly deprived of these  
succours, it droops and languishes.

We are in some measure more inex-  
cusable if we violate our duties to a  
friend than to a relation: since the for-  
mer arise from a voluntary choice, the  
latter from a necessity to which we  
could not give our own consent.

As it has been said on one side, that  
a man ought not to break with a faulty  
friend, that he may not expose the weak-  
ness of his choice; it will doubtless hold  
much stronger with respect to a worthy  
one, that he may never be upbraided  
for having lost so valuable a treasure  
which was once in his possession.

## ° CCCLXXXVI. FRIDAY, MAY 23.

IBUS SEVERE, CUM REMISSIS JUCUNDE, CUM SENIUS GRAVITER,  
CUM JUVENTUTE COMITER VIVERE. TULL,

ecc of Latin on the head of  
paper is part of a character  
icious, but I have set down  
may fall in with the rules  
d honour. Cicero spoke it  
who, he said, 'lived with  
everely, with the cheerful  
, with the old gravely, with  
pleasantly; headed, 'with  
d boldly, with the wanton  
y.' The two last instances  
lance I forbear to confi-  
it in my thoughts at pres-nt  
c of obsequious behaviour as  
a companion in pleasure,  
f design and intrigue. To  
very humour in this manner  
agreeable, except it comes  
's own temper and natural  
, to do it out of an ambition  
way, is the most fruitless  
ning prostitution imagina-  
on an artful part to obtain

no other end but an unjust praise from  
the undiscerning, is of all endeavours  
the most despicable. A man must be  
sincerely pleased to become pleasure, or  
not to interrupt that of others: for this  
reason it is a most calamitous circum-  
stance, that many people who want to  
be alone, or should be so, will come  
into conversation. It is certain, that  
all men, who are the least given to re-  
flection, are seized with an inclination  
that way; when, perhaps, they had ra-  
ther be inclined to company; but indeed  
they had better go home and be tired  
with themselves, than force themselves  
upon others to recover their good-hu-  
mour. In all this the case of commu-  
nicating to a friend a sad thought or  
difficulty, in order to relieve a heavy  
heart, stands excepted; but what is here  
meant, is that a man should always go  
with inclination to the turn of the com-  
pany he is going into, or not pretend to

he of the party. It is certainly a very happy temper to be able to live with all kinds of dispositions, because it argues a mind that lies open to receive what is pleasing to others, and not obstinately bent on any particularity of its own.

This it is which makes me pleased with the character of my good acquaintance Acasto. You meet him at the tables and conversations of the wise, the impertinent, the grave, the frolic, and the witty; and yet his own character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one sect of men; but Acasto has natural good sense, good-nature, and discretion, so that every man enjoys himself in his company; and though Acasto contributes nothing to the entertainment, he never was at a place where he was not welcome a second time. Without these subordinate good qualities of Acasto, a man of wit and learning would be painful to the generality of mankind, instead of being pleasing. Witty men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that means grow the worst companions imaginable; they deride the absent or rally the present in a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a man till he is uneasy in his seat, or ungracefully distinguished from the rest of the company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to say, the true art of being agreeable in company, (but there can be no such thing as art in it) is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained than to bring entertainment to others. A man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good companion, but essentially is such, and in all the parts of his conversation has something friendly in his behaviour, which conciliates men's minds more than the highest sallies of wit or starts of humour can possibly do. The feebleness of age in a man of this turn, has something which should be treated with respect even in a man no otherwise venerable. The forwardness of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity and not insolence, has also its allowances. The

companion, who is formed for his nature, gives to every character its due regards, and is ready to atone for their imperfections, and their accomplishments as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive law from, and not give it to your company, to make you agreeable.

I remember Tully, speaking, I think Antony, says, that, '*in eo quod erant, quæ nullâ arte tradi possent*.' He had a witty mirth, which could be 'acquired by no art.' This must be of the kind of which I am speaking; for all sorts of behaviour which depend upon observation and knowledge of life, is to be acquired but that which no one can describe is apparently the act of nature, and every where prevalent, because wherever it meets is a fit occasion for it; for he, who follows nature, can never be improper or unseasonable.

How unaccountable then must be his behaviour he, who, without any notion of consideration of what the company they have just now entered are giving themselves the air of a mess, and make as distinct relations of occurrences they last met with, they had been dispatched from the company they talk to, to be punctually exact a report of those circumstances unpardonable to those who are to enjoy one another, that a friend shall pop in, and give us only a part of his own life, and put a flourish during the history. If a man comes from Change, whether he will or not, you must hear he has lost his stocks go; and though you are not directly employed on a graver subject, a young fellow of the other end of town will take his place, and tell Mrs. Such-a one is charmingly well, some, because he just now saw her. I think I need not dwell on this subject, since I have acknowledged that there can be no rules made for excellent way; and precepts of this kind for rules for writing poetry, which I have said, may have prevented ill poets never made good ones.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCLXXXVII. SATURDAY, MAY 24.

QUID PURE TRANQUILLET—

HOR. EP. XVIII. L. I. V. 102.

WHAT CALMS THE BREAST, AND MAKES THE MIND SERENE.

my last Saturday's paper I spoke of cheerfulness as it is a moral habit of mind, and accordingly mentioned moral motives as are apt to cherish it alive in this happy temper in the human mind: I shall now consider cheerfulness in its natural state, and reflect on those motives to it, which are indifferently either as to virtue or vice.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the promoter of health. Repinings and murmurs of heart, give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres which the vital parts are composed of; wear out the machine insensibly; do mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and irregular disturbed motions, which raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to meet with many old men, or with those who (to use our English phrase) are well, that had not at least a share in indolence in their humour, if not more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, that cheerfulness mutually begets sloth; with this difference, that sloth seldom meets with a great degree of health, which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly relation to the mind as to the body: it frees all anxious care and discommodities, soothes and composes the passions, keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. Having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, of the world, in which we are placed, filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the uni-

verse, and produces all the necessities of life, has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination, as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner. All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight: on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain, for which reason the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of Cheerful.

To consider further this double end in the works of Nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to

hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman after the same manner is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landkip, and making every thing smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but the harvest, and increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a cheerful temper, as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions; and which may sufficiently show us that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this of temper, as it is a virtue countrymen are observed to possess more than any other nation. Choly is a kind of demon of our island, and often comes in an easterly wind. French novelists, in opposition to who begin their romantic story in the flowery season of the year, thus: 'In the gloom of November, when the plain land hang and drown the disconsolate lover walking the fields,' &c.

Every one ought to ferret out the temper of his climate or country, and frequently to indulge those considerations which conduce to a serenity of mind, and to bear up cheerfully against evils and misfortunes common to human nature, an improvement of themselves to a satiety of joy, and an increase of happiness.

At the same time that I beg my reader to consider the most agreeable lights, I mention are many evils which nature has up amidst the entertainments provided for us; but the considered, should be far from filling the mind with sorrow, that cheerfulness of temper have been recommending a sprinkling of evil with good with pleasure, in the world is very truly ascribed by in his Essay on Human Understanding to a moral reason, in the following words:

'Beyond all this, we have another reason why God has made us up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the various conditions of our life, to mix them together, in almost all our thoughts and senses have that we find imperfect satisfaction, and want of content, in all the enjoyments which creatures can afford us, to seek it in the enjoyment with whom there is full satisfaction, and at whose right-hand we sit for evermore.'

N<sup>o</sup> CCCLXXXVIII. MONDAY, MAY 26.

TIBI RES ANTIQUÆ LAUDIS ET ARTIS  
INGREDIOR: SANCTOS AUSUS RECLUDERE FONTES.

VIRG. GEORG. II. V. 174.

FOR THEE, I DARE UNLOCK THE SACRED SPRING,  
AND ARTS DISCLOS'D BY ANCIENT SAGES SING.

MR. SPECTATOR,

IT is my custom, when I read your papers, to read over the quotations in the authors from whence you take them: as you mentioned a passage lately out of the second chapter of Solomon's Song, it occasioned my looking into it; and upon reading it I thought the ideas so exquisitely soft and tender, that I could not help making this paraphrase of it; which, now it is done, I can as little forbear sending to you. Some marks of your approbation, which I have already received, have given me so sensible a taste of them, that I cannot forbear endeavouring after them as often as I can with any appearance of success. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER OF SOLOMON'S SONG.

I.

AS when in Sharon's field the blushing rose  
Does it's chaste bosom to the morn disclose,  
Whilst all around the Zephyrs bear  
The fragrant odours through the air:  
Or as the lily in the shady vale,  
Does o'er each flow'r with beauteous pride  
prevail,  
And stands with dews and kindest sun-shine  
blest,  
In fair pre-eminence, superior to the rest:  
So if my love, with happy influence, shed  
His eyes bright sun-shine on his lover's head,  
Then shall the rose of Sharon's field,  
And whitest lilies to my beauties yield.  
Then fairest flow'rs with studious art com-  
bine,

The roses with the lilies join,  
And their united charms are less than mine.

II.

As much as fairest lilies can surpass  
A thorn in beauty, or in height the grass;  
So does my love among the virgins shine,  
Adorn'd with graces more than half divine;  
Or as a tree, that, glorious to behold,  
Is hung with apples all of ruddy gold,  
Hesperian fruit; and beautifully high,  
Extends it's branches to the sky;

So does my love the virgins' eyes invite:  
'Tis he alone can fix their wand'ring sight,  
Among ten thousand eminently bright.

III.

Beneath his pleasing shade  
My wearied limbs at ease I laid,  
And on his fragrant boughs reclin'd my  
head.  
I pull'd the golden fruit with eager haste;  
Sweet was the fruit, and pleasing to the taste:  
With sparkling wine he crown'd the bowl,  
With gentle exaltes he fill'd my soul;  
Joyous we sat beneath the shady grove,  
And o'er my head he hung the banners of his  
love.

IV.

I faint! I die! my labouring breast  
Is with the mighty weight of love oppress'd;  
I feel the fire press'd to my heart,  
And pain convey'd to ev'ry part.  
Thro' all my veins the passion flies,  
My feeble soul forsakes it's place,  
A trembling faintness seals my eyes,  
And paleness dwells upon my face:  
Oh! let my love with pow'ful odours stay  
My fainting love-sick soul, that dies away;  
One hand beneath me let him place,  
With t'other press me in a chaste embrace.

V.

I charge you, nymphs of Sion, as you go  
Arm'd with the sounding quiver and the bow,  
Whilst thro' the lone some woods you rove,  
You ne'er disturb my sleeping love;  
Be only gentle Zephyrs there,  
With downy wings to fan the air;  
Let sacred silence dwell around,  
To keep off each intruding sound:  
And when the balmy slumber leaves his eyes,  
May he to joys, unknown till then, arise.

VI.

But see! he comes! with what majestic gait  
He onward bears his lovely state!  
Now thro' the lattice he appears,  
With softest words dispels my fears;  
Arise, my fair-one, and receive  
All the pleasures love can give,  
For now the sultry winter's past,  
No more we fear the northern blast:  
No stormy threatening clouds appear,  
No falling rains deform the year.  
My love admits of no delay,  
Arise, my fair, and come away.

VII. Already



## VII.

Already see the teeming earth  
Brings forth the flow'rs, her beauteous birth.

The dews, and soft-descending show'rs,  
Nurse the new-born tender flow'rs.  
Hark! the birds melodious sing,  
And sweetly usher in the spring.  
Close by his fellow sits the dove,  
And billing whispers her his love.  
The spreading vines with blossoms swell,  
Diffusing round a grateful smell.  
Arise my fair one and receive  
All the blessings love can give:  
For love admits of no delay,  
Arise, my fair, and come away.

## VIII.

As to it's mate the constant dove  
Flies thro' the covert of the spicy grove,  
So let us hasten to some lonely shade,  
There let me fate in thy lov'd arms be  
laid,

Where no intruding hateful noise  
Shall damp the sound of thy melodious  
voice;

Where I may gaze, and mark each beauteous  
grace:

For sweet thy voice, and lovely is thy face.

## IX.

As all of me, my love, is thine,  
Let all of thee be ever mine.  
Among the lilies we will play,  
Fairer my love, thou art than they;  
Till the purple morn arise,  
And balmy sleep forsake thine eyes;  
Till the gladfome beams of day  
Remove the shades of night away;  
Then when soft sleep shall from thy eyes de-  
part,  
Rise like the bounding roe, or lusty hart,  
Glad to behold the light again  
From Bether's mountains darting o'er the  
plain. T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCLXXXIX. TUESDAY, MAY 27.

— MELIORA PII DOCUERE PARENTES.

HOR.

THEIR PIOUS SIRS A BETTER LESSON TAUGHT.

**N**OTHING has more surpris'd the learned in England, than the price which a small book, intitled *Spaccio della Delfia trionfante*, bore in a late auction. This book was sold for thirty pounds. As it was written by one Jordanus Brunus, a profest atheist, with a design to depreciate religion, every one was apt to fancy, from the extravagant price it bore, that there must be something in it very formidable.

I must confess, that happening to get a sight of one of them myself, I could not forbear perusing it with this apprehension; but found there was so very little danger in it, that I shall venture to give my readers a fair account of the whole plan upon which this wonderful treatise is built.

The author pretends that Jupiter, once upon a time resolv'd on a reformation of the constellations: for which purpose having summoned the stars together, he complains to them of the great decay of the worship of the gods, which he thought to much the harder, having called several of those celestial bodies by the names of the heathen deities, and by that means made the heavens as it were a book of the Pagan theology. Momus tells him that this is not to be wondered at, since

there were so many scandalous stories of the deities; upon which the author takes occasion to cast reflections upon all other religions, concluding, that Jupiter, after a full hearing, discarded the deities out of heaven, and called the stars by the names of the moral virtues.

This short fable, which has no pretence in it to reason or argument, and but a very small share of wit, has however recommended itself wholly by its impiety, to those weak men, who would distinguish themselves by the singularity of their opinions.

There are two considerations which have been often urged against atheists, and which they never yet could get over. The first is, that the greatest and most eminent persons of all ages have been against them, and always complied with the public forms of worship established in their respective countries, when there was nothing in them either derogatory to the honour of the Supreme Being, or prejudicial to the good of mankind.

The Platos and Ciceros among the ancients; the Bacon's, the Boyles, and the Lockes, among our own countrymen, are all instances of what I have been saying, not to mention any of our divines, however celebrated, since our  
advertis.

es challenge all those, as men  
e too much interest in this case  
partial evidences.

that has been often urged as a  
ation of much more weight, is,  
the opinion of the better sort,  
general consent of mankind to  
at truth: which I think could  
only have come to pass, but from  
the three following reasons; either  
idea of a God is innate and co-  
with the mind itself; or that this  
is so very obvious, that it is disco-  
the first exertion of reason in  
of the most ordinary capacities;  
that it has been delivered down  
rough all ages by a tradition  
first man.

atheists are equally confounded,  
ever of these three causes we  
they have been to press: by  
argument from the general con-  
sensus of mankind, that after great search  
as they pretend to have found  
proof of atheists, I mean that  
opposite the Hottentots.

not shock my readers with the  
on of the customs and manners  
barbarians, who are in every re-  
spect one degree above brutes,  
so language among them but a  
babble, which is neither well  
understood by themselves or others.

not however to be imagined how  
the atheists have gloried in their  
of friends and allies.

boast of a Socrates or a Seneca,  
now confront them with these  
philosophers the Hottentots.

given even this point has, not with-  
out, been several times contro-  
verted: see no manner of harm it could  
do, if we should entirely give  
up this elegant part of mankind.  
needs nothing more than the  
of their cause, than that no dis-  
tinct fellow-creatures join with  
those among whom they them-  
selves reason is almost defaced, and  
a little else but their shape,  
can intitle them to any place in  
us.

as these poor creatures, there have  
been instances of a few  
people in several nations, who have  
the existence of a Deity.

catalogue of these is however very  
small: Vanini, the most celebrated  
for the cause, professed before  
that he believed the existence

of a God, and taking up a straw which  
lay before him on the ground, assured  
them, that alone was sufficient to con-  
vince him of it; alleging several argu-  
ments to prove that it was impossible na-  
ture alone could create any thing.

I was the other day reading an ac-  
count of Casimir Liszynski, a gentleman  
of Poland, who was convicted and exe-  
cuted for this crime. The manner of  
his punishment was very particular. As  
soon as his body was burnt, his ashes  
were put into a cannon, and shot into  
the air towards Tartary.

I am apt to believe, that if something  
like this method of punishment should  
prevail in England, such is the natural  
good sense of the British nation, that  
whether we rammed an atheist whole  
into a great gun, or pulverised our infi-  
dels, as they do in Poland, we should  
not have many charges.

I should, however, propose, while our  
ammunition lasted, that instead of Tar-  
tary, we should always keep two or three  
cannons ready pointed towards the Cape  
of Good Hope, in order to shoot our  
unbelievers into the country of the Hot-  
tentots.

In my opinion, a solemn judicial death  
is too great an honour for an atheist,  
though I must allow the method of ex-  
ploding him, as it is practised in this  
ludicrous kind of martyrdom, has some-  
thing in it proper enough to the nature  
of his offence.

There is indeed a great objection  
against this manner of treating them.  
Zeal for religion is of so active a nature,  
that it seldom knows where to rest; for  
which reason I am afraid, after having  
discharged our atheists, we might pos-  
sibly think of shooting off our sectaries;  
and as one does not foresee the vicissitude  
of human affairs, it might one time or  
other come to a man's own turn to fly  
out of the mouth of a demiculverin.

If any of my readers imagine that I  
have treated these gentlemen in too ludi-  
crous a manner, I must confess for my  
own part, I think reasoning against such  
unbelievers upon a point that shocks the  
common sense of mankind, is doing  
them too great an honour, giving them  
a figure in the eye of the world, and  
making people fancy that they have more  
in them than they really have.

As for those persons who have any  
scheme of religious worship, I am for  
treating such with the utmost tenderness,  
and

and should endeavour to shew them their errors with the greatest temper and humanity; but as these miscreants are for throwing down religion in general, for stripping mankind of what themselves own is of excellent use in all great so-

cieties, without once offering to any thing in the room of it: the best way of dealing with them is to turn their own weapons upon them, and are those of scorn and mockery.

## Nº CCCXC. WEDNESDAY, MAY 28.

NON FUDENDO SED NON FACIENDO ID QUOD NON DECET, IMPUDENTI.  
EFFUGERE DEBEMUS.

THE WAY TO AVOID THE IMPUTATION OF IMPUDENCE, IS NOT TO BE OF WHAT WE DO, BUT NEVER TO DO WHAT WE OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF.

**M**ANY are the epistles I receive from ladies extremely afflicted that they lie under the observation of scandalous people, who love to defame their neighbours, and make the uninnocent interpretation of innocent and indifferent actions. They describe their own behaviour so unhappily, that there indeed lies some cause of suspicion upon them. It is certain, that there is no authority for persons who have nothing else to do, to pass away hours of conversation upon the miscarriages of other people; but since they will do so, they who value their reputation should be cautious of appearances to their disadvantage: but very often our young women, as well as the middle aged and the gay part of those growing old, without entering into a formal league for that purpose, to a woman agree upon a short way to preserve their characters, and go on in a way that at best is only not vicious. The method is, when an ill-natured or talkative girl has said any thing that bears hard upon some part of another's carriage, this creature, if not in any of their little cabals, is run down for the most censorious dangerous body in the world. Thus they guard their reputation rather than their modesty; as if guilt lay in being under the imputation of a fault, and not in the commission of it. O bicilla is the kindest poor thing in the town, but the most blushing creature living: it is true, she has not lost the sense of shame, but she has lost the sense of innocence. If she had more confidence, and never did any thing which ought to stain her cheeks, would she not be much more modest without that ambiguous confusion, which is the *livery both of guilt and innocence*? Modesty consists in being conscious of

no ill, and not in being ashamed of having done it. When people have any other foundation than the conscience for their own hearts for the conduct of their actions, it lies in the power of loose tongues to carry the worst of them, and make the rest of the world feel in with the ill, for fear of it. On the other hand, to do what you are in the ready way to make calumnies silent or ineffectually malicious for, in his *Fairy Queen*, says a to young ladies under the d being defamed;

'The best,' said he, 'that I can give  
'Is to avoid the occasion of the  
'For when the cause, whence evil  
'Removed is, th' effect surceaseth  
'Abstain from pleasure, and restrain  
'Subdue desire, and bridle loose  
'Use scanty diet, and forbear your  
'Shun secrecy, and talk in open  
'So shall you soon repair your pride  
'To plights.'

Instead of this care over their words and actions, recommended by a poor Queen Bevis's days, the moderns do and say what you please, and are the 'prettiest sort of woman in the town.' If fathers and brothers will but guard a lady's honour, she is quite as free as her own innocence. Many of the most distressed, who suffer under the most evil tongues, are so harmless that they are every day they live asleep until noon; concern themselves with nothing but their own persons until five or six; take their necessary food between three and four; visit, go to the play, sit up at cards until towards morning; and the malicious shall draw conclusions from their glances, short whispers, or post

ies with fashionable men, that ones are not as rigid as vestals. In, say these goodest creatures, that virtue does not consist in d behaviour and wry faces, he allowed: but there is a de- the aspect and manner of la-asted from a habit of virtue, general reflections that regard conduct, all which may be un- though they cannot be de- A young woman of this fort esteem mixed with affection ar, and meets with no defama- f she does, the wild malice is with an undisturbed perseve- er innocence. To speak free- are such coveys of coquettes town, that if the peace were by some impertinent tongues vn sex, which keep them un- restraint, we should have no f engagement upon them to in any tolerable order. a Spectator, and behold how e part of woman-kind balance our of the other, whatever I of tale-bearers or slanderers, wholly suppress them, no more eral would discourage spies.

The enemy would easily surprize him whom they knew had no intelligence of their motions. It is so far otherwise with me, that I acknowledge I permit a she-slanderer or two in every quarter of the town, to live in the characters of coquettes, and take all the innocent freedoms of the rest, in order to send me information of the behaviour of their respective sisterhoods.

But as the matter of respect to the world, which looks on, is carried on, methinks it is so very easy to be what is in the general called virtuous, that it need not cost one hour's reflection in a month to preserve that appellation. It is pleasant to hear the pretty rogues talk of virtue and vice among each other: she is the laziest creature in the world, but I must confess strictly virtuous; the peevishest hussey breathing, but as to her virtue, she is without blemish: she has not the least charity for any of her acquaintance, but I must allow her rigidly virtuous. As the unthinking part of the male world call every man a man of honour who is not a coward; so the crowd of the other sex terms every woman who will not be a wench, virtuous.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXCI. THURSDAY, MAY 29.

NON TU PRECE POSCIS EMACI,  
 QUÆ NISI SEDUCTIS NEQUEAS COMMITTERE DIVIS:  
 AT BONA PARS PROCERUM TACITA LIBABIT ACERRA.  
 HAUD CUIVIS PROMPTUM EST, MURMURQUE HUMILESQUE SUSURROS  
 TOLLERE DE TEMPLIS; ET APERTO VIVERE VOTO.  
 MENS BONA, FAMA, FIDES; HÆC CLARE, ET UT AUDIAT HOSTES,  
 ILLA SIBI INTROSUM, ET SUB LINGUA IMMURMURAT: O SI  
 EBULLIT PATRUI PRÆCLARUM FUNUS! ET O SI  
 SUB RASTRO CREPET ARGENTI MIHI SERIA DEXTRO  
 HERCULE! PUPILLUMVE UTINAM, QUEM PROXIMUS HÆRES  
 IMPELLO, EXPUNGAM! —

PERS. SAT. II. V. 3

— THY PRAY'RS THE TEST OF HEAV'N WILL BEAR;  
 NOR NEED'ST THOU TAKE THE GODS ASIDE, TO HEAR:  
 WHILE OTHERS, E'EN THE MIGHTY MEN OF ROME,  
 BIG SWELL'D WITH MISCHIEF, TO THE TEMPLES COME;  
 AND IN LOW MURMURS, AND WITH COSTLY SMOKE,  
 HEAV'N'S HELP, TO PROSPER THEIR BLACK VOWS, INVOK'.  
 SO BOLDLY TO THE GODS MANNIND REVEAL  
 WHAT FROM EACH OTHER THEY, FOR SHAME, CONCEAL.  
 ' GIVE ME GOOD FAME, YE POW'RS, AND MAKE ME JUST: '  
 THUS MUCH THE ROGUE TO PUBLIC EARS WILL TRUST.  
 IN PRIVATE THEN—' WHEN WILT THOU, MIGHTY JOVE,  
 ' MY WEALTHY UNCLE FROM THIS WORLD REMOVE? '  
 OR—' O THOU THUND'RER'S SON, GREAT HERCULES,  
 ' THAT ONCE THY BOUNTIFUL DEITY WOULD PLEASE  
 ' TO GUIDE MY RAKE, UPON THE CHINKING SOUND  
 ' OF SOME VAST TREASURE, HIDDEN UNDER GROUND!  
 ' O WERE MY PUPIL FAIRLY KNOCK'D O' TH' HEAD!  
 ' I SHOULD POSSESS TH' ESTATE IF HE WERE DEAD.'

DRYDEN.

WHILE Homer represents Phoenix, the tutor of Achilles, as persuading his pupil to lay aside his refinements, and give himself up to the entreaties of his countrymen; the poet, in order to make him speak in character, ascribes to him a speech full of those fables and allegories which old men take delight in relating, and which are very proper for instruction. 'The gods,' says he, 'suffer themselves to be prevailed upon by entreaties. When mortals have offended them by their transgressions, they appease them by vows and sacrifices. You must know, Achilles, that Prayers are the daughters of Jupiter. They are crippled by frequent kneeling, have their faces full of cares and wrinkles, and their eyes always cast towards Heaven. They are constant attendants on the goddesses Ate, and march behind her. This goddess walks forward with a bold and haughty air, and being very light of foot, runs through the whole

earth, grieving and afflicting the of men. She gets the start of Prayers who always follow her, in order to heal those persons whom she wounds. He who honours these daughters of Jupiter, when they draw near to him, receives great benefit from them; as for him who rejects them, they treat their father to give his order to the goddesses Ate, to punish him for his hardness of heart.' This allegory needs but little explanation for whether the goddesses Ate signify injury, as some have explained it, guilt in general, as others; or dishonour, as I am the more apt to think the interpretation is obvious enough.

I shall produce another heathen relating to prayers, which is of a diverting kind. One would think some passages in it, that it was copied by Lucan, or at least by an author who has endeavoured to imitate his way of writing; but as disquisitions of this nature are more curious than

all give my reader the fable, any further enquiries after the

Menippus the philosopher was a female taken up into heaven by Jove, when for his entertainment he ordered up a trap-door that was hid by his foot-stool. At its ris- ing a din was issued through it such a din as astonished the philosopher. On his asking what they meant, they told him they were the prayers of mortals sent up to him from the earth.

Menippus, amidst the confusion of voices, which was so great, that he could hear less than the ear of Jove distinguish them, heard the voices of Riches, Honour, and Long Life, speaking to several different tones of music. When the first hubbub of sounds was over, the trap-door being left open, the voices came in a separate and distinct manner. The first voice was a very odd one; it came from Athens, and desired Jove to increase the wisdom and the power of his humble supplicant. Menippus knew it by the voice to be the voice of his friend Licander the philosopher. This was succeeded by the voice of one who had just laden a ship with riches, and promised Jupiter, if he took it, and returned it home again, he would make him an heir of a silver cup. Jupiter told him for nothing; and bent down his ear more attentively than before, and heard a voice complaining to him of the cruelty of an Ephesian widow, begging him to breed compassion in her heart.

"This," says Jupiter, "is thy honest fellow. I have received a great deal of income from him, but he is so cruel to him as to hear his prayers." He was interrupted with a whole volley of voices, which were made for the purpose of a tyrannical prince by his subjects who prayed for him in his absence. Menippus was surprised, and being listened to by prayers offered him so much ardour and devotion, that he was whipt from the scene by expostulating with Jove for giving such a reward to live, and him how his thunder could be put to use to be offended at those praying rebels, that he took the first voice, and puffed away at it.

The philosopher seeing a great cloud mounting upwards, and making its way directly to the trap-door, enquired of Jupiter what it meant. "This," says Jupiter, "is the smoke of a whole hecatomb that is offered me by the general of an army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thousand men that are drawn up in array against him: what does the impudent wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a sacrifice of so many mortals as good as himself, and all this to his glory, forsooth? But hark," says Jupiter, "there is a voice I never heard but in time of danger: it is a rogue that is shipwrecked in the Ionian sea: I saved him on a plank but three days ago, upon his promise to mend his manners; the scoundrel is not worth a groat, and yet has the impudence to offer me a temple if I will keep him from sinking. But yonder," says he, "is a special youth for you, he desires me to take his father, who keeps a great estate from him, out of the miseries of human life. The old fellow shall live till he makes his heart ache, I can tell him that for his pains." This was followed by the soft voice of a pious lady, desiring Jupiter that she might appear amiable and charming in the sight of her emperor. As the philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary petition, there blew a gentle wind through the trap-door, which he at first mistook for a gale of zephyrus, but afterwards found it to be a breeze of sighs: they smelt strong of flowers and incense, and were succeeded by most passionate complaints of wounds and torments, fires and arrows, cruelty, despair, and death. Menippus fancied that such lamentable cries arose from some general execution, or from wretches lying under the torture; but Jupiter told him that they came up to him from the isle of Paphos, and that he every day received complaints of the same nature from that whimsical tribe of mortals who are called lovers. "I am so trifled with," says he, "by this generation of both sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their petitions, that I shall order a western wind for the future to intercept them in their passage, and blow them at

"random upon the earth. The last petition I heard was from a very aged man of near an hundred years old, begging but for one year more of life, and then promising to die contented. "This is the rarest old fellow," says Jupiter: "he has made this prayer to me for above twenty years together. When he was but fifty years old, he desired only that he might live to see his son settled in the world; I granted it. He then begged the same favour for his daughter, and afterwards that he might see the education of a grandson: when all this was brought about, he puts up a petition that he might live to finish a house he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old cur, and never wants an excuse; I will hear no more of him." Upon which he flung down the trap-door in a passion,

and was resolved to give no more audience that day.

Notwithstanding the levity of this fable, the moral of it very well deserves our attention, and is the same with that which has been inculcated by Socrates and Plato, not to mention Juvenal and Persius, who have each of them made the finest satire in their whole works upon this subject. The vanity of men's wishes, which are the natural prayers of the mind, as well as many of those secret devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other reasons for set forms of prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the folly and extravagance of men's desires may be kept within due bounds, and not break out in absurd and ridiculous petitions on to great and solemn an occasion.

I

## Nº CCCXCII. FRIDAY, MAY 30.

PER AMBAGES ET MINISTERIA DEORUM  
PRÆCIPITANDUS EST LIBER SPIRITUS.

PETRON.

BY FABLE'S AID UNGOVERN'D FANCY SOARS,  
AND CLAIMS THE MINISTRY OF HEAV'NLY POW'RS.

### TO THE SPECTATOR.

#### THE TRANSFORMATION OF FIDELIO INTO A LOOKING-GLASS.

I Was lately at a tea-table, where some young ladies entertained the company with a relation of a coquette in the neighbourhood, who had been discovered practising before her glass. To turn the discourse, which, from being witty, grew to be malicious, the master of the family took occasion from the subject, to wish that there were to be found amongst men such faithful monitors to dress the mind by, as we consult to adorn the body. She added, that if a sincere friend were miraculously changed into a looking glass, she should soon be gladdened to ask it's advice very often. This whimsical thought worked so much upon my fancy the whole evening, that it produced a very odd dream.

My thought that as I stood before my glass, the image of a youth, of an open *ingenuous aspect*, appeared in it; who

with a small shrill voice spoke in the following manner:

"The looking glass, you see, was heretofore a man, even I, the unfortunate Fidelio. I had two brothers, whose deformity in shape was made up by the clearness of their understanding: it must be owned, however, that (as it generally happens) they had each a perverseness of humour suitable to their distortion of body. The eldest, whose belly sunk in monstrously, was a great coward; and though his splematic contracted temper made him take fire immediately, he made objects that beset him appear greater than they were. The second, whose breasts swelled into a bold relieve, on the contrary, took great pleasure in looking every thing, and was perfectly the reverse of his brother. These oddities pleased company *once or twice*, but disgusted when often seen; for which reason the young gentlemen were sent from court to study mathematics at the university.

"I need

did not acquaint you, that I was well made, and reckoned a bright gentleman. I was the confident darling of all the fair; and old and ugly spoke ill of me, world knew it was because I liked to flatter them. No ball, no play, was attended until I had consulted. Flavia coloured her face for me, Celia threw me her arms; Panthea heaved her bosom, brandished her diamond; I kissed Cloe's foot, and tied artfully the garters of Rhodope.

'Tis a general maxim, that those who rely upon themselves, can have no true affection for another: but contrary, I found that the woman who was the love of me in proportion to the love they bore to them-

This was verified in my amour with Narcissa, who was so constant to me that it was pleasantly said, had I but a little enough, she would have me at her girdle. The most dangerous rival I had, was a gay fellow, who by the strength of his natural endowments, had thrust himself into a perfect resemblance with her. I had been dissatisfied she not observed that he frequently asked my opinion about matters of the last consequence: this made him more considerable in her eyes. Though I was eternally caressed by ladies, such was their opinion of me, that I was never envied by men. A jealous lover of Narcissa one day thought he had caught me in an amorous conversation: far from being at such a distance that he could hear nothing, he imagined he heard things from her ears and gestures.

Sometimes with a serene look I stepped back in a listening posture, brightened into an innocent smile. I then after she swelled into an air of jealousy and disdain, then kept her half shut after a languishing

manner, then covered her blushes with her hand, breathed a sigh, and seemed ready to sink down. In rushed the furious lover; but how great was his surprise to see no one there but the innocent Fidelio, with his back against the wall betwixt two windows!

'It were endless to recount all my adventures. Let me hasten to that which cost me my life, and Narcissa her happiness.

'She had the misfortune to have the small-pox, upon which I was expressly forbid her sight, it being apprehended that it would increase her distemper, and that I should infallibly catch it at the first look. As soon as she was suffered to leave her bed, she stole out of her chamber, and found me all alone in an adjoining apartment. She ran with transport to her darling, and without mixture of fear, lest I should dislike her. But oh me! what was her fury when she heard me say, I was afraid and shocked at so loathsome a spectacle! She stepped back, swollen with rage, to see if I had the insolence to repeat it. I did, with this addition, that her ill timed passion had increased her ugliness. Enraged, inflamed, distracted, she snatched a bodkin, and with all her force stabbed me to the heart. Dying, I preserved my sincerity, and expressed the truth, though in broken words; and by reproachful grimaces to the last I mimicked the deformity of my murderers.

'Cupid, who always attends the fair, and pities the fate of so useful a servant as I was, obtained of the Destinies, that my body should be made incorruptible, and retain the qualities my mind had possessed. I immediately lost the figure of a man, and became smooth, polished, and bright, and to this day am the first favourite of the ladies.'

T



N<sup>o</sup> CCCXCIII. SATURDAY, MAY 31.

NESCIO QUÆ PRÆTER SOLITUM DULCEDINE LATET.

VIRG. GEORG. I. V.

UNUSUAL SWEETNESS PURER JOYS INSPIRES.

**L**OOKING over the letters that have been sent me, I chanced to find the following one, which I received about two years ago from an ingenious friend who was then in Denmark.

COPENHAGEN, MAY 1, 1710.

DEAR SIR,

**T**HE spring with you has already taken possession of the fields and woods: now is the season of solitude, and of moving complaints upon trivial sufferings: now the griefs of lovers begin to flow, and then wounds to bleed afresh. I too, at this distance from the softer climates, am not without my discontents at present. You perhaps may laugh at me for a most romantic wretch, when I have disclosed to you the occasion of my uneasiness; and yet I cannot help thinking my unhappiness real, in being confined to a region, which is the very reverse of Paradise. The seasons here are all of them unpleasant, and the country quite destitute of rural charms. I have not heard a bird sing, nor a brook murmur, nor a breeze whisper, neither have I been blest with the sight of a flowery meadow these two years. Every wind here is a tempest, and every water a turbulent ocean. I hope, when you reflect a little, you will not think the grounds of my complaint in the least frivolous and unbecoming a man of serious thought; since the love of woods, of fields and flowers, of rivers and fountains, seems to be a passion implanted in our natures the most early of any, even before the fair-sex had a being. I am, Sir, &c.

Could I transport myself with a wish from one country to another, I should chuse to pass my winter in Spain, my spring in Italy, my summer in England, and my autumn in France. Of all these seasons there is none can vie with the spring for beauty and delightfulness. It bears the same figure among

the seasons of the year, that the does among the divisions of life: youth among the stages of life English summer is pleasanter to of any other country in Europe on other account but because it has mixture of spring in it. The of our climate, with those free freshments of dews and rains among us, keep up a perpetual fulness in our fields, and fill the months of the year with a verdure.

In the opening of the spring all nature begins to recover her same animal pleasure which in birds sing, and the whole brute rejoice, rises very sensibly in the man. I know none of the pleasures have observed so well as Milton secret overflowings of gladness diffuse themselves through the beholder, upon surveying scenes of nature: he has touch it twice or thrice in his Paradise and describes it very beautifully the name of vernal delight, in a place where he represents the deity as almost sensible of it.

Blossoms and fruits at once of gold  
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours  
On which the sun more glad imp  
beams

Than in fair evening cloud, or burn  
When God hath shower'd the  
Lively seed

That landscape and of pure now  
Might bring us back, and to the hear  
Vernal delight, and joy able to drive  
All sadness but despair, &c.

Many authors have written vanity of the creature, and represent the barrenness of every thing in the world, and it's incapacity of producing any solid or substantial happiness: discourses of this nature are very to the sensual and voluptuous speculations which shew the bri

of things, and lay forth those innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the several objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers. It was for this reason that I endeavoured to recommend a cheerfulness of mind in my two last Saturday's papers, and which I would still inculcate, not only from the consideration of ourselves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general survey of that universe in which we are placed at present, but from reflections on the particular season in which this paper is written. The creation is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man, every thing he sees cheers and delights him; Providence has imprinted so many smiles on nature, that it is impossible for a mind which is not sunk in more gross and sensual delights, to take a survey of them, without several secret sensations of pleasure. The psalmist has in several of his divine poems celebrated those beautiful and agreeable scenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that vernal delight which I have before taken notice of.

Natural philosophy quickens this taste of the creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the imagination, but to the understanding. It does not rest in the murmur of brooks and the melody of birds, in the shade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows, but considers those several ends of Providence which are served by them, and the wonders of Divine Wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleasures of the eye, and raises such a rational admiration in the soul as is little inferior to devotion.

It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worship to the great

Author of nature, and to indulge these more refined meditations of heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his sight; I shall therefore conclude this short essay on that pleasure which the mind naturally conceives from the present season of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has sufficient abilities.

I would have my readers endeavour to moralize this natural pleasure of the soul, and to improve this vernal delight, as Milton calls it, into a Christian virtue. When we find ourselves inspired with this pleasing instinct, this secret satisfaction and complacency arising from the beauties of the creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these entertainments of sense, and who it is that thus opens his hand, and fills the world with good. The apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present temper of mind, to graft upon it such a religious exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing psalms. The cheerfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of nature's works, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving, that is filled with such a secret gladness. A grateful reflection on the Supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness.

## Nº CCCXCIV. MONDAY, JUNE 2.

BENE COLLICITUR HÆC PUERIS ET MULIERCULIS ET SERVIS ET SEI  
SIMILLIMIS LIBERIS ESSE GRATA: GRAVI VERO HOMINI ET EA QUÆ  
JUDICIO CERTO PONDERANTI PROBARI POSSE NULLO MODÒ.

IT IS RIGHTLY INFERRED, THAT THESE THINGS ARE PLEASING TO  
DREN, WOMEN, AND SLAVES, AND EVEN TO SUCH FREEMEN AS GE  
RESEMBLE SLAVES; BUT CAN BY NO MEANS BE APPROVED BY A  
FIGURE AND CHARACTER, AND WHO FORMS A RIGHT JUDGMENT OF T

I have been considering the little and frivolous things, which give men access to one another, and power with each other, not only in the common and indifferent accidents of life, but also in matters of greater importance. You see in elections for members to sit in parliament, how far saluting rows of old women, drinking with clowns, and being upon a level with the lowest part of mankind in that wherein they themselves are lowest, their diversions, will carry a candidate. A capacity for prostituting a man's self in his behaviour, and descending to the present humour of the vulgar, is perhaps as good an ingredient as any other for making a considerable figure in the world; and if a man has nothing else, or better to think of, he could not make his way to wealth and distinction by properer methods, than studying the particular bent or inclination of people with whom he converses, and working from the observation of such their bias in all matters wherein he has any intercourse with them: for his ease and comfort he may assure himself, he need not be at the expence of any great talent or virtue to please even those who are possessed of the highest qualifications. Pride in some particular disguise or other, often a secret to the proud man himself, is the most ordinary spring of action among men. You need no more than to discover what a man values himself for; then of all things admire that quality, but be sure to be failing in it yourself in comparison of the man whom you court. I have heard, or read, of a secretary of state in Spain, who served a prince who was happy in an elegant use of the Latin tongue, and often writ dispatches in it with his own hand. The king shewed his secretary a letter he had written to a foreign prince, and *under the colour of asking his advice, laid a trap for his applause.* The ho-

nest man read it as a faithful colour, and not only excepted against tying himself down too much in expressions, but mended the poor others. You may guess the date that evening did not take much time. Mr. Secretary, as soon came to his own house, sent his eldest son, and communicated that the family must retire out as soon as possible; 'for,' said I, 'king knows I understand Latin better than he does.'

This egregious fault in a man of the world, should be a lesson to would make their fortunes: but regard must be carefully had to the person with whom you have to do, and is not to be doubted but a great common sense must look with indignation or bridled laughter, on slaves who stand round him with faces to approve and smile at all in the groins. It is good comedy to observe a superior talking humbly, and playing an humble countenance from one thing to another with such perplexity, that he does not what to meet in approbation. But this kind of complaisance is lively the manner of courts; in such places you must constantly go for compliance with the persons you have to do with, than a mere conformation of looks and gestures. If you are in a country life, and would be a good man, a good stomach, a loud rustic cheerfulness, will go a great way provided you are able to drink anything. But I was going to draw the manner of behaviour I would advise people to use under some maxim, and in that every one almost was given his pride. There was an old man about forty years ago so peevish and fretful, though a man of business, no one could come at him: but

d a particular little coffee-house, he triumphed over every body at rack and backgammon. The pass his office well, was first to sit by him at one of those games leisure hours; for his vanity was, that he was a man of pleasure as business. Next to this sort of inuention, which is called in the words of 'princes, making one's the most prevailing way is, by better bred people call a present, or a bribe. I humbly conceive that a thing is conveyed with more privacy in a billet-doux that should be understood at the Bank, than in gross words; but as to stubborn people, who are so surly as to accept of neither note nor shilling, having formerly dabbled in the trade, I can only say that one party asks one thing, and another party to make it fluent; but there is a price; but may be dissolved by a promise: thus the virtue which is too weak for gold or paper, shall melt very kindly in a liquid. The people of Barbadoes, a shrewd people, make all their appeals to Great Britain by a skilful distribution of citron-

water among the whisperers about men in power. Generous wines do every day prevail, and that in great points where ten thousand times their value would have been rejected with indignation.

But to wave the enumeration of the sundry ways of applying by presents, bribes, management of people's passions and affections, in such a manner as it shall appear that the virtue of the best man is by one method or other corruptible; let us look out for some expedient to turn those passions and affections on the side of truth and honour. When a man has laid it down for a position, that parting with his integrity, in the minutest circumstance, is losing so much of his very self, self-love will become a virtue. By this means good and evil will be the only objects of dislike and approbation; and he that injures any man, has effectually wounded the man of this turn as much as if the harm had been to himself. This seems to be the only expedient to arrive at an impartiality; and a man who follows the dictates of truth and right reason, may by artifice be led into error, but never can into guilt. T

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
CHARLES EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

MY LORD,

VERY many favours and civilities (received from you in a private capacity) which I have no other way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuse this presumption; but the justice I, as a Spectator, owe your character, places me above the want of an excuse. Candour and openness of heart, which shine in all your words and actions, exact the highest esteem from all who have the honour to know you; and a winning condescension to all subordinate to you, made business a pleasure to those who executed it under you, at the same time that it heightened her Majesty's favour to all who had the happiness of having it conveyed through your hands. A Secretary of State, in the interests of mankind, joined with that of his fellow-subjects, accomplished with a great facility and elegance in all the modern as well as ancient languages, was a happy and proper member of a ministry, by whose services your sovereign and country are in so high and flourishing a condition, as makes all other princes and potentates powerful or inconsiderable in Europe, as they are friends or enemies to Great-Britain. The importance of those great events which happened during that administration, in which your Lordship bore so important a charge, will be acknowledged as long as time shall endure; I shall not therefore attempt to rehearse those illustrious passages, but give this application a more private and particular turn, in desiring your Lordship would continue your favour and patronage to me, as you are a gentleman of the most polite literature, and perfectly accomplished in the knowledge of books and men, which makes it necessary to beseech your indulgence to the following leaves, and the author of them: who is, with the greatest truth and respect,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's obliged, obedient,

And humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.



THE  
S P E C T A T O R.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXCV. TUESDAY, JUNE 3, 1712.

—QUOD NUNC RATIO EST, IMPETUS ANTE FUIT.

OVID.

'TIS REASON NOW, 'T WAS APPETITE BEFORE.

'**B**EWARE of the Ides of March,' said the Roman augur to Julius Cæsar. 'Beware of the month of May,' says the British Spectator to his fair countrywomen. The caution of the first was unhappily neglected, and Cæsar's confidence cost him his life. I am apt to flatter myself that my pretty readers had much more regard to the advice I gave them, since I have yet received very few accounts of any notorious trips made in the last month.

But though I hope for the best, I shall not pronounce too positively on this point, till I have seen forty weeks well over, at which period of time, as my good friend Sir Roger has often told me, he has more business as a justice of peace, among the dissolute young people in the country, than at any other season of the year.

Neither must I forget a letter which I received near a fortnight since from a lady, who, it seems, could hold out no longer, telling me she looked upon the month as then out, for that she had all along reckoned by the new stile.

On the other hand, I have great reason to believe, from several angry letters which have been sent to me by disappointed lovers, that my advice has been of very signal service to the fair-

sex, who, according to the old proverb, were 'Forewarned, forearmed.'

One of these gentlemen tells me, that he would have given me an hundred pounds, rather than I should have published that paper; for that his mistress, who had promised to explain herself to him about the beginning of May, upon reading that discourse, told him that 'she would give him her answer in 'June.'

Thyrsis acquaints me, that when he desired Sylvia to take a walk in the fields, she told him, 'The Spectator had forbidden her.'

Another of my correspondents, who writes himself Mat Meager, complains, that whereas he constantly used to breakfast with his mistress upon chocolate, going to wait upon her the first of May, he found his usual treat very much changed for the worse, and has been forced to feed ever since upon green tea.

As I begun this critical season with a caveat to the ladies, I shall conclude it with a congratulation, and do most heartily wish them joy of their happy deliverance.

They may now reflect with pleasure on the dangers they have escaped, and look back with as much satisfaction on the perils that threatened them, as their  
great



great-grandmothers did formerly on the banks of laugh-shares, after having passed through the ordeal trial. The blossoms of the spring are now abated. The nightingale gives over her 'love-laboured song,' as Milton phrases it, the blossoms are fallen, and the beds of flowers swept away by the scythe of the mower.

I shall allow my fair readers to return to their romances and chocolate, provided they make use of them with moderation, till about the middle of the month, when the sun shall have made some progress in the Crab. Nothing is more dangerous than too much confidence and security. The Trojans, who stood upon their guard all the while the Grecians lay before their city, when they fancied the siege was raised, and the danger past, were the very next night burnt in their beds. I must also observe, that as in some climates there is a perpetual spring, so in some female constitutions there is a perpetual May: there are a kind of valetudinarians in chastity, whom I would continue in a constant diet. I cannot think these wholly out of danger, until they have looked upon the other sex at least five years through a pair of spectacles. Will Honeycomb has often assured me, that it is much easier to steal one of this species, when she has passed her grand climacteric, than to carry off an *icy* girl on this side five and twenty; and that a rake of his acquaintance, who had in vain endeavoured to gain the affections of a young lady of fifteen, had at last made his fortune by running away with her grandmother.

But as I do not design this speculation for the *Evergreens* of the sex, I shall again apply myself to those who would willingly listen to the dictates of reason and virtue, and can now hear me

in cold blood. If there are any who have forfeited their innocence, they must now consider themselves under that melancholy view, in which Chamont regards his sister, in those beautiful lines:

—Long she flourish'd,  
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye  
Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,  
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all it's sweetness,

Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.

On the contrary, she who has observed the timely cautions I gave her, and lived up to the rules of modesty, will now flourish like 'a rose in June,' with all her virgin blushes and sweetness about her. I must, however, desire these last to consider, how shameful it would be for a general, who has made a successful campaign, to be surprised in his winter quarters: it would be no less dishonourable for a lady to lose, in any other month of the year, what she has been at the pains to preserve in May.

There is no charm in the female sex, that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible; good-breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence. It is observed, that all the virtues are represented both by painters and statuaries under female shapes, but if any one of them has a more particular title to that sex, it is modesty. I shall leave it to the divines to guard them against the opposite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptations; it is sufficient for me to have warned them against it, as they may be led astray by instinct.

I desire this paper may be read with more than ordinary attention, at all tea tables within the cities of London and Westminster.

X

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXCVI. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4.

BARBARA, CEIARENT, PARIS, FERIO, BARALITION\*.

HAVING a great deal of business upon my hands at present, I shall beg the reader's leave to present him with a letter that I received about half a year ago from a gentleman of Cam-

bridge, who styles himself Peter de Quir. I have kept it by me some months, and though I did not know at first what to make of it, upon my reading it over very frequently, I have at last discovered

\* A barbarous verse, invented by the logicians.

conceits in it: I would not therefore my reader discouraged, if he take them at the first perusal.

TO MR. SPECTATOR.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 3, 1712.

monopoly of puns in this university has been an immemorial privilege of the Johnnians; and we cannot resenting the late invasion of our right as to that particular, by a student to clenching in a neighbouring college, who in an application by way of letter, a while ago, himself Philobrunne. Dear Sir, as to the character a professed well-to-do speculation, you will excuse a which this gentleman's passion Brunette has suggested to a brotherist: it is an offer towards a rational account of his lapse to punning he belongs to a set of mortals due themselves upon an uncommon mastery in the more humane and part of letters. A conquest by one species of females gives a very run to the intellectuals of the caparison, and very different from any of thinking which a triumph in the eyes of another, more emphasis of the fair-sex, does generally occur.

It fills the imagination with an image of such ideas and pictures as hardly any thing but shade, such as the devil, &c. These portraitured ears overpower the light of the understanding, almost benight the faculties and give that melancholy tincture most sanguine complexion, which the gentleman calls an inclination to be brown-study, and is usually attended with worse consequences, in case of a pulse. During this twilight of sense, the patient is extremely apt, as to the most witty passion in nature, to at some pert sallies now and then, of flourish, upon the amiable interests, and unfortunately stumbles that mongrel miscreated (to speak ironically) kind of wit, vulgarly termed pun. It would not be much amiss to consult Dr. T—— W—— (who is really a very able projector, and a system of divinity and spiritual union obtains very much amongst the part of our under-graduates) or a general inter-marriage enjoined in parliament, between this sisterhood of olive-beauties, and the fraternity

of the people called Quakers, would not be a very serviceable expedient, and abate that overflow of light which shines within them so powerfully, that it dazzles their eyes, and dances them into a thousand vagaries of error and enthusiasm. These reflections may impart some light towards a discovery of the origin of punning among us, and the foundation of its prevailing so long in this famous body. It is notorious from the instance under consideration, that it must be owing chiefly to the use of brown jugs, muddy belch, and the fumes of a certain memorable place of rendezvous with us at meals, known by the name of Staincoat Hole: for the atmosphere of the kitchen, like the tail of a comet, predominates least about the fire, but resides behind and fills the fragrant receptacle above-mentioned. Besides, it is farther observable, that the delicate spirits among us, who declare against these nauseous proceedings, sip tea, and put up for critic and amour, profess likewise an equal abhorrence for punning, the ancient innocent diversion of this society. After all, Sir, though it may appear something absurd, that I seem to approach you with the air of an advocate for punning, (you who have justified your censures of the practice in a set dissertation upon that subject;) yet I am confident, you will think it abundantly atoned for by observing, that this humbler exercise may be as instrumental in diverting us from any innovating schemes and hypothesis in wit, as dwelling upon honest orthodox logic would be in securing us from heresy in religion. Had Mr. W——n's researches been confined within the bounds of Ramus or Crackenthorp, that learned news-monger might have acquiesced in what the holy oracles pronounced upon the deluge, like other Christians; and had the surprising Mr. L——y been content with the employment of refining upon Shakespeare's points and quibbles, (for which he must be allowed to have a superlative genius) and now and then penning a catch or a ditty, instead of inditing odes, and sonnets, the gentlemen of the *Bon Gout* in the pit would never have been put to all that grimace in damning the frippery of state, the poverty and languor of thought, the unnatural wit, and inartificial structure of his dramas. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

PETER DE QUIR.  
No

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXCVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 5.DOLOR IPSE DISERTUM  
FECERAT

OVID. METAM. L. XIII. V.

FOR GRIEF INSPIR'D ME THEN WITH ELOQUENCE.

DRYDEN.

AS the Stoic philosophers discard all passions in general, they will not allow a wise man so much as to pity the afflictions of another. 'If thou see'st thy friend in trouble,' says Epictetus, 'thou mayest put on a look of sorrow, and condole with him, but take care that thy sorrow be not real.' The more rigid of this sect would not comply so far as to shew even such an outward appearance of grief; but when one told them of any calamity that had befallen even the nearest of their acquaintance, would immediately reply—'What is that to me?' If you aggravated the circumstances of the affliction, and shewed how one misfortune was followed by another, the answer was still—'All this may be true, but what is it to me?'

For my own part, I am of opinion, compassion does not only refine and civilize human nature, but has something in it more pleasing and agreeable than what can be met with in such an indolent happiness, such an indifference to mankind as that in which the Stoics placed their wisdom. As love is the most delightful passion, pity is nothing else but love softened by a degree of sorrow: in short, it is a kind of pleasing anguish, as well as generous sympathy, that knits mankind together, and blends them in the same common lot.

Those who have laid down rules for rhetoric or poetry, advise the writer to work himself up, if possible, to the pitch of sorrow which he endeavours to produce in others. There are none therefore who stir up pity so much as those who indite their own sufferings. Grief has a natural eloquence belonging to it, and breaks out in more moving sentiments than can be supplied by the finest imagination. Nature on this occasion dictates a thousand passionate things which cannot be supplied by art.

It is for this reason that the short speeches or sentences which we often meet with in histories, make a deeper impression on the mind of the reader,

than the most laboured strokes of written tragedy. Truth and fact sets the person actually before the one, whom fiction places at distance from us in the other. I remember to have seen any a modern story more affecting than that of Ann of Boleyn, wife to King the Eighth, and mother to Queen Elizabeth, which is still extant in the Cotton Library, as written by her own hand.

Shakespeare himself could not make her talk in a strain so fit her condition and character. In it the expostulation of a slight the resentments of an injured and the sorrows of an imprisonment I need not acquaint my reader. Princess was then under professed disloyalty to the king's bed, she was afterwards publicly executed upon the same account, though execution was believed by many, as she herself intimates from the king's love to Jane Seymour than from any actual crime in Boleyn.

QUEEN ANN BOLEYN'S LAST LETTER TO KING HENRY

SIR,

Cotton Lib. Otho C. 10. **Y**OUR Grace's sure, and my intent, are things so strange unto what to write, or what to excuse altogether ignorant. Whereas I unto me, (willing me to confess and so obtain your favour) by one, whom you know to be an ancient professed enemy, I received this message by him, than I conceived your meaning; and you say, confessing a truth and procure my safety, I shall willingly and duty perform your command.

But let not your Grace ever forget that your poor wife will ever be ready to acknowledge a fault, when

as a thought thereof preceded. I speak a truth, never prince had me loyal in all duty, and in all affection, than you have ever found Boleyn: with which name and could willingly have contented if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I time so far forget myself in my honour or received queenship, but always looked for such an alteration I now find; for the ground of my contentment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least in I knew was fit and sufficient that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate our queen and companion, far from my desert or desire. If then you find me worthy of such honour, your Grace let not any light fancy, counsel of mine enemies, without your princely favour from me; but let that stain, that unworthy stain, my loyal heart towards your good never cast so foul a blot on your faithful wife, and the infant princely daughter. Try me, good lady, let me have a lawful trial, and my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea let me receive an answer, for my truth shall fear no man; then shall you see either innocence cleared, your suspicion satisfied, the ignominy desired of the world stopped, or my guilt only declared. So that whatsoever you may determine of me, my conscience may be freed from an open and mine offence being so lawfully tried, your Grace is at liberty,

both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant of my suspicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness; then I desire of God, that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in trait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Ann Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May; your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

L

ANN BOLEYN.

## Nº CCCXCVIII. FRIDAY, JUNE 6.

INSANIRE PARIS CERTA RATIONE MODIQUE.

HQR. SAT. III. L. 2. V. 271.

—YOU'D BE A FOOL

WITH ART AND WISDOM, AND BE MAD BY RULE.

CREECH.

THIO and Flavia are persons of distinction in this town, have been lovers these ten months, and writ to each other for galley, under those feigned names; she-a-one and Mrs. Such-a-one, each capable of raising the soul out of ordinary traits and passages of so that elevation which makes

the life of the enamoured so much superior to that of the rest of the world. But ever since the beauteous Cecilia has made such a figure as she now does in the circle of charming women, Cynthia has been secretly one of her adorers. Cecilia has been the finest woman in town these three months, and so long Cynthia has acted the part of a lover very awkwardly

awkwardly in the presence of Flavia. Flavia has been too blind towards him, and has too sincere an heart of her own to observe a thousand things which would have discovered this change of mind to any one less engaged than she was. Cynthio was musing yesterday in the piazza in Covent Garden, and was saying to himself that he was a very ill man to go on in visiting and professing love to Flavia, when his heart was intralled to another. 'It is an infirmity that I am not constant to Flavia; but it would be still a greater crime, since I cannot continue to love her, to profess that I do. To marry a woman with the coldness that usually indeed comes on after marriage, is ruining one's self with one's eyes open; besides it is really doing her an injury.' This last consideration, forsooth, of injuring her in persisting, made him resolve to break off upon the first favourable opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this thought, he saw Robin the porter, who waits at Will's coffee-house, passing by. Robin, you must know, is the best man in town for carrying a billet; the fellow has a thin body, swift step, demure looks, sufficient sense, and knows the town. This man carried Cynthio's first letter to Flavia, and by frequent errands ever since, is well known to her. The fellow covers his knowledge of the nature of his messages with the most exquisite low humour imaginable: the first he obliged Flavia to take, was by complaining to her that he had a wife and three children, and if she did not take that letter, which he was sure there was no harm in, but rather love, his family must go supperless to bed, for the gentleman would pay him according as he did his business. Robin therefore Cynthio now thought fit to make use of, and gave him orders to wait before Flavia's door, and if she called him to her, and asked whether it was Cynthio who passed by, he should at first be loth to own it was, but upon importunity confess it. There needed not much search into that part of the town to find a well-dressed huffey fit for the purpose Cynthio designed her. As soon as he believed Robin was posted, he drove by Flavia's lodgings in an hackney-coach and a woman in it. Robin was at the door talking with Flavia's maid, and Cynthio pulled up the glass as surprised, and hid his associate. The

report of this circumstance soon flew up stairs, and Robin could not deny but the gentleman favoured his master; yet if it was he, he was sure the lady was but his cousin whom he had seen ask for him; adding, that he believed she was a poor relation, because they made her wait one morning until he was awake. Flavia immediately writ the following epistle, which Robin brought to Will's.

SIR,

JUNE 4, 1712.

IT is in vain to deny it, basest, falsest of mankind; my maid, as well as the bearer saw you. The injured

FLAVIA.

After Cynthio had read the letter, he asked Robin how she looked, and what she said at the delivery of it. Robin said she spoke short to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to say to him, and bid him and all the men in the world go out of her sight; but the maid followed, and bid him bring an answer.

Cynthio returned as follows.

JUNE 4, THREE AFTERNOON, 1712

MADAM,

THAT your maid and the bearer has seen me very often is very certain; but I desire to know, being engaged at piquet, what your letter meant by 'it is in vain to deny it.' I shall stay here all the evening. Your amazed

CYNTHIO.

As soon as Robin arrived with this, Flavia answered:

DEAR CYNTHIO,

I Have walked a turn or two in my anti-chamber since I writ to you, and have recovered myself from an impertinent fit which you ought to forgive me, and desire you would come to me immediately to laugh off a jealousy that you and a creature of the town went by in a hackney-coach an hour ago. I am your most humble servant,

FLAVIA.

I will not open the letter, which Cynthio writ upon the misapprehension you must have been under when you writ, for want of hearing the true circumstance.

came back in an instant, and answered—

HALF AN HOUR, SIX MINUTES  
AFTER THREE, JUNE 4.  
WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

M,  
ertain I went by your lodging  
gentlewoman to whom I have  
ur to be known; she is indeed  
on, and a pretty sort of woman.  
r starting manner of writing,  
ing you have not done me the  
o much as to open my letter,  
something very unaccountable,  
ms one that has had thoughts  
g his days with you. But I  
to admire you with all your  
erfections.

CYNTHIO.

run back, and brought for an-

ET Sir, that are at Will's cof-  
fouse six minutes after three,  
one that has had thoughts, and  
ttle imperfections. Sir, come  
mediately, or I shall determine  
y perhaps not be very pleasing

FLAVIA.

gave an account that she looked  
angry when she gave him the  
id that he told her, for she asked,  
thio only looked at the clock,  
uff, and writ two or three words  
p of the letter when he gave

he plot thickened so well, as that  
saw he had not much more to  
sh being irreconcilably ba-  
e writ—

MADAM,

I have that prejudice in favour of all  
you do, that it is not possible for you  
to determine upon what will not be very  
pleasing to your obedient servant,

CYNTHIO.

This was delivered, and the answer  
returned, in a little more than two se-  
conds.

SIR,

IS it come to this? You never loved  
me; and the creature you were with  
is the properest person for your associate.  
I despise you, and hope I shall soon  
hate you as a villain to the credulous

FLAVIA.

Robin ran back with—

MADAM,

YOUR credulity when you are to  
gain your point, and suspicion when  
you fear to lose it, make it a very hard  
part to behave as becomes your humble  
slave,

CYNTHIO.

Robin whipt away, and returned  
with—

MR. WELLFORD,

FLAVIA and Cynthio are no more.  
I relieve you from the hard part of  
which you complain, and banish you  
from my sight for ever.

ANN HEART.

Robin had a crown for his afternoon's  
work; and this is published to admonish  
Cecilia to revenge the injury done to  
Flavia.

T

## N<sup>o</sup> CCCXCIX. SATURDAY, JUNE 7.

UT NEMO IN SEISE TENTAT DESCENDERE! PERI. SAT. IV. V. 23.

NONE, NONE DESCENDS INTO HIMSELF TO FIND  
THE SECRET IMPERFECTIONS OF HIS MIND.

DRYDEN.

OCRISY, at the fashionable  
d of the town, is very different  
ocrisy in the city. The modish  
e endeavours to appear more vi-  
in he really is, the other kind  
rite more virtuous. The for-  
raid of every thing that has the  
religion in it, and would be  
engaged in many criminal gal-  
and amours, which he is not

guilty of. The latter assumes a face  
of sanctity, and covers a multitude of  
vices under a seeming religious deport-  
ment.

But there is another kind of hypo-  
crisy, which differs from both these, and  
which I intend to make the subject of  
this paper: I mean that hypocrisy, by  
which a man does not only deceive the  
world, but very often imposes on him-

self; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocrisy and self-deceit, which is taken notice of in those words—'Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.'

If the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost application and endeavours of moral writers to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay a claim to their care and compassion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue! I shall endeavour, therefore, to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the secret corners of the soul, and to shew my reader those methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose, are to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in Sacred Writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that Person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those who receive his doctrines. Though these two heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propose the following methods to the consideration of such as would find out their secret faults, and make a true estimate of themselves.

In the first place, let them consider well what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us, as much as our own hearts. They either do not see our faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their representations, after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us, discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers, and though his malice may set them in too strong a light, it has generally some ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy enflames his crimes. A wise man should give a just attention to both of them, so

far as they may tend to the improvement of one, and the diminution of another. Plutarch has written an essay of benefits which a man may receive from his enemies, and, among the good offices of enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the reproaches which upon us we see the worst of ourselves, and open our eyes to see our mistakes and defects in our lives and conversations, which we should observe without the help of natural monitors.

In order likewise to come to a knowledge of ourselves, we should consider on the other hand how far we deserve the praises and applause which the world bestow upon us. For the actions they celebrate from laudable and worthy motives, how far we are really possessed of those virtues which gain us applause from those with whom we converse. Reflection is absolutely necessary to consider how apt we are either to deceive ourselves, or to condemn ourselves by the example of others, and to sacrifice the interests of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we do not deceive ourselves in a point of importance, we should not lay a stress on any supposed virtues which are of a doubtful nature. For such we may esteem all those multitudes of men dissent from us, as good and wise as ourselves. We should always act with great modesty and circumspection in point of reputation; it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigoted persecution for any party or how praise-worthy soever they may appear to weak men of our own country, produce infinite calamities among kind, and are highly criminal against our own nature; and yet how many eminent for piety suffer such cruel and absurd principles of action to root in their minds under the name of virtues? For my own part, I never yet knew any party so reasonable, that a man could in its height and violence, at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very careful of those actions which are contrary to our natural constitution, favourable to particular education, or what promotes our worldly interest or

se and the like cases, a man's sentiment is easily perverted, and a bias hung upon his mind. These inlets of prejudice, the unguarded enues of the mind, by which a hundred errors and secret faults find admission, without being observed or notice of. A wise man will submit to those actions to which he is directed by nothing besides reason, and apprehend some concealed evil in a resolution that is of a disputable nature, when it is conformable to his usual temper, his age, or way of living, when it favours his pleasure or profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and examine all these dark corners of the mind, if we would endeavour our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue as will turn to account in every day, when it must stand the test of infinite Wisdom and Justice.

I shall conclude this essay with observing, that the two kinds of hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely that of deceiving the world, and that of imposing on ourselves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred thirty-ninth Psalm. The folly of the first kind of hypocrisy is there set forth by reflections on God's omniscience and omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble strains of poetry as any other I ever met with, either sacred or profane. The other kind of hypocrisy, whereby a man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last verses, where the Psalmist addresses himself to the great Searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition—'Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart; prove me, and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.'

L

## Nº CCCC. MONDAY, JUNE 9.

—————LATET ANGVIS IN HERBA.

VIRG. ECL. III. v. 93.

THERE'S A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

ENGLISH PROVERB.

should, methinks, preserve modesty and its interests in the world, that transgression of it always creates offence; and the very purposes of wantonness are defeated by a carriage which is not so much boldness, as to intimidate fear and reluctance are quite quashed in an object which would otherwise be desirable. It was said of the last age—

It has that prevailing gentle art,  
Which can with a resistless charm impart  
The sweetest wishes to the chasteest heart;  
Such a conflict, kindle such a fire,  
When declining virtue and desire,  
The poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away  
In sighs all night, in sighs and tears all day.

This prevailing gentle art was made of complaisance, courtship, and art-conformity to the modesty of a woman's manners. Rusticity, broad expression, and forward obtrusion, offend of education, and make the transgressions odious to all who have merit enough to attract regard. It is in this that the scenery is so beautifully

ordered in the description which Antony makes in the dialogue between him and Dolabella, of Cleopatra in her barge.

Her galley down the silver Cidnos row'd:  
The tackling sink, the streamers wav'd with gold;  
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails;  
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,  
Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay;  
She lay, and lean'd her cheek upon her hand,  
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,  
As if secure of all beholders hearts,  
Neglecting she could take them. Boys like Cupids  
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds  
That play'd about her face: but if she smil'd,  
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,  
That men's desiring eyes were never weary'd,  
But hung upon the object. To soft flutes  
The silver oars kept time: and while they play'd  
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,  
And both to thought—

Here the imagination is warmed with all the objects presented, and yet there



is nothing that is luscious, or what raises any idea more loose than that of a beautiful woman set off to advantage. The like, or a more delicate and careful spirit of modesty, appears in the following passage in one of Mr. Philips's pastorals.

Breathe soft ye winds, ye waters gently flow,  
Shield her ye trees, ye flow'rs around her grow;  
Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by,  
My love in yonder vale asleep does lie.

Desire is corrected when there is a tenderness or admiration expressed which partakes the passion. Licentious language has something brutal in it, which disgraces humanity, and leaves us in the condition of the savages in the field. But it may be asked, to what good use can tend a discourse of this kind at all? It is to alarm chaste ears against such as have what is above called the prevailing gentle art. Masters of that talent are capable of cloathing their thoughts in so soft a dress, and something so distant from the secret purpose of their heart, that the imagination of the unguarded is touched with a fondness which grows too insensibly to be resisted. Much care and concern for the lady's welfare, to seem afraid lest she should be annoyed by the very air which surrounds her, and this uttered rather with kind looks, and expressed by an interjection, an Ah, or an Oh, at some little hazard in moving or making a step, than in any direct profession of love, are the methods of skilful admirers: they are honest arts when their purpose is such, but infamous when misapplied. It is certain that many a young woman in this town has had her heart irrecoverably won, by men who have not made one advance which ties their admirers, though the females languish with the utmost anxiety. I have often, by way of admonition to my female readers, given them warning against agreeable company of the other sex, except they are well acquainted with their characters. Women may disguise it if they think fit, and the more to do it, they may be angry at me for saying it; but I say it is natural to them, that they have no manner of approbation of men, without some degree of love: for this reason he is dangerous to be entertained as a friend or visitor, who is capable of gaining any eminent esteem or observation, though it be never so remote from pretensions as a lover. If

a man's heart has not the abhorrence of any treacherous design, he may easily improve approbation into kindness, and kindness into passion. There may possibly be no manner of love between them in the eyes of all their acquaintance; no, it is all friendship; and yet they may be as fond as shepherd and shepherdess in a pastoral, but still the nymph and the swain may be to each other no other, I warrant you, than Pylades and Orestes.

When Lucy decks with flowers her swelling  
breast,  
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest;  
Unable to refrain my madding mind,  
Nor sleep nor pasture worth my care I find.  
Once Della slept, on easy moss reclin'd,  
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the win't;  
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss  
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.

Such good offices as these, and such friendly thoughts and concerns for one another, are what make up the amity, as they call it, between man and woman.

It is the permission of such intercourse, that makes a young woman come to the arms of her husband, after the disappointment of four or five passions which she has successively had for different men, before she is prudentially given to him for whom she has neither love nor friendship. For what should a poor creature do, that has lost all her friends? There is Marinette the agreeable, has, to my knowledge, had a friendship for Lord Welford, which had like to break her heart; then she had so great a friendship for Colonel Hardy, that she could not endure any woman else should do any thing but rail at him. Many and fatal have been disasters between friends who have fallen out, and these resentments are more keen than ever those of other men can possibly be; but in this it happens unfortunately, that as there ought to be nothing concealed from one friend to another, the friends of different sexes very often find fatal effects from their unanimity.

For my part, who study to pass life in as much innocence and tranquillity as I can, I shun the company of agreeable women as much as possible; and must confess that I have, though a tolerable good philosopher, but a low opinion of Platonic love: for which reason I thought

flary to give my fair readers a  
against it, having, to my great  
observed the waist of a Pla-

tonist lately swell to a roundness which  
is inconsistent with that philosophy.

T

## N° CCCCI. TUESDAY, JUNE 10.

IN AMORE HÆC OMNIA INSUNT VITIÆ: INJURIÆ,  
SUSPICIONES, INIMICITIÆ, INDUCIÆ,  
BELLUM, PAX RURSUM.

TER. EUN. ACT I. SC. I.

THE CAPRICIOUS STATE OF LOVE, TO BE ATTENDED WITH REPROACHES,  
SPICIONS, ENMITIES, TRUCES, QUARRELLING, RECONCILEMENT.

ill publish, for the entertainment  
this day, an odd sort of a packet,  
I have just received from one of  
sale correspondents.

SPECTATOR,

DE you have often confessed that  
are not displeased your papers  
sometimes convey the complaints  
rested lovers to each other, I am  
es you will favour one who gives  
undoubted instance of her re-  
ion, and at the same time a con-  
g proof of the happy influence  
abours have had over the most in-  
ble part of the most incorrigible  
You must know, Sir, I am one  
t species of women, whom you  
ften characterized under the name  
, and that I send you these lines  
to do public penance for having  
continued in a known error, as to  
rdon of the party offended. I the-  
chuse this way, because it in  
measure answers the terms on  
he intimated the breach between  
ght possibly be made up, as you  
e by the letter he sent me the next  
ter I had discarded him; which I  
it fit to send you a copy of, that  
ight the better know the whole

ust further acquaint you, that be-  
ilted him, there had been the  
it intimacy between us for a year  
half together, during all which  
cherished his hopes, and indulged  
me. I leave you to guess after  
hat must be his surprise, when  
his pressing for my full consent  
ay, I told him I wondered what  
make him fancy he had ever any  
in my affections. His own *sex*  
him sense, and all ours good-  
ng. *His person is such as might,*

without vanity, make him believe him-  
self not incapable to be beloved. Our  
fortunes, indeed, weighed in the nice  
scale of interest, are not exactly equal,  
which by the way was the true cause of  
my jilting him; and I had the assurance  
to acquaint him with the following max-  
im, that I should always believe that  
man's passion to be the most violent,  
who could offer me the largest settle-  
ment. I have since changed my opi-  
nion, and have endeavoured to let him  
know so much by several letters, but  
the barbarous man has refused them all;  
so that I have no way left of writing to  
him but by your assistance. If you can  
bring him about once more, I promise  
to send you all gloves and favours, and  
shall desire the favour of Sir Roger and  
yourself to stand as godfathers to my  
first boy. I am, Sir, your most obe-  
dient, most humble servant,

AMORET.

PHILANDER TO AMORET.

MADAM,

I Am so surpris'd at the question you  
were pleas'd to ask me yesterday, that  
I am still at a loss what to say to it. At  
least my answer would be too long to  
trouble you with, as it would come  
from a person, who, it seems, is so very  
indifferent to you. Instead of it, I shall  
only recommend to your consideration  
the opinion of one whose sentiments on  
these matters I have often heard you say  
are extremely just. 'A generous and  
' constant passion,' says your favourite  
author, 'in an agreeable lover, where  
' there is not too great a disparity in  
' their circumstances, is the greatest  
' blessing that can befall a person be-  
' loved; and if overlooked in one, may  
' perhaps never be found in another.'

I do

I do not, however, at all despair of being very shortly much better beloved by you than Antenor is at present; since whenever my fortune shall exceed his, you were pleased to intimate your passion would increase accordingly.

The world has seen me shamefully lose that time to please a fickle woman, which might have been employed much more to my credit and advantage in other pursuits. I shall therefore take the liberty to acquaint you, however harsh it may sound in a lady's ears, that though your love-fit should happen to return, unless you could contrive a way to make your recantation as well known to the public, as they are already apprised of the manner with which you have treated me, you shall never more see

PHILANDER.

AMORET TO PHILANDER.

SIR,

UPON reflection, I find the injury I have done both to you and myself to be so great, that though the part

I now act may appear contrary decorum usually observed by yet I purposely break through that my repentance may in some sure equal my crime. I assure in my present hopes of recovery I look upon Antenor's estate as tempt. The top was here yesterday a gilt chariot and new livery refused to see him. Though to meet your eyes, after what has I flatter myself, that amidst confusion you will discover such dereliction in mine, as none can but those who love. I shall be month at Lady D——'s in the but the woods, the fields, and without Philander, afford no to the unhappy

AMORET

I must desire you, dear Mr. Antenor, to publish this my letter to the world as soon as possible, and to inform him that I know nothing at all of the death of his rich uncle in Gloucestershire.

Nº CCCCII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE II.

QUÆ

IPSE SIBI TRADIT SPECTATOR—

HOB. ARS PORT. V. 181.

WHAT THE SPECTATOR TO HIMSELF RELATES.

WERE I to publish all the advertisements I receive from different hands, and persons of different circumstances and quality, the very mention of them, without reflections on the several subjects, would raise all the passions which can be felt by human minds. As instances of this, I shall give you two or three letters; the writers of which can have no recourse to any legal power for redress, and seem to have written rather to vent their sorrow than to receive consolation.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a young woman of beauty and quality, and suitably married to a gentleman who dotes on me. But this person of mine is the object of an unjust passion in a nobleman who is very intimate with my husband. This friendship gives him very easy access, and frequent opportunities of entertaining me

apart. My heart is in the utmost anguish, and my face is covered with confusion, when I impart to any other circumstance, which is, I suppose, the most mercenary of men, is gained by this false friend of my husband's to solicit me for a divorce. I am frequently chid by the poor ignorant man my husband, for showing impatience of his friend's company, and I am never alone with my husband, but she tells me stories of the villainous part of the world, and of such a one who are as much as she advises me to laugh at my astonishment; and to hint to me, that as virtuous men has always appeared, I am the daughter of her husband. It is that printing this letter may remove from the unnatural importunity of my mother, and the perfidious company of my husband's friend. I have

of virtue, and am resolved my innocence. The only sink of to avoid the fatal of the discovery of this fly away for ever, which avoid my husband's fatal gainst the man who attempts, and the shame of exposing infamy. The persons con-know these circumstances n; and though the regard dead in them, I have some their fear of shame upon in your paper; which I to infer, if you have any or injured virtue.

SYLVIA.

SPECTATOR,

husband of a woman of mean fallen in love, as they a lady of her acquaintance to be married to a gentleman serves her. I am in a trust this lady's fortune, which occurrence in this matter but I have so irresistible a y rise in me when I consider happiness, that against all ty, and common justice, I ring mean tricks to suspend

I have no manner of hopes Emilia, for so I will call nan of the most strict virtue; gentleman who of all others h my friend; but envy and ough placed so unjustly, ry being, and with the tor- nse of a demon, I am ever t I cannot but approve. I the beginning of repentance, wn and describe my present ich so hellish an aspect; but e destruction of these two rsons would be more wel- than their happiness. Mr. pray let me have a paper on : groundless sufferings, and an to exorcise crowds who degree possessed as I am.

CANIBAL.

SPECTATOR,

other means but this to ex- thanks to one man, and ent against another. My es are as follow. I have e years last past courted by of greater fortune than I ect, as the market for wo-

men goes. You must to be sure have observed people who live in that sort of way, as all their friends reckon it will be a match, and are marked out by all the world for each other. In this view we have been regarded for some time, and I have above these three years loved him tenderly. As he is very careful of his fortune, I always thought he lived in a near manner, to lay up what he thought was wanting in my fortune to make up what he might expect in another. Within these few months I have observed his carriage very much altered, and he has affected a certain air of getting me alone, and talking with a mighty profusion of passionate words, how I am not to be resisted longer, how irresistible his wishes are, and the like. As long as I have been acquainted with him, I could not on such occasions say down-right to him—'You know you may 'make me yours when you please.' But the other night he with great frank- nels and impudence explained to me, that he thought of me only as a mistress. I answered this declaration as it deserv- ed; upon which he only doubled the terms on which he proposed my yield- ing. When my anger heightened upon him, he told me he was sorry he had made so little use of the unguarded hours we had been together so remote from company, 'as indeed,' continued he, 'so we are 'at present.' I flew from him to a neighbouring gentlewoman's house, and though her husband was in the room, threw myself on a couch and burst into a passion of tears. My friend desired her husband to leave the room: 'But,' said he, 'there is something so extra- ordinary in this, that I will partake 'in the affliction; and be it what it 'will, she is so much your friend, that 'she knows you may command what 'services I can do her.' The man sat down by me, and spoke so like a brother, that I told him my whole affliction. He spoke of the injury done me with so much indignation, and animated me against the love he said he saw I had for the wretch who would have betrayed me, with so much reason and humanity to my weakness, that I doubt not of my perseverance. His wife and he are my comforters, and I am under no more restraint in their company than if I were alone; and I doubt not but in a small time contempt and hatred will take place

of the remains of affection to a rascal.  
I am, Sir, your affectionate reader,

DORINDA.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Had the misfortune to be an uncle before I knew my nephews from my nieces, and now we are grown up to better acquaintance, they deny me the respect they owe. One upbraids me with being their familiar, another will hardly be persuaded that I am an uncle, a third calls me little uncle, and a fourth

tells me there is no duty at all due to an uncle. I have a brother-in-law who will win all my affection; you shall think this worthy of your notice, and will be pleased to take some rules for our future reciprocal behaviour. It will be worthy of your notice, of your genius to lay down rules for his conduct, who was, born an old man, in whom I will much oblige, Sir, your obedient servant,  
T. CORNELIUS

## Nº CCCCIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 12.

QUI MORES HOMINUM MULTORUM VIDIT—

HOR. ARS POET. VI. 14

WHO MANY TOWNS, AND CHANGE OF MANNERS SAW.

ROSCOMMON.

WHEN I consider this great city in its several quarters and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners, and interests. The courts of two countries do not so much differ from one another, as the court and city in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their way of thinking and conversing together.

For this reason, when any public affair is upon the anvil, I love to hear the reflections that arise upon it in the several districts and parishes of London and Westminster, and to ramble up and down a whole day together, in order to make myself acquainted with the opinions of my ingenious countrymen. By this means I know the faces of all the principal politicians within the bills of mortality; and as every coffee-house has some particular statesman belonging to it, who is the mouth of the street where he lives, I always take care to place myself near him, in order to know his judgment on the present posture of affairs. The last progress that I made with this

intention, was about three months ago, when we had a current report of the death of the late King of France. As this would produce a new face in Europe, and many curious speculations in our British coffee-houses, I was very desirous to learn the thoughts of our most eminent politicians on this occasion.

That I might begin as near the fountain-head as possible, I first of all went to St. James's, where I found a whole outward room in a buzz of conversation. The speculations were but very different towards the door, but as you advanced to the upper room, and were so very much surrounded by a knot of theorists, who in the inner room, within the steam of the coffee-pot, that I there heard of the Spanish monarchy disposed of, the line of Bourbon provided for, and so forth, I was not more than a quarter of an hour.

I afterwards called in at Gile's, where I saw a board of French gentlemen sitting upon the life and death of the late Grand Monarque. Those who had espoused the Whig cause were very positively affirmed, that this life about a week since, was a fore-proceeding without any further view to the release of their friends in France, and to their own re-establishment; but finding they could not agree themselves, I proceeded on my progress,

on my arrival at Jenny Man's, I met an alert young fellow that cocked up upon a friend of his who entered the same time with myself, and told him after the following manner: 'Jack, the old prig is dead at Sharp's the word. Now or never, boy. Up to the walls of Paris they fly.' With several other deep expressions of the same nature.

It was with very little variation in the manner between Charing Cross and Covent Garden. And upon my going into the coffee-house I found their discourse was gone on to the death of the French King of Monsieur Boileau, Racine, Voltaire, and several other poets, whom they eulogised on this occasion, as persons who would have obliged the world with very noble elegies on the death of so great a prince, and so eminent a patron of learning.

In the coffee-house near the Temple, I met a couple of young gentlemen engaged in a dispute on the merits of the Spanish monarchy. One of them seemed to have been retained as an advocate for the Duke of Anjou, the nephew of his Imperial Majesty. They argued for regulating the title of that prince by the statute laws of England; and in doing so, they went on to my depth, forward to Paul's church-yard, listened with great attention to a man who gave the company an account of the deplorable state of France during the minority of the late king.

I turned on my right-hand into a street, where the chief politician of the quarter, upon hearing the news, having taken a pipe of tobacco, began to mutter for some time:—'If,

'the King of France is certainly dead, we shall have plenty of trouble this season: our fishery will be disturbed by privateers, as it has been for these ten years past.' He then considered how the death of that man would affect our pilchards, and several other remarks infused a great joy into his whole audience.

He then entered a by-coffee-house and sat at the upper end of a narrow

lane, where I met with a nonjuror engaged very warmly with a laceman who was the great support of a neighbouring conventicle. The matter in debate was, whether the late French King was most like Augustus Cæsar or Nero. The controversy was carried on with great heat on both sides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the course of their debate, I was under some apprehension that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my penny at the bar, and made the best of my way to Cheapside.

I then here gazed upon the signs for some time before I found one to my purpose. The first object I met in the coffee-room, was a person who expressed a great grief for the death of the French King; but upon his explaining himself, I found his sorrow did not arise from the loss of the monarch, but for his having sold out of the Bank about three days before he heard the news of it. Upon which a haberdasher, who was the oracle of the coffee-house, and had his circle of admirers about him, called several to witness that he had declared his opinion above a week before, that the French King was certainly dead; to which he added, that considering the late advices we had received from France, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying these together, and dictating to his hearers with great authority, there came in a gentleman from Garraway's, who told us that there were several letters from France just come in, with advice that the king was in good health, and was gone out a hunting the very morning the post came away. Upon which the haberdasher stole off his hat that hung upon a wooden peg by him, and retired to his shop with great confusion. This intelligence put a stop to my travels, which I had prosecuted with so much satisfaction; not being a little pleased to hear so many different opinions upon so great an event, and to observe how naturally upon such a piece of news every one is apt to consider it with regard to his particular interest and advantage.

L

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCIV. FRIDAY, JUNE 13.

—NON OMNIA POSSUMUS OMNES.

VIRG. ECL. v. 63.

WITH DIFFERENT TALENTS FORM'D, WE VARIOUSLY EXCE:

**N**ATURE does nothing in vain: the Creator of the universe has appointed every thing to a certain use and purpose, and determined it to a settled course and sphere of action, from which if it in the least deviates, it becomes unfit to answer those ends for which it was designed. In like manner it is in the dispositions of society, the civil oeconomy is formed in a chain as well as the natural: and in either case the breach of but one link puts the whole in some disorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that most of the absurdity and ridicule we meet with in the world, is generally owing to the impertinent affectation of excelling in characters men are not fit for, and for which Nature never designed them.

Every man has one or more qualities which may make him useful both to himself and others: Nature never fails of pointing them out, and while the infant continues under her guardianship, she brings him on in his way, and then offers herself for a guide in what remains of the journey; if he proceeds in that course, he can hardly miscarry: Nature makes good her engagements; for as she never promises what she is not able to perform, so she never fails of performing what she promises. But the misfortune is, men despise what they may be masters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themselves already possessed of what their genius inclined them to, and so bend all their ambition to excel in what is out of their reach. Thus they destroy the use of their natural talents, in the same manner as covetous men do their quiet and repose; they can enjoy no satisfaction in what they have, because of the absurd inclination they are possessed with for what they have not.

Cleanthes had good sense, a great memory, and a constitution capable of the closest application. In a word, there was no profession in which Cleanthes *might not have made a very good figure; but this would not satisfy him, he takes*

up an unaccountable fond character of a fine gentleman: his thoughts are bent upon those of attending a dissection, or the courts of justice, or the fathers, Cleanthes reads plays, dresses, and spends his time in rooms; instead of being a good divine, or physician, Cleanthes dovnright coxcomb, and with all that know him a contemptible of talents misapplied: this affectation the world owns: a race of coxcombs: Nature in drama never drew such a passion: sometimes made a fool, but is always of a man's own: applying his talents otherwise than Nature designed, who ever be-  
 resentment for being put in a course, and never fails of taking vengeance on those that do so. Her tendency in the application of man's parts, has the same declining from her course in the of vegetables: by the assist-  
 and an hot-bed, we may po-  
 an unwilling plant, or an u-  
 lad; but how weak, how in-  
 insipid! Just as insipid as t-  
 Valerio: Valerio had an ur-  
 racter, was gentle, had learn-  
 justly, spoke correctly; it v-  
 there was nothing in which  
 not excel; and it was so fi-  
 there was but one; Valerio  
 nius for poetry, yet he is re-  
 a poet; he writes verses, and  
 pains to convince the town,  
 is not that extraordinary p-  
 taken for.

If men would be content  
 Nature, and assist her opera-  
 mighty effects might we ex-  
 would not stand so much i-  
 tory, Virgil in poetry, or C-  
 To build upon Nature, i-  
 foundation upon a rock;  
 disposes itself into order;  
 course, and the whole work  
 as soon as undertaken. C

him to oratory, Virgil's to fol-  
low the Muses; they piously  
he admonition, and were re-

Had Virgil attended the bar,  
his art and ingenuous virtue would  
have made but a very indifferent  
and Tully's declamatory incli-  
nations would have been as useless in  
Nature, if left to herself, leads  
the best course, but will do no  
compulsion and constraint; and  
not satisfied to go her way, we  
see the greatest sufferers by it.

For ever Nature designs a produc-  
tion which always disposes seeds proper  
which are as absolutely necessary  
formation of any moral or intel-  
lectual excellence, as they are to the be-  
growth of plants; and I know  
what fate and folly it is, that  
taught not to reckon him equal-  
led that will write verses in spite  
of the gardener that should  
be to raise a jonquil or tulip  
with the help of their respective seeds.  
There is no good or bad quality  
which is not affected both sexes, so it is  
imagined but the fair sex must  
suffer by an affectation of this  
at least as much as the other.  
The effect of it is in none so conspi-  
cuous in the two opposite characters  
as in Cælia and Iras: Cælia has all the  
softness of person, together with an  
sweetness of nature, but wants  
she has a very ill voice; Iras is  
disagreeable, but has wit and  
sense: if Cælia would be silent,  
old men would adore her; if Iras  
talk, her hearers would admire  
that Cælia's tongue runs incessant-  
ly Iras gives herself silent airs  
and languors, so that it is difficult

to persuade one's self that Cælia has  
beauty, and Iras wit: each neglects her  
own excellence, and is ambitious of the  
other's character; Iras would be thought  
to have as much beauty as Cælia, and  
Cælia as much wit as Iras.

The great misfortune of this affecta-  
tion is, that men not only lose a good  
quality, but also contract a bad one:  
they not only are unfit for what they  
were designed, but they assign them-  
selves to what they are not fit for; and  
instead of making a very good figure  
one way, make a very ridiculous one  
another. If Semanthe would have been  
satisfied with her natural complexion,  
she might still have been celebrated by  
the name of the olive beauty; but Se-  
manthe has taken up an affectation to  
white and red, and is now distinguished  
by the character of the lady that paints  
so well. In a word, could the world  
be reformed to the obedience of that  
famed dictate, 'Follow Nature,' which  
the oracle of Delphos pronounced to  
Cicero when he consulted what course  
of studies he should pursue, we should  
see almost every man as eminent in his  
proper sphere as Tully was in his, and  
should in a very short time find imper-  
tinence and affectation banished from  
among the women, and coxcombs and  
false characters from among the men.  
For my part, I could never consider this  
preposterous repugnancy to Nature any  
otherwise, than not only as the greatest  
folly, but also one of the most heinous  
crimes, since it is a direct opposition to  
the disposition of Providence, and (as  
Tully expresses it) like the sin of the  
giants, an actual rebellion against Hea-  
ven.

Z

## N° CCCC. SATURDAY, JUNE 14.

Οἱ δὲ πανηγύριον μολοῦντες ὁδοῦ ἑλθόντες,  
καλὴν ἀειδόντες; ἡσυχίαν κἀρεῖ Ἀχαιοί,  
Μῆλονος; ἡ κἀγὼν ὁ δὲ ἴφρινα τέρπειν ἀκούει.

HOM. ILIAD. I. V. 472.

WITH HYMNS DIVINE THE JOYOUS BANQUET ENDS;  
THE PÆANS LENGTHEN'D TILL THE SUN DESCENDS;  
THE GREEKS RESTOR'D THE GRATEFUL NOTES PROLONG;  
APOLLO LISTENS, AND APPROVES THE SONG.

POPE.

very sorry to find, by the opera  
for this day, that we are likely  
to see the greatest performer in dramatic

music that is now living, or that per-  
haps ever appeared upon a stage. I need  
not acquaint my reader, that I am speak-  
ing



ing of Signior Nicolini. The town is highly obliged to that excellent artist, for having shewn us the Italian music in it's perfection, as well as for that generous approbation he lately gave to an opera of our own country, in which the composer endeavoured to do justice to the beauty of the words, by following that noble example, which has been set him by the greatest foreign masters in that art.

I could heartily wish there was the same application and endeavours to cultivate and improve our church-music, as have been lately bestowed on that of the stage. Our composers have one very great incitement to it: they are sure to meet with excellent words, and at the same time, a wonderful variety of them. There is no passion that is not finely expressed in those parts of the inspired writings, which are proper for divine songs and anthems.

There is a certain coldness and indifference in the phrases of our European languages, when they are compared with the oriental forms of speech; and it happens very luckily, that the Hebrew idioms run into the English tongue with a particular grace and beauty. Our language has received innumerable elegancies and improvements, from that infusion of Hebrewisms, which are derived to it out of the poetical passages in Holy Writ. They give a force and energy to our expression, warm and animate our language, and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intense phrases, than any that are to be met with in our own tongue. There is something so pathetic in this kind of diction, that it often sets the mind in a flame, and makes our hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a prayer appear, that is composed in the most elegant and polite forms of speech, which are natural to our tongue, when it is not heightened by that solemnity of phrase, which may be drawn from the Sacred Writings. It has been said by some of the ancients, that if the gods were to talk with men, they would certainly speak in Plato's style; but I think we may say, with justice, that when mortals converse with their Creator, they cannot do it in so proper a style as in that of the Holy Scriptures.

If any one would judge of the beauties of poetry that are to be met with in the Divine Writings, and examine how kindly the Hebrew manners of speech

mix and incorporate with the English language; after having perused the book of Psalms, let him read a literal translation of Horace or Pindar. He will find in these two last such an absurdity and confusion of style, with such a comparative poverty of imagination, as will make him very sensible of what I have been here advancing.

Since we have therefore such a treasury of words, so beautiful in themselves, and so proper for the airs of music, I cannot but wonder that persons of distinction should give so little attention and encouragement to that kind of music, which would have it's foundation in reason, and which would improve our virtue in proportion as it raised our delight. The passions that are excited by ordinary compositions generally flow from such silly and absurd occasions, that a man is ashamed to reflect upon them seriously; but the fear, the love, the sorrow, the indignation, that are awakened in the mind by hymns and anthems, make the heart better, and proceed from such causes as are altogether reasonable and praise-worthy. Pleasure and duty go hand in hand, and the greater our satisfaction is, the greater is our religion.

Music among those who were styled the chosen people was a religious art. The songs of Zion, which we have reason to believe, were in high repute among the courts of the eastern monarchs, were nothing else but psalms and pieces of poetry that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greatest conqueror in this holy nation, after the manner of the old Grecian lyrics, did not only compose the words of his divine odes, but generally set them to music himself: after which, his works, though they were consecrated to the tabernacle, became the national entertainment, as well as the devotion of his people.

The first original of the drama was a religious worship consisting only of a chorus, which was nothing else but a hymn to a deity. As luxury and voluptuousness prevailed over innocence and religion, this form of worship degenerated into tragedies; in which however the chorus so far remembered it's first office, as to brand every thing that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was laudable, to intercede with Heaven for the innocent, and to implore it's vengeance on the criminal.

Homæ

Homer and Hesiod intimate to us how this art should be applied, when they represent the Muses as surrounding Jupiter, and warbling their hymns about his throne. I might shew from innumerable passages in ancient writers, not only that vocal and instrumental music were made use of in their religious worship, but that their most favourite diversions were filled with songs and hymns to their respective deities. Had we frequent entertainments of this nature among us, they would not a little purify and exalt our passions, give our thoughts a proper turn, and cherish those

divine impulses in the soul, which every one feels that has not stilled them by sensual and immoderate pleasures.

Music, when thus applied, raises noble hints in the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions. It strengthens devotion, and advances praise into rapture, it lengthens out every act of worship, and produces more lasting and permanent impressions in the mind, than those which accompany any transient form of words that are uttered in the ordinary method of religious worship.

O

## Nº CCCCVI. MONDAY, JUNE 16.

HEC STUDIA ADOLESCENTIAM ALUNT, SENECTUTEM OBLECTANT, SECUNDAS RES ORNANT, ADVERSIS SOLATIUM ET PERFUGIUM PRÆBENT; DELECTANT DOMI, NON IMPEDIUNT FORIS; FERNOCTANT NOBISCUM, PEREGRINANTUR. RUSTICANTUR. TULL.

THESE STUDIES IMPROVE YOUTH; DELIGHT OLD AGE; ARE THE ORNAMENT OF PROSPERITY AND REFUGE OF ADVERSITY; PLEASE AT HOME; ARE NO INCONVENIENCE ABROAD; LODGE WITH US; TRAVEL WITH US, AND RETIRE INTO THE COUNTRY WITH US.

THE following letters bear a pleasing image of the joys and satisfactions of a private life. The first is from a gentleman to a friend, for whom he has a very great respect, and to whom he communicates the satisfaction he takes in retirement; the other is a letter to me occasioned by an ode written by my Lapland lover. This correspondent is so kind as to translate another of Schæfer's songs in a very agreeable manner. I publish them together, that the young and old may find something in the same paper which may be suitable to their respective tastes in solitude; for I know no fault in the description of ardent desires, provided they are honourable.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have obliged me with a very kind letter; by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixt state which wise men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks most of the philosophers and moralists have run too much into extremes, in praising entirely either solitude or public life; in the former men generally grow useless by too much rest, and in the latter, are destroyed by too much precipitation; as waters,

lying still, putrify and are good for nothing; and running violently on, do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those who, like you, can make themselves useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely vales and forests amidst the flocks and shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there is another sort of people who seem designed for solitude, those I mean who have more to hide than to shew: as for my own part, I am one of those of whom Seneca says—

*‘Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in tene-*

*bris esse quicquid in luce est.* Some men,

like pictures, are fitter for a corner

than a full light; and I believe such

as have a natural bent to solitude, are

like waters which may be forced into

fountains, and exalted to a great height,

may make a much nobler figure, and a

much louder noise, but after all run

more smoothly, equally, and plentifully,

in their own natural course upon the

ground. The consideration of this would

make me very well contented with the

possession only of that quiet which Cow-

ley calls the companion of obscurity;

but

but whoever has the Muses too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, Sir, you see I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living: Plutarch just now told me, that it is in human life as in a game at tables, one may wish he had the highest cast, but if his chance be otherwise, he is even to play it as well as he can; and make the best of it. I am, Sir, your most obliged, and most humble servant.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE town being so well pleased with the fine picture of artless love, which Nature inspired the Laplander to paint in the ode you lately printed; we were in hopes that the ingenious translator would have obliged it with the other also which Scheffer has given us; but since he has not, a much inferior hand has ventured to send you this.

It is a custom with the northern lovers to divert themselves with a song, whilst they journey through the fenny moors to pay a visit to their mistresses. This is addressed by the lover to his rain-deer, which is the creature that in that country supplies the want of horses. The circumstances which successively present themselves to him in his way, are, I believe you will think, naturally interwoven. The anxiety of absence, the gloominess of the roads, and his resolution of frequenting only those, since those only can carry him to the object of his desires; the dissatisfaction he expresses even at the greatest swiftness with which he is carried, and his joyful surprise at an unexpected sight of his mistress as she is bathing, seem beautifully described in the original.

If all those pretty images of rural nature are lost in the imitation, yet possibly you may think fit to let this supply the place of a long letter, when want of leisure or indisposition for writing will not permit our being entertained by

your own hand. I propose it because though it is natural fondness for what one does yet I assure you I would no thing of mine displace a fir yours.

I.

HASTE, my rain-deer, and go  
Our am'rous journey through  
waste;  
Haste, my rain-deer! still still tho'  
Impetuous love demands th  
haste.

II.

Around us far the rushy moors  
Soon will the sun withdraw his  
Darkling and tired we shall the  
No lay unsung to cheat the t

III.

The wat'ry length of these unje  
Dees all the flow'ry meadow  
Thro' these I fly to her my sou  
Ye flow'ry meadows, empty p

IV.

Each moment from the charmer  
My breast is tortur'd with im  
Fly, my rain-deer, fly swifter th  
Thy tardy feet wing with my

V.

Our pleasing toil will then be se  
And thou, in wonder lost, shall  
Admire each feature of the lov  
Her artless charms, her bloom  
a.

VI.

But lo! with graceful motion th  
Gently removing each ambit  
The crowding waves transport  
limbs:  
When, when, oh when shall  
dom have!

VII.

In vain, ye envious streams, so:  
To hide her from a lover's a  
From every touch you more tran  
And all reveal'd the beauteous





14

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 17.

—ABEST FACUNDIS GRATIA DICTIS.

OVID. MET. L. XIII. V. 127.

ELOQUENT WORDS A GRACEFUL MANNER WANT.

ST foreign writers who have given any character of the English, whatever vices they ascribe to in general, that the people are generally modest. It proceeds perhaps this our national virtue, that we are observed to make use of reason or action than those of other nations. Our preachers stand stock still at the pulpit, and will not so much as stir a finger to set off the best service of the world. We meet with the king's statues at our bars, and in public places of debate. Our words come from us in a smooth continued stream without those strainings of the passions of the body, and majestic actions, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death with coolness, and keep our temper in a situation which turns upon every thing that is said to us. Though our zeal is not able to stir a limb about what we have heard it observed more than those who have seen Italy, that a well-bred Englishman cannot relish the pictures of Italian pictures, the postures which are expressed in often such as are peculiar to Italy. One who has not seen an orator at the pulpit, will not know what that noble gesture in the discourse of St. Paul preaching at Athens the apostle is represented as holding up both his arms, and pouring out his rhetoric amidst an assembly of Pagan philosophers. It is vain that proper gestures and exertions of the voice cannot be studied by a public orator. A kind of comment to what he says enforces every thing he says, and his hearers, better than the argument he can make use of, keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to the same time that they shew they are in earnest, and affected himself he so passionately recommends

to others. Violent gesture and vociferation naturally shake the hearts of the ignorant, and fill them with a kind of religious horror. Nothing is more frequent than to see women weep and tremble at the sight of a moving preacher, though he is placed quite out of their hearing; as in England we very frequently see people lulled asleep with solid and elaborate discourses of piety, who would be warmed and transported out of themselves by the bellowing and distortions of enthusiasm.

If nonsense, when accompanied with such an emotion of voice and body, has such an influence on men's minds, what might we not expect from many of those admirable discourses which are printed in our tongue, were they delivered with a becoming fervour, and with the most agreeable graces of voice and gesture?

We are told that the great Latin orator very much impaired his health by this *laternum contentio*, this vehemence of action, with which he used to deliver himself. The Greek orator was likewise so very famous for this particular in rhetoric, that one of his antagonists, whom he had banished from Athens, reading over the oration which had procured his banishment, and seeing his friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, if they were so much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out such a storm of eloquence.

How cold and dead a figure, in comparison of these two great men, does an orator often make at the British bar, holding up his head with the most insipid serenity, and stroking the sides of a long wig that reaches down to his middle? The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the gestures of an English speaker; you see some of them running their hands into their pockets as far as ever they can thrust them, and others looking with great attention on a piece of paper that has nothing written in it; you may see many a

smart rhetorician turning his hat in his hands, moulding it into several different cocks, examining sometimes the lining of it, and sometimes the button, during the whole course of his harangue. A deaf man would think he was cheapening a beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the British nation. I remember when I was a young man, and used to frequent Westminster Hall, there was a counsellor who never pleaded without a piece of packthread in his hand, which he used to twirl about a thumb or a finger all the while he was speaking: the ways of those days used to call it the thread of his discourse, for he was not able to ut-

ter a word without it. One of his who was more merry than wise from him one day in the midst of pleading; but he had better have alone, for he lost his cause by it.

I have all along acknowledged to be a dumb man, and therefore thought a very improper way to give rules for oratory; but every one will agree with me that we ought either to lay aside all gesture, (which seems to be able to the genius of our nation at least to make use of such on graceful and expressive.

## Nº CCCCVIII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1

DECET AFFECTUS ANIMI NEQUE SE NIMIUM ERIGERE, NEC SUBJACERE VILITER.

TULL. DE

WE SHOULD KEEP OUR PASSIONS FROM BEING EXALTED ABOVE MEASURE, OR SERVILELY DEPRESSSED.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have always been a very great lover of your speculations, as well in regard of the subject, as to your manner of treating it. Human nature I always thought the most useful object of human reason, and to make the consideration of it pleasant and entertaining, I always thought the best employment of human wit: other parts of philosophy may perhaps make us wiser, but this not only answers that end, but makes us better too. Hence it was that the oracle pronounced Socrates the wisest of all men living, because he judiciously made choice of human nature for the object of his thoughts; an inquiry into which as much exceeds all other learning, as it is of more consequence to adjust the true nature and measures of right and wrong, than to settle the distance of the planets, and compute the times of their circulations.

One good effect that will immediately arise from a mere observation of human nature, is, that we shall cease to wonder at those actions which men are used to reckon wholly unaccountable; for as nothing is produced without a cause, so by observing the nature and course of the passions, we shall be able to trace every action from its first conception to its death. We shall no more admire at the proceedings of Catiline or Tibe-

rius, when we know the one tutored by a cruel jealousy, the other by a furious ambition: for the same men follow their passions as fast as light does heat, or as any other flows from its cause; reason employed in adjusting the passions may ever remain the principal action.

The strange and absurd variety is so apparent in men's actions plainly they can never proceed directly from reason; so pure a reason emits no such troubled waters must necessarily arise from the passions which are to the mind as the wind to a ship, they only can move it, too often destroy it; if fair as they guide it into the harbour, but if contrary and furious, they overturn it: in the same manner is assisted or endangered by the passions must then take the place and can never fail of securing it if the he not wanting to the strength of the passions will accept as an excuse for co-existence with them; they were designed to be the upper hand, he then be the liberty of his own soul.

As nature has framed the faculties of beings as it were in a man seems to be placed as the

tween angels and brutes: henceicipates both of flesh and spirit admirable tie, which in him occupies perpetual war of passions; and inclines to the angelic or brute his constitution, he is then deted good or bad, virtuous, or, if love, mercy, and good-nature, they speak him of the angel; d, cruelty, and envy predominey declare his kindred to the

Hence it was that some of the imagined, that as men in this lined more to the angel or the so after their death they should grate into the one or the other; could be no unpleasant notion to the several species of brutes, ich we may imagine that tyrants, the proud, malicious, and ill-, might be changed.

consequence of this original, all are in all men, but appear not constitution, education, custom country, reason, and the like may improve or abate the strength, but still the seeds remain, which ready to sprout forth upon the ouragement. I have heard a a good religious man, who, been bred with the milk of a as very modest in public by a reflection he made on his actions, frequently had an hour in secret, he had his fits and capers; ve had an opportunity of exa- the retirement of the strictest aers, no doubt but we should etual returns of those passions urtfully conceal from the pub- remember Machiavel observes, y state should entertain a per- alousy of it's neighbours, that old never be unprovided when gency happens; in like manner eason be perpetually on it's gainst the passions, and never m to carry on any design that lestructive of it's security; yet ne time it must be careful, that t so far break their strength as t them contemptible, and c m- itself unguarded.

nderstanding being of itself too lazy to exert itself into action, ffary it should be put in mo- he gentle gales of the passions, ay preserve it from stagnating tion; for they are necessary th of the mind, as the Circu-

lation of the animal spirits is to the health of the body; they keep it in life, and strength, and vigour; nor is it possible for the mind to perform it's offices without their assistance: these motions are given us with our beings; they are little spirits that are born and die with us; to some they are mild, easy, and gentle; to others wayward and unruly, yet never too strong for the reins of reason and the guidance of judgment.

We may generally observe a pretty nice proportion between the strength of reason and passion; the greatest geniuses have commonly the strongest affections; as, on the other hand, the weaker understandings have generally the weaker passions; and it is fit the fury of the couriers should not be too great for the strength of the charioteer. Young men whose passions are not a little unruly, give small hopes of their ever being considerable; the fire of youth will of course abate, and is a fault, if it be a fault, that mends every day: but surely unless a man has fire in youth, he can hardly have warmth in old age. We must therefore be very cautious, lest while we think to regulate the passions, we should quite extinguish them, which is putting out the light of the soul; for to be without passion, or to be hurried away with it, makes a man equally blind. The extraordinary severity used in most of our schools has this fatal effect, it breaks the spring of the mind, and most certainly destroys more good geniuses than it can possibly improve. And surely it is a mighty mistake that the passions should be so intirely subdued: for little irregularities are sometimes not only to be borne with but to be cultivated too, since they are frequently attended with the greatest perfections. All great geniuses have faults mixed with their virtues, and retrievable the flaming bush which has thorns amongst lights.

Since therefore the passions are the principles of human actions, we must endeavour to manage them so as to retain their vigour, yet keep them under strict command; we must govern them rather like free subjects than slaves, lest, while we intend to make them obedient, they become abject, and unfit for those great purposes to which they were designed. For my part I must confess I could never have any regard to that sect of philosophers, who so much in-



sifted upon an absolute indifference and vacancy from all passion; for it seems to me a thing very inconsistent, for a man to divest himself of humanity, in order to acquire tranquillity of mind;

and to eradicate the very principles of action, because it is possible they may produce ill effects. I am, Sir, your affectionate admirer,

Z

T. B.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 19.

MUSÆO CONTINGERE CUNCTA LEPORE.

LUCR. LIB. I. V. 933.

TO GRACE EACH SUBJECT WITH ENLIV'NING WIT.

**G**RATIAN very often recommends 'the fine taste,' as the utmost perfection of an accomplished man.

As this word arises very often in conversation, I shall endeavour to give some account of it, and to lay down rules how we may know whether we are possessed of it, and how we may acquire that fine taste of writing, which is so much talked of among the polite world.

Most languages make use of this metaphor, to express that faculty of the mind, which distinguishes all the most concealed faults and nicest perfections in writing. We may be sure this metaphor would not have been so general in all tongues, had there not been a very great conformity between that mental taste, which is the subject of this paper, and that sensitive taste, which gives us a relish of every different flavour that affects the palate. Accordingly we find, there are as many degrees of refinement in the intellectual faculty, as in the sense, which is marked out by this common denomination.

I knew a person who possessed the one in so great a perfection, that after having tasted ten different kinds of tea, he would distinguish, without seeing the colour of it, the particular sort which was offered him; and not only so, but any two sorts of them that were mixt together in an equal proportion; nay, he has carried the experiment so far, as upon tasting the composition of three different sorts, to name the parcels from whence the three several ingredients were taken. A man of a fine taste in writing will discern, after the same manner, not only the general beauties and imperfections of an author, but discover the several ways of thinking and expressing himself, which diversify him

from all other authors, with the several foreign infusions of thought and language, and the particular authors from whom they were borrowed.

After having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine taste in writing, and shewn the propriety of the metaphor which is used on this occasion, I think I may define it to be 'that faculty of the soul, which discerns the beauties of an author with pleasure, and the imperfections with dislike.' If a man would know whether he is possessed of this faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated works of antiquity, which have stood the test of so many different ages and countries, or those works among the moderns which have the sanction of the politer part of our cotemporaries. If upon the perusal of such writings he does not find himself delighted in an extraordinary manner, or if, upon reading the admired passages in such authors, he finds a coldness and indifference in his thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too usual among tasteless readers) that the author wants those perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himself wants the faculty of discovering them.

He should, in the second place, be very careful to observe, whether he tastes the distinguishing perfections, or, if he may be allowed to call them so, the specific qualities of the author whom he peruses; whether he is particularly pleased with Livy, for his manner of telling a story, with Sallust for his entering into those internal principles of action which arise from the characters and manners of the persons he describes, or with Tacitus for his displaying their outward motives of safety and interest, which gave birth to the whole series of transactions which he relates.

He may likewise consider, how differently he is affected by the same thought, which presents itself in a great writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a person of an ordinary genius. For there is as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the sun.

It is very difficult to lay down rules for the acquirement of such a taste as that I am here speaking of. The faculty must in some degree be born with us, and it very often happens, that those who have other qualities in perfection are wholly void of this. One of the most eminent mathematicians of the age has assured me, that the greatest pleasure he took in reading Virgil, was in examining *Aeneas* his voyage by the map; as I question not but many a modern compiler of history would be delighted with little more in that divine author than the bare matters of fact.

But notwithstanding this faculty must in some measure be born with us, there are several methods for cultivating and improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little use to the person that possesses it. The most natural method for this purpose is to be conversant among the writings of the most polite authors. A man who has any relish for fine writing, either discovers new beauties, or receives stronger impressions from the masterly strokes of a great author every time he peruses him: besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of speaking and thinking.

Conversation with men of a polite genius is another method for improving our natural taste. It is impossible for a man of the greatest parts to consider any thing in it's whole extent, and in all it's variety of lights. Every man, besides those general observations which are to be made upon an author, forms several reflections that are peculiar to his own manner of thinking; so that conversation will naturally furnish us with hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other men's parts and reflections as well as our own. This is the best reason I can give for the observation which several have made, that men of great genius in the same way of writing, seldom rise up singly,

but at certain periods of time appear together, and in a body; as they did at Rome in the reign of Augustus, and in Greece about the age of Socrates. I cannot think that *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Moliere*, *Boileau*, *La Fontaine*, *Bruyere*, *Bossu*, or the *Daciers*, would have written so well as they have done, had they not been friends and contemporaries.

It is likewise necessary for a man who would form to himself a finished taste of good writing, to be well versed in the works of the best critics both ancient and modern. I must confess that I could wish there were authors of this kind, who, besides the mechanical rules which a man of very little taste may discourse upon, would enter into the very spirit and soul of fine writing, and shew us the several sources of that pleasure which rises in the mind upon the perusal of a noble work. Thus although in poetry it be absolutely necessary that the unities of time, place, and action, with other points of the same nature, should be thoroughly explained and understood; there is still something more essential to the art, something that elevates and astonishes the fancy, and gives a greatness of mind to the reader, which few of the critics besides *Longinus* have considered.

Our general taste in England is for epigram, turns of wit, and forced conceits, which have no manner of influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greatest writers, both among the ancients and moderns. I have endeavoured in several of my speculations to banish this Gothic taste, which has taken possession among us. I entertained the town for a week together with an essay upon wit, in which I endeavoured to detect several of those false kinds which have been admired in the different ages of the world; and at the same time to shew wherein the nature of true wit consists. I afterwards gave an instance of the great force which lies in a natural simplicity of thought to affect the mind of the reader, from such vulgar pieces as have little else besides this single qualification to recommend them. I have likewise examined the works of the greatest poet which our nation or perhaps any other has produced, and particularized most of those rational and manly beauties which give a value to that

that divine work. I shall next Saturday enter upon an essay 'On the Pleasures of the Imagination,' which though it shall consider that subject at large, will perhaps suggest to the reader

what it is that gives a beauty to many passages of the finest writers both in prose and verse. As an undertaking of this nature is entirely new, I question not but it will be received with candour.

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## Nº CCCCX. FRIDAY, JUNE 20.

—*PUM FORIS SUNT, NIHIL VIDETUR MUNDICI,  
NEC MAGIS COMPOSITUM QUIDQUAM, NEC MAGIS ELEGAN-  
TIS, CUM AMATORE SUO CUM COENANT, LIGURIUNT.  
HARUM VIDERE INGLUVIEM, SORDES, INOPIAM,  
QUAM INHONESTÆ SOLÆ SINT DOMI, ATQUE AVIDÆ CIBI,  
QUO FACTO EX JURE HESTERNO PANEM ATRUM VORENT:  
NOSSE OMNIA HAC, SALUS EST ADOLESCENTULIS.*

TER. EUN. ACT. V. SC. 4.

WHEN THEY ARE ABROAD, NOTHING IS SO CLEAN, AND NICELY DRESSED; AND WHEN AT SUPPER WITH A GALLANT, THEY DO BUT FIDDLE, AND PICK THE CHOICEST BITS: BUT TO SEE THEIR NASTINESS AND POVERTY AT HOME, THEIR GLUTTONY, AND HOW THEY DEVOUR BLACK CRUSTS DIPPED IN YESTERDAY'S BROTH, IS A PERFECT ANTIDOTE AGAINST WENCHING.

**W**ILL Honeycomb, who disguises his present decay by visiting the wenches of the town only by way of humour, told us, that the last rainy night, he with Sir Roger de Coverley was driven into the Temple Cloister, whither had escaped also a lady most exactly dressed from head to foot. Will made no scruple to acquaint us, that she saluted him very familiarly by his name; and turning immediately to the knight, she said, she supposed that was his good friend Sir Roger de Coverley; upon which nothing less could follow than Sir Roger's approach to salutation, with—'Madam, the same at your service.' She was dressed in a black tawny mantle and petticoat, without ribbons; her linen striped muslin, and in the whole in an agreeable second mourning; decent dresses being often affected by the creatures of the town, at once consulting the puffs and the pretensions to modesty. She went on with a familiar easy air—'Your friend, Mr. Honeycomb, is a little surpris'd to see a woman here alone and untended; but I dismissed my coach at the gate, and tripp'd it down to my cousin's chamber; for lawyers fees take up too much of a small disposal; jointure to admit any other expenses but mere necessities.' Mr. Honeycomb begged they might have the honour of setting her down, for Sir Roger's servant was gone to call a coach. In the interim the footman returned, with

no coach to be had; and there appeared nothing to be done but trusting herself with Mr. Honeycomb and his friend to wait at the tavern at the gate for a coach, or to be subjected to all the impertinence she must meet with in that public place. Mr. Honeycomb being a man of honour, determined the choice of the fust; and Sir Roger, as the better man, took the lady by the hand, leading her through all the shower, covering her with his hat, and gallanting a familiar acquaintance through rows of young fellows, who winked at Sukey in the state she march'd off, Will Honeycomb bringing up the rear.

Much importunity prevail'd upon the fair one to admit of a collation, where, after declaring she had no stomach, and eaten a couple of chickens, devoured a truss of salad, and drank a full bottle to her share, she sung the Old Man's Wish to Sir Roger. The knight left the room for some time after supper, and wait the following billet, which he conveyed to Sukey, and Sukey to her friend Will Honeycomb. Will has given it to Sir Andrew Freeport, who read it last night to the club.

MADAM,

I Am not so mere a country gentleman, but I can guess at the law-busness you had at the Temple. If you would go down to the country, and leave off all your vanities but your singing, let me know at my lodgings in Bow

et, Covent Garden, and you encouraged by your humble

ROGER DE COVERLEY.

od friend could not well stand y which was rising upon him; t a stop to it, I delivered Will nb the following letter, and m to read it to the board.

ECTATOR,

NG seen a translation of one e chapters in the Canticles into erse insert'd among your late ave ventured to send you the hapter of the Proverbs in a rels. If you think it worthy ; among your speculations, it sufficient reward for the trou- ur constant reader,

A. B.

, th' instruction that my words im- t, the living tablet of thy heart; e wholesome precepts that I give, ith strictest reverence, and live. hy homage be to Wisdom paid, rotection, and implore her aid; may keep thy soul from harm fe-

thy footsteps from the harlot's door, curs'd charms lures the unwary in, is with flattery their souls to sin. rom my window as I cast mine eye that pass'd in giddy numbers by, among the foolish youths I spy'd, e not sacred Wisdom for his guide. the sun withdrew his cooler light, ing soft led on the shades of night, a covert twilight to his fate, d the corner near the harlot's gate; a woman com's!— attire, and such her glaring dress, did the harlot's mind express:

Subtle she is, and practis'd in the arts  
By which the wanton conquer heedless hearts;  
Stubborn and loud she is; she hates her home,  
Varying her place and form, she loves to roam:  
Now she's within, now in the street does stray,  
Now at each corner stands, and waits her prey.  
The youth she seiz'd; and laying now aside  
All modesty, the female's justest pride,  
She said with an embrace—'Here at my house  
'Peace-offerings are, this day I paid my  
'vows.

'I therefore came abroad to meet my dear,  
'And lo, in happy hour, I find thee here.  
'My chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my bed  
'Are coverings of the richest tapestry spread,  
'With linen it is deck'd from Egypt brought,  
'And carvings by the curious artist wrought;  
'It wants no glad perfume Arabia yields  
'In all her citron groves and spicy fields;  
'Here all her store of richest odours meets,  
'I'll lay thee in a wilderness of sweets.  
'Whatever to the sense can grateful be  
'I have collected there—I want but thee.  
'My husband's gone a journey far away,  
'Much gold he took abroad, and long will  
'stay:  
'He nam'd for his return a distant day.'  
Upon her tongue did such smooth mischief dwell,

And from her lip such welcome flattery fell,  
Th' unguarded youth, in silken fetters ty'd,  
Resign'd his reason, and with ease comply'd.  
Thus does the ox to his own slaughter go,  
And thus is senseless of th' impending blow.  
Thus flies the simple bird into the snare,  
That skilful fowlers for his life prepare.  
But let my sons attend. Attend may they  
Whom youthful vigour may to sin betray:  
Let them false charmers fly, and guard their  
hearts  
Against the wily wanton's pleasing arts;  
With care direct their steps, nor turn astray  
To tread the paths of her deceitful way;  
Lest they too late of her fell power complain,  
And fall where many mightier have been  
slain.

T

Nº CCCCXI. SATURDAY, JUNE 21.

AVIA PIERIDUM PERAGRO LOCA, NULLIUS ANTE  
TRITA SOLO: JUVAT INTEGROS ACCEDERE FONTES,  
ATQUE MAURIRE. LUCR. LIB. I. V. 925.

—INSPIR'D I TRACE THE MUSES SEATS,  
UNTRIDDEN YET: 'TIS SWEET TO VISIT FIRST  
UNTOUCH'D AND VIRGIN STREAMS, AND QUENCH MY THIRST.  
CREECH.

l sight is the most perfect and  
ost delightful of all our senses.  
he mind with the largest variety  
, converses with it's objects at

the greatest distance, and continues the  
longest in action without being tired or  
fatiated with it's proper enjoyments.  
The sense of feeling can indeed give us

a RO-

a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours; but at the same time it is very much straitened and confined in its operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects. Our sight seems designed to supply all these defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of touch, that spreads itself over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largest figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote parts of the universe.

It is this sense that furnishes the imagination with its ideas; so that by the pleasures of the imagination or fancy (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by paintings, statues, descriptions, or any the like occasion. We cannot indeed have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight; but we have the power of retaining, altering, and compounding those images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the imagination: for by this faculty a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.

There are few words in the English language which are employed in a more loose and undeciphered sense than those of the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*. I therefore thought it necessary to fix and determine the notion of these two words, as I intend to make use of them in the thread of my following speculations, that the reader may conceive rightly what is the subject which I proceed upon. I must therefore desire him to remember that, by the pleasures of the imagination, I mean only such pleasures as arise originally from sight, and that I divide these pleasures into two kinds; my design being first of all to discourse of those primary pleasures of the imagination, which entirely proceed from such objects as are before our eyes; and in the next place to speak of those secondary pleasures of the imagination which flow from the ideas of visible objects, when the objects are not actually before the eye, but are called up into our memories, or formed into

agreeable visions of things that are absent or fictitious.

The pleasures of the imagination taken in the full extent, are not as those of sense, nor so refined of the understanding. They are indeed, more preferable, because are founded on some new knowledge or improvement in the mind of man; it must be confessed that those imaginations are as great and sporting as the other. A beautiful prospect delights the soul, as much as a monstration; and a description has charmed more readers than in Aristotle. Besides, the pleasures of the imagination have this advantage above those of the understanding, they are more obvious, and need not to be acquired. It is but open eye, and the scene enters. The painter himself on the fancy very little attention of thought or application of mind in the beholder are struck, we know not how, by the symmetry of any thing we see, immediately assent to the beauty of the object, without enquiring into its peculiar causes and occasions of

A man of a polite imagination, taken into a great many pleasures, vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, as an agreeable companion in a street meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of the meadows, than another does in possession. It gives him indeed a property in every thing he sees, makes the most rude uncultivated of nature administer to his pleasure that he looks upon the world, as in another light, and discovers a multitude of charms, that conceal themselves from the generality of men.

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent have a relish of any pleasures that are not criminal; every diversion that is at the expence of some one vice or another, and their very first step into business is into vice or folly. They should endeavour, therefore, to keep the sphere of his innocent pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retrench them with safety, and find in them a satisfaction as a wise man would blush to take. Of this nature are the pleasures of the imagination, which do

such a bent of thought as is necessary to our more serious employments; at the same time, suffer the mind to fall into that negligence and remissness which are apt to accompany our sensual delights, but, like a gentle breeze to the faculties, awaken them from sloth and idleness, without putting upon any labour or difficulty. I might here add, that the pleasures of the fancy are more conducive to health than those of the understanding, which are worked out by dint of labour, and attended with too violent an exertion of the brain. Delightful, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on the mind, as well as the mind, and not only to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to disperse grief and melancholy, and to set the animal

spirits in pleasing and agreeable motions. For this reason Sir Francis Bacon, in his Essay upon Health, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his reader a poem or a prospect, where he particularly dissuades him from knotty and subtle disquisitions, and advises him to pursue studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

I have in this paper, by way of introduction, settled the notion of those pleasures of the imagination which are the subject of my present undertaking; and endeavoured, by several considerations, to recommend to my reader the pursuit of those pleasures. I shall, in my next paper, examine the several sources from whence these pleasures are derived. 6

## N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXII. MONDAY, JUNE 23.

—DIVISUM SIC BREVE FIT OPUS.

MART. EP. LXXVIII. LIB. 6.

THE WORK, DIVIDED APTLY, SHORTER GROWS.

all first consider those pleasures of the imagination, which arise from a total view and survey of outward objects: and these, I think, all proceed from the sight of what is great, uncommon, or beautiful. There may, indeed, be nothing so terrible or offensive, that the error or loathsomeness of an object may bear the pleasure which results from its greatness, novelty, or beauty; but still there will be such a mixture of it in the very disgust it gives us, as if these three qualifications are most efficacious and prevailing.

Greatness I do not only mean the size of any single object, but the largeness of a whole view, considered as one piece. Such are the prospects of an extensive country, a vast unadorned desert, of huge heaps of mountains, high rocks and precipices, or a vast expanse of waters, where we are struck with the novelty or beauty of sight, but with that rude kind of sublimity which appears in many of the stupendous works of nature. Our imagination loves to be filled with an object, or to grasp at any thing that is great for its capacity. We are struck with pleasing astonishment at such un-

bounded views, and feel a delightful stillness and amazement in the soul at the apprehensions of them. The mind of man naturally hates every thing that looks like a restraint upon it, and is apt to fancy itself under a sort of confinement, when the sight is pent up in a narrow compass, and shortened on every side by the neighbourhood of walls or mountains. On the contrary, a spacious horizon is an image of liberty, where the eye has room to range abroad, to exult at large on the immensity of its views, and to lose itself amidst the variety of objects that offer themselves to its observation. Such wide and undetermined prospects are as pleasing to the fancy, as the speculations of eternity or infinity are to the understanding. But if there be a beauty or uncommonness joined with this grandeur, as in the troubled ocean, a heaven adorned with stars and meteors, or a spacious landscape cut out into rivers, woods, rocks, and meadows, the pleasure still grows upon us, as it arises from more than a single principle.

Every thing that is new or uncommon raises a pleasure in the imagination, because it fills the soul with an agree-

able surprize, gratifies it's curiosity, and gives it an idea of which it was not before possessed. We are indeed so often conversant with one set of objects, and tired out with so many repeated shows of the same things, that whatever is new or uncommon contributes a little to vary human life, and to divert our minds, for a while, with the strangeness of it's appearance: it serves us for a kind of refreshment, and takes off from that satiety we are apt to complain of in our usual and ordinary entertainments. It is this that bestows charms on a monster, and makes even the imperfections of nature please us. It is this that recommends variety, where the mind is every instant called off to something new, and the attention not suffered to dwell too long, and waste itself on any particular object. It is this, likewise, that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it afford the mind a double entertainment. Groves, fields, and meadows, are at any season of the year pleasant to look upon, but never so much as in the opening of the spring, when they are all new and fresh, with their first gloss upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the eye. For this reason there is nothing that more enlivens a prospect than rivers, jetteaus, or falls of water, where the scene is perpetually shifting, and entertaining the sight every moment with something that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon hills and valleys, where every thing continues fixed and settled in the same place and posture, but find our thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the sight of such objects as are ever in motion, and sliding away from beneath the eye of the beholder.

But there is nothing that makes it's way more directly to the soul than beauty, which immediately diffuses a secret satisfaction and complacency through the imagination, and gives a finishing to any thing that is great or uncommon. The very first discovery of it strikes the mind with an inward joy, and spreads a cheerfulness and delight through all it's faculties. There is not perhaps any real beauty or deformity more in one piece of matter than another, because we might have been so made, that whatsoever now appears loathsome to us, might have shewn itself agreeable; but we find by experience that there are several modifications of matter which the mind,

without any previous consideration, pronounces at first sight beautiful or deformed. Thus we see that every different species of sensible creatures has it's different notions of beauty, and that each of them is most affected with the beauties of it's own kind. This is no where more remarkable than in birds of the same shape and proportion, where we often see the male determined in his courtship by the single grain or tincture of a feather, and never discovering any charms but in the colour of it's species.

*Scit thalamo servare fidem, sanctasque veritas  
Connubii leges; non illum in pectore candor  
Solicitat νέvus; neque pravum accendit amorem*

*Splendida lanugo, vel bene facta in vertice crista,  
Purpureusque nitor pennarum; est agmina latè  
Faminea explorat cautus, maculasque requirit  
Cognatus, paribusque interlita corpora guttus  
Ni faceret, pictis sylvam circum undique matris*

*Confusam aspiceret Vulgò, partusque bifurci,  
Et genus ambiguum, et veneris monumenta nefanda.*

*Hinc Merula in nigro se oblectat nigramariis,  
Hinc scium lasiva petit philomela cancrus,  
Agnescitque pares sonitus, hinc noctua tetram  
Canitum alarum, et glaucos miratur ocellus.  
Nempe sibi semper constat, crescitque quotannis  
Lucida progenies, castos confessa parentis;  
Dum virides inter saltus lucosque sonora  
Sere novo exultat, plumasque decora juvenis  
Explicat ad solem, patriisque coloribus ardet.*

The feather'd husband, to his partner true,  
Preserves connubial rites inviolate.  
With cold indifference every charm he sees;  
The milky whiteness of the stately neck,  
The shining down, proud crest and purple wings:

But cautious with a searching eye explores;  
The female tribes, his proper mate to find,  
With kindred colours mark'd: did he not so,  
The grove with painted monsters would abound,

Th' ambiguous product of unnatural love.  
The black-bird hence selects her sooty spouse;  
The nightingale her musical compeer,  
Lur'd by the well-known voice: the bird of night,

Smit with his dusky wings and greenish eyes,  
Wooes his dun paramour. The beauteous race  
Speak the chaste loves of their progenitors;  
When, by the spring invited, they quit  
In woods and fields, and to the sun unfold  
Their plumes, that with paternal colours glow.

There is a second kind of beauty that we find in the several productions of art and nature, which does not work upon imagination with that warmth and

the beauty that appears in our species; but is apt however to us a secret delight, and a kind of ; for the places or objects in we discover it. This consists in the gaiety or variety of colours, symmetry and proportion of parts, arrangement and disposition of or in a just mixture and concurrence all together. Among these seeds of beauty the eye takes most in colours. We no where meet more glorious or pleasing show in than what appears in the heavens in the setting of the sun, which is made up of those different lights that show themselves in a different situation. For this find the poets, who are always give themselves to the imagination, and more of their epithets from than from any other topic. The fancy delights in every thing

that is great, strange, or beautiful, and is still more pleased the more it finds of these perfections in the same object, so it is capable of receiving a new satisfaction by the assistance of another sense. Thus any continued sound, as the music of birds, or a fall of water, awakens every moment the mind of the beholder, and makes him more attentive to the several beauties of the place that lie before him. Thus if there arises a fragrance of smells or perfumes, they heighten the pleasures of the imagination, and make even the colours and verdure of the landscape appear more agreeable; for the ideas of both senses recommend each other, and are pleasanter together, than when they enter the mind separately: as the different colours of a picture, when they are well disposed, set off one another, and receive an additional beauty from the advantage of their situation. Q

## Nº CCCCXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 24.

CAUSA LATET, VIS EST NOTISSIMA

OVID. MET. L. IV. V. 207.

THE CAUSE IS SECRET, BUT TH' EFFECT IS KNOWN.

ADDISON.

ALTHOUGH in yesterday's paper we considered how every thing that is new, or beautiful, is apt to affect imagination with pleasure, we know that it is impossible for us to see the necessary cause of this pleasure, because we know neither the nature of the idea, nor the substance of a soul, which might help us to the conformity or disagreeableness of one to the other; and therefore want of such a light, all that is done in speculations of this kind, is confined to those operations of the soul that are most agreeable, and to range over their proper heads what is pleasing to the mind, without being able to trace out the several necessary causes from whence the pleasure or displeasure arises. The causes lie more bare and open to observation, as there are often a variety that belong to the same kind, and these, though they are not so satisfactory, are generally more useful than the other, as they give us occasion of admiring the good-wisdom of the first contriver.

One of the final causes of our delight in any thing that is great, may be this. The Supreme Author of our being has so formed the soul of man, that nothing but himself can be its last, adequate and proper happiness. Because, therefore, a great part of our happiness must arise from the contemplation of his Being, that he might give our souls a just relish of such a contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the apprehension of what is great or unlimited. Our admiration, which is a very pleasing motion of the mind, immediately rises at the consideration of any object that takes up a great deal of room in the fancy, and, by consequence, will improve into the highest pitch of astonishment and devotion when we contemplate his nature, that is neither circumscribed by time nor place, nor to be comprehended by the largest capacity of a created being.

He has annexed a secret pleasure to the idea of any thing that is new or uncommon, that he might encourage us in the pursuit after knowledge, and engage us to search into the wonders of

5 M 2 his



his creation; for every new idea brings such a pleasure along with it as rewards any pains we have taken in it's acquisition, and consequently serves as a motive to put us upon fresh discoveries.

He has made every thing that 'is ' beautiful in our own species' pleasant, that all creatures may be tempted to multiply their kind, and fill the world with inhabitants; for it is very remarkable, that wherever Nature is crost in the productions of a monster, (the result of any unnatural mixture) the breed is incapable of propagating it's likeness, and of founding a new order of creatures; so that unless all animals were allured by the beauty of their own species, generation would be at an end, and the earth unpeopled.

In the last place, he has made every thing that is beautiful in all other objects pleasant, or rather has made so many objects appear beautiful, that he might render the whole creation more gay and delightful. He has given almost every thing about us the power of raising an agreeable idea in the imagination: so that it is impossible for us to behold his works with coldness or indifference, and to survey so many beauties without a secret satisfaction and complacency. Things would make but a poor appearance to the eye, if we saw them only in their proper figures and motions; and what reason can we assign for their exciting in us many of those ideas which are different from any thing that exists in the objects themselves, (for such are light and colours) were it not to add supernumerary ornaments to the universe, and make it more agreeable to the imagination? We are every where entertained with pleasing shows and apparitions, we discover imaginary glories in the heavens, and in the earth, and see some of this visionary

beauty poured out upon the whole creation; but what a rough unsightly sketch of Nature should we be entertained with, did all her colouring disappear, and the several distinctions of light and shade vanish? In short, our souls are at present delightfully lost and bewildered in a pleasing delusion, and we walk about like the enchanted hero in a romance, who sees beautiful castles, woods and meadows; and at the same time hears the warbling of birds, and the purling of streams; but upon the finishing of some secret spell, the fantastic scene breaks up, and the disconsolate knight finds himself on a barren heath, or in a solitary desert. It is not improbable that something like this may be the state of the soul after it's first separation, in respect of the images it will receive from matter, though indeed the ideas of colours are so pleasing and beautiful in the imagination, that it is possible the soul will not be deprived of them, but perhaps find them excited by some other occasional cause, as they are at present by the different impressions of the subtle matter on the organ of sight.

I have here supposed that my reader is acquainted with that great modern discovery, which is at present universally acknowledged by all the enquirers into natural philosophy: namely, that light and colours, as apprehended by the imagination, are only ideas in the mind, and not qualities that have any existence in matter. As this is a truth which has been proved incontestably by many modern philosophers, and is indeed one of the finest speculations in that science, if the English reader would see the notion explained at large, he may find it in the eighth chapter of the second book of Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding.

Q

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCIV. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25.

ALTERIUS SIC  
ALTERA POSCIT OPERAM RES, ET CONJURAT AMICEM.

HOR. ART. POET. V. 411.

BUT MUTUALLY THEY NEED EACH OTHER'S HELP.

ROSCOMMON.

**I**F we consider the works of nature and art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall find

the last very defective, in comparison of the former; for though they may sometimes appear as beautiful or

n have nothing in them of that and immensity, which afford so n entertainment to the mind of older. The one may be as delicate as the other, but can view herself so august and magnificence the design. There is something bold and masterly in the rough

strokes of nature, than in the riches and embellishments of art. Beauties of the most stately garden lie in a narrow compass, the vision immediately runs them over, desires something else to gratify it in the wild fields of nature, it wanders up and down without ment, and is fed with an infinite of images, without any certain number. For this reason we find the poet in love with the life, where nature appears in the perfection, and furnishes out all scenes that are most apt to delight generation.

*vim choros omnis amat nemus, et fugit*  
*ca.*

HOR. EP. II. L. 2. v. 77.

groves and to groves we run,  
and silence ev'ry Muse's son.

POPE.

*ra quies, et nescia fallere vita,  
um variarum; hic latis cilia fundis,  
et violisque lacus; hic frigida Tempe,  
que lacus, mollique sub arbore somni.*

VIRG. GEORG. II. v. 467.

ly quiet, a secure retreat,  
et life that knows not how to cheat,  
me-bred plenty the rich owner blest,  
al pleasures crown his happiness.  
with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,  
stry king his peaceful realm enjoys:  
as, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride  
ls, and streams that through the val-  
ry glide;  
dy groves that easy sleep invite,  
er toilsome days, a short repose at  
night.

DRYDEN.

though there are several of these  
enes, that are more delightful  
y artificial shows; yet we find  
ks of nature still more pleasant  
e they resemble those of art: for  
case our pleasure rises from a  
principle; from the agreeableness  
objects to the eye, and from their  
le to other objects: we are pleas-  
ed with comparing their beau-  
ty with surveying them, and can

represent them to our minds, either as  
copies or originals. Hence it is that we  
take delight in a prospect which is well  
laid out, and diversified with fields and  
meadows, woods and rivers; in those  
accidental landships of trees, clouds, and  
cities, that are sometimes found in the  
veins of marble; in the curious fret-  
work of rocks and grottos; and in a  
word, in any thing that hath such a va-  
riety or regularity as may seem the ef-  
fect of design in what we call the works  
of chance.

If the products of nature rise in va-  
lue according as they more or less resem-  
ble those of art, we may be sure that  
artificial works receive a greater advan-  
tage from their resemblance of such as  
are natural; because here the similitude  
is not only pleasant, but the pattern  
more perfect. The prettiest landscape I  
ever saw, was one drawn on the walls  
of a dark room, which stood opposite  
on one side to a navigable river, and on  
the other to a park. The experiment is  
very common in optics. Here you might  
discover the waves and fluctuations of  
the water in strong and proper colours,  
with the picture of a ship entering at  
one end, and sailing by degrees through  
the whole piece. On another there ap-  
peared the green shadows of trees, wav-  
ing to and fro with the wind, and herds  
of deer among them in miniature, leap-  
ing about upon the wall. I must con-  
fess, the novelty of such a sight may be  
one occasion of it's pleasantness to the  
imagination; but certainly the chief  
reason is it's near resemblance to nature,  
as it does not only, like other pictures,  
give the colour and figure, but the mo-  
tion of the thing it represents.

We have before observed, that there  
is generally in nature something more  
grand and august, than what we meet with  
in the curiosities of art. When, there-  
fore, we see this imitated in any mea-  
sure, it gives us a nobler and more ex-  
alted kind of pleasure, than what we  
receive from the nicer and more accurate  
productions of art. On this account  
our English gardens are not so enter-  
taining to the fancy as those in France  
and Italy, where we see a large extent  
of ground covered over with an agree-  
able mixture of garden and forest, which  
represent every where an artificial rude-  
ness, much more charming than that  
neatness and elegance which we meet  
with in those of our own country. It  
might,

might, indeed, be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage, and the plough, in many parts of a country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect; and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers, that the soil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landscape of his own possessions.

Writers, who have given us an account of China, tell us the inhabitants of that country laugh at the plantations of our Europeans, which are laid out by the rule and line; because they say, any one may place trees in equal rows and uniform figures. They chuse rather to shew a genius in works of this

nature, and therefore always care for art by which they direct it. They have a word, it seems in Chinese language, by which they express the particular beauty of a plant thus strikes the imagination at without discovering what it is so agreeable an effect. Our gardeners, on the contrary, humouring nature, love to do it as much as possible. Our cones, globes, and pyramids are the marks of the scissars to plant and bush. I do not know I am singular in my opinion my own part, I would rather a tree in all its luxuriance of boughs and branches, it is thus cut and trimmed into mathematical figure; and cannot that an orchard in flower look more delightful, than all the labyrinths of the most finished? But as our great modellers have their magazines of plants of, it is very natural for them to put up all the beautiful plantation trees, and contrive a plan that turn to their own profit, in their evergreens, and the like plants, with which their shops are thus stocked.

## Nº CCCCXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 26.

ADDE TOT EGREGIAS URBES, OPERUMQUE LABOREM.  
VIRG. GEORG. II.

NEXT ADD OUR CITIES OF ILLUSTRIOUS NAME,  
THEIR COSTLY LABOUR, AND STUPENDOUS FRAME.

DRYDEN

**H**AVING already shewn how the fancy is affected by the works of nature, and afterwards considered in general both the works of nature and of art, how they mutually assist and complement each other in forming such scenes and prospects as are most apt to delight the mind of the beholder; I shall in this paper throw together some reflections on that particular art, which has a more immediate tendency, than any other, to produce those primary pleasures of the imagination, which have hitherto been the subject of this discourse. The art I mean is that of architecture, which I shall consider only with regard to the

light in which the foregoing spirit have placed it, without entering into those rules and maxims which masters of architecture have laid out and explained at large in their treatises upon that subject.

Greatness, in the works of nature, may be considered as the bulk and body of the first; to the manner in which it is bestowed for the first, we find the ancients especially among the eastern nations, infinitely superior to the moderns.

Not to mention the tower of which an old author says, I

lations to be seen in his time, looked like a spacious mountain; could be more noble than the walls on, its hanging gardens, and led to Jupiter Belus, that rose a story by eight several stories, each rising along in height, and on the top was the Babylonian observatory. I know there are no more huge rock that was cut into the shape of Semiramis, with the smaller stones lay by it in the shape of triangles; the prodigious basin, or lake, which took in the whole city, till such time as a new canal was opened for its reception, with the canals enches through which that river eyed. I know there are no more look upon some of these wonders as fabulous, but I cannot find ground for such a suspicion, because we have no such works at present. There were many greater advantages for building of old times, and in that part of the world, than have been met with ever since. The earth was extremely fruitful, lived generally on pasturage, and required a much smaller number of labourers than agriculture: there were many trades to employ the busy part of the people, and fewer arts and sciences were necessary to men of speculative temper, than what is more than all the rest, and was absolute; so that when he went to war, he put himself at the head of the whole people: as we find Sennacherib leading her three millions to Jerusalem, and yet overpowered by the few of her enemies. It is no wonder therefore, when she was at Jerusalem, and turning her thoughts on that she could accomplish so much work, with such a prodigious number of labourers: besides, that in the winter, there was small interruption of workmen lie half the year idle. I mention too, among the benefits of the benevolent climate, what historians say, that it sweated out a bituminous kind of mortar, which lasts the same with that mentioned in the Holy Writ, as contributing to the structure of Babel. 'Slime they used for mortar.' But yet we still see their pyramids, answer to the descriptions that were made of them; and I question not but a traveller might find out some

remains of the labyrinth that covered a whole province, and had a hundred temples disposed among its several quarters and divisions.

The wall of China is one of these eastern pieces of magnificence, which makes a figure even in the map of the world, although an account of it would have been thought fabulous, were not the wall itself still extant.

We are obliged to devotion for the noblest buildings that have adorned the several countries of the world. It is this which has set men at work on temples and public places of worship, not only that they might, by the magnificence of the building, invite the Deity to reside within it, but that such stupendous works might, at the same time, open the mind to vast conceptions, and fit it to converse with the divinity of the place. For every thing that is majestic imprints an awfulness and reverence on the mind of the beholder, and strikes in with the natural greatness of the soul.

In the second place, we are to consider greatness of manner in architecture, which has such force upon the imagination, that a small building, where it appears, shall give the mind nobler ideas than one of twenty times the bulk, where the manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a man would have been more astonished with the majestic air that appeared in one of Lysippus's statues of Alexander, though no bigger than the life, than he might have been with mount Athos, had it been cut into the figure of the hero, according to the proposal of Phidias, with a river in one hand, and a city in the other.

Let any one reflect on the disposition of mind he finds in himself, at his first entrance into the Pantheon at Rome, and how the imagination is filled with something great and amazing; and, at the same time, consider how little, in proportion, he is affected with the inside of a Gothic cathedral, though it be five times larger than the other; which can arise from nothing else but the greatness of the manner in the one, and the meanness in the other.

I have seen an observation upon this subject in a French author, which very much pleased me. It is in Monsieur Freart's parallel of the ancient and modern architecture. I shall give it the reader with the same terms of art which he has made use of. 'I am observing,'

says

says he, ' a thing, which, in my opinion, is very curious, whence it proceeds that in the same quantity of superficies, the one manner seems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling; the reason is fine and uncommon. I say then, that to introduce into architecture this grandeur of manner, we ought so to proceed, that the division of the principal members of the order may consist but of few parts, that they be all great and of a bold and ample relieve, and swelling; and that the eye beholding nothing little and mean, the imagination may be more vigorously touched and affected with the work that stands before it. For example; in a cornice, if the gola or cymatium of the corona, the coping, the modillions or dentelli, make a noble show by their graceful projections, if we see none of that ordinary confusion which is the result of those little cavities, quarter rounds of the astragal, and I know not how many other intermingled particulars, which produce no effect in great and massy works, and which very unprofitably take up place to the prejudice of the principal member, it is most certain that this manner will appear solemn and great; as on the contrary, that it will have but a poor and mean effect, where there is a redundancy of those smaller ornaments, which divide and scatter the angles of the sight into such a multitude of rays, so pressed together that the whole will appear but a confusion.'

Among all the figures in architecture, there are none that have a greater air than the concave and the convex; and we find in all the ancient and modern architecture, as well in the remote parts of China, as in countries nearer home, that round pillars and vaulted roofs make a great part of those buildings which are designed for pomp and magnificence. The reason I take to be, be-

cause in these figures we see more of the body, than in the other kinds. There are, indeed, bodies, where the eye may take in thirds of the surface: but bodies the sight must split into angles, it does not take in an idea, but several ideas of the whole. Look upon the outside of a sphere, an eye half surrounds it; look upon the inside, and at one glance you take in the prospect of it; the sight falls into your eye at once, as the center that collects into it the lines of the whole. Hence, in a square pillar, the eye takes in but a fourth part of the surface, and in a square concave, the eye goes up and down to the different parts. It is master of all the inward view. For this reason, the fancy is more struck with the view of a dome, air, and skies, that passes through an arch, than what comes through any other figure. The rainbow does not contribute to magnificence, than the colour of beauty, as it is very poetical by the son of Sirach: ' Lo, the rainbow, and praise him that maketh it; very beautiful it is in its colour, it encompasses the heavens; it is a precious circle, and the hands of the High have ended it.'

Having thus spoken of that which affects the mind in architecture, I might next shew the pleasure in the imagination from the prospect of new and beautiful ideas; but as every beholder has a greater taste of these two pleasures in every building which offers a new view than of that which I have now considered, I shall not trouble myself with any reflections upon it, but content myself for my present purpose, that there is nothing in this which pleases the imagination more than is great, uncommon, or be-

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXVI. FRIDAY, JUNE 27.

QUATENUS HOC SIMILE EST OCULIS, QUOD MENTE VIDEMUS.

LUCA. L. IV. V. 754.

—OBJECTS STILL APPEAR THE SAME  
TO MIND AND EYE, IN COLOUR AND IN FRAME.

CREECH.

It divided the pleasures of the vision into such as arise from what are actually before our eyes, once entered in at our eyes, afterwards called up into the ether barely by its own operation on occasion of something without statues, or descriptions. We duly considered the first division, therefore enter on the other, for distinction sake, I have called the secondary pleasures of the imagination. When I fix the ideas we receive, statues, descriptions, or such notions, are the same that were actually in our view, it must not seem odd that we had once seen the action, or person, which are described. It is sufficient, to have seen places, persons, or general, which bear a resemblance at least some remote analogy, we find represented; since it is the power of the imagination, when stocked with particular ideas, compound, and vary them to our pleasure.

Of the different kinds of representation the most natural, is something like the object represented. To make use of an instance, let one, who is born with an image in his hands, and with his fingers the different impressions of the chisel, easily conceive how the shape or heft, may be represented. Should he draw his hand over where all is smooth and uniform, would never be able to imagine the several prominencies and hollows of a human body could be a plain piece of canvas, that the unevenness or irregularity of the surface runs yet farther from the representation than painting; for it bears a real resemblance to it, which letters and syllables are far from. Colours speak all languages, words are understood only

by such a people or nation. For this reason, though men's necessities quickly put them on finding out speech, writing is probably of a later invention than painting; particularly we are told that in America, when the Spaniards first arrived there, expresses were sent to the Emperor of Mexico in paint, and the news of his country delineated by the strokes of a pencil, which was a more natural way than that of writing, though at the same time much more imperfect, because it is impossible to draw the little connections of speech, or to give the picture of a conjunction or an adverb. It would be yet more strange, to represent visible objects by sounds that have no ideas annexed to them, and to make something like description in music. Yet it is certain, there may be confused, imperfect notions of this nature raised in the imagination by an artificial composition of notes; and we find that great masters in the art are able, sometimes, to set their hearers in the heat and hurry of a battle, to overcast their minds with melancholy scenes and apprehensions of deaths and funerals, or to lull them into pleasing dreams of groves and elysiums.

In all these instances, this secondary pleasure of the imagination proceeds from that action of the mind which compares the ideas arising from the original objects with the ideas we receive from the statue, picture, description, or sound, that represents them. It is impossible for us to give the necessary reason why this operation of the mind is attended with so much pleasure, as I have before observed on the same occasion; but we find a great variety of entertainments derived from this single principle: for it is this that not only gives us a relish of statuary, painting, and description, but makes us delight in all the actions and arts of mimicry. It is this that makes the several kinds of wit pleasant, which consists, as I have formerly shewn, in the affinity of ideas; and we may add, it is this also that raises

the little satisfaction we sometimes find in the different sorts of false wit; whether it consists in the affinity of letters, as an anagram, acrostic; or of syllables, as in doggrel rhymes, echoes; or of words, as in puns, quibbles; or of a whole sentence or poem, as wings and altars. The final cause, probably, of annexing pleasure to this operation of the mind, was to quicken and encourage us in our searches after truth, since the distinguishing one thing from another, and the right discerning betwixt our ideas, depends wholly upon our comparing them together, and observing the congruity or disagreement that appears among the several works of nature.

But I shall here confine myself to those pleasures of the imagination which proceed from ideas raised by words, because most of the observations that agree with descriptions are equally applicable to painting and statuary.

Words, when well chosen, have so great a force in them, that a description often gives us more lively ideas than the sight of things themselves. The reader finds a scene drawn in stronger colours, and painted more to the life in his imagination, by the help of words than by an actual survey of the scene which they describe. In this case the poet seems to get the better of Nature; he takes, indeed, the landscape after her, but gives it more vigorous touches, heightens it's beauty, and so enlivens the whole piece, that the images which flow from the objects themselves appear weak and faint, in comparison of those that come from the expressions. The reason, probably, may be, because in the survey of any object, we have only so much of it painted on the imagination as comes in at the eye; but in it's description, the poet gives us as free a view of it as he pleases, and discovers to us several parts, that either we did not attend to, or that lay out of our sight when we first beheld it. As we

look on any object, our idea of perhaps, made up of two or three ideas; when the poet represents may either give us a more complete of it, or only raise in us such ideas as are most apt to affect the imagination.

It may be here worth our while to examine how it comes to pass that several readers, who are all acquainted with the same language, and know the meaning of the words they read, should nevertheless have a different relish of the descriptions. We find one transported with a passage, which another runs over with coldness and indifference, owing the representation extremely near where another can perceive nothing but likeness and conformity. This different taste must proceed either from the perfection of imagination in one more than in another, or from the different that several readers affix to the words. For, to have a true relish, a man should be born with a good imagination, and must have well within the force and energy that lie in several words of a language, so as to be able to distinguish which are more significant and expressive of their ideas, and what additional strength beauty they are capable of receiving from conjunction with others. Fancy must be warm, to retain the force of those images it hath received from outward objects, and the judgment must be clear, to know what expression is most proper to clothe and adorn to the best advantage. A man deficient in either of these respects, he may receive the general notion of a description, can never see distinctly it's particular beauties; as a person with a weak sight may have the confused prospect of a place that lies before him without entering into it's several or discerning the variety of it's beauties in their full glory and perfection.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXVII. SATURDAY, JUNE 28.

QUEM TU, MELPOMENE, SEMEL  
 NASCENTEM PLACIDO LUMINE VIDERIS,  
 NON ILLUM LABOR ISTHMIUS  
 CLARABIT FUGILEM, NON EQUUS IMPIGER, &c.

SED QUÆ TIBUR AQUÆ FERTILE PERFLUUNT,  
 ET SPISSÆ NEMORUM COMÆ  
 FINGENT ÆOLIO CARMINE NOBILEM.

HOR. OD. III. L. 4. V. 1.

AT WHOSE BLEST BIRTH PROPITIOUS RAYS  
 THE MUSES SHED, ON WHOM THEY SMILE,  
 NO DUSTY ISTHMIAN GAME  
 SHALL STOUTEST OF THE RING PROCLAIM,  
 OR, TO REWARD HIS TOIL,  
 WREATHS IVY CROWNS, AND GRACE HIS HEAD WITH BAYS.

BUT FRUITFUL TIBUR'S SHADY GROVES,  
 IT'S PLEASANT SPRINGS, AND PURLING STREAMS,  
 SHALL RAISE A LASTING NAME,  
 AND SET HIM HIGH IN SOUNDING FAME  
 FOR LYRIC VERSE.

CARECK,

WE may observe, that any single circumstance of what we have truly seen, often raises up a whole of imagery, and awakens numerous ideas that before slept in the imagination; such a particular smell or colour is able to fill the mind, on a sudden with the picture of the fields or seas where we first met with it, and bring up into view all the variety of objects that once attended it. Our imagination takes the hint, and leads us distractedly into cities or theatres, or meadows. We may further see, when the fancy thus reflects on scenes that have past in it formerly, which were at first pleasant to us, appear more so upon reflection, that the memory heightens the dulness of the original. A Cartouche would account for both these instances in the following manner.

The set of ideas which we received from such a prospect or garden, having entered the mind at the same time, have all traces belonging to them in the memory, bordering very near one upon another; when, therefore, any one of these ideas arises in the imagination, and immediately dispatches a flow of animal spirits to its proper trace, these spirits, by the violence of their motion, run not into the trace, to which they were particularly directed, but into several of those that lie about it. By this

means they awaken other ideas of the same set, which immediately determine a new dispatch of spirits, that in the same manner open other neighbouring traces, till at last the whole set of them is blown up, and the whole prospect or garden flourishes in the imagination. But because the pleasure we received from these places far surmounted, and overcame the little disagreeableness we found in them; for this reason there was at first a wider passage worn in the pleasure traces, and on the contrary, so narrow a one in those which belonged to the disagreeable ideas, that they were quickly stopp'd up, and rendered incapable of receiving any animal spirits, and consequently of exciting any unpleasant ideas in the memory.

It would be in vain to inquire, whether the power of imagining things strongly proceeds from any greater perfection in the soul, or from any nicer texture in the brain of one man than of another: but this is certain, that a noble writer should be born with this faculty in its full strength and vigour, so as to be able to receive lively ideas from outward objects, to retain them long, and to range them together, upon occasion, in such figures and representations as are most likely to hit the fancy of the reader. A poet should take as much pains in forming his imagination, as a philosopher in cultivating his understanding.



standing. He must gain a due relish of the works of nature, and be thoroughly conversant in the various scenery of a country life.

When he is stored with country images, if he would go beyond pastoral, and the lower kinds of poetry, he ought to acquaint himself with the pomp and magnificence of courts. He should be very well versed in every thing that is noble and stately in the productions of art, whether it appear in painting or statuary, in the great works of architecture which are in their present glory, or in the ruins of those which flourished in former ages.

Such advantages as these help to open a man's thoughts, and to enlarge his imagination; and will therefore have their influence on all kinds of writing, if the author knows how to make right use of them. And among those of the learned languages who excel in this talent, the most perfect in their several kinds are perhaps Homer, Virgil, and Ovid. The first strikes the imagination wonderfully with what is great, the second with what is beautiful, and the last with what is strange. Reading the Iliad, is like travelling through a country uninhabited, where the fancy is entertained with a thousand savage prospects of vast deserts, wide uncultivated marshes, huge forests, mis-shapen rocks and precipices. On the contrary, the Æneid is like a well ordered garden, where it is impossible to find out any part unadorned, or to cast our eyes upon a single spot that does not produce some beautiful plant or flower. But when we are in the Metamorphosis, we are walking on enchanted ground, and see nothing but scenes of magic lying round us.

Homer is in his province, when he is describing a battle or a multitude, a hero or a god. Virgil is never better pleased, than when he is in his Elysiun, or copying out an entertaining picture. Homer's epithets generally mark out what is great; Virgil's what is agreeable. Nothing can be more magnificent than the figure Jupiter makes in the first Iliad, nor more charming than that of Venus in the first Æneid.

Ἥ, ἀκροῖσιν ἰὲ ὀφρύσιν ὦς Κρονίον,  
Ἀμφίβοιαι δ' ἄρα χαίται πτερύγεσσι τοῦ ἀνακτος,  
Κεῖται δ' αὖ ἀθανάτων μέγαν δ' ἰδίδειν  
Ὀλύμπου. IL. lib. i. v. 528.

He speaks, and awful bends his sable brow;  
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives them down,  
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the Gods:  
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,  
And all Olympus to the center shook.

POPE.

*Dixit et avertens resed ceruice resulsi:  
Ambr siaque coma divinum vertice dorem  
Spirare: pedes vestisq. def. xit ad imi,  
Et vera incessu patuit Dea.*

ÆN. i. v. 426.

Thus having said, she turn'd and made  
appear

Her neck refulgent, and dishevell'd hair;  
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd  
the ground,  
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:  
In length of train descends her sweeping gown,  
And by her graceful walk the Queen of Love  
is known. DRYDEN.

Homer's persons are most of them god-like and terrible; Virgil has scarce admitted any into his poem, who are not beautiful, and has taken particular care to make his hero so.

— *lumenque juvenae  
Purpureum, et lætos oculos afflavit bonos.*  
ÆN. i. v. 594.

And gave his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,  
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face.  
DRYDEN.

In a word, Homer fills his readers with sublime ideas, and, I believe, has raised the imagination of all the good poets that have come after him. I shall only instance Horace, who immediately takes fire at the first hint of any passage in the Iliad or Odyssey, and always rises above himself, when he has Homer in his view. Virgil has drawn together, into his Æneid, all the pleasing scenes his subject is capable of admitting, and in his Georgics has given us a collection of the most delightful landscapes that can be made out of fields and woods, herds of cattle, and swarms of bees.

Ovid, in his Metamorphosis, has shewn us how the imagination may be affected by what is strange. He describes a miracle in every story, and always gives us the sight of some new creature at the end of it. His art consists chiefly in well-timing his description, before the first shape is quite worn off, and the new one perfectly finished; so that he every where entertains us with something we never saw before, and shews monster after

after monster to the end of the Metamorphosis.

If I were to name a poet that is a perfect master in all these arts of working on the imagination, I think Milton may pass for one: and if his *Paradise Lost* falls short of the *Æneid* or *Iliad* in this respect, it proceeds rather from the fault of the language in which it is written, than from any defect of genius in the author. So divine a poem in English, is like a stately palace built of brick, where one may see architecture in as great a perfection as in one of marble, though the materials are of a coarser nature. But to consider it only as it

regards our present subject; what can be conceived greater than the Battle of Angels, the majesty of Messiah, the stature and behaviour of Satan and his peers? What more beautiful than Pandæmonium, Paradise, Heaven, Angels, Adam and Eve? What more strange, than the creation of the world, the several metamorphoses of the fallen angels, and the surprising adventures their leader meets with in his search after Paradise? No other subject could have furnished a poet with scenes so proper to strike the imagination, as no other poet could have painted those scenes in more strong and lively colours. O

## N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXVIII. MONDAY, JUNE 30.

FERET ET RUBUS ASPER AMOMUM.

VIRG. ECL. III. V. 89.

THE RUGGED THORN SHALL BEAR THE FRAGRANT ROSE.

THE pleasures of these secondary views of the imagination, are of a wider and more universal nature than those it has when joined with sight; for not only what is great, strange, or beautiful, but any thing that is disagreeable when looked upon, pleases us in an apt description. Here, therefore, we must enquire after a new principle of pleasure, which is nothing else but the action of the mind, which compares the ideas that arise from words, with the ideas that arise from the objects themselves; and why this operation of the mind is attended with so much pleasure, we have before considered. For this reason, therefore, the description of a dunghill is pleasing to the imagination, if the image be represented to our minds by suitable expressions; though perhaps this may be more properly called the pleasure of the understanding than of the fancy, because we are not so much delighted with the image that is contained in the description, as with the aptness of the description to excite the image.

But if the description of what is little, common, or deformed, be acceptable to the imagination, the description of what is great, surprising, or beautiful, is much more so; because here we are not only delighted with comparing the representation with the original, but are highly pleased with the original itself.

Most readers, I believe, are more charmed with Milton's description of paradise, than of hell; they are both, perhaps, equally perfect in their kind; but in the one the brimstone and sulphur are not so refreshing to the imagination, as the beds of flowers and the wilderness of sweets in the other.

There is yet another circumstance which recommends a description more than all the rest, and that is if it represents to us such objects as are apt to raise a secret ferment in the mind of the reader, and to work, with violence, upon his passions. For, in this case, we are at once warmed and enlightened, so that the pleasure becomes more universal, and is several ways qualified to entertain us. Thus in painting, it is pleasant to look on the picture of any face, where the resemblance is hit; but the pleasure increases, if it be the picture of a face that is beautiful; and is still greater, if the beauty be softened with an air of melancholy or sorrow. The two leading passions which the more serious parts of poetry endeavour to stir up in us, are terror and pity. And here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to pass that such passions as are very unpleasant at all other times, are very agreeable when excited by proper descriptions. It is not strange, that we should take delight in such passages as are apt to produce hope, joy, admiration,

tion, love, or the like emotions in us, because they never rise in the mind without an inward pleasure which attends them: but how comes it to pass, that we should take delight in being terrified or dejected by a description, when we find so much uneasiness in the fear or grief which we receive from any other occasion?

If we consider, therefore, the nature of this pleasure, we shall find that it does not arise so properly from the description of what is terrible, as from the reflection we make on ourselves at the time of reading it. When we look on such hideous objects, we are not a little pleased to think we are in no danger of them: we consider them, at the same time, as dreadful and harmless; so that the more frightful appearance they make, the greater is the pleasure we receive from the sense of our own safety. In short, we look upon the terrors of a description with the same curiosity and satisfaction that we survey a dead monster.

— *Informe cadaver*

*Protrahitur: nequeunt expleri corda tuendo  
Terribiles oculos, vultum, villosique fetis  
Pecora semiferi, atque extinctis faucibus ignes.*  
VIRG. ÆN. VIII. v. 264.

— They drag him from his den.  
The wond'ring neighbourhood, with glad surprise,

Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size,  
His mouth that flames no more, and his  
extinguish'd eyes. DRYDEN.

It is for the same reason that we are delighted with the reflecting upon dangers that are past, or in looking on a precipice at a distance, which would fill us with a different kind of horror if we saw it hanging over our heads.

In the like manner, when we read of torment, wounds, deaths, and the like dismal accidents, our pleasure does not flow so properly from the grief which such melancholy descriptions give us, as from the secret comparison which we make between ourselves and the person who suffers. Such representations teach us to set a just value upon our own condition, and make us prize our good fortune, which exempts us from the like calamities. This is, however, such a kind of pleasure as we are not capable of receiving, when we see a person actually living under the tortures that we meet with in a description; because, in

this case, the object presses too close upon our senses, and bears so hard upon us, that it does not give us time or leisure to reflect on ourselves. Our thoughts are so intent upon the miseries of the sufferer, that we cannot turn them upon our own happiness. Whereas, on the contrary, we consider the misfortunes we read in history or poetry, either as past, or as fictitious; so that the reflection upon ourselves rises in us insensibly, and overbears the sorrow we conceive for the sufferings of the afflicted.

But because the mind of man requires something more perfect in matter, than what it finds there, and can never meet with any sight in nature which sufficiently answers it's highest idea of pleasantness; or, in other words, because the imagination can fancy to itself things more great, strange, or beautiful, than the eye ever saw, and is still sensible of some defect in what it has seen; on this account it is the part of a poet to humour the imagination in it's own notions, by mending and perfecting nature where he describes a reality, and by adding greater beauties than are put together in nature, where he describes a fiction.

He is not obliged to attend her in the slow advances which she makes from one season to another, or to observe her conduct in the successive production of plants and flowers. He may draw into his description all the beauties of the spring and autumn, and make the whole year contribute something to render it the more agreeable. His rose-trees, woodbines, and jessamines, may flower together, and his beds be covered at the same time with lilies, violets, and amaranths. His soil is not restrained to any particular set of plants, but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itself to the products of every climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; myrrh may be met with in every hedge, and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of spices, he can quickly command sun enough to raise it. If all this will not furnish out an agreeable scene, he can make several new species of flowers, with richer scents and higher colours than any that grow in the gardens of nature. His concerts of birds may be as full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy, as he pleases. He is at no more expence in a long visit than a short one, and can as easily

his cascades from a precipice a mile high, as from one of yards. He has his choice of is, and can turn the course of s in all the variety of meanders most delightful to the reader's

imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of nature in his own hands, and may give her what charms he pleases, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into absurdities, by endeavouring to excel. Q

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 1.

MENTIS GRATISSIMUS ERROR.

HOR. EP. II. L. 2. V. 144.

A PLEASING ERROR LOST, AND CHARMINGLY DECEIV'D.

ERE is a kind of writing, wherein the poet quite loses sight e, and entertains his reader's ion with the characters and of such persons as have many of existence but what he bestows

. Such are fairies, witches, is, demons, and departed spirits. r. Dryden calls 'the fairy way ting,' which is, indeed, more than any other that depends on s fancy, because he has no pat- ollow in it, and must work al- out of his own invention.

is a very odd turn of thought for this sort of writing, and it ble for a poet to succeed in it, not a particular cast of fancy, imagination naturally fruitful rfitious. Besides this, he ought y well versed in legends and antiquated romances, and the s of nurses and old women, ay fall in with our natural pre- and humour those notions which imbibed in our infancy. For e he will be apt to make his lk like people of his own spe- l not like other sets of beings, verse with different objects, and a different manner from that of l.

*Idus carcant, me iudice, Fauni,  
innati triviais, ac penè feroces,  
in teneris juvenentur versibus*—

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 244.

hat comes starting from the woods,  
at first speak like an orator.

ROSCOMMON.

say, with Mr. Bays in the Re-  
bat spirits must not be confined  
sense, but it is certain their  
ght to be a little discoloured,  
ay seem particular, and pro-

per to the person and condition of the speaker.

These descriptions raise a pleasing kind of horror in the mind of the reader, and amuse his imagination with the strangeness and novelty of the persons who are represented in them. They bring up into our memory the stories we have heard in our childhood, and favour those secret terrors and apprehensions to which the mind of man is naturally subject. We are pleased with surveying the different habits and behaviours of foreign countries; how much more must we be delighted and surpris'd when we are led, as it were, into a new creation, and see the persons and manners of another species? Men of cold fancies, and philosophical dispositions, object to this kind of poetry, that it has not probability enough to affect the imagination. But to this it may be answered, that we are sure, in general, there are many intellectual beings in the world beside ourselves; and several species of spirits, who are subject to different laws and oeconomies from those of mankind: when we see, therefore, any of these represented naturally, we cannot look upon the representation as altogether impossible; nay, many are prepossessed with such false opinions, as dispose them to believe these particular delusions; at least we have all heard so many pleasing relations in favour of them, that we do not care for seeing through the falshood, and willingly give ourselves up to so agreeable an imposture.

The ancients have not much of this poetry among them; for, indeed, almost the whole substance of it owes it's original to the darkness and superstition of later ages, when pious frauds were made use of to amuse mankind, and frighten them into a sense of their duty.

Qut

Our forefathers looked upon nature with more reverence and horror, before the world was enlightened by learning and philosophy, and loved to astonish themselves with the apprehensions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms, and enchantments. There was not a village in England that had not a ghost in it, the church-yards were all haunted, every large common had a circle of fairies belonging to it, and there was scarce a shepherd to be met with who had not seen a spirit.

Among all the poets of this kind, our English are much the best, by what I have yet seen; whether it be that we abound with more stories of this nature, or that the genius of our country is fitter for this sort of poetry. For the English are naturally fanciful, and very often disposed by that gloominess and melancholy of temper, which is so frequent in our nation, to many wild notions and visions, to which others are not so liable.

Among the English, Shakespeare has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy, which he had in so great perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak superstitious part of his reader's imagination; and made him capable of succeeding, where he had nothing to support him besides the strength of his own genius. There is something so wild and yet so solemn in the speeches of his ghosts, fairies, witches, and the like imaginary

persons, that we cannot forbearing them natural, though we rule by which to judge of them must confess, if there are such in the world, it looks highly probable should talk and act as he has represented them.

There is another sort of imitations, that we sometimes meet among the poets, when the author presents any passion, appetite, or vice, under a visible shape, and it a person or an actor in his poem. This nature are the descriptions of Greed and Envy in Ovid, of Famine, and of Sin and Death in Milton. We find a whole creation of shadowy persons in Spenser, and an admirable talent in representing this kind. I have discoursed of emblematical persons in former numbers and shall therefore only mention this place. Thus we see how ways poetry addresses itself to the imagination, as it has not only the circle of nature for its province, but makes new worlds of its own; and us persons who are not to be taken as beings, and represents even the faculties of the soul, with the several virtues and vices, in a sensible shape and character.

I shall, in my two following numbers, consider in general, how other kinds of writing are qualified to please the imagination, with which I intend to conclude this essay.

## N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXX. WEDNESDAY, JULY 2.

—QUOCUNQUE VOLUNT MENTEM AUDITORIS AGUNTO.

HOR. ARS POET. V.

AND RAISE MEN'S PASSIONS TO WHAT HEIGHT THEY WILL.

ROSCOMBE

AS the writers in poetry and fiction borrow their several materials from outward objects, and join them together at their own pleasure, there are others who are obliged to follow Nature more closely, and to take intire scenes out of her. Such are historians, natural philosophers, travellers, geographers, and, in a word, all who describe visible objects of a real existence.

It is the most agreeable talent of an historian to be able to draw up his armies and fight his battles in proper ex-

pressions, to set before our eyes visions, cabals, and jealousies of men, and to lead us step by step through the several actions and events of history. We love to see the subject unfolding itself by just degrees, and acting upon us insensibly, that so we may be kept in a pleasing suspense, as time given us to raise our expectations and to side with one of the parties concerned in the relation. I could shew more the art than the vanity of the historian, but I am only to shew

he is qualified to please the imagination. And in this respect Livy has, excelled all who went before or have written since his time. He sees every thing in so lively a manner at his whole history is an admirable ; and touches on such proper circumstances in every story, that his reader is a kind of spectator, and feels itself all the variety of passions are correspondent to the several of the relation.

among this set of writers there are who more gratify and enlarge imagination, than the authors of philosophy, whether we consider theories of the earth or heavenly discoveries they have made by, or any other of their contemplations on nature. We are not a little

to find every green leaf swarm millions of animals, that at their growth are not visible to the eye. There is something very new to the fancy, as well as to our in the treatises of metals, minerals, and meteors. But when we the whole earth at once, and the planets that lie within it's neighborhood, we are filled with a pleasing sentiment, to see so many worlds grow one above another, and sliding their axes in such an amazing grandeur and solemnity. If, after this, we contemplate those wild fields of *Æther*, each in height as far as from Saturn the fixed stars, and run abroad to an infinitude, our imagination's capacity filled with so immense objects, and puts itself upon the stretch to comprehend it. But if we yet rise and consider the fixed stars as y vast oceans of flame, that are them attended with a different planets, and still discover new lights and new lights that are sunk in those unfathomable depths of so as not to be seen by the of our telescopes, we are lost in a labyrinth of suns and worlds, founded with the immensity and cence of nature.

ing is more pleasant to the fancy, enlarge itself by degrees, in it's relation of the various proportions it's several objects bear to each when it compares the body of the bulk of the whole earth, the the circle it describes round the circle to the sphere of the fixed

stars, the sphere of the fixed stars to the circuit of the whole creation, the whole creation itself to the infinite space that is every where diffused about it; or when the imagination works downward, and considers the bulk of a human body in respect of an animal a hundred times less than a mite, the particular limbs of such an animal, the different springs which actuate the limbs, the spirits which set the springs a going, and the proportionable minuteness of these several parts, before they have arrived at their full growth and perfection; but if, after all this, we take the least particle of these animal spirits, and consider it's capacity of being wrought into the world that shall contain within those narrow dimensions a heaven and earth, stars and planets, and every different species of living creatures, in the same analogy and proportion they bear to each other in our own universe; such a speculation, by reason of it's nicety, appears ridiculous to those who have not turned their thoughts that way, though at the same time it is founded on no less than the evidence of a demonstration. Nay, we may yet carry it farther, and discover in the smallest particle of this little world a new inexhausted fund of matter, capable of being spun out into another universe.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because I think it may shew us the proper limits, as well as the defectiveness of our imagination; how it is confined to a very small quantity of space, and immediately stopt in it's operations, when it endeavours to take in any thing that is very great or very little. Let a man try to conceive the different bulk of an animal, which is twenty, from another which is an hundred times less than a mite, or to compare in his thoughts a length of a thousand diameters of the earth, with that of a million, and he will quickly find that he has no different measures in his mind adjusted to such extraordinary degrees of grandeur or minuteness. The understanding, indeed, opens an infinite space on every side of us; but the imagination, after a few faint efforts, is immediately at a stand, and finds herself swallowed up in the immensity of the void that surrounds it. Our reason can pursue a particle of matter through an infinite variety of divisions, but the fancy soon loses sight of it, and feels in itself a kind

of chasm, that wants to be filled with matter of a more sensible bulk. We can neither widen nor contract the faculty to the dimensions of either extreme. The object is too big for our capacity, when we would comprehend the circumference of a world; and dwindles into nothing, when we endeavour after the idea of an atom.

It is possible this defect of imagination may not be in the soul itself, but as it acts in conjunction with the body. Perhaps there may not be room in the brain for such a variety of impressions,

or the animal spirits may be incapable of figuring them in such a manner, as is necessary to excite so very large or very minute ideas. However it be, we may well suppose that beings of a higher nature very much excel us in this respect, as it is probable the soul of man will be infinitely more perfect hereafter in this faculty, as well as in all the rest; inasmuch that, perhaps, the imagination will be able to keep pace with the understanding, and to form in itself distinct ideas of all the different modes and quantities of space. Q

## Nº CCCCXXI. THURSDAY, JULY 3.

IGNOTIS FRARRY LOCIS, IGNOTA VIDERE,

FLUMINA GAUDEAT; STUDIO MINUENTE LAEYRUM.

OVID. MET. L. IV. V. 294.

WE SOUGHT FRESH FOUNTAINS IN A FOREIGN SOIL;

THE PLEASURE LESSEN'D THE ATTENDING TOIL.

ADDISON.

**T**HE pleasures of the imagination are not wholly confined to such particular authors as are conversant in material objects, but are often to be met with among the polite matters of morality, criticism, and other speculations abstracted from matter, who, though they do not directly treat of the visible parts of nature, often draw from them their similitudes, metaphors, and allegories. By these allusions a truth in the understanding is as it were reflected by the imagination; we are able to see something like colour and shape in a notion, and to discover a scheme of thoughts traced out upon matter. And here the mind receives a great deal of satisfaction, and has two of its faculties gratified at the same time; while the fancy is busy in copying after the understanding, and transcribing ideas out of the intellectual world into the material.

The great art of a writer shews itself in the choice of pleasing allusions, which are generally to be taken from the great or beautiful works of art or nature; for though whatever is new or uncommon is apt to delight the imagination, the chief design of an allusion being to illustrate and explain the passages of an author, it should be always borrowed from what is more known and common, than the passages which are to be explained.

Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble metaphor, when it is placed to an advantage, casts a kind of glory round it, and darts a lustre through a whole sentence. These different kinds of allusion are but so many different manners of similitude; and, that they may please the imagination, the likeness ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to see a picture where the resemblance is just, or the posture and air graceful. But we often find eminent writers very faulty in this respect; great scholars are apt to fetch their comparisons and allusions from the sciences in which they are most conversant, so that a man may see the compass of their learning in a treatise on the most indifferent subject. I have read a discourse upon love, which none but a profound chymist could understand, and have heard many a sermon that should only have been preached before a congregation of Cartesians. On the contrary, your men of business usually have recourse to such instances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the reader into a game of chess or tennis, or for leading him from shop to shop in the cant of particular trades and employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite variety of very agreeable al-

lusions.

both these kinds; but, for the y, the most entertaining ones e works of nature, which are to all capacities, and more de- than what is to be found in arts ces.

his talent of affecting the ima- , that gives an embellishment to se, and makes one man's com- more agreeable than another's. Fall writings in general, but is life and highest perfection of where it shines in an eminent it has preserved several poems y ages, that have nothing else mend them; and where all the uties are present, the work ap- and insipid, if this single one ng. It has something in it like

it bestows a kind of existence, vs up to the reader's view seve- ts which are not to be found in It makes additions to nature, : greater variety to God's works. d, it is able to beautify and e most illustrious scenes in the or to fill the mind with more shows and apparitions, than und in any part of it.

ive now discovered the several of those pleasures that gratify ; and here, perhaps, it would ry difficult to cast under their eads those contrary objects, e apt to fill it with distaste and or the imagination is as liable s pleasure. When the brain is ny accident, or the mind disor- dreams or sickness, the fancy an with wild dismal ideas, and with a thousand hideous mon- 's own framing.

*n veluti demens videt agmina Pen-  
minum, et duplices se ostendere The-*

*temponius serenis agitated Orestes,  
facibus matrem et serpentibus atris  
audacterque sedent in limine Diræ.*

VIRG. ÆN. IV. v. 469.

icus, when distracted with his fear,  
o sons, and doubie thebes appear:  
restes, when his mother's ghost  
face infernal torches tost,

her snaky locks: he shuns the  
the stage, surpris'd with mortal  
guard the door, and intercept  
ght.

DRYDEN.

There is not a sight in nature so mor- tifying as that of a distracted person, when his imagination is troubled, and his whole soul disordered and confused. Babylon in ruins is not so melancholy a spectacle. But to quit so disagreeable a subject, I shall only consider, by way of conclusion, what an infinite advantage this faculty gives an almighty Being over the soul of man, and how great a measure of happiness or misery we are capable of receiving from the imagina- tion only.

We have already seen the influence that one man has over the fancy of an- other, and with what ease he conveys into it a variety of imagery; how great a power then may we suppose lodged in him, who knows all the ways of affect- ing the imagination, who can infuse what ideas he pleases, and fill those ideas with terror and delight to what degree he thinks fit? He can excite images in the mind without the help of words, and make scenes rise up before us and seem present to the eye without the assistance of bodies or exterior objects. He can transport the imagination with such beautiful and glorious visions, as cannot possibly enter into our present concep- tions, or haunt it with such ghastly spectres and apparitions, as would make us hope for annihilation, and think existence no better than a curse. In short, he can so exquisitely ravish or torture the soul through this single faculty, as might suffice to make th: whole heaven or hell of any finite being.

This essay on the pleasures of the ima- gination having been published in several papers, I shall conclude it with a table of the principal contents of each paper.

## THE CONTENTS.

### PAPER I.

THE perfection of our sight above our other senses. The pleasures of the imagination arise originally from sight. The pleasures of the imagination divided under two heads. The pleasures of the imagination in some respects equal to those of the understanding. The extent of the pleasures of the imagination. The advan- tages a man receives from a relish of these pleasures. In what respect they are pre- ferable to those of the understanding.

### PAPER II.

Three sources of all the pleasures of the imagination, in our survey of out- ward.



ward objects. How what is great pleases the imagination. How what is new pleases the imagination. How what is beautiful in our own species pleases the imagination. How what is beautiful in general pleases the imagination. What other accidental causes may contribute to the heightening of these pleasures.

## PAPER III.

Why the necessary cause of our being pleased with what is great, new, or beautiful, unknown. Why the final cause more known and more useful. The final cause of our being pleased with what is great. The final cause of our being pleased with what is new. The final cause of our being pleased with what is beautiful in our own species. The final cause of our being pleased with what is beautiful in general.

## PAPER IV.

The works of nature more pleasant to the imagination than those of art. The works of nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of art. The works of art more pleasant, the more they resemble those of nature. Our English plantations and gardens considered in the foregoing light.

## PAPER V.

Of architecture, as it affects the imagination. Greatness in architecture relates either to the bulk or to the manner. Greatness of bulk in the ancient oriental buildings. The ancient accounts of these buildings confirmed, 1. From the advantages for raising such works, in the first ages of the world, and in the eastern climates: 2. From several of them which are still extant. Instances how greatness of manner affects the imagination. A French author's observation on this subject. Why concave and convex figures give a greatness of manner to works of architecture. Every thing that pleases the imagination in architecture, is either great, beautiful, or new.

## PAPER VI.

The secondary pleasures of the imagination. The several sources of these pleasures, Itauary, painting, description, and music, compared together. The final cause of our receiving pleasure from these several sources. Of descriptions in particular. The power of words over the imagination. Why one reader more pleased with descriptions than another.

## PAPER VII.

How a whole set of ideas hang together, &c. A natural cause assigned for it. How to perfect the imagination of a writer. Who among the ancient poets had this faculty in it's greatest perfection. Homer excelled in imagining what is great; Virgil in imagining what is beautiful; Ovid in imagining what is new. Our own countryman Milton very perfect in all three respects.

## PAPER VIII.

Why any thing that is unpleasant to behold, pleases the imagination when well described. Why the imagination receives a more exquisite pleasure from the description of what is great, new, or beautiful. The pleasure still heightened, if what is described raises passion in the mind. Disagreeable passions pleasing when raised by apt descriptions. Why terror and grief are pleasing to the mind when excited by description. A particular advantage the writers in poetry and fiction have to please the imagination. What liberties are allowed them.

## PAPER IX.

Of that kind of poetry which Mr. Dryden calls the fairy way of writing. How a poet should be qualified for it. The pleasures of the imagination that arise from it. In this respect why the moderns excel the ancients. Why the English excel the moderns. Who the best among the English. Of emblematical persons.

## PAPER X.

What authors please the imagination. Who have nothing to do with fiction. How history pleases the imagination. How the authors of the new philosophy please the imagination. The bounds and defects of the imagination. Whether these defects are essential to the imagination.

## PAPER XI.

How those please the imagination, who treat of subjects abstracted from matter, by allusions taken from it. What allusions most pleasing to the imagination. Great writers how faulty in this respect. Of the art of imagining in general. The imagination capable of pain as well as pleasure. In what degree the imagination is capable either of pain or pleasure.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXXII. FRIDAY, JULY 4.

IPSEI NON OTII ABUNDANTIA, SED AMORIS ERGA TE.

TULL. EPIST.

WRITTEN THIS, NOT OUT OF ABUNDANCE OF LEISURE, BUT OF MY AFFECTION TOWARDS YOU.

ot know any thing which gives  
er disturbance to conversation,  
false notion some people have  
ry. It ought certainly to be  
point to be aimed at in society,  
he good-will of those with whom  
verse. The way to that, is to  
are well inclined towards  
what then can be more absurd,  
set up for being extremely sharp  
ng, as the term is, in your ex-  
to your familiars? A man who  
good quality but courage, is in  
way towards making an agree-  
are in the world, because that  
he has superior to other people  
be exerted, without raising him-  
enemy. Your gentleman of a  
vein is in the like condition.  
a thing which perplexes the heart  
you speak to, or brings blushes  
face, is a degree of murder;  
s, I think, an unpardonable of-  
to shew a man you do not care  
he is pleased or displeased. But  
it not then take a jest? Yes; but  
it be a jest. It is no jest to  
who am so unhappy as to have  
aversion to speaking to more  
e man at a time, under a ne-  
o explain myself in much com-  
and reducing me to shame and  
, except I perform what my in-  
of silence disables me to do.  
sthenes has great wit, accompa-  
th that quality, without which  
can have no wit at all, a sound  
nt. This gentleman rallies the  
any man I know; for he forms  
ule upon a circumstance which  
in your heart not unwilling to  
im, to wit, that you are guilty of  
is in something which is in itself  
e. He very well understands  
ou would be, and needs not fear  
ger for declaring you are a little  
ch that thing. The generous  
ar being reproached as lavish,  
valiant as rash, without being  
ed to resentment against their  
r. What has been said to be a

mark of a good writer, will fall in with  
the character of a good companion.  
The good writer makes his reader better  
pleased with himself, and the agreeable  
man makes his friends enjoy themselves,  
rather than him, while he is in their  
company. Callisthenes does this with  
inimitable pleasantry. He whispered a  
friend the other day, so as to be over-  
heard by a young officer, who gave  
symptoms of cocking upon the com-  
pany—'That gentleman has very much  
' of the air of a general officer.' The  
youth immediately put on a composed  
behaviour, and behaved himself suitably  
to the conceptions he believed the com-  
pany had of him. It is to be allowed  
that Callisthenes will make a man run  
into impertinent relations, to his own  
advantage, and express the satisfaction  
he has in his own dear self until he is  
very ridiculous; but in this case the man  
is made a fool by his own consent, and  
not exposed as such whether he will or  
no. I take it therefore that, to make  
raillery agreeable, a man must either  
not know he is rallied, or think never  
the worse of himself if he sees he is.

Acetius is of a quite contrary genius,  
and is more generally admired than Cal-  
listhenes, but not with justice. Acetius  
has no regard to the modesty or weak-  
ness of the person he rallies; but if the  
quality or humility gives him any su-  
periority to the man he would fall upon,  
he has no mercy on making the onset.  
He can be pleased to see his best friend  
out of countenance, while the laugh is  
loud in his own applause. His raillery  
always puts the company into little di-  
visions and separate interests; while that  
of Callisthenes cements it, and makes  
every man not only better pleased with  
himself, but also with all the rest in the  
conversation.

To rally well, it is absolutely neces-  
sary that kindness must run through all  
you say, and you must ever preserve the  
character of a friend to support your  
pretensions to be free with a man. Ace-  
tius ought to be banished human society,  
because

because he raises his mirth upon giving pain to the person upon whom he is pleasant. Nothing but the malevolence, which is too general towards those who excel, could make his company tolerated; but they, with whom he converses, are sure to see some man sacrificed wherever he is admitted, and all the credit he has for wit is owing to the gratification it gives to other men's ill-nature.

Minutius has a wit that conciliates a man's love at the same time that it is exerted against his faults. He has an art in keeping the person he rallies in countenance, by insinuating that he himself is guilty of the same imperfection. Thus he does with so much address, that he seems rather to bewail himself, than fall upon his friend.

It is really monstrous to see how unaccountably it prevails among men, to take the liberty of displeasing each other. One would think sometimes that the contention is, who shall be most disagreeable. Allusions to past follies, hints which revive what a man has a mind to forget for ever, and desires that all the rest of the world should, are commonly brought forth even in company of men of distinction. They do not thrust with the skill of fencers, but cut up with the barbarity of butchers. It is, methinks, below the character of men of humanity and good-manners, to be capable of mirth while there is any one of the company in pain and disorder. They who have the true taste of conversation, enjoy themselves in a communication of each other's excellencies, and not in a

triumph over their imperfections. Fortius would have been reckoned a wit, if there had never been a fool in the world; he wants not foils to be a beauty, but has that natural pleasure in observing perfection in others, that his own faults are overlooked out of gratitude by all his acquaintance.

After these several characters of men who succeed or fail in raillery, it may not be amiss to reflect a little further what one takes to be the most agreeable kind of it; and that to me appears when the satire is directed against vice, with an air of contempt of the fault, but no ill-will to the criminal. Mr. Congreve's Doris is a master piece in this kind. It is the character of a woman utterly abandoned, but her impudence by the finest piece of raillery is made only generosity.

Peculiar therefore is her way,  
Whether by nature taught,  
I shall not undertake to say,  
Or by experience bought;

For who o'er night obtain'd her grace,  
She can next day disown,  
And stare upon the strange man's face,  
As one she ne'er had known.

So well she can the truth disguise,  
Such artful wonder frame,  
The lover or distrusts his eyes,  
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some censure this as lewd or low,  
Who are to bounty blind;  
But to forget what we bestow,  
Bespeaks a noble mind.

T

## Nº CCCCXXIII. SATURDAY, JULY 5.

— NUPER IDONEUS.

HOR. OD. XXVI. L. 3. V. 8.

ONCE FIT MYSELF.

**I** Look upon myself as a kind of guardian to the fair, and am always watchful to observe any thing which concerns their interest. The present paper shall be employed in the service of a very fine young woman; and the admonitions I give her, may not be unuseful to the rest of her sex. Gloriana shall be the name of the heroine in today's entertainment; and when I have told you that she is rich, witty, young, and beautiful, you will believe she does

not want admirers. She has had since she came to town about twenty-five of those lovers, who make their addresses by way of jointure and settlement. These come and go with great indifference on both sides; and as beauteous as she is, a line in a deed has had exception enough against it, to outweigh the lustre of her eyes, the readiness of her understanding, and the merit of her general character. But among the crowd of such cool adorers, she has two

who

very assiduous in their attendance; there is something so extraordinary and artful in their manner of doing it, that I think it but common to alarm her in it. I have done the following letter.

For some time taken notice of gentlemen who attend you in all places, both of whom have also come to you at your own house: matter is adjusted between them, and you, who so passionately adhere to me, has no design upon you; Damon, who seems to be indifferent to you, is the man, who is, as I settled it, to have you. The letter laid over a bottle of wine; and when he first thought of you, he thought of Damon to be his rival. The first of his breaking of it to him, I heard at a tavern, that I could not hear. 'Damon,' said he, 'I have long languished for that miracle of beauty, and if you will be very kind to my rival, I shall certainly hear her. Do not,' continued he, 'be added at this overture; for I go on the knowledge of the temper of man, rather than any vanity should profit by an opposition or pretensions to those of your servant. Gloriana has very sense, a quick relish of the fashions of life, and will not give up, as the crowd of women do, the arms of a man to whom she is content. As she is a sensible woman, expressions of rapture and adoration will not move her neither; that has her must be the object of desire, not her pity. The way I end I take to be, that a man's conduct should be agreeable, addressing in particular to the one he loves. Now, Sir, if you be so kind as to sigh and die for me, I will carry it with great regard towards her, but seem void of thoughts as a lover. By this I shall be in the most amiable of which I am capable; I shall live with freedom, you with me.' Damon, who has himself no use of marriage at all, easily fell into the scheme; and you may observe, never you are, Damon appears to you see he carries on an unaf-

fecting exactness in his dress and manner, and strives always to be the very contrary of Strephon. They have already succeeded so far, that your eyes are ever in search of Strephon, and turn themselves of course from Damon. They meet and compare notes upon your carriage; and the letter which was brought to you the other day, was a contrivance to remark your resentment. When you saw the billet subscribed Damon, and turned away with a scornful air, and cried Impertinence! you gave hopes to him that shuns you, without mortifying him that languishes for you.

What I am concerned for, Madam, is, that in the disposal of your heart, you should know what you are doing, and examine it before it is lost. Strephon contradicts you in discourse with the civility of one who has a value for you, but gives up nothing like one that loves you. This seeming unconcern gives his behaviour the advantage of sincerity, and insensibly obtains your good opinion, by appearing disinterested in the purchase of it. If you watch these correspondents hereafter, you will find that Strephon makes his visit of civility immediately after Damon has tired you with one of love. Though you are very discreet, you will find it no easy matter to escape the toils so well laid, as when one studies to be disagreeable in passion, the other to be pleasing without it. All the turns of your temper are carefully watched, and their quick and faithful intelligence, gives your lovers irresistible advantage. You will please, Madam, to be upon your guard, and take all the necessary precautions against one who is amiable to you before you know he is enamoured. I am, Madam,

Your most obedient servant.

Strephon makes great progress in this lady's good graces, for most women being actuated by some little spirit of pride and contradiction, he has the good effects of both those motives by this covert way of courtship. He received a message yesterday from Damon in the following words, superscribed 'With speed.'

ALL goes well; she is very angry at me, and I dare say hates me in earnest. It is a good time to visit.

Yours.  
The

The comparison of Strephon's gaiety to Damon's languishment, strikes her imagination with a prospect of very agreeable hours with such a man as the former, and abhorrence of the insipid prospect with one like the latter. To know when a lady is displeased with another, is to know the best time of advancing yourself. This method of two persons playing into each other's hand is so dangerous, that I cannot tell how a woman could be able to withstand such a siege. The condition of Gloriana, I am afraid, is irretrievable, for Strephon has had so many opportunities of pleasing without suspicion, that all which is left for her to do is to bring him, now she is advis-

ed, to an explanation of his passion, and beginning again, if she can conquer the kind sentiments she has already conceived for him. When one shews himself a creature to be avoided, the other proper to be fled to for succour, they have the whole woman between them, and can occasionally rebound her love and hatred from one to the other, in such a manner as to keep her at a distance from all the rest of the world, and cast lots for the conquest.

N. B. I have many other secrets which concern the empire of love, but I consider that while I alarm my women, I instruct my men.

T

## Nº CCCCXXIV. MONDAY, JULY 7.

EST ULVERIS, ANIMUS SI TE NON DEFICIT AQUUS.

HOR. EP. XI. L. I. V. 30.

'TIS NOT THE PLACE DISGUST OR PLEASURE BRINGS;  
FROM OUR OWN MIND OUR SATISFACTION SPRINGS.

LONDON, JUNE 24.

MR. SPECTATOR,

A Man who has it in his power to chuse his own company, would certainly be much to blame should he not, to the best of his judgment, take such as are of a temper most suitable to his own; and where that choice is wanting, or where a man is mistaken in his choice, and yet under a necessity of continuing in the same company, it will certainly be his interest to carry himself as easily as possible.

In this I am sensible I do but repeat what has been said a thousand times; at which however I think nobody has any title to take exception, but they who never failed to put this in practice.—Not to use any longer preface, this being the season of the year in which great numbers of all sorts of people retire from this place of business and pleasure to country solitude, I think it not improper to advise them to take with them as great a stock of good humour as they can; for though a country life is described as the most pleasant of all others, and though it may in truth be so, yet it is so only to those who know how to enjoy leisure and retirement.

As for those who cannot live without

the constant helps of business or company, let them consider, that in the country there is no Exchange, there are no play-houses, no variety of coffee-houses, nor many of those other amusements, which serve here as so many reliefs from the repeated occurrences in their own families; but that there the greatest part of their time must be spent within themselves, and consequently it behoves them to consider how agreeable it will be to them before they leave this dear town.

I remember, Mr. Spectator, we were very well entertained, last year, with the advices you gave us from Sir Roger's country-seat; which I the rather mention, because it is almost impossible not to live pleasantly; where the master of a family is such a one as you there describe your friend, who cannot therefore, I mean as to his domestic character, be too often recommended to the imitation of others. How amiable is that affability and benevolence with which he treats his neighbours, and every one, even the meanest of his own family! And yet how seldom imitated! Instead of which we commonly meet with ill-natured expostulations, noise, and chiding.—And this I hinted, because the humour and disposition of the

head.

what chiefly influences all the parts of a family.

Treatment and kind correspondence between friends and acquaintance, is the greatest pleasure of life. This is an admitted truth, and yet any man gets from the practice of the will be almost persuaded to be contrary; for how can we suppose should be so industrious to themselves uneasy? What can them to entertain and foment of one another upon every occasion? Yet so it is, there are those, as it should seem, delight in troublesome and vexatious. Fully speaks, '*Mirâ sunt alia ad litigandum*—Have a certain pleasure in wrangling.' And thus it is, that there are very few families in which there are not feuds and quarrels, though it is every one's interest more particularly, to avoid such cause there, as I would willingly believe, no one gives another without feeling some share of. I am gone beyond what I demand had almost forgot what I proposed; which was, barely to show hardly we who pass most of our time in town dispense with a long conversation in the country, how uneasy to ourselves and to one another conversation is confined, in that by Michaelmas, it is odds to downright squabbling, as free with one another to as we do with the rest of the kind their backs. After I have said this, I am to desire that you read and then give us a lesson of our, a family-piece, which, I am all very fond of you, I hope some influence upon us. These plain observations, give me to give you an hint of what a many of my acquaintance, who come into the country, and the use of an absent nobleman's settled among themselves, to

avoid the inconveniencies above-mentioned. They are a collection of ten or twelve of the same good inclination towards each other, but of very different talents and inclinations: from hence they hope, that the variety of their tempers will only create variety of pleasures. But as there always will arise, among the same people, either for want of diversity of objects, or the like causes, a certain satiety, which may grow into ill-humour or discontent, there is a large wing of the house which they design to employ in the nature of an infirmary. Whoever says a peevish thing, or acts any thing which betrays a sourness or indisposition to company, is immediately to be conveyed to his chamber in the infirmary; from whence he is not to be relieved, until by his manner of submission, and the sentiments expressed in his petition for that purpose, he appears to the majority of the company to be again fit for society. You are to understand, that all ill-natured words or uneasy gestures are sufficient cause for banishment; speaking impatiently to servants, making a man repeat what he says, or any thing that betrays inattention or dishumour, are also criminal without reprieve: but it is provided, that whoever observes the ill-natured fit coming upon himself, and voluntarily retires, shall be received at his return from the infirmary with the highest marks of esteem. By these and other wholesome methods it is expected that if they cannot cure one another, yet at least they have taken care that the ill-humour of one shall not be troublesome to the rest of the company. There are many other rules which the society have established for the preservation of their ease and tranquillity, the effects of which, with the incidents that arise among them, shall be communicated to you from time to time for the public good, by, Sir, your humble servant,

R. O.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXXV. TUESDAY, JULY 8.

FRIGORA MITESCUNT ZEPHYRIS; VER PROTERIT ÆTAS  
INTERITURA, SIMUL  
POMIFER AUTUMNUS FRUGES EFFUDERIT; ET MOX  
BRUMA RECURRIT INERS.

HOR. OD. VII. L. 4. V. 9.

THE COLD GROWS SOFT WITH WESTERN GALES,  
THE SUMMER OVER SPRING PREVAILS,  
BUT YIELDS TO AUTUMN'S FRUITFUL RAIN,  
AS THIS TO WINTER STORMS AND HAILS;  
EACH LOSS THE HASTING MOON REPAIRS AGAIN.

SIR W. TEMPLE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**T**HERE is hardly any thing gives me a more sensible delight, than the enjoyment of a cool still evening after the uneasiness of an hot sultry day. Such a one I passed not long ago, which made me rejoice when the hour was come for the sun to set, that I might enjoy the freshness of the evening in my garden, which then affords me the pleasantest hours I pass in the whole four and twenty. I immediately rose from my couch, and went down into it. You descend at first by twelve stone steps into a large square divided into four grass-plots, in each of which is a statue of white marble. This is separated from a large parterre by a low wall, and from thence through a pair of iron gates, you are led into a long broad walk of the finest turf, set on each side with tall yews, and on either hand bordered by a canal, which on the right divides the walk from a wilderness parted into variety of alleys and arbours, and on the left from a kind of amphitheatre, which is the receptacle of a great number of oranges and myrtles. The moon shone bright, and seemed then most agreeably to supply the place of the sun, obliging me with as much light as was necessary to discover a thousand pleasing objects, and at the same time divested of all power of heat. The reflection of it in the water, the fanning of the wind rustling on the leaves, the singing of the thrush and nightingale, and the coolness of the walks, all conspired to make me lay aside all displeasing thoughts, and brought me into such a tranquillity of mind, as is I believe the next happiness to that of hereafter. In this sweet retirement I naturally fell into the repetition of some lines out of a poem of

Milton's, which he entitles *Il Penseroso*, the ideas of which were excellently suited to my present wanderings of thought.

Sweet bird! that shun'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical! most melancholy!  
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,  
I woo to bear thy evening song;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wand'ring moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray,  
Thro' the heav'n's wide pathless way,  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping thro' a fleecy cloud.

Then let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave with his wings in airy stream,  
Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eye-lids laid:  
And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

I reflected then upon the sweet vicissitudes of night and day, on the charming disposition of the seasons, and their return again in a perpetual circle: 'And oh!' said I, 'that I could from these my declining years return again to my first spring of youth and vigour; but that alas! is impossible: all that remains within my power, is to soften the inconveniences I feel, with an easy contented mind, and the enjoyment of such delights as this solitude affords me.' In this thought I sat me down on a bank of flowers, and dropt into a slumber, which whether it were the effect of fumes and vapours, or my present thoughts, I know not; but methought the genius of the garden stood before me, and introduced into the walk where I lay, this drama and different scenes

of the revolution of the year, whilst I then saw, even in my I resolved to write down, and the Spectator.

First person whom I saw advancing me, was a youth of a most ul air and shape, though he seem yet arrived at that exact proportion symmetry of parts which a ore time would have given him; never, there was such a bloom countenance, such satisfaction, that I thought it the most deform that I had ever seen. He oathed in a flowing mantle of lk, interwoven with flowers: he chaplet of roses on his head, and flus in his hand; primroses and prang up under his feet, and all was cheered at his approach. as on one hand, and Vertumnus ther in a robe of changeable silk. this I was surprised to see the seams reflected with a sudden rom armour, and to see a man itly armed advancing with his rawn. I was soon informed by ius it was Mars, who had long a place among the attendants of ing. He made way for a softer nce: it was Venus, without any at but her own beauties, not so s her own cestus, with which encompassed a globe, which she her right-hand, and in her left a scepter of gold. After her l the Graces with their arms en- within one another: their girdles sed, and they moved to the found usic, striking the ground alter- ith their feet. Then came up : months which belong to this

As March advanced towards e was methought in his look a roughness, which ill befitted a which was ranked in so soft ; but as he came forwards his became insensibly more mild le; he smoothed his brow, and ith so sweet a countenance, that not but lament his departure, e made way for April. He ap- the greatest gaiety imaginable, a thousand pleasures to attend look was frequently clouded, diately returned to it's first com- and remained fixed in a smile. ne May, attended by Cupid, bow strung, and in a posture an arrow: as he passed by,

methought I heard a confused noise of soft complaints, gentle extasies, and tender sighs of lovers; vows of constancy, and as many complainings of perfidiousness; all which the winds wafted away as soon as they had reached my hearing. After these I saw a man advance in the full prime and vigour of his age: his complexion was sanguine and ruddy, his hair black, and fell down in beautiful ringlets beneath his shoulders; a mantle of hair coloured silk hung loosely upon him: he advanced with a hasty step after the Spring, and sought out the shade and cool fountains which played in the garden. He was particularly well-pleased when a troop of Zephyrs fanned him with their wings: he had two companions who walked on each side, that made him appear the most agreeable, the one was Aurora with fingers of roses, and her feet dewy, attired in grey: the other was Veiper in a robe of azure beset with drops of gold, whose breath he caught whilst it passed over a bundle of honey-suckles and tuberoses which he held in his hand. Pan and Ceres followed them with four reapers, who danced a morrice to the sound of oaten pipes, and cymbals. Then came the attendant months. June retained still some small likeness of the Spring; but the other two seemed to step with a less vigorous tread, especially August, who seemed almost to faint, whilst for half the steps he took, the dog-star levelled his rays full at his head: they passed on and made way for a person that seemed to bend a little under the weight of years; his beard and hair, which were full grown, were composed of an equal number of black and grey: he wore a robe which he had girt round him of a yellowish cast, not unlike the colour of fallen leaves, which he walked upon. I thought he hardly made amends for expelling the foregoing scene by the large quantity of fruits which he bore in his hands. Plenty walked by his side with an healthy fresh countenance, pouring out from an horn all the various product of the year. Pomona followed with a glass of cyder in her hand, with Bacchus in a chariot drawn by tigers, accompanied by a whole troop of satyrs, fauns, and sylvans. September, who came next, seemed in his looks to promise a new Spring, and wore the livery of those months. The succeeding month was



all soiled with the juice of grapes, as if he had just come from the wine-press. November, though he was in this division, yet by the many stops he made seemed rather inclined to the Winter, which followed close at his heels. He advanced in the shape of an old man in the extremity of age: the hair he had was so very white it seemed a real snow; his eyes were red and piercing, and his beard hung with a great quantity of icicles: he was wrapt up in furs, but yet so pinched with excess of cold, that his limbs were all contracted, and his body bent to the ground, so that he could not have supported himself had it not been for Comus the god of revels, and Necessity the mother of Fate, who sustained him on each side. The shape and mantle of Comus was one of the things that most surprised me; as he advanced towards me, his countenance seemed the most desirable I had ever seen: on the fore-part of his mantle was pictured joy, delight, and satisfaction, with a thousand emblems of merriment, and jests with faces looking two ways at once; but as he passed from me I was

amazed at a shape so little correspondent to his face: his head was bald, and all the rest of his limbs appeared old and deformed. On the hinder part of his mantle was represented Murder with dishevelled hair and a dagger all bloody, Anger in a robe of scarlet, and Suspicion squinting with both eyes; but above all the most conspicuous was the battle of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs. I detested so hideous a shape, and turned my eyes upon Saturn, who was stealing away behind him with a scythe in one hand and an hour-glass in the other unobserved. Behind Necessity was Vesta the goddess of fire, with a lamp which was perpetually supplied with oil, and whose flame was eternal. She cheered the rugged brow of Necessity, and warmed her so far as almost to make her assume the features and likeness of Choice, December, January, and February, passed on after the rest all in furs; there was little distinction to be made amongst them, and they were more or less displeasing as they discovered more or less haste towards the grateful return of Spring. Z

## Nº CCCXXVI. WEDNESDAY, JULY 9.

— QUID NON MORTALIA PECTORA COGIS,  
AURE SACRA FAMES? —

VIRG. ÆN. III. V. 56.

O SACRED HUNGER OF PERNICIOUS GOLD!  
WHAT BANDS OF FAITH CAN IMPIOUS LUCRE HOLD!

DRYDEN.

A Very agreeable friend of mine, the other day, carrying me in his coach into the country to dinner, fell into discourse concerning the care of parents due to their children, and the piety of children towards their parents. He was reflecting upon the succession of particular virtues and qualities there might be preserved from one generation to another, if these regards were reciprocally held in veneration: but as he never fails to mix an air of mirth and good-humour with his good sense and reasoning, he entered into the following relation.

I Will not be confident in what century, or under what reign it happened, that this want of mutual confidence and right understanding between father and

son was fatal to the family of the Valentines in Germany. Basilus Valentinus was a person who had arrived at the utmost perfection in the hermetic art, and initiated his son Alexandrinus in the same mysteries: but as you know they are not to be attained but by the painful, the pious, the chaste, and pure of heart, Basilus did not open to him, because of his youth and the deviations too natural to it, the greatest secrets of which he was master, as well knowing that the operation would fail in the hands of a man so liable to errors in life as Alexandrinus. But believing, from a certain indisposition of mind as well as body, his dissolution was drawing nigh, he called Alexandrinus to him, and as he lay on a couch, over-against which his son was seated, and prepared

ng out servants one after another, admonition to examine that verheard them, he revealed the sortant of his secrets with the and language of an adept. n,' said he, ' many have been tchings, long the lucubrations, it the labours of thy father, not gain a great and plentiful estate posterity, but also to take care should have no posterity. Be azed, my child, I do not mean on shalt be taken from me, but will never leave thee, and conly cannot be said to have poste- Behold, my dearest Alexan- the effect of what was propa- in nine months: we are not to liest Nature, but to follow and her; just as long as an infant e womb of it's parent, so long e medicines of revivification in ing. Observe this small phial is little gallipot, in this an un- in the other a liquor. In these, ild, are collected such powers, I revive the springs of life when re yet but just ceased, and give length, new spirits, and, in a wholly restore all the organs nses to the human body to as a duration, as it had before en- from it's birth to the day of the ation of these my medicines.' my beloved son, care must be to apply them within ten hours the breath is out of the body, yet the clay is warm with it's e, and yet capable of resuscita-

I find my frame grown crazy perpetual toil and meditation; conjure you, as soon as I am to anoint me with this unguent; hen you see me begin to move, nto my lip this inestimable li- else the force of the ointment e ineffectual. By this means ill give me life as I have you, e will from that hour mutually de the authority of having be- l life on each other, but live as en, and prepare new medicines t such another period of time as lemand another application of ne restoratives.' In a few days ese wonderful ingredients were l to Alexandrinus, Basilus desis life. But such was the pious if the son at the loss of so excel- ther, and the first transports of

grief had so wholly disabled him from all manner of business, that he never thought of the medicines till the time to which his father had limited their efficacy was expired. To tell the truth, Alexandrinus was a man of wit and pleasure, and considered his father had lived out his natural time, his life was long and uniform, suitable to the regularity of it; but that he himself, poor sinner, wanted a new life, to repent of a very bad one hitherto; and in the examination of his heart, resolved to go on as he did with this natural being of his, but repent very faithfully, and spend very piously the life to which he should be restored by application to these rarities, when time should come, to his own person.

It has been observed, that Providence frequently punishes the self-love of men, who would do immoderately for their own offspring, with children very much below their characters and qualifications, insomuch that they only transmit their names to be borne by those who give daily proofs of the vanity of the labour and ambition of their progenitors.

It happened thus in the family of Basilus; for Alexandrinus began to enjoy his ample fortune in all the extremities of household expence, furniture, and insolent equipage; and this he pursued till the day of his own departure began, as he grew sensible, to approach. As Basilus was punished with a son very unlike him, Alexandrinus was visited by one of his own disposition. It is natural that ill men should be suspicious, and Alexandrinus, beside that jealousy, had proofs of the vicious disposition of his son Renatus, for that was his name.

Alexandrinus, as I have observed, having very good reasons for thinking it unsafe to trust the real secret of his phial and gallipot to any man living, projected to make sure work, and hope for his success depending from the avarice, not the bounty of his benefactor.

With this thought he called Renatus to his bed-side, and bespoke him in the most pathetic posture and accent. 'As much, my son, as you have been addicted to vanity and pleasure, as I also have been before you, you now I could escape the fame, or the good effects of the profound knowledge of our progenitor, the renowned Basilus. His symbol is very well known in the philosophy

‘philosophic world, and I shall never forget the venerable air of his countenance, when he let me into the profound mysteries of the Smaragdine table of Hermes. “It is true,” said he, “and far removed from all colour of deceit; that which is inferior is like that which is superior, by which are acquired and perfected all the miracles of a certain work. The father is the sun, the mother the moon, the wind is the womb, the earth is the nurse of it, and mother of all perfection. All this must be received with modesty and wisdom.” The chymical people carry in all their jargon a whimsical sort of piety which is ordinary with great lovers of money, and is no more but deceiving themselves, that their regularity and strictness of manners for the ends of this world, has some affinity to the innocence of heart which must recommend them to the next.’ Rénatus wondered to hear his father talk so like an adept, and with such a mixture of piety, while Alexandrinus observing his attention fixed, proceeded: “This phial, child, and this little earthen pot, will add to thy estate so much, as to make thee the richest man in the German empire.

‘I am going to my long home, but shall not return to common dust.’ Then he resumed a countenance of alacrity, and told him, that if within an hour after his death he anointed his whole body, and poured down his throat that liquor which he had from old Basilus, the corpse would be converted into pure gold. I will not pretend to express to you the unfeigned tenderness that passed between these two extraordinary persons; but if the father recommended the care of his remains with vehemence and affection, the son was not behind-hand in professing that he would not cut the least bit off him, but upon the utmost extremity, or to provide for his younger brothers and sisters.

Well, Alexandrinus died, and the heir of his body (as our term is) could not forbear in the wantonness of his heart, to measure the length and breadth of his beloved father, and cast up the ensuing value of him before he proceeded to operation. When he knew the immense rewards of his pains, he began the work: but lo! when he had anointed the corpse all over, and began to apply the liquor, the body stirred, and Rénatus, in a fright, broke the phial.

T

## Nº CCCCXXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 10.

QUANTUM A VERBO TURPITUDE ABEST, TANTUM TE A VERBORUM LIBERTATE SEJUNGAS.

TULL.

WE SHOULD BE AS CAREFUL OF OUR WORDS, AS OUR ACTIONS; AND AS FAR FROM SPEAKING, AS FROM DOING ILL.

IT is a certain sign of an ill heart to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmless and innocent can have no gratification that way; but it ever arises from a neglect of what is laudable in a man’s self, and an impatience of seeing it in another. Else why should virtue provoke? Why should beauty displease in such a degree, that a man given to scandal never lets the mention of either pass by him without offering something to the diminution of it? A lady the other day at a visit being attacked somewhat rudely by one, whose own character has been very roughly treated, answered a great deal of heat and intemperance very calmly—‘Good Madam, spare me, who am none of your match; I speak ill of nobody,

‘and it is a new thing to me to be spoken ill of.’ Little minds think fame consists in the number of votes they have on their side among the multitude, whereas it is really the inseparable follower of good and worthy actions. Fame is as natural a follower of merit, as a shadow is of a body. It is true, when crowds press upon you, this shadow cannot be seen, but when they separate from around you, it will again appear. The lazy, the idle, and the froward, are the persons who are most pleased with the little tales which pass about the town to the disadvantage of the rest of the world. Were it not for the pleasure of speaking ill, there are numbers of people who are too lazy to go out of their own houses, and too ill-natured





tured to open their lips in conversation. It was not a little diverting the her day to observe a lady reading a last letter, and at these words—'After all her airs, he has heard some story or other, and the match is broke off,' give orders in the midst of her reading—'Put to the horses.' That a young woman of merit had missed an advantageous settlement, was news not to be delayed, lest somebody else should have given her malicious acquaintance that satisfaction before her. The unwillingness to receive good tidings is a quality as inseparable from a scandal-seeker, as the readiness to divulge bad. But, alas! how wretchedly low and contemptible is that state of mind, that cannot be pleased but by what is the subject of lamentation! This temper has ever been in the highest degree odious to gallant spirits. The Persian soldier, who was heard reviling Alexander the Great, was well admonished by his officer—'Sir, you are paid to fight against Alexander, and not to rail at him.'

Cicero, in one of his pleadings, defending his client from general scandal, says very handsomely, and with much reason—'There are many who have particular engagements to the prosecutor: there are many who are known to have ill-will to him for whom I appear; there are many who are naturally addicted to defamation, and envious of any good to any man, who may have contributed to spread reports of this kind: for nothing is so swift as scandal, nothing is more easily sent abroad, nothing received with more welcome, nothing diffuses itself so universally. I shall not desire, that if any report to our disadvantage has any ground for it, you would overlook or extenuate it: but if there be any thing advanced, without a person who can say whence he had it, or which is attested by one who forgot who told him it, or who had it from one of so little consideration that he did not then think it worth his notice; all such testimonies as these, I now, you will think too slight to have any credit against the innocence and honour of your fellow-citizens.' When an ill report is traced, it very often vanishes among such as the orator has here recited. And how despicable a creature must that be, who is in pain for what passes among so frivolous a people?

There is a town in Warwickshire of good note, and formerly pretty famous for much animosity and dissension, the chief families of which have now turned all their whispers, backbitings, envies, and private malices, into mirth and entertainment, by means of a peevish old gentlewoman, known by the title of the Lady Bluemantle. This heroine had for many years together outdone the whole sisterhood of gossips, in invention, quick utterance, and unprovoked malice. This good body is of a lasting constitution, though extremely decayed in her eyes, and decrepid in her feet. The two circumstances of being always at home from her lameness, and very attentive from her blindness, make her lodgings the receptacle of all that passes in town, good or bad; but for the latter she seems to have the better memory. There is another thing to be noted of her, which is, that as it is usual with old people, she has a livelier memory of things which passed when she was very young, than of late years. Add to all this, that she does not only not love any body, but she hates every body. The statue in Rome does not serve to vent malice half so well, as this old lady does to disappoint it. She does not know the author of any thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the matter itself; therefore, though she exposes all the whole town, she offends no one body in it. She is so exquisitely restless and peevish, that she quarrels with all about her, and sometimes in a freak will instantly change her habitation. To indulge this humour, she is led about the grounds belonging to the same house she is in, and the persons to whom she is to remove, being in the plot, are ready to receive her at her own chamber again. At stated times, the gentlewoman at whose house she suppers she is at the time, is sent for to quarrel with, according to her common custom: when they have a mind to drive the jest, she is immediately urged to that degree, that she will board in a family with which she has never yet been; and away she will go this instant, and tell them all that the rest have been saying of them. By this means she has been an inhabitant of every house in the place without stirring from the same habitation; and the many tricks which every body furnishes her with to favour that deceit, make her the general intelligencer

of the town of all that can be said of one woman against another. Thus groundless stories die away, and sometimes truths are smothered under the general word, when they have a mind to discountenance a thing—'Oh! that 'is in my Lady Bluemantle's memoirs.'

Whoever receives impressions to the disadvantage of others without examination, is to be had in no other credit for intelligence than this good Lady

Bluemantle, who is subjected to have her ears imposed upon for want of other helps to better information. Add to this, that other scandal-bearers suspend the use of these faculties which she has lost, rather than apply them to do justice to their neighbours; and I think, for the service of my fair readers, to acquaint them, that there is a voluntary Lady Bluemantle at every visit in town.

T

## N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXXVIII. FRIDAY, JULY II.

OCCUPET EXTREMUM SCABIES—

HOR. ARS POET. v. 417.

THE DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST!

ENGLISH PROVERB.

IT is an impertinent and unreasonable fault in conversation, for one man to take up all the discourse. It may possibly be objected to me myself, that I am guilty in this kind, in entertaining the town every day, and not giving so many able persons who have it more in their power, and as much in their inclination, an opportunity to oblige mankind with their thoughts. 'Besides,' said one whom I overheard the other day, 'why must this paper turn altogether upon topics of learning and morality? Why should it pretend only to wit, humour, or the like? Things which are useful only to amuse men of literature and superior education. I would have it consist also of all things which may be necessary or useful to any part of society, and the mechanic arts should have their place as well as the liberal. The ways of gain, husbandry, and thrift, will serve a greater number of people, than discourses upon what was well said or done by such a philosopher, hero, general, or poet.' I no sooner heard this critic talk of my works, but I imputed what he had said; and from that instant resolved to enlarge the plan of my speculations, by giving notice to all persons of all orders, and each sex, that if they are pleased to send me discourses, with their names and places of abode to them, so that I can be satisfied the writings are authentic, such their labours shall be faithfully inserted in this paper. It will be of much more consequence to a youth in his apprenticeship, to know by what rules and arts such a one became sheriff of the city of

London, than to see the sign of one of his own quality with a lion's heart in each hand. The world indeed is enchanted with romantic and improbable achievements, when the plain path to respective greatness and success in the way of life a man is in, is wholly overlooked. Is it possible that a young man at present could pass his time better, than in reading the history of stocks, and knowing by what secret springs they have had such sudden ascents and falls in the same day? Could he be better conducted in his way to wealth, which is the great article of life, than in a treatise dated from Change Alley by an able proficient there? Nothing certainly could be more useful, than to be well instructed in his hopes and fears; to be dissident when others exult, and with a secret joy buy when others think it their interest to sell. I invite all persons who have any thing to say for the profitable information of the public, to take their turns in my paper: they are welcome, from the late noble inventor of the longitude, to the humble author of itrops for razors. If to carry ships in safety, to give help to people tost in a troubled sea, without knowing to what shore they hear, what rocks to avoid, or what coast to pray for in their extremity, be a worthy labour, and an invention that deserves a statue; at the same time, he who has found a means to let the instrument which is to make your visage less horrible, and your person more smug, easy in the operation, is worthy of some kind of good reception: if things of high moment meet with renown, those of little consideration, since of any consideration,

diversify these kinds of information the industry of the female world to be unobserved: she, to whose old-virtues it is owing, that men pour to her husband, should be ed with veneration; she who has his labours, with infamy, When come into domestic life in this r, to awaken caution and attendance the main point, it would not be to give now and then a touch of y, and describe that most dreadful human conditions, the ease of tptcv; how plenty, credit, cheer-, full hopes, and easy possessions, an instant turned into penury, aspects, diffidence, sorrow, and how the man, who with an open ie day before could administer to remitties of others, is thrust to the friend of his bosom. It be useful to shew how just this is negligent, how lamentable on

It is objected by readers of history, that the battles in those narrations are scarce ever to be understood. This misfortune is to be ascribed to the ignorance of historians in the methods of drawing up, changing the forms of a battle, and the enemy retreating from, as well as approaching to, the charge. But in the discourses from the correspondents, whom I now invite, the danger will be of another kind; and it is necessary to caution them only against using terms of art, and describing things that are familiar to them in words unknown to the reader. I promise myself a great harvest of new circumstances, persons, and things, from this proposal; and a world, which many think they are well acquainted with, discovered as wholly new. This sort of intelligence will give a lively image of the chain and mutual dependance of human society, take off impertinent prejudices, enlarge the minds of those, whose views are confined to their own circumstances; and in short, if the knowing in several arts, professions, and trades, will exert themselves, it cannot but produce a new field of diversion, and instruction more agreeable than has yet appeared. T

POPULUMQUE FALSIS DEDOCET UTI  
VOCIBUS

HOR. OD. II. L. 2. V. 19.

FROM CHEATS OF WORDS THE CROWD SHE BRINGS  
TO REAL ESTIMATE OF THINGS.

**CREECH.**

CE I gave an account of an agree-  
- set of company which were gone  
nto the country, I have received  
from thence, that the institution  
firmly for thole who should be  
humour has had very good ef-

fects. My letters mention particular circumstances of two or three persons, who had the good sense to retire of their own accord, and notified that they were withdrawn, with the reasons of it to the company, in their respective memorials.



THE MEMORIAL OF MRS. MARY  
DAINTY, SPINSTER,

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

**T**HAT conscious of her own want of merit, accompanied with a vanity of being admired, she had gone into exile of her own accord.

She is sensible, that a vain person is the most insufferable creature living in a well-bred assembly.

That she desired, before she appeared in public again, she might have assurances, that though she might be thought handsome, there might not more addresses of compliment be paid to her, than to the rest of the company.

That she conceived it a kind of superiority, that one person should take upon him to commend another.

Lastly, That she went into the infirmary, to avoid a particular person who took upon him to profess an admiration of her.

She therefore prayed, that to applaud out of due place might be declared an offence, and punished in the same manner with detraction, in that the latter did but report persons defective, and the former made them so.

All which is submitted, &c.

There appeared a delicacy and sincerity in this memorial very uncommon; but my friend informs me, that the allegations of it were groundless, inasmuch that this declaration of an aversion to being praised, was understood to be no other than a secret trap to purchase it, for which reason it lies still on the table unanswered.

THE HUMBLE MEMORIAL OF THE  
LADY LYDIA LOLLER,

SHEWETH,

**T**HAT the Lady Lydia is a woman of quality; married to a private gentleman.

That she finds herself neither well nor ill.

That her husband is a clown.

That Lady Lydia cannot see company,

That she desires the infirmary may be her apartment during her stay in the country.

That they would please to make merry with their equals.

That Mr. Loller might sit them if he thought fit.

It was immediately resolved, that Lydia was still at London.

THE HUMBLE MEMORIAL OF  
MAS SUDDEN, ESQ. OF THE  
TEMPLE,

SHEWETH,

**T**HAT Mr. Sudden is conscious he is too much given to argument.

That he talks loud.

That he is apt to think a matter of debate.

That he stayed behind in White Hall, when the late shake of happened, only because a courtier side asserted it was coming.

That he cannot for his life do any thing.

That he stays in the infirmary to get himself.

That as soon as he has forgo he will wait on the company.

His indisposition was allowed sufficient to require a cessation from company.

THE MEMORIAL OF FRANK

SHEWETH,

**T**HAT he hath put himself in an infirmary, in regard he is of a certain rustic mirth which him unfit for polite conversation.

That he intends to prepare abstinence and thin diet to be company.

That at present he comes in as if he were an expert from

That he has chosen an apartment with a matted anti-chamber, motion without being heard.

That he bows, talks, drinks and helps himself, before a glass to act with moderation.

That by reason of his luxury he is oppressive to persons of low behaviour.

That he is endeavouring to word 'Pshaw, pshaw.'

That he is also weaning his cane.

That when he has learnt to out his said cane, he will wait company, &c.

## MEMORIAL OF JOHN RHUBARB, ESQ.

SIR,

YOUR petitioner has retired to infirmity, but that he is in perfect health, except that he has by, and for want of discourse, contracted a habit of complaint that he is

he wants for nothing under the sun, what to say, and therefore has recourse to this unhappy malady of complaint that he is sick.

this custom of his makes him, upon confession, fit only for the country, and therefore he has not yet been sentenced to it.

he is conscious there is nothing more improper than such a companion in a good company, in that they say, whether they think the law ill or not; and that the company must make a silly figure, when he is pitied or not.

your petitioner humbly prays, that you have time to know how he does, will make his appearance.

A leetudinarian was likewise eased: and this society being reduced only to make it their business their time agreeably for the present, but also to commence such themselves as may be of use in their conduct in general, are very give into a fancied or real intention to join with their measures, in have no humourist, proud man, content, or sufficient fellow, break their happiness. Great evils happen to disturb company; but

indulgence in particularities of humour, is the seed of making half our time hang in suspense, or waste away under real discomposures.

Among other things it is carefully provided, that there may not be disagreeable familiarities. No one is to appear in the public rooms undressed, or enter abruptly into each other's apartment, without intimation. Every one has hitherto been so careful in his behaviour, that there has but one offender in ten days time been sent into the infirmary, and that was for throwing away his cards at whist.

He has offered his submission in the following terms.

## THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JEOFFRY HOTSPUR, ESQ.

SHEWETH,

THOUGH the petitioner swore, stamped, and threw down his cards, he has all imaginable respect for the ladies, and the whole company.

That he humbly desires it may be considered, in the case of gaming, there are many motives which provoke to disorder.

That the desire of gain, and the desire of victory, are both thwarted in losing.

That all conversations in the world have indulged human infirmity in this case.

Your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that he may be restored to the company, and he hopes to bear ill fortune with a good grace for the future, and to demean himself so as to be no more cheerful when he wins, than grave when he loses.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXXX. MONDAY, JULY 14.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM VICINIA BAUCA RECLAMAT.

HOR. EP. XVII. L. I. V. 62.

—THE CROWD REPLIES,

GO SEEK A STRANGER TO BELIEVE THY LIES.

CATECH.

you are a Spectator-general, you say with authority censure what looks ill, and is offensive to the worst nuisance of which kind, is, is the scandalous appearance in all parts of this wealthy city. Scandalous objects affect the com-

passionate beholder with dismal ideas, discompose the cheerfulness of his mind, and deprive him of the pleasure that he might otherwise take in surveying the grandeur of our metropolis. Who can without remorse see a disabled sailor, the purveyor of our luxury, destitute of necessities? Who can behold an honest soldier,

5 Q2

diet,

dier, that bravely withstood the enemy, prostrate and in want among his friends? It were endless to mention all the variety of wretchedness, and the numberless poor that not only singly, but in companies, implore your charity. Spectacles of this nature every where occur; and it is unaccountable, that amongst the many lamentable cries that infest this town, your Comptroller-general should not take notice of the most shocking, viz. those of the needy and afflicted. I cannot but think he waved it merely out of good-breeding, chusing rather to stifle his resentment, than upbraid his countrymen with inhumanity; however, let not charity be sacrificed to popularity, and if his ears were deaf to their complaint, let not your eyes overlook their perions. There are, I know, many impositions among them. Lame-ness and blindness are certainly very often acted; but can those that have their sight and limbs, employ them better than in knowing whether they are counterfeited or not? I know not which of the two misapplies his senses most, he who pretends himself blind to move compassion, or he who beholds a miserable object without pitying it. But in order to remove such impediments, I wish, Mr. Spectator, you would give us a discourse upon beggars, that we may not pass by true objects of charity, or give to impostors. I looked out of my window the other morning earlier than ordinary, and saw a blind beggar, an hour before the passage he stands in is frequented, with a needle and thread, thriftilly mending his stockings: my astonishment was still greater, when I beheld a lame fellow, whose legs were too big to walk within an hour after, bring him a pot of ale. I will not mention the swagings, distortions, and convulsions, which many of them practise to gain an alms: but sure I am, they ought to be taken care of in this condition, either by the beadle or the magistrate. They, it seems, relieve their poiss, according to their talents. There is the voice of an old woman never begins to beg till nine in the evening, and then she is destitute of lodging, turned out for want of rent, and has the same ill-fortune every night in the year. You should employ an officer to hear the distress of each beggar that is constant at a particular place, who is ever in the same tone, and succeeds because his audience is continually changing, though

he does not alter his lamentation. If we have nothing else for our money, let us have more invention to be cheated with. All which is submitted to your spectatorial vigilance: and I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

SIR,

I Was last Sunday highly transported at our parish-church; the gentleman in the pulpit pleaded movingly in behalf of the poor children, and they for themselves much more forcibly by singing an hymn: and I had the happiness to be a contributor to this little religious institution of innocents, and am sure I never disposed of money more to my satisfaction and advantage. The inward joy I find in myself, and the good-will I bear to mankind, make me heartily wish those pious works may be encouraged, that the present promoters may reap the delight, and posterity the benefit of them. But whilst we are building this beautiful edifice, let not the old ruins remain in view to sully the prospect: whilst we are cultivating and improving this young hopeful offspring, let not the ancient and helpless creatures be shamefully neglected. The crowds of poor, or pretended poor, in every place, are a great reproach to us, and eclipse the glory of all other charity. It is the utmost reproach to society, that there should be a poor man unrelieved or a poor rogue unpunished. I hope you will think no part of human life out of your consideration, but will, at your leisure, give us the history of plenty and want, and the natural gradations towards them, calculated for the cities of London and Westminster. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

T. D.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I beg you would be pleased to take notice of a very great indecency, which is extremely common, though, I think, never yet under your censure. It is, Sir, the strange freedoms some ill-bred married people take in company: the unreasonable fondness of some husbands, and the ill-timed tenderness of some wives. They talk and act as if modesty was only fit for maids and batchelors, and that too before both. I was once, Mr. Spectator, where the fault I speak of was so very flagrant, that (being, you must know, a very bashful fellow, and several young ladies in the room) I

protest

as quite out of countenance. seems, was breeding, and she g but entertain the company course upon the difficulty of to a day, and said she knew were certain to an hour; then aing at a silly unexperienced who was a month above her on her husband's coming in, eral questions to him; which ng to resolve—' Well,' cries

Lucina, ' I shall have them all at night.'  
—But lest I should seem guilty of the very fault I write against, I shall only intreat Mr. Spectator to correct such misdemeanors;

For higher of the genial bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence, I deem.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T. MEANWELL.

## NO CCCCXXXI. TUESDAY, JULY 15.

SIUS HOMINUM GENERI A NATURA DATUM EST QUAM SUI CUIQUE LIBERI?

TULL.

IS THERE IN NATURE SO DEAR TO A MAN AS HIS OWN CHILDREN?

lately been casting in my its the several unhappinesses I comparing the infelicities of those of infancy. The cala- children are due to the negli- misconduct of parents, those he past life which led to it. I the history of a boy and girl redding-day, and I think I e the reader a livelier image of way which time uncultivated in by entertaining him with entic epistles, expressing all emarkable in their lives, uh- od of their life above men- The sentence at the head of , which is only a warm inter- 'What is there in nature so man's own children to him?' reflection I shall at present ose who are negligent or cruel ction of them.

CTATOR,

entering into my one-and- th year, and do not know that : day's thorough satisfaction ne to years of any reflection, ime they say others lose their ie day of my marriage. I am ntleman of a very great estate, ed to keep me out of the vices ; and in order to it never let y thing that he thought could ie least pleasure. At ten years e put to a grammar-school, master received orders every : me very severely, and have to my having a great estate. I was removed to the univer-

sity, where I lived, out of my father's great discretion, in scandalous poverty and want, until I was big enough to be married, and I was sent for to see the lady who sends you the underwritten. When we were put together, we both considered that we could not be worse than we were in taking one another, and out of a desire of liberty entered into wedlock. My father says I am now a man, and may speak to him like another gentleman. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

RICHARD RENTFREE.

MR. SPEC,

I Grew tall and wild at my mother's, who is a gay widow, and did not care for shewing me, until about two years and a half ago; at which time my guardian uncle sent me to a boarding-school, with orders to contradict me in nothing, for I had been misused enough already. I had not been there above a month, when being in the kitchen, I saw some oatmeal on the dresser; I put two or three corns in my mouth, liked it, stole a handful, went into my chamber, chewed it, and for two months after never failed taking toll of every penny-worth of oatmeal that came into the house: but one day playing with a tobacco-pipe between my teeth, it happened to break in my mouth, and the spitting out the pieces left such a delicious roughness on my tongue, that I could not be satisfied until I had champ- ed up the remaining part of the pipe. I forsook the oatmeal, and stuck to the pipes three months, in which time I had

had dispensed with thirty-seven foul pipes, ail to the boles; they belonged to an old gentleman, father to my governess.—He locked up the clean ones. I left off eating of pipes, and fell to licking of chalk. I was soon tired of this; I then nibbled all the red wax of our last ball-tickets, and three weeks after, the black wax from the burying tickets of the old gentleman. Two months after this I lived upon thunderbolts, a certain long round bluish stone, which I found among the gravel in our garden. I was wonderfully delighted with this; but thunderbolts growing scarce, I fastened tooth and nail upon our garden-wall, which I stuck to almost a twelvemonth, and had in that time peeled and devoured half a foot towards our neighbour's yard. I now thought myself the happiest creature in the world, and I believe in my conscience, I had eaten quite through, had I had it in my chamber; but now I became lazy and unwilling to stir, and was obliged to seek food nearer home. I then took a strange hankering to coals; I fell to scranching them, and had already consumed, I am certain, as much as would have dressed my wedding-dinner, when my uncle came for me home. He was in the parlour with my governess when I was called down. I went in, fell on my knees, for he made me call him father; and when I expected the blessing I asked, the good gentleman, in a surprise, turns himself to my governess, and asks, whether this, pointing to me, was his daughter?—'This,' added he, 'is the very picture of death. My child was a plump-faced, hale,

'fresh-coloured girl; but this look if she was half-starved, a mere ton.' My governess, who is a good woman, assured my father wanted for nothing; and withal told I was continually eating something other, and that I was almost cured with the green-sickness, her order never to cross me. But this I did but little with my father, who, partly, in a kind of pet, paying no board, took me home with him. I had not been long at home, but one day at church, I shall never forget it, a young neighbouring gentleman pleased me hugely; I liked him more than I ever saw in my life, and to wish I could be as pleasing to him. The very next day he came, with his father, a visiting to our house: we were left alone together, with directions both sides to be in love with one another, and in three weeks time we were married. I regained my former countenance and complexion, and am now as well as the day is long. Now, Mr. Spectator, I desire you would find out some names for these craving damfels, whether distinguished under some or all the following denominations, to wit, wall-eaters, oatmeal-chewers, pipe-chalk-lickers, wax-nibblers, coal-suckers, wall-peelers, or gravel-diggers. I am, good Sir, do your utmost endeavour to prevent, by exposing this unaccountable folly, so prevailing among the young ones of our sex, who may not meet with such sudden good luck as, Sir, your obedient reader, and very humble servant,

SABINA GREEN

Now SABINA RENT

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXXXII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 16

INTER STREPTIT ANSER OLORES.

VIRG. ECL. IX. v. 36.

HE GABBLER LIKE A GOOSE, AMIDST THE SWAN-LIKE QUIRE.

D21

OXFORD, JULY 14.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**A**CCORDING to a late invitation in one of your papers to every man who pleases to write, I have sent you the following short dissertation against the vice of being prejudiced.

Your most humble servant.

**M**AN is a sociable creature, a lover of glory; whence it is, when several persons are united in the same society, they are studious to raise the reputation of others, in order to raise their own. The wise are to guide the springs in silence, and rejoice in secret at their regular motion; to prate and triumph is the part

ing and superficial: the geese essentially ordained to save the fence it is, that the inventions and devices to distinguish owing to the beaux and s island. Hats moulded into cks and pinches, have long defiance; patches have been atches in battle array; stocks and fallen in proportion to ; and peace or war been ex- the white or the red hood led. These are the standard- our contending armies, the l squires who carry the im- the giants or knights, not it themselves, but to prepare the ensuing combat.

ter of wonder to reflect how f weak understanding and y are hurried by their preju- to the believing that the y of the adverse party are a lains and demons. Foreign- in that the English are the tion under heaven. Perhaps ve their share; but be that general charges against bodies he fault I am writing against.

owned, to our shame, that n people, and most who have ed, have an irrational con- he language, dress, customs, he shape and minds of other some men, otherwise of sense, red that a great genius should of Ireland; and think you firming, that fine odes have n in Lapland.

rit of rivalry, which here- ned in the two universities, is id almost over betwixt college e: in parishes and schools the ory still obtains. At the sea- oot-ball and cock-fighting, republics reassume their na- ed to each other. My tenant ntry is verily persuaded, that of the enemy hath not one ho- n it.

s hated satires against women, s against men; I am apt to tranger who laughs at the re- he faculty: my spleen rises at ue, who is severe upon mayors men; and was never better an with a piece of justice ex- n the body of a templar, who arch upon parsons.

cessities of mankind require

various employments; and whoever ex- cels in his province is worthy of praise. All men are not educated after the same manner, nor have all the same talents. Those who are deficient deserve our compassion, and have a title to our assistance. All cannot be bred in the same place; but in all places there arise, at different times, such persons as do honour to their society, which may raise envy in little souls, but are admired and cherished by generous spirits.

It is certainly a great happiness to be educated in societies of great and eminent men. Their instructions and examples are of extraordinary advantage. It is highly proper to instil such a reverence of the governing persons, and concern for the honour of the place, as may spur the growing members to worthy pursuits and honest emulation: but to swell young minds with vain thoughts of the dignity of their own brotherhood, by debasing and vilifying all others, doth them a real injury. By this means I have found that their efforts have become languid, and their prattle irksome, as thinking it sufficient praise that they are children of so illustrious and ample a family. I should think it a surer, as well as more generous method, to set before the eyes of youth such persons as have made a noble progress in fraternities less talked of; which seems tacitly to reproach their sloth, who loll so heavily in the seats of mighty improvement: active spirits hereby would enlarge their notions; whereas by a servile imitation of one, or perhaps two, admired men, in their own body, they can only gain a secondary and derivative kind of fame. These copiers of men, like those of authors or painters, run into affectations of some oddness, which perhaps was not disagreeable in the original, but sits ungracefully on the narrow-souled transcriber.

By such early corrections of vanity, while boys are growing into men, they will gradually learn not to censure superficially; but imbibe those principles of general kindness and humanity, which alone can make them easy to themselves, and beloved by others.

Reflections of this nature have expunged all prejudice out of my heart, inasmuch that though I am a firm protestant, I hope to see the pope and cardinals without violent emotions; and though I am naturally grave, I expect

to meet good company at Paris. I am,  
Sir, your obedient servant.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Find you are a general undertaker, and have by your correspondents or self an insight into most things; which makes me apply myself to you at present in the sorest calamity that ever befel man. My wife has taken something ill of me, and has not spoke one word, good or bad, to me, or any body in the family, since Friday was seven-night. What must a man do in that case? Your advice would be a great obligation to,  
Sir, your humble servant,

RALPH THIMBLETON.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**W**HEN you want a trifle to fill up a paper, by inserting this you will lay an obligation on your humble servant,  
JULY 15th, 1712.

OLIVIA.

DEAR OLIVIA,

**I**T is but this moment I have happiness of knowing to who obliged for the present I receive cond of April. I am heartily did not come to hand the day for I cannot but think it very happy people to lose their jest, that off but once a year. I congratulate however upon the earnest give something further intended in your; for I am told, that the n is thought worthy by a lady to fool of, stands fair enough in h nion to become one day her h Until such time as I have the he being sworn, I take leave to si myself,

Dear Olivia,

Your fool elect

NICODEMI

Nº CCCCXXXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 17.

PERLEGE MÆONIO CANTATAS CARMINE RANAS,  
ET FRONTEM NUGIS SOLVERE DISCE MEIS.

MART. EPIG. CLXXXIII. 1

TO BANISH ANXIOUS THOUGHT, AND QUIET PAIN,  
READ HOMER'S FROGS, OR MY MORE TRIFLING STRAIN.

**T**HE moral world, as consisting of males and females, is of a mixed nature, and filled with several customs, fashions, and ceremonics, which would have no place in it, were there but one sex. Had our species no females in it, men would be quite different creatures from what they are at present; their endeavours to please the opposite sex polishes and refines them out of those manners which are most natural to them, and often sets them upon modelling themselves, not according to the plans which they approve in their own opinions, but according to those plans which they think are most agreeable to the female world. In a word, man would not only be an unhappy, but a rude unfinished creature, were he conversant with none but those of his own make.

Women, on the other side, are apt to form themselves in every thing with regard to that other half of reasonable creatures, with whom they are here blended and confused; their thoughts

are ever turned upon appearing a to the other sex; they talk, and and smile, with a design upon us; feature of their faces, every part c drefs, is filled with snares and ments. There would be no such mals as prudes or coquettes in the were there not such an animal as In short, it is the male that gives c to womankind, that produces an their faces, a grace in their moti softness in their voices, and a d in their complexions.

As this mutual regard between two sexes tends to the improvement each of them, we may observe ths are apt to degenerate into rough brutal natures, who live as if ther no such things as women in the v as on the contrary, women who h indifference or aversion for their ter-parts in human nature, are rally sour and unamiable, stupid censorious.

I am led into this train of the by a little manuscript which is

into my hands, and which I shall communicate to the reader, as I have no other curious pieces of the nature, without troubling him by enquiries about the author of them. It contains a summary account of different states which bordered upon each other. The one was a commonwealth of Amazons, or women without the other was a republic of males and not a woman in their whole society. As these two states bordered upon one another, it was their custom, to meet upon their frontiers at a certain season of the year, to choose among the men who had been their choice in any former year, associated themselves with paragon women, whom they were afterwards obliged to look upon as their every one of these yearly representatives. The children that sprung from this alliance, if males, were sent to their respective fathers; if females, to their mothers. By means of this anniversary carnival, which lasted a week, the commonwealths reunited from time to time, and with their respective subjects. The two states were engaged together in perpetual league, offensive and defensive; so that if any foreign power attempted to attack either of them, the sexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to reason. It is remarkable, that for many ages this custom continued inviolable between the two states, notwithstanding, and before they were husbands and wives: but this will not appear so odd, if we consider that they did not meet together above a week in a year. The account which my author gives of this republic, there were several very remarkable. The men

never shaved their beards, or pared their nails, above once in a twelvemonth, which was probably about the time of the great annual meeting upon their frontiers. I find the name of a minister of state in one part of their history, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean linen; and of a certain great general who was turned out of his post for effeminacy, it having been proved upon him by several credible witnesses that he washed his face every morning. If any member of the commonwealth had a soft voice, a smooth face, or a supple behaviour, he was banished into the commonwealth of females, where he was treated as a slave, dressed in petticoats, and set a spinning. They had no titles of honour among them, but such as denoted some bodily strength or perfection, as such an one *the tall*, such an one *the stocky*, such an one *the gruff*. Their public debates were generally managed with kicks and cuffs, inasmuch that they often came from the council-table with broken shins, black eyes, and bloody noses. When they would reproach a man in the most bitter terms, they would tell him his teeth were white, or that he had a fair skin and a soft hand. The greatest man I meet with in their history was one who could lift five hundred weight, and wore such a prodigious pair of whiskers as had never been seen in the commonwealth before his time. These accomplishments it seems had rendered him so popular, that if he had not died very seasonably, it is thought he might have enslaved the republic. Having made this short extract out of the history of the male commonwealth, I shall look into the history of the neighbouring state which consisted of females, and if I find any thing in it, will not fail to communicate it to the public.

C



N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXXXIV. FRIDAY, JULY 18.

QUALES THRACIÆ, CUM FLUMINA THERMODOONTIS  
PULSANT, ET PICTIS BELLANTUR AMAZONES ARMIS:  
SEU CIRCUM HIPPOLYTEN, SEU CUM SE MARTIA CURRIT  
PENTHESILEA REFERT, MAGNOQUE ULULANTE TURBULTU  
FOEMINEÆ EXULTANT LUNATIS AGMINA FELTIS.

VIRG. ÆN. XI.

SO MARCH'D THE THRACIAN AMAZONS OF OLD,  
WHEN THERMODON WITH BLOODY BILLOWS ROLL'D;  
SUCH TROOPS AS THESE IN SHINING ARMS WERE SEEN,  
WHEN THESEUS MET IN FIGHT THEIR MAIDEN QUEEN.  
SUCH TO THE FIELD PENTHESILEA LED,  
FROM THE FIERCE VIRGIN WHEN THE GRECIANS FLED.  
WITH SUCH RETURN'D TRIUMPHANT FROM THE WAR,  
HER MAIDS WITH CRIES ATTEND THE LOFTY CAR:  
THEY CLASH WITH MANY FORCE THEIR MOONY SHIELDS;  
WITH FEMALE SHOUTS RESOUND THE PHRYGIAN FIELDS.

DRYDEN

**H**AVING carefully perused the manuscript I mentioned in my yesterday's paper, so far as it relates to the republic of women, I find in it several particulars which may very well deserve the reader's attention.

The girls of quality, from six to twelve years old, were put to public schools, where they learned to box and play at cudgels, with several other accomplishments of the same nature; so that nothing was more usual than to see a little miss returning home at night with a broken pate, or two or three teeth knocked out of her head. They were afterwards taught to ride the great horse, to shoot, dart, or sling, and lifted into several companies, in order to perfect themselves in military exercises. No woman was to be married until she had killed her man. The ladies of fashion used to play with young lions instead of lap-dogs; and when they made any parties of diversion, instead of entertaining themselves at ombre and piquet, they would wrestle and pitch the bar for a whole afternoon together. There was never any such thing as a blush seen, or a sigh heard, in the commonwealth. The women never dressed but to look terrible, to which end they would sometimes after a battle paint their cheeks with the blood of their enemies. For this reason likewise the face which had the most scars was looked upon as the most beautiful. If they found lace, jewels, ribbands, or any ornaments in silver or gold, among the

booty which they had taken, they to dress their horses with it, but entertained a thought of wearing themselves. There were particular and privileges allowed to any of the commonwealth who was the mother of three daughters. The law was made up of old women; so that no laws of the country none was a counsellor of state that was not a child-bearing. They used to box, as the republic had continued four thousand years, which is altogether impossible unless we may suppose, what I am apt to think, that they measure time by lunar years.

There was a great revolution about in his female republic, by a neighbouring king, who had married upon them several years with various success, and at length overthrew them in a very great battle. This defeat they ascribed to several causes; some say that the secretary of state having been troubled with the vapours, had committed several mistakes in several dispatches at that time. Others pretend, that the minister being big with child, could not attend the public affairs, as so great a business required; but they give no manner of credit to, since it contradicts a fundamental maxim of their government, which I have mentioned. My author gives the probable reason of this great disaster; he affirms that the general was killed to bed, or (as others say) miscarried very night before the battle: but

nial overthrow obliged them  
e male republic to their af-  
: notwithstanding their com-  
to repulse the victorious ene-  
r continued for many years  
could entirely bring it to a  
uision.

raigns which both sexes pas-  
made them so well acquaint-  
another, that at the end of  
did not care for parting. In  
g of it they lodged in sepa-  
but afterwards, as they grew  
ur, they pitched their tents  
ly.

time, the armies being check-  
th sexes, they polished apace.  
ed to invite their fellow-sol-  
dr quarters, and would dress  
with flowers and boughs for  
on. If they chanced to like  
an another, they would be  
name in the table, or chalk-  
figure upon the wall, or  
ner in a kind of rapturous  
which by degrees improved  
d sonnet. These were as the  
its of architecture, painting  
among this savage people.  
advantage over the enemy,  
used to jump together and  
ering with their swords and  
oy, which in a few years pro-  
regular tunes and set dances.  
o armies romped on these oc-  
women complained of the  
beards and long nails of their  
, who thereupon took care to  
selves into such figures as

were most pleasing to their female friends  
and allies.

When they had taken any spoils from  
the enemy, the men would make a pre-  
sent of every thing that was rich and  
showy to the women whom they most ad-  
mired, and would frequently dress the  
necks, or heads, or arms, of their mistres-  
ses, with any thing which they thought  
appeared gay or pretty. The women ob-  
serving that the men took delight in look-  
ing upon them, when they were adorned  
with such trappings and gewgaws, set  
their heads to work to find out new in-  
ventions, and to outshine one another in  
all councils of war or the like solemn  
meetings. On the other hand, the men  
observing how the women's hearts were  
set upon finery, began to embellish them-  
selves, and look as agreeable as they could  
in the eyes of their associates. In short,  
after a few years conversing together, the  
women had learnt to smile, and the men  
to ogle, the women grew soft, and the  
men lively.

When they had thus insensibly formed  
one another, upon finishing of the war,  
which concluded with an intire conquest  
of their common enemy, the colonels in  
one army married the colonels in ano-  
ther; the captains in the same manner  
took the captains to their wives: the  
whole body of common soldiers were  
matched, after the example of their lead-  
ers. By this means the two republics in-  
corporated with one another, and became  
the most flourishing and polite govern-  
ment in the part of the world which they  
inhabited.

## CCCCXXV. SATURDAY, JULY 19.

TO BUNT, AT FORMA DUPLEX, NEC FORMINA DICI  
RE UT POSSINT, NEUTRUMQUE ET UTRUMQUE VIDENTUR.

OVID. MET. L. IV. v. 378.

ODIES IN A SINGLE BODY MIX,  
LX BODY WITH A DOUBLE SEX.

ADDISON.

' of the papers I give the pub-  
re written on subjects that  
but are for ever fixt and im-  
Of this kind are all my more  
s and discourses; but there  
rt of speculations, which I  
occasional papers, that take  
m the folly, extravagance,  
, of the present age. For I  
myself as one set to watch the

manners and behaviour of my country-  
men and contemporaries, and to mark  
down every absurd fashion, ridiculous  
custom, or affected form of speech, that  
makes it's appearance in the world, during  
the course of these my speculations. The  
petticoat no sooner began to swell, but I  
observed it's motions. The party-patches  
had not time to muster themselves before  
I detected them. I had intelligence of

g R 2 the

the coloured hood the very first time it appeared in a public assembly. I might here mention several other the like contingent subjects, upon which I have bestowed distinct papers. By this means I have so effectually quashed those irregularities which gave occasion to them, that I am afraid posterity will scarce have a sufficient idea of them to relish those discourses which were in no little vogue at the time when they were written. They will be apt to think that the fashions and customs I attacked were some fantastic conceits of my own, and that their great grandmothers could not be so whimsical as I have represented them. For this reason, when I think on the figure my several volumes of speculations will make about a hundred years hence, I consider them as so many pieces of old plate, where the weight will be regarded, but the fashion lost.

Among the several female extravagancies I have already taken notice of, there is one which still keeps it's ground. I mean that of the ladies who dress themselves in a hat and feather, a riding-coat and a periwig, or at least tie up their hair in a bag or ribbon, in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex. As in my yesterday's paper I gave an account of the mixture of two sexes in one commonwealth, I shall here take notice of this mixture of two sexes in one person. I have already shewn my dislike of this immodest custom more than once; but in contempt of every thing I have hitherto said, I am informed that the highways about this great city are still very much infested with these female cavaliers.

I remember when I was at my friend Sir Roger de Coverley's about this time twelvemonth, an equestrian lady of this order appeared upon the plains which lay at a distance from his house. I was at that time walking in the fields with my old friend; and as his tenants ran out on every side to see so strange a sight, Sir Roger asked one of them who came by us what it was? To which the country fellow replied, 'It is a gentlewoman, 'saying your worship's presence, in a 'coat and hat.' This produced a great deal of mirth at the knight's house, where we had a story at the same time of another of his tenants who meeting this gentleman-like lady on the highway, was asked by her whether that was Coverley-hall? The honest man seeing only the male part of the question, replied, 'Yes Sir; but upon the second question,

whether Sir Roger de Coverley was a married man, having dropped his eye upon the petticoat, he changed his note into 'No, Madam.'

Had one of these hermaphrodites appeared in Juvenal's days, with what an indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent satirist? He would have represented her in a riding-habit, as a greater monster than the centaur. He would have called for sacrifices of purifying waters, to expiate the appearance of such a prodigy. He would have invoked the shades of Portia or Lucretia, to see into what the Roman ladies had transformed themselves.

For my own part, I am for treating the sex with greater tenderness, and have all along made use of the most gentle methods to bring them off from any little extravagance into which they are sometimes unwarily fallen: I think it however absolutely necessary to keep up the partition between the two sexes, and to take notice of the smallest incroachments which the one makes upon the other. I hope therefore that I shall not hear any more complaints on this subject. I am sure my the-disciples who peruse these my daily lectures, have profited but little by them, if they are capable of giving into such an amphibious dress. This I should not have mentioned, had not I lately met one of these my female readers in Hyde-park, who looked upon me with a masculine assurance, and cocked her hat full in my face.

For my part, I have one general key to the behaviour of the fair sex. When I see them singular in any part of their dress, I conclude it is not without some evil intention; and therefore question not but the design of this strange fashion is to finite more effectually their male beholders. Now to set them right in this particular, I would fain have them consider with themselves, whether we are not more likely to be struck by a figure entirely female, than with such an one as we may see every day in our glasses: or, if they please, let them reflect upon their own hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a man on horse-back, in his breeches and jack-boots, and at the same time dressed up in a com-mode and a night

I must observe that his fashion was first of all brought from France, a country which has infected all the nations of Europe with it's levity. I speak not this in derogation of a whole people, hav-

than once found fault with those effusions which strike at king-commonwealths in the gross: a cruelty, which an ingenious our own compares to that of Canawithed the Roman people had no neck, that he might behead blow. I shall therefore only that as liveliness and assurance scular manner the qualifications reach nation, the same habits

and customs will not give the same of- fence to that people, which they produce among those of our own country. Modesty is our distinguishing character, as vivacity is theirs: and when this our national virtue appears in that female beauty, for which our British ladies are celebrated above all others in the universe, it makes up the most amiable object that the eye of man can possibly behold.

C

Nº CCCCXXXVI. MONDAY, JULY 21.

VERBO POLICE VULGI  
QUEMLIBET OCCIDUNT POPULARITER

JUV. SAT. III. V. 36.

WITH THUMBS BENT BACK THEY POPULARLY KILL.

DRYDEN.

I G a person of insatiable cu-  
ity, I could not forbear going  
eiday last to a place of no small  
for the gallantry of the lower  
Britons, namely, to the bear-  
Hockley in the Hole; where,  
ish brown paper, put into my  
the street, informed me, there  
e a trial of skill exhibited be-  
omasters of the noble science of  
at two of the clock precisely.  
t a little charmed with the so-  
f the challenge, which ran thus:  
unes Miller, Serjeant, lately  
rom the frontiers of Portugal,  
of the noble science of defence,  
in most places where I have  
f the great fame of Timothy  
of London, master of the said  
do invite him to meet me, and  
at the several weapons follow-  
t.

vord, 'Single falchion,  
and dagger, 'Cafe of falchions,  
and buckler, 'Quarter-staff.'

generous ardour in James Mil-  
ute the reputation of Timothy  
d something resembling the old  
romance, Timothy Buck re-  
wer in the same paper with the  
adding a little indignation at  
ulenged, and seeming to conde-  
fight James Miller, not in re-  
siller himself, but in that, as  
went about, he had fought  
of Coventry. The acceptance  
abat ran in these words:

'I Timothy Buck, of Clare-market,  
'master of the noble science of defence,  
'hearing he did fight Mr. Parkes, of  
'Coventry, will not fail, God willing,  
'to meet this fair inviter at the time and  
'place appointed; desiring a clear stage  
'and no favour.

'*Vivat Regina.*'

I shall not here look back on the spec-  
tacles of the Greeks and Romans of this  
kind, but must believe this custom took  
it's rise from the ages of knight-errantry;  
from those who loved one woman so well,  
that they hated all men and women else;  
from those who would fight you, whe-  
ther you were or were not of their mind;  
from those who demanded the combat of  
their contemporaries, both for admiring  
their mistress or discommending her. I  
cannot therefore but lament, that the  
terrible part of the ancient fight is pre-  
served, when the amorous side of it is  
forgotten. We have retained the bar-  
barity, but lost the gallantry of the old  
combatants. I could wish, methinks,  
these gentlemen had consulted me in the  
promulgation of the conflict. I was ob-  
liged by a fair young maid whom I un-  
derstood to be called Elizabeth Preston,  
daughter of the keeper of the garden,  
with a glass of water; whom I imagined  
might have been, for form's sake, the ge-  
neral representative of the lady fought  
for, and from her beauty the proper  
Amaryllis on these occasions. It would  
have ran better in the challenge, 'I  
'James Miller, Serjeant, who has tra-

'welled

‘welled parts abroad, and came last from the frontiers of Portugal, for the love of Elizabeth Preston, do assert, that the said Elizabeth is the fairest of women.’ Then the answer: ‘I Timothy Buck, who have thaved in Great Britain during all the war in foreign parts, for the sake of Susanna Page, do deny that Elizabeth Preston is so fair as the said Susanna Page. Let Susanna Page look on, and I desire of James Miller no favour.’

This would give the battle quite another turn; and a proper station for the ladies, whose complexion was disputed by the sword, would animate the disputants with a more gallant incentive than the expectation of money from the spectators; though I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that fair-one, whose lover was approved by the donor.

Yet, considering the thing wants such amendments, it was carried with great order. James Miller came on first; preceded by two disabled drummers, to shew, I suppose, that the prospect of maimed bodies did not in the least deter him. There ascended with the daring Miller a gentleman, whose name I could not learn, with a dogged air, as unsatisfied that he was not principal. This son of anger lowered at the whole assembly, and weighing himself as he marched around from side to side, with a stiff knee and shoulder, he gave intimations of the purpose he smothered until he saw the issue of this encounter. Miller had a blue ribbon tied round the sword arm; which ornament I conceive to be the remain of that custom of wearing a mistress’s favour on such occasions of old.

Miller is a man of six foot eight inches height, of a kind but bold aspect, well fashioned, and ready of his limbs; and such a readiness as spoke his ease in them, was obtained from a habit of motion in military exercise.

The expectation of the spectators was now almost at it’s height, and the crowd pressing in, several active persons thought they were placed rather according to their fortune than their merit, and took it in their heads to prefer themselves from the open area or pit, to the galleries. This dispute between desert and property brought many to the ground, and raised others in proportion to the highest seats by turns, for the space of ten minutes, until Timothy Buck came on, and the whole assembly giving up their disputes, turn-

ed their eyes upon the champion it was that every man’s affection to one or the other irresistibly. A gentleman near me said, ‘methinks be Miller’s second, rather have Buck for mine.’ had an audacious look, that eye: Buck a perfect composure gaged the judgment. Buck in a plain coat, and kept all his air instant of engaging; at which undressed to his shirt, his arm with a bandage of red ribbon. can describe the sudden conceit whole assembly; the most turbulent in nature was as still and engaged, as if all their lives depended on the first blow. The combatant the middle of the stage, and hands as removing all malice, tired with much grace to the effect of it; from whence they imaged about, and approached each other. Miller with an heart full of revenge, Buck with a watchful untroubled tenance; Buck regarding his own defence; Miller chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. can describe the many escape perceptible defences between two quick eyes and ready limbs; but heat laid him open to the rebuke of calm Buck, by a large cut on head. Much effusion of blood his eyes in a moment, and the crowd undoubtedly quick anguish. The assembly was divided to parties upon their different fighting; while a poor nymph the galleries apparently suffered less, and hurt into a flood of tears soon as his wound was wrapped came on again with a little rag still disabled him further. I brave man can be wounded in patience and caution? The new warm eager onset, which ended in a stroke on the left leg of The lady in the gallery, during cond strife, covered her face; at part, I could not keep my thought being mostly employed on the action of her unhappy circumstances moment, hearing the clasp of and apprehending life or victory ed her lover in every blow, but ing to satisfy herself on whom The wound was exposed to the all who could delight in it, and on the stage. The fury second

red at this time, that he would fortnight fight Mr. Buck at the rapons, declaring himself the f the renowned Gorman; but enied him the honour of that us disciple, and asserting that he had taught that champion, acie challenge.

is something in nature very unble on such occasions, when we ople take a certain painful gra- in beholding these encounters. city that administers this sort of Or is it a pleasure which is taken ercise of pity? It was methought emarkable, that the business of being a trial of skill, the popu- d not run so high as one would xected on the side of Buck. Is eople's passions have their rise in , and thought themselves (in all the courage they had) liable ite of Miller, but could not so

easily think themselves qualified like Buck?

Tully speaks of this custom with less horror than one would expect, though he confesses it was much abused in his time, and seems directly to approve of it under it's first regulations, when criminals only fought before the people. *'Crudele gla-*

*'diatorum spectaculum et inhumanum nonnullis videri solet; et haud scio an non ita sit ut nunc sit; cum vero fontes ferro depugnabant, auribus fortasse multa, oculis quidem nulla, poterat esse fortior contra dolorem et mortem disciplina.'*—

The throws of gladiators may be thought barbarous and inhumane, and I know not but it is so as it is now practised; but in those times when only criminals were combatants, the ear perhaps might receive many better instructions, but it is impossible that any thing which affects our eyes, should fortify us so well against pain and death.

T

## Nº CCCCXXXVII. TUESDAY, JULY 22.

NE IMPUNE HAC FACIAS? TUNE NIC HOMINES ADOLESCENTULOS,  
PERITOS RERUM, EDUCTOS LIBERE, IN FRAUDEM ILLICIS?  
LICITANDO ET POLLICITANDO EORUM ANIMOS LACTAS?  
MERETRICIOS AMORES NUPTIIS CONGLUTINAS?

TER. AND. ACT. V. SC. 4.

YOU ESCAPE WITH IMPUNITY; YOU WHO LAY SNARES FOR YOUNG MEN,  
LIEBENAL EDUCATION, BUT UNACQUAINTED WITH THE WORLD; AND, BY  
E OF IMPORTUNITY AND PROMISES, DRAW THEM IN TO MARRY HARLOTS?

E other day passed by me in her chariot a lady with that pale and mplexion, which we sometimes ounge people, who are fallen into and private anxiety of mind, intedate age and sickness. It is years ago, since she was gay, airy, rtle towards libertine in her car-but, methought, I easily forgave t little insolence, which she so se-pays for in her present condition. t, of whom I am speaking, is l to a sullen fool with wealth: her and merit are lost upon the dolt, insensible of perfection in any

Their hours together are either or insipid: the minutes she has lsf in his absence are not sufficient vent at her eyes to the grief and t of his last conversation. This eature was sacrificed with a tem-hich, under the cultivation of a : sense, would have made the most

agreeable companion, into the arms of this loathsome yoke-fellow by Semproniz. Semproniz is a good lady, who supports herself in an affluent condition, by contracting friendship with rich young widows, and maids of plentiful fortunes at their own disposal, and bestowing her friends upon worthless indigent fellows; on the other side, she insinuates inconsiderate and rash youths of great estates into the arms of vicious women. For this purpose, she is accomplished in all the arts which can make her acceptable at impertinent visits; she knows all that passes in every quarter, and is well acquainted with all the favourite servants, busy-bodies, dependants, and poor relations, of all persons of condition in the whole town. At the price of a good sum of money, Semproniz, by the instigation of Flavilla's mother, brought about the match for the daughter, and the reputation of this, which is appar-  
rently,

rently, in point of fortune, more than Flavilla could expect, has gained her the visits and frequent attendance of the crowd of mothers, who had rather see their children miserable in great wealth, than the happiest of the race of mankind in a less conspicuous state of life. When Sempronia is so well acquainted with a woman's temper and circumstance, that she believes marriage would be acceptable to her, and advantageous to the man who shall get her, her next step is to look out for some one, whose condition has some secret wound in it, and wants a sim, yet, in the eye of the world, not unsuitable to her. If such is not easily had, she immediately adorns a worthless fellow with what estate she thinks convenient, and adds as great a share of good-humour and sobriety as is requisite: after this is settled, no importunities, arts, and devices, are omitted, to hasten the lady to her happiness. In the general indeed she is a person of so strict justice, that she marries a poor gallant to a rich wench, and a moneyless girl to a man of fortune. But then she has no manner of conscience in the disparity, when she has a mind to impose a poor rogue for one of an estate: she has no remorse in adding to it, that he is illiterate, ignorant, and unfashioned; but makes those imperfections arguments of the truth of his wealth, and will, on such an occasion, with a very grave face, charge the people of condition with negligence in the education of their children. Exception being made the other day against an ignorant booby of her own clothing, whom she was putting off for a rich heir, 'Madam,' said she, 'you know there is no making children, who know they have estates, attend their books.'

Sempronia, by these arts, is loaded with presents, importuned for her acquaintance, and admired by those who do not know the first taste of life, as a woman of exemplary good-breeding. But sure, to murder and to rob are less iniquities, than to raise profit by abuses as irreparable as taking away life; but more grievous, as making it lastingly unhappy. To rob a lady at play of half her fortune, is not so ill, as giving the whole and herself to an unworthy husband. But Sempronia can administer consolation to an unhappy fair at home, by leading her to an agreeable gallant elsewhere. She then can preach

the general condition of all the world, and tell an unexperienced woman the methods of soft affliction, and laugh at her want of knowledge, with 'my dear, you will know better.'

The wickedness of Sempronia would think, should be superfluous. I cannot but esteem that of some equal to it; I mean such as sacrifice greatest endowments and qual to base bargains. A parent who a child of a liberal and ingenuous into the arms of a clown or head, obliges her to a crime to for a name. It is in a degree a natural conjunction of rational beings. Yet what is there so as the bestowing an accomplished man with such a disparity? An name crowds who lead misera for want of knowledge, in their of this maxim, 'That good good-nature always go together which is attributed to fools, a good-nature, is only an inability serving what is faulty, which marriage, into a suspicion of ev as such, from a consciousness inability.

#### MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am entirely of your opinion lation to the equestrian fem: affect both the masculine and air at the same time; and cannot making a presentment against order of them, who grow ver rous and powerful; and since guage is not very capable of ge pound words, I must be content call them only the Naked She These beauties are not content make lovers wherever they appear they must make rivals at the fair Were you to see Gatty walk at high mall, you would expect who followed her and those her would immediately draw the for her. I hope, Sir, you will for the future, that women n to their faces for doing any foolish chief, and not allow any but traders in beauty to expose m the fore-part of the neck, un please to allow this after-game who are very defective in the of the countenance. I can say, to row, the present practice is very when to look back is death: as

he said of our beauties, as a great poet did of bullets—

They kill and wound like Parthians as they fly.

I submit this to your animadversion; and am, for the little while I have

left, your humble servant, the languishing  
PHILANTHUS.

P. S. Suppose you mended my letter, and made a simile about the porcupine; But I submit that also.

T

## Nº CCCXXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 23.

ANIMUM REGE, QUI, NISI PARET,  
IMPERAT

HOR. EP. II. L. I. V. 69.

CURE THY SOUL,  
AND CHECK THY RAGE, WHICH MUST BE RUL'D OR RULE. CREECH.

IT is a very common expression, that such a one is very good-natured, but very passionate. The expression indeed is very good-natured, to allow passionate people too much quarter; but I think a passionate man deserves the least indulgence imaginable. It is said, it is soon over; that is, all the mischief he does is quickly dispatched, which, I think, is no great recommendation to favour. I have known one of these good-natured passionate men say in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, such things as the most inveterate enemies of his family would not have spoke, even in imagination. It is certain that quick sensibility is inseparable from a ready understanding; but why should not that good understanding call to itself all its force on such occasions, to master that sudden inclination to anger? One of the greatest souls now in the world is the most subject by nature to anger, and yet so famous for a conquest of himself this way, that he is the known example when you talk of temper and command of a man's self. To contain the spirit of anger, is the worthiest discipline we can put ourselves to. When a man has made any progress this way, a frivolous fellow in a passion, is to him as contemptible as a froward child. It ought to be the study of every man, for his own quiet and peace. When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, life is as uneasy to himself as it is to all about him. Sincropius leads, of all men living, the most ridiculous life; he is ever offending, and begging pardon. If his man enters the room without what he was sent for—'That block-head,' begins he—'Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, but servants now-a-

days.' The wrong plates are laid, they are thrown into the middle of the room; his wife stands by in pain for him, which he sees in her face, and answers, as if he had heard all she was thinking: 'Why, what the devil! why do not you take care to give orders in these things?' His friends sit down to a table full of plenty of every thing, every minute expecting new insults from his impertinent passions. In a word, to eat with, or visit Sincropius, is no other than going to see him exercise his family, exercise their patience, and his own anger.

It is monstrous that the shame and confusion in which this good-natured angry man must needs behold his friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much reflection as to create an amendment. This is the most scandalous dilute of reason imaginable; all the harmless part of him is no more than that of a bull-dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of these good-natured angry men shall, in an instant, assemble together so many allusions to secret circumstances, as are enough to dissolve the peace of all the families and friends he is acquainted with, in a quarter of an hour, and yet the next moment be the best-natured man in the whole world. If you would see passion in its purity, without mixture of reason, behold it represented in a mad hero, drawn by a mad poet. Nat. Lee makes his Alexander say thus:

'Away, begone, and give a whirlwind room,  
'Or I will blow you up like dust! away;  
'Mourns but merely represents my toil,  
'Eternal discord!  
'Fury! revenge! disdain and indignation!  
'Tear my twin breast, make way for me  
'and tempest.



- ‘ My brain is burst, debate and reason  
‘ quench’d;
- ‘ The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart
- ‘ Splits with the rack, while passions like the  
‘ wind,
- ‘ Rise up to heav’n, and put out all the stars.’

Every passionate fellow in town talks half the day with as little consistency, and threatens things as much out of his power.

The next disagreeable person to the outrageous gentleman, is one of a much lower order of anger, and he is what we commonly call a peevish fellow. A peevish fellow is one who has some reason in himself for being out of humour, or has a natural incapacity for delight, and therefore disturbs all who are happier than himself with Pishes and Pshawes, or other well-bred interjections, at every thing that is said or done in his presence. There should be physic mixed in the food of all which these fellows eat in good company. This degree of anger passes, forsooth, for a delicacy of judgment, that will not admit of being easily pleased; but none above the character of wearing a peevish man’s livery, ought to bear with his ill-manners. All things among men of sense and condition should pass the censure, and have the protection of the eye of reason.

No man ought to be tolerated in an habitual humour, whim, or particularity of behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for bread. Next to the peevish fellow is the snarler. This gentleman deals mightily in what we call the irony; and as those sort of people exert themselves most against those below them, you see their humour best in their talk to their servants. ‘ That is  
‘ so like you, you are a fine fellow,  
‘ thou art the quickest head-piece,’ and the like. One would think the hec-  
zoring, the storming, the sullen, and all the different species and subordinations of the angry, should be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned men; and how pitiful is the condition of being only suffered? But I am interrupted by the pleasantest scene of anger and the disappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet writing, and I overheard as I sat in the back-room at a French bookseller’s.

There came into the shop a very learned man with an erect solemn air; and, though a person of great parts otherwise, slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. The composure of the faulty man, and the whimsical perplexity of him that was justly angry, is perfectly new. After turning over many volumes, said the seller to the buyer—‘ Sir, you know I have long  
‘ asked you to send me back the first  
‘ volume of French sermons I formerly  
‘ lent you.’—‘ Sir,’ said the chapman,  
‘ I have often looked for it, but cannot  
‘ find it; it is certainly lost, and I know  
‘ not to whom I lent it, it is so many  
‘ years ago.’—‘ Then, Sir, here is the  
‘ other volume, I will send you home  
‘ that, and please to pay for both.’—  
‘ My friend,’ replied he, ‘ canst thou  
‘ be so senseless as not to know that one  
‘ volume is as imperfect in my library  
‘ as in your shop?’—‘ Yes, Sir, but it  
‘ is you have lost the first volume, and  
‘ to be short, I will be paid.’—‘ Sir,’  
answered the chapman, ‘ you are a  
‘ young man, your book is lost, and  
‘ learn by this little loss to bear much  
‘ greater adversities, which you must  
‘ expect to meet with.’—‘ Yes, Sir, I  
‘ will bear when I must, but I have not  
‘ lost now, for I say you have it, and  
‘ shall pay me.’—‘ Friend, you grow  
‘ warm; I tell you the book is lost, and  
‘ I foresee in the course even of a pro-  
‘ sperous life, that you will meet afflic-  
‘ tions to make you mad, if you cannot  
‘ bear this trifle.’—‘ Sir, there is in  
‘ this case no need of bearing, for you  
‘ have the book.’—‘ I say, Sir, I have  
‘ not the book. But your passion will  
‘ not let you hear enough to be informed  
‘ that I have it not. Learn resignation  
‘ of yourself to the distresses of this life;  
‘ nay, do not fret and fume, it is my  
‘ duty to tell you that you are of an  
‘ impatient spirit, and an impatient spi-  
‘ rit is never without woe.’—‘ Was  
‘ ever any thing like this?’—‘ Yes, Sir,  
‘ there have been many things like this.  
‘ The loss is but a trifle, but your tem-  
‘ per is wanton, and incapable of the  
‘ least pain; therefore let me advise you,  
‘ be patient, the book is lost, but do  
‘ not you for that reason lose yourself.’

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXXXIX. THURSDAY, JULY 24.

HI NARRATA FERUNT ALIO: MENSURAQUE FICTI  
CRESCIT; ET AUDITIS ALIQUID NOVUS ADJICIT AUCTOR.

OID. MET. L. XII. v. 57.

SOME TELL WHAT THEY HAVE HEARD, OR TALES DEVISE;  
EACH FICTION STILL IMPROV'D WITH ADDED LIES.

‘ID describes the palace of Fame as situated in the very center of the universe, and perforated with so many windows and avenues as gave the sight of every thing that was in the heavens, in the earth, and in the sea. The structure of it was so well in so admirable a manner, that it echoed every word which was said in the whole compass of nature; that the palace,’ says the poet, ‘is always filled with a confused din of low dying sounds, the words being almost spent and worn out before they arrived at this general assembly of speeches and whispers.’ He considers courts with the same relation to the governments which they intend, as Ovid’s palace of Fame to the universe. The eyes of watchful ministers run through the people. There is scarce a murmur or complaint that does not reach their ears. They have news-gatherers and intelligencers distributed into their walks and quarters, who bring in their respective quotas, and make themselves acquainted with the discourse and relation of the whole kingdom or commonwealth where they are employed. The wisest of kings, alluding to these subtle and unsuspected spies, who are used by kings and rulers over their subjects, as well as to those voracious informers, that are buzzing in the ears of a great man, and make their court by such secret methods of intelligence, has given us a very prudent caution—‘Curse not the king, no in thy thought, and curse not the king in thy bed-chamber: for a bird in the air shall carry the voice, and the which hath wings shall tell the matter.’

It is absolutely necessary for rulers to take care of other people’s eyes and they should take particular care to do in such a manner, that it may not be too hard on the person whose life

and conversation are inquired into. A man who is capable of so infamous a calling as that of a spy, is not very much to be relied upon. He can have no great ties of honour, or checks of conscience, to restrain him in those covert evidences, where the person accused has no opportunity of vindicating himself. He will be more industrious to carry that which is grateful than that which is true. There will be no occasion for him if he does not hear and see things worth discovery; so that he naturally inflames every word and circumstance, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and misrepresents what is indifferent. Nor is it to be doubted but that such ignominious wretches let their private passions into these their clandestine informations, and often wreak their particular spite and malice against the person whom they are set to watch. It is a pleasant scene enough, which an Italian author describes between a spy and a cardinal who employed him. The cardinal is represented as minuting down every thing that is told to him. The spy begins with a low voice—‘Such an one,’ the advocate, whispered to one of his friends, within my hearing, that your eminence was a very great poltroon;’ and after having given his patron time to take it down, adds, that another called him a mercenary rascal in a public conversation. The cardinal replies—‘Very well,’ and bids him go on. The spy proceeds, and loads him with reports of the same nature, till the cardinal rises in great wrath, calls him an impudent scoundrel, and kicks him out of the room.

It is observed of great and heroic minds, that they have not only shewn a particular disregard to those unmerited reproaches which have been cast upon them, but have been altogether free from that impertinent curiosity of enquiring after them, or the poor revenge

of resenting them. The histories of Alexander and Cæsar are full of this kind of instances. Vulgar souls are of a quite contrary character. Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, had a dungeon which was a very curious piece of architecture, and of which, as I am informed, there are still to be seen some remains in that island. It was called Dionysius's ear, and built with several little windings and labyrinths in the form of a real ear. The structure of it made it a kind of a whispering place, but such a one as gathered the voice of him who spoke into a funnel, which was placed at the very top of it. The tyrant used to lodge all his state criminals, or those whom he supposed to be engaged together in any evil designs upon him, in this dungeon. He had at the same time an apartment over it, where he used to apply himself to the funnel, and by that means overheard every thing that was whispered in the dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a Cæsar or an Alexander would have rather died by the treason, than have used such dissingenuous means for the detecting it.

A man, who in ordinary life is very inquisitive after every thing that is spoken ill of him, passes his time but very indifferently. He is wounded by every arrow that is shot at him, and puts it in the power of every insignificant enemy to disquiet him. Nay, he will suffer from what has been said of him, when it is forgotten by those who said or heard it. For this reason I could never hear one of those odious friends, that would be telling every malicious report, every idle censure that passed upon me. The tongue of man is so petulant, and his thoughts so variable, that one should not lay too

great a stress upon any present speeches and opinions. Praise and obloquy proceed very frequently out of the same mouth, upon the same person, and upon the same occasion. A generous enemy will sometimes bestow commendations, as the dearest friend cannot sometimes refrain from speaking ill. The man who is not listening to either of these respects, gives his opinion at random, and praises or disapproves as he finds himself in humour.

I shall conclude this essay with part of a character which is finely drawn by the Earl of Clarendon, in the first book of his history, and which gives us the lively picture of a great man teasing himself with an absurd curiosity.

‘He had not that application and submission, and reverence for the person, as might have been expected from his wisdom and breeding; nor often crossed her pretences and desires with more candour than was natural to him. Yet he was impatiently desirous to know what her majesty said of him in private, and what resentment he had towards him. And when by some confidants, who had their ends upon him from their offices, he was informed of some bitter expressions fallen from her majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted and tormented with the sense of it, that sometimes by passionate complaints and representations to the king, sometimes by more dutiful addresses and expostulations with the queen in bewailing his misfortune; he frequently exposed himself, and left his condition worse than it was before, and the eclatissement commonly ended in the discovery of the persons from whom he had received his most secret intelligence.’

## Nº CCCCXL. FRIDAY, JULY 25.

VIVERE SI RECTE NESCIS, DISCEDE PERITIS.

HOR. EP. II. L. 2. V. 219.

LEARN TO LIVE WELL, OR FAIRLY MAKE YOUR WILL. POPE.

I Have already given my reader an account of a set of merry fellows who are passing their summer together in the country, being provided with a great house, where there is not only a convenient apartment for every particu-

lar person, but a large infirmary for the reception of such of them as are any way indisposed or out of humour. Having lately received a letter from the secretary of this society, by order of the whole fraternity, which acquaints me with their

behaviour during the last week, I re-  
make a present of it to the

SPECTATOR,

we are glad to find that you approve  
the establishment which we have  
made for the retrieving of good-  
and agreeable conversation, and  
our best endeavours so to im-  
mune ourselves in this our summer re-  
cess, that we may next winter serve  
ourselves to the town. But to the end  
our institution may be no less  
useful to the public than to our-  
selves, we shall communicate to you one  
of our proceedings, desiring you  
to give them, if you see any thing  
in them, to favour us with your  
observations. For you must know, Sir,  
as has been proposed amongst us to  
be our visitor; to which I  
rather add, that one of the col-  
lege declared last week, he did  
the Spectator of the day, and  
was able to assign any just reasons  
for a dislike, he was sent to the in-  
firm, *nemine contradicente*.

Monday the assembly was in very  
humour, having received some re-  
freshing French claret that morning:  
luckily, towards the middle of  
the evening, one of the company swore  
his servant in a very rough manner,  
and put too much water in his  
cup. Upon which the president of the  
college is always the mouth of the  
college, after having convinced him  
of the impertinence of his passion, and  
that he had made upon the com-  
mander his man to take him from  
the table and convey him to the in-  
firm. There was but one more sent  
at day; this was a gentleman  
reckoned by some persons the  
rearest wits, and by others one  
of the coarsest boobies about town. This  
day is a strange character; but  
makes it stranger yet, is a very  
pun, for he is perpetually the reverse  
of himself, being always merry or dull.  
We brought him hither to  
the table, which he did very well upon  
himself, having lavished away as much  
laughter upon the hackney-  
man as might have served him  
his whole stay here, had it been  
longer. He had been lumpish  
for three days, but was so far  
recovered, in hopes of recovery, that

we dispatched one of the briskest fellows  
among the brotherhood into the in-  
firm, for having told him at table he  
was not merry. But our president ob-  
serving that he indulged himself in this  
long fit of stupidity, and construing it  
as a contempt of the college, ordered  
him to retire into the place prepared for  
such companions. He was no sooner  
got into it, but his wit and mirth re-  
turned upon him in so violent a manner,  
that he shook the whole infirmary with  
the noise of it, and had so good an ef-  
fect upon the rest of the patients, that  
he brought them all out to dinner with  
him the next day.

On Tuesday we were no sooner sat  
down, but one of the company com-  
plained that his head ached; upon which  
another asked him in an insolent man-  
ner, what he did there then; this insen-  
sibly grew into some warm words; so that  
the president, in order to keep the peace,  
gave directions to take them both from  
the table, and lodge them in the in-  
firm. Not long after, another of the  
company telling us, he knew by a pain  
in his shoulder that we should have some  
rain, the president ordered him to be re-  
moved, and placed as a weather-glass  
in the apartment above-mentioned.

On Wednesday a gentleman having  
received a letter written in a woman's  
hand, and changing colour twice or  
thrice as he read it, desired leave to re-  
tire into the infirmary. The president  
consented, but denied him the use of  
pen, ink, and paper, till such time as  
he had slept upon it. One of the com-  
pany being seated at the lower end of  
the table, and discovering his secret dis-  
content by finding fault with every dish  
that was served up, and refusing to  
laugh at any thing that was said, the  
president told him, that he found he  
was in an uneasy seat, and desired him  
to accommodate himself better in the in-  
firm. After dinner a very honest fel-  
low chanced to let a pun fall from him;  
his neighbour cried out—'To the in-  
firm; ' at the same time pretending  
to be sick at it, as having the same nat-  
ural antipathy to a pun, which some  
have to a cat. This produced a long  
debate. Upon the whole, the punster  
was acquitted, and his neighbour sent  
off.

On Thursday there was but one de-  
linquent. This was a gentleman of  
strong voice, but weak understanding.  
He

He had unluckily engaged himself in a dispute with a man of excellent sense, but of a modest elocution. The man of heat replied to every answer of his antagonist with a louder note than ordinary, and only raised his voice when he should have enforced his argument. Finding himself at length driven to an absurdity, he still reasoned in a more clamorous and confused manner, and to make the greater impression upon his hearers, concluded with a loud thump upon the table. The president immediately ordered him to be carried off, and dieted with water-gruel, till such time as he should be sufficiently weakened for conversation.

On Friday there passed very little remarkable, saving only, that several petitions were read of the persons in custody, desiring to be released from their

confinement, and vouching for one another's good behaviour for the future.

On Saturday we received many excuses from persons who had found themselves in an unsociable temper, and had voluntarily shut themselves up. The infirmary was indeed never so full as on this day, which I was at some loss to account for, till upon my going abroad I observed that it was an easterly wind. The retirement of most of my friends has given me opportunity and leisure of writing you this letter, which I must not conclude without assuring you, that all the members of our college, as well those who are under confinement, as those who are at liberty, are your very humble servants, though none more than, &c.

C

## Nº CCCCXLI. SATURDAY, JULY 26.

SI FRACTUS ILLABATUR ORBIS,  
IMPAVIDUM FERIENT RUINÆ.

HOR. OD. III. L. 3. v. 7.

SHOULD THE WHOLE FRAME OF NATURE ROUND HIM BREAK,  
IN RUIN AND CONFUSION HURL'D,  
HE, UNCONCERN'D, WOULD HEAR THE MIGHTY CRACK,  
AND STAND SECURE AMIDST A FALLING WORLD.      ANON.

**M**AN, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

The natural homage which such a creature bears to so infinitely wise and good a Being, is a firm reliance on him for the blessings and conveniences of life, and an habitual trust in him for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

The man who always lives in this disposition of mind, has not the same dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own weakness and imperfection, he comforts himself with the contemplation of those divine attributes, which are employed for his safety and his welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up by the omniscience of him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength, when he knows that his helper is Almighty. In short, the person who has a firm trust on the Supreme Being, is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute, and loses his own insufficiency in the fulness of infinite perfection.

To make our lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our trust in him, who is thus able to relieve and sup-

PORT

the divine goodness having such a reliance a duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable even forbidden us.

ing several motives, which might be of use to recommend this duty I shall only take notice of those low.

first and strongest is, that we are assured he will not fail those who put trust in him.

Without considering the supernatural blessing which accompanies this we may observe that it has a tendency to it's own reward, or in words, that this firm trust and reliance in the great Disposer of all contributes very much to the getting rid of any affliction, or to the it manfully. A person who believes has his succour at hand, and acts in the sight of his friend, trusts himself beyond his abilities, and wonders that are not to be believed by one who is not animated with a confidence of success. I reduce instances, from history, fables, who, out of a belief that they are under the protection of some invisible assistant, did not only encourage soldiers to do their utmost, but trusted themselves beyond what they have done, had they not been in possession of such a belief. I might in the answer shew how such a trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being, produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

The practice of this virtue administers comfort to the mind of man in poverty and affliction, but most in the hour of death. When the hovering in the last moments of life is over, when it is just entering her state of existence, to converse with angels, and objects, and compa-

nions that are altogether new, what can support her under such tremblings of thought, such fear, such anxiety, such apprehensions, but the casting of all her cares upon him who first gave her being, who has conducted her through one stage of it, and will be always with her to guide and comfort her in her progress through eternity?

David has very beautifully represented this steady reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third psalm, which is a kind of pastoral hymn, and filled with those allusions which are usual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my reader with the following translation of it.

## I.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my mid-night hours defend.

## II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

## III.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade,

## IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,  
Through desolate lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXLII. MONDAY, JULY 25

**SCRIBIMUS INDOCTI DOCTIQUE**

НОМ. ЕР. 1. 1. 2. 7. 11

—THOSE WHO CANNOT WRITE, AND THOSE WHO CAN,  
ALL RHYME, AND SCRAWL, AND SCRIBBLE, TO A MAN.

## PORK

**I** Do not know whether I enough explained myself to the world, when I invited all men to be assiduous to me in this my work or speculation; for I have not yet acquainted my readers, that besides the letters and valuable hints I have from time to time received from my correspondents, I have by me several curious and extraordinary papers sent with a design (as no one will doubt when they are published) that they may be printed entire, and without any alteration, by way of Spectator. I must acknowledge also, that I myself being the first projector of the paper, thought I had a right to make them my own, by dressing them in my own style, by leaving out what would not appear like mine, and by adding whatever might be proper to adapt them to the character and genius of my paper, with which it was almost impossible they could exactly correspond, it being certain that hardly two men think alike, and therefore so many men, so many Spectators. Besides, I must own my weakness for glory is such, that if I consulted that only, I might be so far swayed by it, as almost to wish that no one could write a Spectator besides myself; nor can I deny, but upon the first perusal of those papers, I felt some secret inclinations of ill-will towards the persons who wrote them. This was the impression I had upon the first reading them; but upon a late review, more for the sake of entertainment than use, regarding them with another eye than I had done at first, (for by converting them as well as I could to my own use, I thought I had utterly disabled them from ever offending me again as Spectators) I found myself moved by a passion very different from that of envy; sensibly touched with pity, the softest and most generous of all passions, when I reflected what a cruel disappointment the neglect of those papers must needs have been to the writers who impatiently longed to see

them appear in print, and doubt, triumphed to their hopes of having a share with applause of the public; a great, that none but those who experienced it can have a sense of this manner of viewing the really found I had not done justice, there being something natural and peculiarly good in them, that I will appeal to whether it was possible to do so in them without doing them hurt and violence; and we can ever appear rightly, as ought, but in their own national colours. And therefore I think not only wrong them, but the world of a considerable should I any longer delay them public.

After I have published a Spectators, I doubt not but the success of them to equal pass, that of the best of my author should take all methu ble himself in the opinion h own performances. When appear to the world, I do they will be followed by m and I shall not repine, thou shall have left me but very appear in public: but pr general weal and advantage si terations of myself, I am the future to publish any S deserves it, intire, and with teration: assuring the wor can be need of it, that it mine; and if the authors subscribe their names, I will

I think the best way of this generous and useful design, by giving out subjects or themes of all kinds whatsoever, on which the author may treat, in the preamble of the extraordinary, and advantage that may accrue to the public) I will invite all sorts of persons, whether scholars

tiere, gentlemen of the town or city, and all beaux, rakes, smarte, coquettes, housewives; and all of wits, whether male or female, however distinguished, whether they be wits, whole, or half wits, or her arch, dry, natural, acquired, fine, or depraved wits; and persons of all sorts of tempers and complexions, whether the severe, the delightful, the reticent, the agreeable, the thoughtful, the busy, or careless, the serene or dry, jovial or melancholy, untol-ly or easy, the cold, temperate, or vine; and of what manners or dis-positions soever, whether the ambitious, humble-minded, the proud or piti-ingenious or base-minded, good-natured, public-spirited or selfish; under what fortune or circumstance, whether the contented or mis-erous, happy or unfortunate, high or rich or poor, whether so through-ly of money, or desire of more, by or sickly, married or single; whether tall or short, fat or lean; of what trade, occupation, profession, or country, faction, party, per-son, quality, age or condition so-who have ever made thinking a part of their business or diversion, and

have any thing worthy to impart on these subjects to the world according to their several and respective talents or geniuses, and as the subject given out hits their tempers, humours, or circum-stances, or may be made profitable to the public by their particular knowledge or experience in the matter proposed, to do their utmost on them by such a time, to the end they may receive the inex-pressible and irresistible pleasure of see-ing their essays allowed of and relished by the rest of mankind.

I will not prepossess the reader with too great expectation of the extraordi-nary advantages which must redound to the public by these essays, when the dif-ferent thoughts and observations of all sorts of persons according to their qual-ity, age, sex, education, professions, humours, manners and conditions, &c. shall be set out by themselves in the clearest and most genuine light, and as they themselves would wish to have them appear to the world.

The Thesis proposed for the present exercise of the adventurers to write Spec-tators, is MONEY, on which subject all persons are desired to send in their thoughts within ten days after the date heretof.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXLIII. TUESDAY, JULY 29.

SUBLATAM EX OCULIS QUERIMUS INVIDI.

HOR. OD. XXIV. L. 3. V. 33.

SNATCH'D FROM OUR SIGHT, WE RACERLY PURSUE,  
AND FONDLY WOULD RECALL HER TO OUR VIEW.

MILLA TO THE SPECTATOR.

VENICE, JULY 10, N.S.

SPECTATOR,

ake it extremely ill, that you do so reckon conspicuous persons of nation are within your cognizance, and out of the dominions of Great Britain. I little thought in the green of my life, that I should ever call happiness to be out of dear Eng-land; but as I grew to woman, I found it less acceptable in proportion to the increase of my merit. Their ears are so differently formed from mine of yours in England, that I come upon the stage, but a gene-ration appears in every coun-try of the whole people. When I

dwell upon a note, I behold all the men accompanying me with heads inclining, and falling of their persons on one side, as dying away with me. The women too do justice to my merit, and no ill-natured worthless creature cries—'The vain thing,' when I am wrapt up in the performance of my part, and sensibly touched with the effect my voice has upon all who hear me. I live here distinguished as one whom nature has been liberal to in a graceful person, an ex-alted mien, and heavenly voice. These particularities in this strange country, are arguments for respect and generosity to her who is possessed of them. The Italians see a thousand beauties I am sensible I have no pretence to, and abundantly make up to me the injustice I re-ceive.

3 T



ceived in my own country, of disallowing me what I really had. The humour of hissing, which you have among you, I do not know any thing of; and their applauses are uttered in sighs, and bearing a part at the cadences of voice with the persons who are performing. I am often put in mind of those complaisant lines of my own countryman, when he is calling all his faculties together to hear Aabella:

Let all be hush'd, each soft motion cease,  
Be every loud tumultuous thought at peace;  
And every ruder gasp of breath  
Be calm, as in the arms of death:  
And thou most fickle, most uneasy part,  
Thou restless wanderer, my heart,  
Be still; gently, ah, gently leave,  
Thou busy, idle thing, to heave.  
Stir not a pulse; and let my blood,  
That turbulent, unruly flood,  
Be softly staid;  
Let me be all but my attention dead.

The whole city of Venice is as still when I am singing as this polite hearer was to Mrs. Hunt. But when they break that silence, did you know the pleasure I am in, when every man utters his applauses, by calling me aloud the 'Dear Creature, the Angel, the Venus; what attitude she moves with!—Hush, she sings again!' We have no boisterous wits who dare disturb an audience, and break the public peace merely to shew they dare. Mr. Spectator, I write this to you thus in haste, to tell you I am to very much at ease here, that I know nothing but joy; and I will not return, but leave you in England to his all merit of your own growth off the stage. I know, Sir, you were always my admirer, and therefore I am yours,

CAMILIA.

P. S. I am ten times better dressed than ever I was in England.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE project in yours of the 11th instant, of furthering the correspondence and knowledge of that considerable part of mankind, the trading world, cannot but be highly commendable. Good lectures to young traders may have very good effects on their conduct; but beware you propagate no false notions of trade; let none of your correspondents impose on the world, by putting forth base methods in a good light,

and glazing them over with improper terms. I would have no means of profit set for copies to others, but such as are laudable in themselves. Let not noise be called industry, nor impudence courage. Let not good fortune be imposed on the world for good management, nor poverty be called folly; impute not always bankruptcy to extravagance, nor an estate to foresight; niggardliness is not good husbandry, nor generosity profusion.

Honestus is a well-meaning and judicious trader, hath substantial goods, and trades with his own stock, husbands his money to the best advantage, without taking all advantages of the necessities of his workmen, or grinding the face of the poor. Fortunatus is stocked with ignorance, and consequently with self-opinion; the quality of his goods cannot but be suitable to that of his judgment. Honestus pleases discerning people, and keeps their custom by good usage; makes modest profit by modest means, to the decent support of his family: whilst Fortunatus' blustering always, pushes on, promising much, and performing little; with obsequiousness offensive to people of sense, strikes at all, catches much the greater part; raises a considerable fortune by imposition on others, to the discouragement and ruin of those who trade in the same way.

I give here but loose hints, and beg you to be very circumspect in the province you have now undertaken: if you perform it successfully, it will be a very great good; for nothing is more wanting, than that mechanic industry were set forth with the freedom and greatness of mind which ought always to accompany a man of a liberal education.

Your humble servant,

R. C.

FROM MY SHOP UNDER THE  
ROYAL EXCHANGE, JULY 14.

JULY 24, 1713.

MR. SPECTATOR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the repeated censures that your spectatorial wisdom has passed upon people more remarkable for impudence than wit, there are yet some remaining, who pass with the giddy part of mankind for sufficient sharers of the latter, who have nothing but the former qualification to recommend them. Another timely animadversion is absolutely necessary; be pleased therefore once for

let these gentlemen know, that neither mirth nor good-humouring a young fellow out of countenance; nor that it will ever constitute to conclude a tart piece of buffoonery with a 'What makes you blush?' I leave to inform them again, that what they know is shocking, and that it is from ill-nature and a sterility of wit; especially when the subject is admitted of railery, and their discourse has no pretension to satire, but

what is in, their design to disoblige. I should be very glad too if you would take notice, that a daily repetition of the same overbearing insolence is yet more insupportable, and a confirmation of very extraordinary dulness. The sudden publication of this may have an effect upon a notorious offender of this kind, whose reformation would redound very much to the satisfaction and quiet of your most humble servant,

T

F. B.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXLIV. WEDNESDAY, JULY 30.

PARTURIUNT MONTES

HOR. ARS. POET. v. 139.

THE MOUNTAIN LABOURS, AND IS BROUGHT TO-BED.

gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my actions, when I find there always from one generation to another, five cheats and bubbles, as natural as beasts of prey, and those which be their food. There is hardly in the world, one would think, ignorant, as not to know that the very quack-doctors, who publish abilities in little brown billets, directed to all who pass by, are to a snappers and murderers; yet such credulity of the vulgar, and the success of these professors, that the bill goes on, and new promises of what was never done before, are made day. What aggravates the jest is even this promise has been made as the memory of man can trace it yet nothing performed, and yet evils. As I was passing along, a paper given into my hand by a fellow without a nose, tells us as follows: what good news is come to town; that there is now a certain cure of the French disease, by a gentleman come from his travels.

'lying-in, &c. as some people that has been lame these thirty years can testify; in short, he cureth all diseases incident to men, women, or children.'

1 Ruffel Court, over-against the non-Ball, at the Surgeons-Arms, Drury Lane, is lately come from travels a surgeon, who hath practised surgery and physic both by sea and land these twenty-four years. He, the blessing, cures the yellow-dice, green-sickness, scurvy, dropsy, surfeits, long sea-voyages, campaigns, and women's miscarriages,

If a man could be so indolent as to look upon this havoc of the human species which is made by vice and ignorance, it would be a good ridiculous work to comment upon the declaration of this accomplished traveller. There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, dote excessively this way; many instances of which every man will suggest to himself, without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuse of their money to those recommended by coming from a distance, are no less complaisant than the others, for they venture their lives for the same admiration.

'The doctor is lately come from his travels, and has practised both by sea and land, and therefore cures the green-sickness, long sea-voyages, campaigns, and lying-in.' Both by sea and land! —I will not answer for the distempers called 'sea-voyages and campaigns;' but I dare say, those of 'green-sickness' and lying-in might be as well taken care of if the doctor staid ashore. But the art of managing mankind, is only to make them stare a little to keep up their astonishment, to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something

thing in their sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber, of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea-monster, has a twine-cord, strained with two nails, at each end, over his window, and the words, 'rainy, dry, wet,' and so forth, written to denote the weather, according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this: but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those and his head also were cleared of all incumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the fish, then at the fiddle, still grubbling in his pockets, and casting his eye again at the twine, and the words writ on each side; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver six-pence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement; and if my friend had had only the skeleton and kit, he must have been contented with a less payment. But the doctor we were talking of, adds to his long voyages, the testimony of some people 'that has been thirty years 'lame.' When I received my paper, a sagacious fellow took one at the same time, and read until he came to the thirty years confinement of his friends, and went off very well convinced of the doctor's sufficiency. You have many of these prodigious persons, who have had some extraordinary accident at their birth, or a great disaster in some part of their lives. Any thing, however so-

reign from the business the people want of you, will convince them of your ability in that you profess. There is a doctor in Mouse Alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shews his muster-roll, which confirms that he was in his Imperial majesty's troops; and he puts out their eyes with great success. Who would believe that a man should be a doctor for the cure of bursten children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were born bursten? But Charles Ingoltsfon, next door to the Harp in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that asseveration. The generality go upon their first conception, and think no further; all the rest is granted. They take it, that there is something uncommon in you, and give you credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not, I keep a Latin sentence in my front; and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye on my twentieth paper—'More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man!' But as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promise to those who will not receive him as a great man; to wit, 'That from eight to twelve, and from two till six, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for three-pence.'

T

## № CCCCLV. THURSDAY, JULY 31.

TANTI NON ES, AIS. SAPHI, LUPERCE.

MART. EP. CXVII. L. L. V. ULT,

YOU SAY, LUPERCUS, WHAT I WRITE

ISN'T WORTH SO MUCH: YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT,

**T**HIS is the day on which many eminent authors will probably publish their last words. I am afraid that few of our weekly historians, who are men that above all others delight in war, will be able to subsist under the weight of a stamp, and an approaching peace. A sheet of blank paper that must have this new imprimatur clapped upon

it, before it is qualified to communicate any thing to the public, will make it's way in the world but very heavily. In short, the necessity of carrying a stamp, and the improbability of notifying a bloody battle, will, I am afraid, both concur to the sinking of those thin folios, which have every other day vented to us the history of Europe for several years.

years last past. A facetious friend of mine who loves a pun, calls this present mortality among authors 'The fall of the leaf.'

I remember, upon Mr. Baxter's death, there was published a sheet of very good sayings, inscribed, 'The last words of Mr. Baxter.' The title sold so great a number of these papers, that about a week after there came out a second sheet, inscribed, 'More last words of Mr. Baxter.' In the same manner I have reason to think, that several ingenious writers, who have taken their leave of the public, in farewell papers, will not give over so, but intend to appear again, though perhaps under another form, and with a different title. Be that as it will, it is my business, in this place, to give an account of my own intentions, and to acquaint my reader with the motives by which I act, in this great crisis of the republic of letters.

I have been long debating in my own heart, whether I should throw up my pen, as an author that is cashiered by the act of parliament, which is to operate within these four and twenty hours, or whether I should still persist in laying my speculations, from day to day, before the public. The argument which prevails with me most on the first side of the question is, that I am informed by my bookseller he must raise the price of every single paper to two-pence, or that he shall not be able to pay the duty of it. Now as I am very desirous my readers should have their learning as cheap as possible, it is with great difficulty that I comply with him in this particular.

However, upon laying my reasons together in the balance, I find that those who plead for the continuance of this work, have much the greater weight. For, in the first place, in recompence for the expence to which this will put my readers, it is to be hoped they may receive from every paper so much instruction as will be a very good equivalent. And in order to this, I would not advise any one to take it in, who, after the perusal of it, does not find himself two-pence the wiser or the better man for it; or who, upon examination, does not believe that he has had two-penny-worth of mirth or instruction for his money.

*But I must confess there is another motive, which prevails with me more*

than the former. I consider that the tax on paper was given for the support of the government; and as I have enemies, who are apt to pervert every thing I do or say, I fear they would ascribe the laying down my paper, on such an occasion, to a spirit of malecontentedness, which I am resolved none shall ever justly upbraid me with. No, I shall glory in contributing my utmost to the public weal; and if my country receives five or six pounds a day by my labours, I shall be very well pleased to find myself so useful a member. It is a received maxim, that no honest man should enrich himself by methods that are prejudicial to the community in which he lives; and by the same rule I think we may pronounce the person to deserve very well of his countrymen, whose labours bring more into the public coffers, than into his own pocket.

Since I have mentioned the word enemies, I must explain myself so far as to acquaint my reader, that I mean only the insignificant party zealots on both sides: men of such poor narrow souls, that they are not capable of thinking on any thing but with an eye to Whig or Tory. During the course of this paper, I have been accused by these despicable wretches of trimming, time-serving, personal reflection, secret satire, and the like. Now though in these my compositions, it is visible to any reader of common sense, that I consider nothing but my subject, which is always of an indifferent nature; how is it possible for me to write so clear of party, as not to lie open to the censures of those who will be applying every sentence, and finding out perions and things in it which it has no regard to?

Several paltry scribblers and declaimers have done me the honour to be dull upon me in reflections of this nature; but notwithstanding my name has been sometimes traduced by this contemptible tribe of men, I have hitherto avoided all animadversions upon them. The truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear considerable by taking notice of them, for they are like those imperceptible insects which are discovered by the microscope, and cannot be made the subject of observation without being magnified.

Having mentioned those few who have shewn themselves the enemies of this paper, I should be very ungrateful

to the public, did I not at the same time testify my gratitude to those who are it's friends, in which number I may reckon many of the most distinguished persons of all conditions, parties, and professions, in the Isle of Great Britain. I am not so vain as to think this approbation is so much due to the performance as to the design. There is, and ever will be, justice enough in the world, to afford patronage and protection for those who endeavour to advance truth and virtue, without regard to the passions and prejudices of any particular crew or faction. If I have any other merit in me, it is that I have new-pointed

all the batteries of ridicule. They have been generally planted against persons who have appeared serious rather than absurd; or at best, have aimed rather at what is unfashionable than what is vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing ridiculous that is not in some measure criminal. I have set up the immoral man as the object of derision: in short, if I have not formed a new weapon against vice and irreligion, I have at least shewn how that weapon may be put to a right use which has so often fought the battles of impiety and profaneness.

C

## Nº CCCCXLVI. FRIDAY, AUGUST I.

QUID DECEAT, QUID NON; QUO VIRTUS, QUO FERAT ERROR.

HOR. *ARS POET.* v. 308.

WHAT FIT, WHAT NOT; WHAT EXCELLENT, OR ILL.

ROSCOMMON.

SINCE two or three writers of comedy, who are now living, have taken their farewell of the stage, those who succeed them finding themselves incapable of rising up to their wit, humour, and good sense, have only imitated them in some of those loose unguarded strokes, in which they complied with the corrupt taste of the more vicious part of their audience. When persons of a low genius attempt this kind of writing, they know no difference between being merry and being lewd. It is with an eye to some of these degenerate compositions that I have written the following discourse.

Were our English stage but half so virtuous as that of the Greeks or Romans, we should quickly see the influence of it in the behaviour of all the politer part of mankind. It would not be fashionable to ridicule religion, or it's professors; the man of pleasure would not be the compleat gentleman; vanity would be out of countenance; and every quality which is ornamental to human nature, would meet with that esteem which is due to it.

If the English stage were under the same regulations the Athenian was formerly, it would have the same effect that had, in recommending the religion, the government, and public worship of it's country. Were our plays subject to proper inspections and limitations, we

might not only pass away several of our vacant hours in the highest entertainment, but should always rise from them wiser and better than we sat down to them.

It is one of the most unaccountable things in our age, that the lewdness of our theatre should be so much complained of, so well exposed, and so little redressed. It is to be hoped, that some time or other we may be at leisure to restrain the licentiousness of the theatre, and make it contribute it's assistance to the advancement of morality, and to the reformation of the age. As matters stand at present, multitudes are shut out from this noble diversion, by reason of those abuses and corruptions that accompany it. A father is often afraid that his daughter should be ruined by those entertainments, which were invented for the accomplishment and refining of human nature. The Athenian and Roman plays were written with such a regard to morality, that Socrates used to frequent the one, and Cicero the other.

It happened once indeed that Cato dropped into the Roman theatre, when the *Floralia* were to be represented: and as in that performance, which was a kind of religious ceremony, there were several indecent parts to be acted, the people refused to see them whilst Cato was present. Martial on this hint made the

ng epigram, which we must  
applied to some grave friend  
had been accidentally present  
h entertainment:

*et dulce cum sacrum Floræ,  
na, et licentiam vulgi,  
rum, Cato severæ, venisti?  
tiam venerat, ut exires?*

ERIG. I. I. I.

ou come, great censor of thy age,  
oose diversions of the stage?  
countenance and brow severe,  
name of goodness dost thou here?  
crowd! how gliddy, lewd and vain?  
come in but to go out again?

dent of this nature might hap-  
n an age among the Greeks  
ne; but they were too wise  
to let the constant nightly en-  
t be of such a nature, that  
he most sense and virtue could  
t. Whatever vices are repre-  
n the stage, they ought to be  
and branded by the poet, as  
ear either laudable or amiable  
on who is tainted with them.  
look into the English come-  
-mentioned, we should think  
formed upon a quite contrary  
id that this rule, though it held  
the heathen stage, was not to  
id in christian theatres. There  
rule likewise, which was ob-  
r authors of antiquity, and  
se modern geniuses have no  
and that was never to chuse  
er subject for ridicule. Now  
is improper for ridicule, if it  
tir up horror and commiserat-  
er than laughter. For this  
e do not find any comedy, in  
in author as Terence, raised  
violations of the marriage bed.  
ood of the wife or husband has  
sion to noble tragedies, but a  
d Lelius would have looked  
ft or murder to have been as  
bjects for comedy. On the  
cuckoldom is the basis of most  
modern plays. If an alderman  
on the stage, you may be sure  
ler to be cuckolded. An hus-

band that is a little grave or elderly,  
generally meets with the same fate.  
Knights and baronets, country squires,  
and justices of the quorum, come up to  
town for no other purpose. I have seen  
poor Dogget cuckolded in all these ca-  
pacities. In short, our English writers  
are as frequently severe upon this inno-  
cent unhappy creature, commonly known  
by the name of a Cuckold, as the an-  
cient comic writers were upon an eating  
parasite, or a vain-glorious soldier.

At the same time the poet so contrives  
matters that the two criminals are the  
favourites of the audience. We sit still,  
and wish well to them through the whole  
play, are pleased when they meet with  
proper opportunities, and out of hu-  
mour when they are disappointed. The  
truth of it is, the accomplished gentle-  
man upon the English stage, is the per-  
son that is familiar with other men's  
wives, and indifferent to his own; as  
the fine woman is generally a compo-  
sition of sprightliness and falsehood. I  
do not know whether it proceeds from  
barrenness of invention, depravation of  
manners, or ignorance of mankind, but  
I have often wondered that our ordi-  
nary poets cannot frame to themselves  
the idea of a fine man who is not a  
whoremaster, or of a fine woman that is  
not a jilt.

I have sometimes thought of compil-  
ing a system of ethics out of the writings  
of those corrupt poets, under the title of  
Stage Morality. But I have been di-  
verted from this thought by a project  
which has been executed by an ingenious  
gentleman of my acquaintance. He  
has composed, it seems, the history of a  
young fellow, who has taken all his  
notions of the world from the stage,  
and who has directed himself in every  
circumstance of his life and conversa-  
tion, by the maxims and examples of  
the fine gentlemen in English comedies.  
If I can prevail upon him to give me a  
copy of this new-fashioned novel, I will  
bestow on it a place in my works, and  
question not but it may have as good an  
effect upon the drama, as Don Quixote  
had upon romance.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCXLVII. SATURDAY, AUGUST

Θημὶ πολυχροίην μελέτην ἔμνηται, φίλε· ἣ δὲ  
ταύτην ἀνθρώποις τελευτῶσαι φύσιν εἶναι.

LONG EXERCISE, MY FRIEND, INURES THE MIND;  
AND WHAT WE ONCE DISLIK'D WE PLEASING FIND.

**T**HERE is not a common saying which has a better turn of sense in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that custom is a second nature. It is indeed able to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr. Plot, in his history of Staffordshire, tells us of an ideot that chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck, the clock being spoiled by some accident, the ideot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was intire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this story, it is very certain that custom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the same time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I shall in this paper consider one very remarkable effect which custom has upon human nature, and which, if rightly observed, may lead us into very useful rules of life. What I shall here take notice of in custom, is it's wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an inclination towards it, and gives himself up so intirely to it, that it seems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or busy life will grow upon a man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some time disused. Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art, or science, rises and improves in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus what was at first an exercise, becomes at length an entertainment. Our em-

ployments are changed into sions. The mind grows fond of actions she is accustomed to, drawn with reluctancy from it in which she has used to walk.

Not only such actions as we indifferent to us, but even so painful, will, by custom and become pleasant. Sir Francis observes in his natural philosophy our taste is never pleased by with those things which at first a disgust in it. He gives part stances of claret, coffee, and quors, which the palate seldom upon the first taste; but when once got a relish of them, gets it for life. The mind tutted after the same manner, having habituated herself to : eular exercise or employment, loses her first aversion towards conceives a certain fondness : tion for it. I have heard of greatest geniuses this age has who had been trained up in all studies of antiquity, assure me being obliged to search into se and records, that notwithstanding an employment was at first very irksome to him, he at last took dible pleasure in it, and preferred to the reading of Virgil or Cic reader will observe, that I have considered custom as it makes easy, but as it renders them d and though others have often same reflections, it is possible not have drawn those uses from which I intend to fill the remainder of this paper.

If we consider attentively perty of human nature, it makes us in very fine moralities. In place, I would have no man do with that kind of life or series in which the choice of other own necessities, may have engaged. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first: but use and appl

der it not only less painful, and satisfactory.

ond place, I would recom-ry one that admirable pre-Pythagoras is said to have disciples, and which that must have drawn from the I have enlarged upon, '*Opus genus eligito, nam consuetudo undissimum* — Pitch upon : of life which is the most and custom will render it delightful.' Men whose cir- will permit them to choose ay of life, are inexcusable, not pursue that which their lls them is the most lauda-oice of reason is more to be an the bent of any present since by the rule above- inclination will at length o reason, though we can ne- son to comply with inclina-

ird place, this observation he most sensual and irreligi- o overlook those hardships ties, which are apt to dis- from the prosecution of a e. 'The gods,' said He- placed labour before virtue; o her is at first rough and but grows more smooth and further you advance in it.' o proceeds in it, with steady- olution, will in a little time er ways are ways of plea- and that all her paths are

ce this consideration, we may ve, that the practice of re- not only be attended with s, which naturally accom- : actions to which we are but with those supernume- f heart, that rise from the s of such a pleasure, from ion of acting up to the dic- on, and from the prospect 'immortality.

ourth place, we may learn bbservation which we have : mind of man, to take par- when we are once settled in ourse of life, how we too ndulge ourselves in any the nt diversions and entertain- e the mind may insensibly the relish of virtuous, ac- by degrees, exchange that

pleasure which it takes in the perform-ance of it's duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with those ac- tions to which it is accustomed, is to shew how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call Heaven will not be capable of affecting those minds, which are not thus qualified for it; we must, in this world, gain a re- lish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfec- tion, which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in her during this her present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the re- ward, but as the natural effect of a re- ligious life.

On the other hand, those evil spirits, who, by long custom, have contracted in the body habits of lust and sensuality, malice and revenge, an aversion to every thing that is good, just, or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery. Their torments have al- ready taken root in them; they cannot be happy when divested of the body, unless we may suppose, that Providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may, indeed, taste a kind of malignant pleasure in those actions to which they are accust- omed, whilst in this life; but when they are removed from all those objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful habits of mind which are called in scrip- ture phrase—'The worm which never dies.' This notion of heaven and hell is so very conformable to the light of nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many emi- nent divines of the last age, as in par- ticular by Archbishop Tillotson and Dr. Sherlock: but there is none who has raised such noble speculations upon it as Dr. Scott, in the first book of his *Chri- stian Life*, which is one of the finest and most rational schemes of divinity, that



is written in our tongue, or in any other. That excellent author has shewn how every particular custom and habit of virtue will, in it's own nature, produce the heaven, or a state of happiness, in

him who shall hereafter practise it; so, on the contrary, how every custom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it subsists.

C

## Nº CCCCXLVIII. MONDAY, AUGUST 4.

FOEDJUS' HOC ALIQUID QUANDOQUE AUDERIS.

JUV. SAT. II. v. 82.

IN TIME TO GREATER BASENESS YOU'LL PROCEED.

THE first steps towards ill are very carefully to be avoided, for men intensify go on when they are once entered, and do not keep up a lively abhorrence of the least unworthiness. There is a certain frivolous falshood that people indulge themselves in, which ought to be had in greater detestation than it commonly meets with: what I mean is a neglect of promises made on small and indifferent occasions, such as parties of pleasure, entertainments, and sometimes meetings out of curiosity, in men of like faculties, to be in each other's company. There are many causes to which one may assign this light infidelity. Jack Sippet never keeps the hour he has appointed to come to a friend's to dinner; but he is an insignificant fellow who does it out of vanity. He could never, he knows, make any figure in company, but by giving a little disturbance at his entry, and therefore takes care to drop in when he thinks you are just seated. He takes his place after having discomposed every body, and desires there may be no ceremony; then does he begin to call himself the saddest fellow, in disappointing so many places as he was invited to elsewhere. It is the fop's vanity to name houses of better cheer, and to acquaint you that he chose yours out of ten dinners which he was obliged to be at that day. The last time I had the fortune to eat with him, he was imagining how very fat he should have been had he eaten all he had ever been invited to. But it is impertinent to dwell upon the manners of such a wretch as obliges all whom he disappoints, though his circumstances constrain them to be civil to him. But there are those that every one would be glad to see, who fall into the same detestable habit. It is a mercile's thing that any one can be at ease, and suppose a set of people who have a kind-

ness for him, at that moment waiting out of respect to him, and refusing to taste their food or conversation, with the utmost patience. One of these promisers sometimes shall make his excuses for not coming at all, so late that half the company have only to lament, that they have neglected matters of moment to meet him whom they find a trifle. They immediately repent of the value they had for him; and such treatment repeated, makes company never depend upon his promises any more; so that he often comes at the middle of a meal, where he is secretly slighted by the persons with whom he eats, and curied by the servants, whose dinner is delayed by his prolonging their master's entertainment. It is wonderful, that men guilty this way, could never have observed, that the whiling time, and gathering together, and waiting a little before dinner, is the most awkwardly passed away of any part of the four and twenty hours. If they did think at all, they would reflect upon their guilt, in lengthening such a suspension of agreeable life. The constant offending this way, has, in a degree, an effect upon the honesty of his mind who is guilty of it, as common swearing is a kind of habitual perjury: it makes the soul unattentive to what an oath is, even while it utters it at the lips. Piceion beholding a worthy orator, while he was making a magnificent speech to the people, full of vain promises—'Methinks,' said he, 'I am now fixing my eyes upon a cypress-tree; it has all the pomp and beauty imaginable in it's branches, leaves and height, but alas it bears no fruit.'

Though the expectation which is raised by impertinent promises is thus barren, their confidence, even after failures, is so great, that they subsist by still promising. I have heretofore discourag'd

of

gnificant liar, the boaster, and builder, and treated them as gning men, (though they are ed among the frivolously false persons who fall into that way recommend themselves by their ; but indeed I cannot let heed- sers, though in the most in- instances, pass with so slight a If a man should take a reso- ay only sums above an hun- ds, and yet contract with dis- ple debts of five and ten, how we suppose he will keep his is man will as long support ame in business, as he will in m, who without difficulty : nations which he is indifferent : keeps or not.

e more severe upon this vice, ave been so unfortunate as to great criminal myself. Sir eepert, and all my other o are scrupulous to promises nest consideration imaginable, bit of virtue that way, have raided me with it. I take n myself for this crime, and cularly for the greatest I ever of the sort, that when as agree- pany of gentlemen and ladies, are got together, and I for- Spector, to be of the party n of merit, like a booby as I ok the time of meeting, and ight following. I wish every negligent in this kind, may at a loss as I had in this; for mpany will never meet more, perished into various parts of and I am left under the com- at I deserve, in so many dis- es to be called a trifler.

It is sometimes to be account- m desirable people are fearful g precise and reserved by de- they will find the apprehen- imputation will betray them ish impotence of mind, and promise all who are so kind to them. This leads such soft to the misfortune of seeming vertures of good-will with

The first steps in the breach integrity are much more im- men are aware of. The rupes breaking his word in would not suffer in his own o great pain for failures of , as he who thinks every

little offence against truth and justice a disparagement. We should not make any thing we ourselves disapprove habi- tual to us, if we would be sure of our integrity.

I remember a falsehood of the trivial sort, though not in relation to assigna- tions, that exposed a man to a very un- easy adventure. Will Trap and Jack Stint were chamber-fellows in the Inner- Temple about twenty-five years ago. They one night sat in the pit together at a comedy, where they both observed and liked the same young woman in the boxes. Their kindness for her entered both hearts deeper than they imagined. Stint had a good faculty in writing let- ters of love, and made his address pri- vately that way; while Trap proceeded in the ordinary course, by money and her waiting-maid. The lady gave them both encouragement, receiving Trap into the utmost favour, and answering at the same time Stint's letters, and giving him appointments at third places. Trap began to suspect the epistolary cor- respondence of his friend, and discovered also that Stint opened all his letters which came to their common lodgings, in order to form his own assignments. After much anxiety and restlessness Trap came to a resolution, which he thought would break off their commerce with one another without any hazardous ex- planation. He therefore writ a letter in a feigned hand to Mr. Trap at his cham- bers in the Temple. Stint, according to custom, seized and opened it, and was not a little surprised to find the in- side directed to himself, when, with great perturbation of spirits, he read as follows;

MR. STINT,

YOU have gained a slight satisfaction at the expence of doing a very hein- ous crime. At the price of a faithful friend you have obtained an inconstant mistress. I rejoice in this expedient I have thought of to break my mind to you, and tell you, you are a base fel- low, by a means which does not expose you to the affront except you deserve it. I know, Sir, as criminal as you are, you have still shame enough to avenge yourself against the hardness of any one that should publicly tell you of it. I therefore, who have received so many secret hurts from you, shall take satis- faction with safety to myself. I call you







she had a great respect and gratitude for the overture in behalf of her father, but that during her life she would admit into no value for any thing that might interfere with her endeavour to remain of life as happy and could be expected in his circumstances.

The lady admonished her of the use of life with a smile; which answered with a frankness that tends unfeigned virtue—'It is to be said, there is to be sure very much satisfaction to be expected in the commerce of a man of honour, who tenderly loves; but I find much satisfaction in the reflection, which I mitigate a good man's whose welfare depends upon duty about him, that I will exclude the loose gratifications on for the solid reflections of life. I know not whether any man's could be allowed, and (what I am afraid I know not whether I,

should be willing to be as off as I am at present about my father. The happy father has her on that she will not marry herself, and the pleasure of seeing her not uneasy to her. Were it not for filial affection in it's utmost degree he could not have a more lively interest than in beholding Fidelia her father at his hours of rising, and rest.

In the general crowd of female company consulting their glasses, preparing balls, assemblies, or plays; the young lady, who could be regarded as the foremost in those places, for her person, wit, fortune, or connections, and yet condemn all these ornaments, to sweeten the heavy and decrepid parent, is a resignation to heroic. Fidelia performs the duty of a nurse, with all the beauty of a young woman, or does she neglect her person, if her attendance on him, when he is ill to receive company, to make a may make an appearance.

She, who gives him up her youth, and thinks it any great sacrifice to the spoiling of her dress. Her exactness in her habit, convince her of the alacrity of her mind;

and she has of all women the best foundation for affecting the praise of a seeming negligence. What adds to the entertainment of the good old man is, that Fidelia, where merit and fortune cannot be overlooked by epistolary lovers, reads over the accounts of her conquests, plays on her spinnet the gayest airs, (and while she is doing so, you would think her formed only for gallantry) to intimate to him the pleasures she despises for his sake.

Those who think themselves the patterns of good breeding and gallantry, would be astonished to hear that in those intervals when the old gentleman is at ease, and can bear company, there are at his house in the most regular order, assemblies of people of the highest merit; where there is conversation without mention of the faults of the absent, benevolence between men and women without passion, and the highest subjects of morality treated of as natural and accidental discourse; all which is owing to the genius of Fidelia, who at once makes her father's way to another world easy, and herself capable of being an honour to his name in this.

## MR. SPECTATOR,

I Was the other day at the Bear Garden in hopes to have seen your short face; but not being so fortunate, I must tell you by way of letter, that there is a mystery among the gladiators which has escaped your spectatorial penetration. For being in a box at an ale-house near that renowned seat of honour above-mentioned, I overheard two masters of the science agreeing to quarrel on the next opportunity. This was to happen in the company of a set of the fraternity of basket-hits, who were to meet that evening. When this was settled, one asked the other—'Will you give cuts or receive?' The other answered—'Receive.' It was replied—'Are you a passionate man?'—'No, provided you cut no more nor no deeper than we agree.' I thought it my duty to acquaint you with this, that the people may not pay their money for fighting, and be cheated. Your humble servant,

SCARBARD RUSTY.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCL. WEDNESDAY, AUGUS

————— QUÆRENDÆ PECUNIA PRIMUM,  
VIRTUS POST NUMMOS.

HOR. EP. L. I. V. 53

————— GET MONEY, MONEY STILL;  
AND THEN LET VIRTUE FOLLOW, IF SHE WILL.

MR. SPECTATOR,

ALL men, through different paths, make at the same common thing, Money; and it is to her we owe the politician, the merchant, and the lawyer; nay, to be free with you, I believe to that also we are beholden for our Spectator. I am apt to think, that could we look into our own hearts, we should see money engraved in them in more lively and moving characters than self-preservation; for who can reflect upon the merchant hoisting sail in a doubtful pursuit of her, and all mankind sacrificing their quiet to her, but must perceive that the characters of self-preservation (which were doubtless originally the brightest) are sullied, if not wholly defaced; and that those of money (which at first was only valuable as a mean to security) are of late so brightened, that the characters of self-preservation, like a less light set by a greater, are become almost imperceptible? Thus has money got the upper-hand of what all mankind formerly thought most dear, viz. security; and I wish I could say she had here put a stop to her victories; but, alas! common honesty fell a sacrifice to her. This is the way scholastic men talk of the greatest good in the world: but I, a tradesman, shall give you another account of this matter in the plain narrative of my own life. I think it proper, in the first place, to acquaint my readers, that since my setting out in the world, which was in the year 1660, I never wanted money; having begun with an indifferent good stock in the tobacco-trade to which I was bred; and by the continual successes it has pleased Providence to bless my endeavours with, am at last arrived to what they call a Plumb. To uphold my discourse in the manner of your wits or philosophers, by speaking fine things, or drawing inferences, as they pretend, from the nature of the subject, I account it vain; having never found any

thing in the writings of such did not favour more of the the brain, or what is filed than of sound judgment observation. I will readily deed, that there is what is natural in their talk; which these curious authors can aff selves, and is indeed all the at, for they are but lamenta And what, I pray, is nat which is pleasing and eas are pleasing and easy? For thought or conceit dressed a quaint language, to make y wag your head, as being wh imagined before, and yet you had not; mere frothy a fit only for boys or silly v caught with.

It is not my present int struct my readers in the me quiring riches; that may be another essay: but to exhib and solid advantages I hav them in my long and mani ence; nor yet all the adva worthy and valuable a bl who does not know or imagi sorts of being warm or livi and that power and pre-e their inseparable attendants to instance the great support us under the severest calamit fortunes; to shew that the l is a special antidote against and vice, and that the sam wise naturally dispose men t piety and devotion: all w make out by my own expen think myself no ways part the rest of mankind, nor worse by nature than gene men are.

In the year 1665, when was, I lost by it my wife an dren, which were all my st bably I might have had more I was married between 8

not finding her to be a teeming  
[was careful, as having then lit-  
a brace of thousand pounds to  
my trade and maintain a fa-  
h. I loved them as usually  
their wives and children, and  
could not resist the first im-  
nature on so wounding a loss;  
ckly roused myself, and found  
alleviate, and at last conquer-  
ion, by reflecting how that the  
children having been no great  
to me, the best part of her for-  
still left; that my charge being  
o myself, a journeyman, and  
I might live far cheaper than  
and that being now a childless

I might perhaps marry a no-  
ring woman, and with a much  
trine than she brought, which  
eight hundred pounds. And  
see my readers that such con-  
s as these were proper and apt  
to such an effect, I remember  
to constant observation at that  
time when so many hundreds  
apt away daily, that the rich  
the loss of their families and  
far better than the poor; the  
ving little or nothing before-  
and living from hand to mouth,  
the whole comfort and satisfac-  
their lives in their wives and  
and were therefore inconsol-

Following year happened the fire;  
time, by good providence, it  
fortune to have converted the  
part of my effects into ready-  
on the prospect of an extraor-  
-vantage which I was preparing  
old on. This calamity was  
ible and astonishing, the fury  
lames being such, that whole  
it several distant places, were  
I at one and the same time, so  
it is well known, almost all  
ens were burnt out of what they  
out what did I then do? I did  
d gazing on the ruins of our  
etropolis; I did not shake my  
ring my hands, sigh and shed  
considered with myself what  
is avail; I felt a plodding what  
ges might be made of the ready  
ad, and immediately bethought  
that wonderful pennyworths  
bought of the goods that were  
of the fire. In short, with  
thousand pounds and a little

credit, I bought as much tobacco as  
raised my estate to the value of ten thou-  
sand pounds. I then 'looked on the  
' ashes of our city, and the misery of  
' it's late inhabitants, as an effect of  
' the just wrath and indignation of  
' Heaven towards a sinful and perverse  
' people.'

After this I married again, and that  
wife dying, I took another, but both  
proved to be idle baggages: the first  
gave me a great deal of plague and vex-  
ation by her extravagancies, and I be-  
came one of the bye-words of the city.  
I knew it would be to no manner of  
purpose to go about to curb the fancies  
and inclinations of women, which fly  
out the more for being restrained; but  
what I could I did, I watched her nar-  
rowly, and by good luck found her in  
the embraces, for which I had two wit-  
nesses with me, of a wealthy spark of  
the court-end of the town; of whom I  
recovered fifteen thousand pounds, which  
made me amends for what she had idly  
squandered, and put a silence to all my  
neighbours, taking off my reproach by  
the gain they saw I had by it. The last  
died about two years after I married  
her, in labour of three children. I  
conjecture they were begot by a coun-  
try kinsman of hers, whom, at her re-  
commendation, I took into my family,  
and gave wages to as a journeyman.  
What this creature expended in delica-  
cies and high diet with her kinsman, as  
well as I could compute by the poul-  
terer's, fishmonger's, and grocer's bills,  
amounted in the said two years to one  
hundred eighty-six pounds, four shil-  
lings, and five pence halfpenny. The  
fine apparel, bracelets, lockets, and  
treats, &c. of the other, according to  
the best calculation, came in three years  
and about three quarters, to seven hun-  
dred forty-four pounds, seven shillings  
and nine pence. After this I resolved  
never to marry more, and found I had  
been a gainer by my marriages, and the  
damages granted me for the abuses of  
my bed, all charges deducted, eight  
thousand three hundred pounds within a  
trifle.

I come now to shew the good effects  
of the love of money on the lives of men  
towards rendering them honest, sober,  
and religious. When I was a young  
man, I had a mind to make the best of  
my wits, and over-reached a country-  
chap in a parcel of unsound goods; to  
whom,



whom, upon his upbraiding, and threatening to expose me for it, I returned the equivalent of his lot's; and upon his good advice, wherein he clearly demonstrated the folly of such artifices, which can never end but in shame, and the ruin of all correspondence, I never after transgressed. Can your courtiers, who take bribes, or your lawyers or physicians in their practice, or even the divines who intermeddle in worldly affairs, boast of making but one slip in their lives, and of such a thorough and lasting reformation? Since my coming into the world I do not remember I was ever overtaken in drink, save nine times, once at the christening of my first child, thrice at our city feasts, and five times at driving of bargains. My reformation I can attribute to nothing so much as the love and esteem of money, for I found myself to be extravagant in my drink, and apt to turn projector, and make rash bargains. As for women, I never knew any except my wives: for my reader must know, and it is what he may confide in as an excellent recipe, that the love of business and money is the greatest mortifier of inordinate desires imaginable, as employing the mind continually in the careful oversight of what one has, in the eager quest after more, in looking after the negligences and deceits of servants, in the due entering and stating of accounts, in hunting after chaps, and in the exact knowledge of the state of markets; which things whoever thoroughly attends, will find enough and enough to employ his thoughts on every

moment of the day; so to call to mind, that in all the a husband, which, off and on twelve years, I ever once my wives but in bed. An religion, I have ever been churchman, both forenoon noons on Sundays, never to be thankful for any gain I had had that day; and nights, upon casting up I always was grateful for my week's profits, and for that of the whole year. perhaps, that my devotion the most fervent; which, I to be imputed to the even: dateness of my temper, I would admit of any imp any sort: and I can remember my youth and prime of man my blood ran brisker, I t pleasure in religious exercise present, or many years past my devotion sensibly declining which is dull and unwieldy, me.

I have, I hope, here p the love of money prevents rality and vice; which if y allow, you must, that the obliges men to the same kin they would follow if they virtuous: which is all I ha present, only recommending that you would think of i ready wit into ready money you can. I conclude, you

EPHRA

T

## N<sup>o</sup> CCCCLI. THURSDAY, AUGUST

—JAM SÆVUS APERTAM  
IN RABIE COEPIT VERTI JOCUS, ET PER HONESTAS  
IRE MINAX IMPUNE DOMOS

HOR. EP. I. L. 2. V. 141

—TIMES CORRUPT, AND NATURE ILL-INCLIN'D,  
PRODUC'D THE POINT THAT LEFT THE STING BEHIND  
'TILL FRIEND WITH FRIEND, AND FAMILIES AT STRIFE  
TRIUMPHANT MALICE RAG'D THROUGH PRIVATE LIFE

F

**T**HERE is nothing so scandalous to a government, and detestable in the eyes of all good men, as defamatory papers and pamphlets; but at the same time there is nothing so difficult

to tame, as a satirical or angry writer who cannot naturally vent his spleen in lampoons. A gay old man at the table, seeing all his

in a large looking-glass, threw the ground in a passion, and it into a thousand pieces; but as afterwards surveying the fragments with a spiteful kind of pleasure, did not forbear uttering herself in lowing soliloquy. 'What have I by this revengeful blow of mine? I have only multiplied my deformity, I see an hundred ugly faces, where before I had but one.'

It has been proposed, 'to oblige every man that writes a book, or a paper, to rear himself the author of it, and to put down in a public register his name and place of abode.'

This, indeed, would have effectually suppressed all printed scandal, which now only appears under borrowed names for none at all. But it is to be feared that such an expedient would not destroy scandal, but learning. It would operate promiscuously, and root out both corn and tares together. Not to mention some of the most celebrated of piety, which have proceeded from anonymous authors, who have thereby their merit to convey to us so much charity in secret; there are few of genius that come out at first without the author's name. The writer himself makes a trial of them in the world before he owns them; and, I believe, very few, who are capable of doing so, would set pen to paper, if they were before-hand that they must not publish their productions but on such terms. For my own part, I must confess, the papers I present to the public I do so with a fair favour, which shall last longer than while the author is con-

reputation of a competitor, we should quickly see an end put to this race of vermin, that are a scandal to government, and a reproach to human nature. Such a proceeding would make a minister of state shine in history, and would fill all mankind with a just abhorrence of persons who should treat him unworthily, and employ against him those arms which he scorned to make use of against his enemies.

I cannot think that any one will be so unjust as to imagine what I have here said is spoken with respect to any party or faction. Every one who has in him the sentiments either of a christian or gentleman, cannot but be highly offended at this wicked and ungenerous practice, which is so much in use among us at present, that it is become a kind of national crime, and distinguishes us from all the governments that lie about us. I cannot but look upon the finest strokes of satire which are aimed at particular persons, and which are supported even with the appearances of truth, to be the marks of an evil mind, and highly criminal in themselves. Infamy, like other punishments, is under the direction and distribution of the magistrate, and not of any private person. Accordingly we learn from a fragment of Cicero, that though there were very few capital punishments in the twelve tables, a libel or lampoon which took away the good name of another, was to be punished by death. But this is far from being our case. Our satire is nothing but the baldry, and Billingsgate. Scurrility passes for wit; and he who can call names in the greatest variety of phrases is looked upon to have the shrewdest pen. By

this means the honour of families is ruined, the highest posts and greatest titles are rendered cheap and vile in the sight of the people; the noblest virtues, and most exalted parts, exposed to the contempt of the vicious and the ignorant. Should a foreigner, who knows nothing of our private factions, or one who is to act his part in the world when our present heats and animosities are forgotten, should, I say, such an one form to himself a notion of the greatest men of all sides in the British nation, who are now living, from the characters which are given them in some or other of those abominable writings which are daily published among us, what a nation of monsters must we appear!

which makes it particularly difficult to restrain these sons of calumny. Infamation is, that all sides are equally guilty of it, and that every scribbler is countenanced by great names whose interest he propagates by vile and infamous methods. I have never yet heard of a ministry, who inflicted an exemplary punishment on an author that has supported their cause with falsehood and scandal, and, in a most cruel manner, the names of those who have been looked upon as their rivals and antagonists. If a government set an everlasting example of their displeasure upon one of those infamous writers who makes his name known to them by tearing to pieces the

As this cruel practice tends to the utter subversion of all truth and humanity among us, it deserves the utmost detestation and discouragement of all who have either the love of their country, or the honour of their religion, at heart. I would therefore earnestly recommend it to the consideration of those who deal in these pernicious arts of writing; and of those who take pleasure in the reading of them. As for the first, I have spoken of them in the former papers, and have not stuck to rank them with the murderer and assassin. Every honest man sets as high a value upon a good name, as upon life itself; and I cannot but think that those who privily assault the one, would destroy the other, might they do it with the same security and impunity.

As for persons who take pleasure in the reading and dispersing of such detestable libels, I am afraid they fall very little short of the guilt of the first composers. By a law of the emperors Valentinian and Valens, it was made death for any person not only to write a libel, but if he met with one by chance, not to tear or burn it. But because I would not be thought singular in my opinion of this matter, I shall conclude my paper with the words of Monsieur Bayle, who was a man of great freedom of thought, as well as of exquisite learning and judgment.

"I cannot imagine, that a man who disperses a libel, is less desirous of doing mischief than the author himself. But what shall we say of the pleasure which a man takes in the reading of a defamatory libel? Is it not an heinous sin in the sight of God? We must distinguish in this point. This pleasure is either an agreeable sensation we are affected with, when we meet with a witty thought which is well expressed, or it is a joy which we conceive from the dishonour of the person who is defamed. I will say nothing to the first of these cases; for perhaps some would think that my morality is not severe enough, if I

"should affirm that a man is not of those agreeable sensations, rather than of those occasioned by flattery, when they touch his own that pleasure to be a heinous sin. The pleasure in the first case is of short continuance; it prevents our reflection, and may be immediately followed by a secret grief, our neighbour's honour blasted; it does not cease immediately, but signifies that we are not displeased with the ill-nature of the satirist, but glad to see him defame his enemies; all kinds of stories; and then they serve the punishment to which the writer of the libel is subject. I will here add the words of a moderate author. St. Gregory, upon excommunicating those writers who had dishonoured Castorius, does not except those who read their works; "But," says he, "if calumnies have been the delight of their hearing, a gratification of those persons who have no other advantage over the innocent men, is not he who takes pleasure in reading them as guilty as he who composes them?" It is an untested maxim, that they who are guilty of an action would certainly do it if they could; that is, if some reason of love did not hinder them. "There is no difference," says Cicero, "between advising a crime, and committing it when committed." The same law confirmed this maxim, and subjected the approvers and authors of this evil to the same penalty. I may therefore conclude, that those who are pleased with reading defamatory libels, so far as to approve authors and dispersers of them, are as guilty as if they had composed them; for if they do not write such libels themselves, it is because they have not the talent of writing, or because they will run no hazard."

The author produces other authorities to confirm his judgment in this particular.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCLII. FRIDAY, AUGUST 8.

EST NATURA HOMINUM NOVITATIS AVIDA.

PLIN. APUD LILLIUM.

HUMAN NATURE IS FOND OF NOVELTY.

RE is no humour in my countrymen, which I am more inclined to think of, than their general thirst for news. There are about half a million of men, who live very much upon this curiosity of their subjects. They all of them receive advice from abroad, and in the same words; but their looking at it is so different, that no citizen, who has an eye to his good, that can leave the house with peace of mind before he has seen every one of them a reader of several dishes of news are agreeable to the palate of my countrymen, that they are not only content with them when they are served up when they are again set cold, but by those penetrating politicians oblige the public with their observations upon every intelligence that is sent us from abroad. The text is given us by one author, and the comment by another.

Notwithstanding we have the same news in so many different papers, the nation requires, in so many articles, the same paper; notwithstanding the scarcity of foreign posts, we have the same story repeated by different authors in Paris, Brussels, the Hague, every great town in Europe; adding the multitude of annotations, reflections, and things which it passes through, as heavy on our hands until we receive a fresh mail: we long to hear the particulars, to hear what the next step, or what will be the consequences of that which has been seen. A westerly wind keeps the town in suspense, and puts a stop to conversation. General curiosity has been raised by our late wars, and if satisfied, might be of good use to us. *How has such a thirst awakened? Why should not a man, who is reading every thing that*

is new, apply himself to history, travels, and other writings of the same kind, where he will find perpetual fuel for his curiosity, and meet with much more pleasure and improvement than in these papers of the week? An honest tradesman who languishes a whole summer in expectation of a battle, and perhaps is balked at last, may here meet with half a dozen in a day. He may read the news of a whole campaign, in less time than he now bestows upon the products of a single post. Fights, conquests, and revolutions, lie thick together. The reader's curiosity is raised and satisfied every moment, and his passions disappointed or gratified, without being detained in a state of uncertainty from day to day, or lying at the mercy of sea and wind; in short, the mind is not here kept in a perpetual gape after knowledge, nor punished with that eternal thirst, which is the portion of all our modern newsmongers and coffee-house politicians.

All matters of fact, which a man did not know before, are news to him; and I do not see how any haberdasher in Cheapside is more concerned in the present quarrel of the cantons, than he was in that of the league. At least, I believe every one will allow me, it is of more importance to an Englishman to know the history of his ancestors, than that of his contemporaries who live upon the banks of the Danube or the Boristhenes. As for those who are of another mind, I shall recommend to them the following letter, from a projector, who is willing to turn a penny by this remarkable curiosity of his countrymen.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU must have observed, that men who frequent coffee-houses, and delight in news, are pleased with every thing that is matter of fact, so it be what they have not heard before. A victory, or a defeat, are equally agreeable to them. The shutting of a cardinal's mouth pleases them as well as the opening

opening of it another. They are glad to hear the French court is removed to Marli, and are afterwards as much delighted with its return to Versailles. They read the advertisements with the same curiosity as the articles of public news; and are as pleased to hear of a pyc-bald horse that is strayed out of a field near Islington, as of a whole troop that have been engaged in any foreign adventure. In short, they have a relish for every thing that is news, let the matter of it be what it will; or, to speak more properly, they are men of a voracious appetite, but no taste. Now, Sir, since the great fountain of news, I mean the war, is very near being dried up; and since these gentlemen have contracted such an inextinguishable thirst after it; I have taken their case and my own into consideration, and have thought of a project which may turn to the advantage of us both. I have thoughts of publishing a daily paper, which shall comprehend in it all the most remarkable occurrences in every little town, village, and hamlet, that lie within ten miles of London, or in other words, within the verge of the penny-post. I have pitched upon this scene of intelligence for two reasons; first, because the carriage of letters will be very cheap; and secondly, because I may receive them every day. By this means my readers will have their news fresh and fresh, and many worthy citizens who cannot sleep with any satisfaction at present, for want of being informed how the world goes, may go to-bed contentedly, it being my design to put out my paper every night at nine o'clock precisely. I have already established correspondents in these several places, and received very good intelligence.

By my last advices from Knightbridge I hear, that a horse was clapped into the pound on the third instant, and that he was not released when the letters came away.

We are informed from Pankridge, that a dozen weddings were lately celebrated in the mother church of that place, but are referred to their next letters for the names of the parties concerned.

Letters from Brumpton advise, that the widow Blight had received several visits from John Millidew, which affords great matter of speculation in those parts.

By a fisherman which lately touched at Hammersmith, there is advice from Putney, that a certain person, well known in that place, is like to lose his election for churchwarden; but this being boat-news, we cannot give entire credit to it.

Letters from Paddington bring little more, than that William Squeak, the sow-gelder, passed through that place the fifth instant.

They advise from Fulham, that things remained there in the same state they were. They had intelligence, just as the letters came away, of a tub of excellent ale just set abroad at Parsons Green; but this wanted confirmation.

I have here, Sir, given you a specimen of the news with which I intend to entertain the town, and which, when drawn up regularly in the form of a news-paper, will, I doubt not, be very acceptable to many of those public-spirited readers, who take more delight in acquainting themselves with other people's business than their own. I hope a paper of this kind, which lets us know what is done near home, may be more useful to us, than those which are filled with advices from Zug and Bender, and make some amends for that dearth of intelligence, which we may justly apprehend from times of peace. If I find that you receive this project favourably, I will shortly trouble you with one or two more; and in the mean time am, most worthy Sir, with all due respect,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant.

C

CCCCLIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9.

NON USITATA, NEC TENUI FERAR  
PENNA———

HOR. OD. XX. L. 2. V. 1.

NO WEAK, NO COMMON WING SHALL BEAR  
MY RISING BODY THROUGH THE AIR.

CREECH.

It is not a more pleasing ex-  
ercise of the mind than gratitude.  
Accompanied with such an inward  
that the duty is sufficiently  
in the performance. It is  
the practice of many other vir-  
tues and painful, but attended  
with pleasure, that were there  
a command which enjoined it,  
a recompence laid up for it here-  
after, no mind would indulge  
in a natural gratification that  
it.

It is due from man to man,  
more from man to his Maker?  
The Being does not only con-  
fer these bounties which pro-  
ceed immediately from his hand,  
but the benefits which are con-  
veyed by others. Every blessing  
what means forever it may  
be from us, is the gift of him  
great Author of good, and  
mercies.

It, when exerted towards  
nature, naturally produces a very  
emotion in the mind of a grate-  
ful soul into rapture,  
employed on this great object  
of this beneficent Being  
in us every thing we al-  
ready and from whom we expect  
yet hope for.

The works of the pagan poets  
direct hymns to their dei-  
ties indirectly to the celebra-  
tion of their respective attributes and  
actions. Those who are acquainted  
with the Greek and Latin  
are still extant, will upon  
this observation so true,  
not enlarge upon it. One

that more of our christian  
it turned their thoughts  
especially if we consider, that  
the Supreme Being is not  
any more great and noble  
should possibly enter into the  
them, but filled with every  
raise the imagination,

and give an opportunity for the su-  
blimest thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who  
was singing an hymn to Diana, in which  
he celebrated her for her delight in hu-  
man sacrifices, and other instances of  
cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet  
who was present at this piece of devo-  
tion, and seems to have had a truer idea  
of the divine nature, told the votary, by  
way of reproof, that in recompence for  
his hymn, he heartily wished he might  
have a daughter of the same temper  
with the goddesses he celebrated. It was  
indeed impossible to write the praises of  
one of those false deities, according to  
the pagan creed, without a mixture of  
impertinence and absurdity.

The Jews, who before the time of  
christianity were the only people who  
had the knowledge of the true God,  
have set the christian world an example  
how they ought to employ this di-  
vine talent of which I am speaking.  
As that nation produced men of great  
genius, without considering them as  
inspired writers, they have transmitted  
to us many hymns and divine odes,  
which excel those that are delivered  
down to us by the ancient Greeks and  
Romans, in the poetry, as much as in  
the subject to which it was consecrated.  
This I think might be easily shewn if  
there were occasion for it.

I have already communicated to the  
public some pieces of divine poetry, and  
as they have met with a very favourable  
reception, I shall from time to time pub-  
lish any work of the same nature which  
has not yet appeared in print, and may  
be acceptable to my readers.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise:

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravish'd heart?  
But thou canst read it there.

III. The

## III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

## IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in pray'r.

## V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.

## VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

## VII.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way;  
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.

## VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face;

And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

## IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er,  
And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store.

## X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

## XI.

Thro' every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

## XII.

When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

## XIII.

Thro' all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
For oh! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCLIV. MONDAY, AUGUST II.

SINE ME VACIVUM TEMPUS NE QUOD DEM MIHI  
LABORIS.

TER. HIAUT. ACT. I. SC. I.

GIVE ME LEAVE TO ALLOW MYSELF NO RESPIRE FROM LABOUR.

**I**T is an expressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significancy in it.

To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for speculation; nay, they who enjoy it, must value things only as they are the objects of speculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night last week at Richmond; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination one sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning, and took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four and twenty hours, until the many different

objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered, that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster, by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six of the clock give way to those of nine, they of

the generation of twelve, and twelve disappear, and make room for a fashionable world who have made the clock the noon of the day.

As we first put off from shore, we fell in with a fleet of gardeners for the several market-ports of London; and it was the most pleasing and imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people ply their way to a certain sale of their

The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as many plantations as any spot on the river, but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added much to the landscape. It was very pleasant to observe by their sailing, and the dances of the ruddy virgins, who were per-cargoes, the parts of the town which they were bound. There was a great number of the purveyors for Covent Garden frequently converse with morn-ings, very unlike the seeming sort of those bound for Stocks Market. A singular remarkable happened in our party; but I landed with ten sail of boats at Strand Bridge, after which I put in at Nine Elms, and taken up by a hackney-coach, consigned by Mr. Cuffe of Nine Elms, to Sarah Sewell and company at their stall in Covent Garden. I arrived at Strand Bridge at six o'clock, and were unloading, when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing took their leave of each other at the Strand-house, to go to bed before the night was too far spent. Chimney-sweeps passed by us as we made up to the market, and some rallery happened between one of the fruit-wench and a lack man, about the Devil and his allusion to their several professions.

I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent Garden; I strolled from one fruit-shop to another, with crowds of agreeable young people around me, who were purchasing for their respective families. It was not eight of the clock before I perceived that variety of objects. I then each and followed a young lady, who stepped into another just before me, and was followed by her maid. I saw immediately that she was of the family of the Vain. There are a set of these who of all affect the play of Blindman's-buff, leading men into love for they do not whom, who are fled they do not where. This sort of woman

is usually a janty flatterer; she hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her posture, and changes place incessantly; and all with an appearance of striving at the same time to hide herself, and yet give you to understand she is in humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the coachmen make signs with their fingers as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an instant my coachman took the wink to pursue, and the lady's driver gave the hint that he was going through Long Acre, towards St. James's. While he whipped up James Street, we drove for King Street, to save the pass at St. Martin's Lane. The coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for way, and be entangled at the end of Newport Street and Long Acre. The fright, you must believe, brought down the lady's coach-door, and obliged her, with her mask off, to enquire into the bustle, when she sees the man she would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of these ladies keeps her seat in a hackney-coach, as well as the best rider does on a managed horse. The laced shoe on her left foot, with a careless gesture, just appearing on the opposite cushion, held her both firm, and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As she was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and an half, in all parts of the town, by the skill of our drivers; until at last my lady was conveniently lost with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This chace was now at an end, and the fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that she was a silk-worm. I was surprised with this phrase, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their best customers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from shop to shop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying any thing. The silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the tradesmen; for though they never buy, they are ever talking



talking of new silks, laces, and ribbons, and serve the owners, in getting them customers as their common dinners do in making them pay.

The day of people of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity: when I resolved to walk it out of cheapness; but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take coach, for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains an I throws me into expense. It happened so immediately; for at the corner of Warwick Street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extreme poor, and should die in the street for want of drink, except I immediately would have the charity to give him sixpence to go into the next ale-house and save his life. He urged, with a melancholy face, that all his family had died of thirst. All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take the jest; by which Mr. Sturdy carried his point, and let me sneak off to a coach. As I drove along it was a pleasing reflection to see the world so prettily checkered since I left Richmond, and the scene still filling with children of a new hour. This satisfaction increased as I moved towards the city, and gay signs, well disposed streets, magnificent public structures, and wealthy shops, adorned with contented faces, made the joy still rising till we came into the center of the city, and center of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crowds about me were pleased with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in observing them, in attention to their several interests. I, indeed, looked upon myself as the richest man that walked the Exchange that day; for my benevolence made me share the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfactions in my survey, to go up stairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females; to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wares, on each side the counters, was an amusement, in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me to ask

what I wanted, when I could not answer, only 'to look at you.' I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming; which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said to myself, with a kind of pun in thought—'What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it? In these, or not much wiser thoughts, I had like to have lost my place at the chop-house, where every man, according to the natural bashfulness or fullness of our nation, eats in a public room a morsel of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the foot of being met, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterwards to Robin's, and saw people who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates; and could not but behold with great pleasure, property lodged in, and transferred in a moment from such as would never be matters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common scene of Covent Garden, and passed the evening at Will's, in attending the discourses of several sets of people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the subjects of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The last subject kept me until I heard the streets in the possession of the bell-man, who had now the world to himself, and cried—'Past two of the clock.' This roused me from my seat, and I went to my lodging, led by a light, whom I put into the discourse of his private economy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loss, of a family that depended upon a link, with a design to end my trivial day with the generosity of sixpence, instead of a third part of that sum. When I came to my chambers I writ down these minutes; but was at a loss what instruction I should propose to my reader from the enumeration of so many insignificant matters and occurrences; and I thought it of great use, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it

from

n any thing it meets with. This circumstance will make every face see give you the satisfaction you now in beholding that of a friend; will

make every object a pleasing one; will make all the good which arrives to any man, an increase of happiness to yourself. T

## N° CCCCLV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 12.

—EGO APIS MATINÆ  
MORE MODOQUE;  
GRATA CARPENTIS THYMA PER LABOREM  
PLURIMUM—

HOR. OD. II. L. 4. V. 27.

—MY TIMOROUS MUSE  
UNAMBITIOUS TRACTS PURSUES;  
DOES WITH WEAK UNBALLAST WINGS,  
ABOUT THE MOSSY BROOKS AND SPRINGS,  
LIKE THE LABORIOUS BEE,  
FOR LITTLE DROPS OF HONEY FLY,  
AND THERE WITH HUMBLE SWEETS CONTENTS HER INDUSTRY.

COWLEY.

THE following letters have in them reflections which will seem of instance both to the learned world and domestic life. There is in the first allegory so well carried on, that it not but be very pleasing to those who have a taste of good writing; and the other billets may have their use in life.

## IN. SPECTATOR,

S I walked the other day in a fine garden, and observed the great variety of improvements in plants and flowers beyond what they otherwise should have been, I was naturally led to a reflection upon the advantages of cultivation, or modern culture; how many good qualities in the mind are lost, for want of the like due care in nursing and fully managing them; how many virtues are choked, by the multitude of vices which are suffered to grow among them; how excellent parts are often wasted and useless, by being planted in wrong soil; and how very seldom do the moral seeds produce the noble fruits which might be expected from them, by a neglect of proper manuring, necessary pruning, and an artful management of our tender inclinations and firstings of life. These obvious speculations made me at length conclude, that there is a sort of vegetable principle in the mind of every man when he comes into the world. In infants the seeds lie hid and undiscovered, until after a while they sprout forth in a kind of rational leaves, which are words; and in season the flowers begin to appear in

variety of beautiful colours, and all the gay pictures of youthful fancy and imagination; at last the fruit knits and is formed, which is green, perhaps, first, and sour, unpleasant to the taste, and not fit to be gathered; until ripened by due care and application it discovers itself in all the noble productions of philosophy, mathematics, close reasoning, and handsome argumentation: and these fruits, when they arrive at just maturity, and are of a good kind, afford the most vigorous nourishment to the minds of men. I reflected further on the intellectual leaves before mentioned, and found almost as great a variety among them as in the vegetable world. I could easily observe the smooth shining Italian leaves; the nimble French aspen always in motion; the Greek and Latin evergreens, the Spanish myrtle, the English oak, the Scotch thistle, the Irish sham-brogue, the prickly German, and Dutch holly, the Polish and Russian nettle, besides a vast number of exotics imported from Asia, Africa, and America. I saw several barren plants, which bore only leaves, without any hopes of flower or fruit: the leaves of some were fragrant and well-shaped, and others ill-scented and irregular. I wondered at a set of old whimsical botanists, who spent their whole lives in the contemplation of some withered Egyptian, Coptic, Armenian, or Chinese leaves, while others made it their business to collect in voluminous herbals all the several leaves of some one tree. The flowers afford a most diverting entertainment, in a wonderful

derful variety of figures, colours, and scents; however, most of them withered soon, or at best are but annuities. Some professed florists make them their constant study and employment, and despise all fruit; and now and then a few fanciful people spend all their time in the cultivation of a single tulip, or a carnation; but the most agreeable amusement seems to be the well choosing, mixing, and binding together these flowers in pleasing nosegays to present to ladies. The scent of Italian flowers is observed, like their other perfumes, to be too strong, and to hurt the brain; that of the French with glaring gaudy colours, yet faint and languid; German and Northern flowers have little or no smell, or sometimes an unpleasant one. The ancients had a secret to give a lasting beauty, colour, and sweetness, to some of their choice flowers, which flourish to this day, and which few of the moderns can effect. These are becoming enough and agreeable in their season, and do often handsomely adorn an entertainment, but an over-fondness of them seems to be a disease. It rarely happens to find a plant vigorous enough, to have, like an orange-tree, at once beautiful shining leaves, fragrant flowers, and delicious nourishing fruit. Sir, your's, &c.

DEAR SPEC.

AUGUST 6, 1712.

YOU have given us, in your Spectator of Saturday last, a very excellent discourse upon the force of custom, and it's wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. I cannot deny but that I received above two pennyworth of instruction from your paper, and in the general was very well pleased with it; but I am, without a compliment, sincerely troubled that I cannot exactly be of your opinion, 'that it makes every thing pleasing to us.' In short, I have the honour to be yoked to a young lady, who is, in plain English, for her standing, a very eminent scold. She began to break her mind very freely both to me and to her servants about two months after our nuptials; and though I have been accustomed to this humour of hers these three years, yet I do not know what is the matter with me, but I am no more delighted with it than I was at the very first. I have advised with her relations about her, and they all tell me that her mother and her grand-

mother before her were both taken much after the same manner; so that since it runs in the blood, I have but small hopes of her recovery. I should be glad to have a little of your advice in this matter: I would not willingly trouble you to contrive how it may be a pleasure to me; if you will but put me in a way that I may bear it with indifference, I shall rest satisfied. Dear Spec, your very humble servant.

P. S. I must do the poor girl the justice to let you know that this match was none of her own choosing, or indeed of mine either; in consideration of which I avoid giving her the least provocation; and indeed we live better together than usually folks do who hated one another when they were first joined; to evade the sin against parents, or at least to extenuate it, my dear rails at my father and mother, and I curse hers for making the match.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Like the theme you lately gave out extremely, and should be as glad to handle it as any man living: but I find myself no better qualified to write about money than about my wife; for, to tell you a secret which I desire may go no further, I am master of neither of those subjects. Yours,

PILL GARLICK.

AUGUST 8, 1712.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Desire you would print this in Italic, so as it may be generally taken notice of. It is designed only to admonish all persons, who speak either at the bar, pulpit, or any public assembly whatsoever, how they discover their ignorance in the use of similes. There are in the pulpit itself, as well as in other places, such gross abuses in this kind, that I give this warning to all I know. I shall bring them for the future before your Spectatorial authority. On Sunday last, one, who shall be nameless, reproving several of his congregation for standing at prayers, was pleased to say—'One would think, *like the elephant*, you had 'no knees.' Now I myself saw an elephant, in Bartholomew Fair, kneel down to take on his back the ingenious Mr. William Penkethman. Your most humble servant.

T

CCCCLVI. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13.

LIBELLI IN CELEBERRIMIS LOCIS PROPONUNTUR, HUIUS RE PERIRE  
QUIDEM TACITE CONCEDITUR. TULL.

WHOSE CONDUCT IS PUBLICLY ARRANGED, IS NOT SUFFERED EVEN  
TO BE RUINED QUIETLY.

WAY, in his tragedy of Venice reserved, has described the misery of a man, whose effects are in the hands of the law, with great spirit. The bit-terness of being the scorn and laughter of the minds, the anguish of being in-jured by men hardened beyond the sense of re-venge or pity, and the injury of a fortune being wasted, under pre-pretence of justice, are excellently aggra-vated in the following speech of Pierre

At this very moment by thy doom,  
And them guarded by a troop of villains;  
Of public rapine were destroying.  
And me, by the sentence of the law,  
To commission to seize all thy fortune;  
And Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.  
And a ruffian with a horrid face,  
To o'er a pile of massy plate,  
To cast into a heap for public sale.  
And another making villainous jests  
By doing: he had taken possession  
Of ancient most domestic ornaments;  
Givings intermix'd and wrought with  
And bed, which on thy wedding-night  
Thou hadst to the arms of Belvidera,  
And of all thy joys, was violated  
By the hands of filthy dungeon villains,  
And was amongst the common lumber.

And, indeed, can be more un-pleasant than the condition of bankruptcy. A calamity which happens to us by our own fault, or by the injury of others, affords some consolation; but what is our own misbehaviour or crime the state of the most exquisite

When a man considers not his ample fortune, but even the necessities of life, his pretence to poverty, at the mercy of his creditors, but look upon himself in the same state as the dead, with his case thus settled, that the last office is performed by his adversaries instead of his friends. From this hour the cruel world may take possession of his whole estate, but even of every thing else, has no relation to it. All his

indifferent actions have new interpreta-tions put upon them; and those whom he has favoured in his former life, dis-charge themselves of their obligations to him, by joining in the reproaches of his enemies. It is almost incredible that it should be so; but it is too often seen that there is a pride mixed with the impatience of the creditor; and there are who would rather recover their own money by the downfall of a prosperous man, than be discharged to the common satis-faction of themselves and their creditors. The wretched man, who was lately master of abundance, is now under the direction of others; and the wisdom, oeconomy, good sense, and skill in hu-man life before, by reason of his pre-sent misfortune, are of no use to him in the disposition of any thing. The incapacity of an infant or a lunatic is designed for his provision and accom-modation; but that of a bankrupt, without any mitigation in respect of the accidents by which it arrived, is calcu-lated for his utter ruin, except there be a remainder ample enough after the dis-charge of his creditors to bear all the expence of rewarding those by whose means the effect of all his labour was transferred from him. This man is to look on and see others giving directions upon what terms and conditions his goods are to be purchased, and all this usually done not with an air of trustees to dispose of his effects, but destroyers to divide and tear them to pieces.

There is something sacred in misery to great and good minds; for this reason all wise lawgivers have been ex-tremely tender how they let loose even the man who has right on his side, to act with any mixture of resentment against the defendant. Virtuous and modest men, though they be used with some artifice, and have it in their power to avenge themselves, are slow in the application of that power, and are ever constrained to go into rigorous mea-sures. They are careful to demonstrate them-

themselves not only persons injured; but also that to bear it no longer would be a means to make the offender injure others, before they proceed. Such men clap their hands upon their hearts, and consider what it is to have at their mercy the life of a citizen. Such would have it to lay to their own souls, if possible, that they were merciful when they could have destroyed, rather than when it was in their power to have spared a man, they destroyed. This is a due to the common calamity of human life, due in some measure to our very enemies. They who scruple doing the least injury, are cautious of exacting the utmost justice.

Let any one who is conversant in the variety of human life reflect upon it, and he will find the man who wants mercy has a taste of no enjoyment of any kind. There is a natural selfishness of every thing which is good in his very nature, and he is born an enemy to the world. He is ever extremely partial to himself in all his actions, and has no sense of iniquity but from the punishment which shall attend it. The law of the land is his gospel, and all his cases of conscience are determined by his attorney. Such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of a miserable man, that riches are the instruments of serving the purposes of heaven or hell, according to the disposition of the possessor. The wealthy can torment or gratify all who are in their power, and chuse to do one or other as they are affected with love or hatred to mankind. As for such who are insensible of the concerns of others, but merely as they affect themselves, these men are to be valued only for their mortality, and as we hope better things from their heirs. I could not but read with great delight a letter from an eminent citizen, who has failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better fortune, and able by his countenance to retrieve his lost condition.

SIR,

IT is vain to multiply words and make apologies for what is never to be defended by the best advocate in the world, the guilt of being unfortunate. All that a man in my condition can do or say, will be received with prejudice by the generosity of mankind, but I

hope not with you: you have been a great instrument in helping me to get what I have lost; and I know, for that reason, as well as kindness to me, you cannot but be in pain to see me undone. To shew you I am not a man incapable of bearing calamity, I will, though a poor man, lay aside the distinction between us, and talk with the frankness we did when we were nearer to an equality: as all I do will be received with prejudice, all you do will be looked upon with partiality. What I desire of you is, that you, who are courted by all, would smile upon me, who am shunned by all. Let that grace and favour which your fortune throws upon you, be turned to make up the coldness and indifference that is used towards me. All good and generous men will have an eye of kindness for me for my own sake, and the rest of the world will regard me for yours. There is a happy contagion in riches, as well as a destructive one in poverty: the rich can make rich without parting with any of their store; and the conversation of the poor makes men poor, though they borrow nothing of them. How this is to be accounted for I know not; but men's estimation follows us according to the company we keep. If you are what you were to me, you can go a great way towards my recovery; if you are not, my good fortune, if ever it returns, will return by slower approaches. I am, Sir, your affectionate friend, and humble servant.

This was answered with a condescension that did not, by long impertinent professions of kindness, insult his distress, but was as follows.

DEAR TOM,

I Am very glad to hear that you have heart enough to begin the world a second time. I assure you, I do not think your numerous family at all diminished, in the gifts of nature for which I have ever so much admired them, by what has so lately happened to you. I shall not only countenance your affairs with my appearance for you, but shall accommodate you with a considerable sum at common interest for three years. You know I could make more of it; but I have so great a love for you, that I can

WAVE

opportunities of gain to help you; I do not care whether they say of me I am dead, that I had an hun-

dred or fifty thousand pounds more than I wanted when I was living. Your obliged humble servant.

T

NO CCCCLVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14.

MULTA ET PRÆCLARA MINANTIS.

HOB. SAT. III. L. 2. V. 9.

SEEMING TO PROMISE SOMETHING WONDEROUS GREAT.

On this day lay before my reader a letter, written by the same hand as that of last Friday, which contains proposals for a printed newspaper could take in the whole circle of my post.

The kind reception you gave my last Friday's letter, in which I described my project of a newspaper, engages me to lay before you two or more; for, you must know, Sir, I look upon you to be the Lowndes of the learned world, and cannot think of a scheme practicable or rational before you have approved of it, though money we 'raise by it is on our minds, and for our private use.' I have often thought that a Newspaper, written every post, and sent about the kingdom, after the manner as that of Mr. Dyer, Mr. B. or any other epistolary historian, might be highly gratifying to the public as well as beneficial to the author.

By whispers I mean those pieces of news which are communicated as secrets, and which bring a double pleasure to the hearer; first, as they are private, and in the next place, as they are always in them a dash of novelty. These are the two chief qualities in an article of news, which I intend it, in a more than ordinary manner, to the ears of the curious. It is of persons in high posts, twists paid and received by ministers, clandestine courtships and intrigues, secret amours, losses at play, promotions for places, with their respective successes or repulses, are the subjects in which I chiefly intend to write. I have two persons, that are each of them the representative of a species, to furnish me with those materials, which I intend to convey to my

correspondents. The first of these is Peter Hush, descended from the ancient family of the Hushes: the other is the old Lady Bluff, who has a very numerous tribe of daughters in the two great cities of London and Westminster. Peter Hush has a whispering-hole in most of the great coffee-houses about town. If you are alone with him in a wide room, he carries you up into a corner of it, and speaks it in your ear. I have seen Peter seat himself in a company of seven or eight persons, whom he never saw before in his life; and after having looked about to see there was no one that overheard him, has communicated to them in a low voice, and under the seal of secrecy, the death of a great man in the country, who was perhaps a fox-hunting the very moment this account was given of him. If upon your entering into a coffee-house you see a circle of heads bending over the table, and lying close by one another, it is ten to one but my friend Peter is among them. I have known Peter publishing the whisper of the day by eight of the clock in the morning at Garraway's, by twelve at Will's, and before two at Smyrna. When Peter had thus effectually launched a secret, I have been very well pleased to hear people whispering it to one another at second hand, and spreading it about as their own; for you must know, Sir, the great incentive to whispering is the ambition which every one has of being thought in the secret, and being looked upon as a man who has access to greater people than one would imagine. After having given you this account of Peter Hush, I proceed to that virtuous lady, the old Lady Bluff, who is to communicate to me the private transactions of the crimp-table, with all the *arcana* of the fair-sex. The Lady Bluff, you must understand, has such a particular malignity in her whisper, that

It blights like an easterly wind, and withers every reputation that it breathes upon. She has a particular knack at making private weddings, and last winter married above five women of quality to their footmen. Her whisper can make an innocent young woman big with child, or fill an healthy young fellow with distempers that are not to be named. She can turn a visit into an intrigue, and a distant salute into an assignation. She can beggar the wealthy, and degrade the noble. In short, she can whisper men base or foolish, jealous or ill-natured; or, if occasion requires, can tell you the slips of their great grandmothers, and traduce the memory of honest coachmen that have been in their graves above these hundred years. By these and the like helps, I question not but I shall furnish out a very handsome news-letter. If you approve my project, I shall begin to whisper by the very next post; and question not but every one of my customers will be very well pleased with me, when he considers that every piece of news I send him is a word in his ear, and lets him into a secret.

Having given you a sketch of this project, I shall, in the next place, suggest to you another for a monthly pamphlet, which I shall likewise submit to your spectatorial wisdom. I need not tell you, Sir, that there are several authors in France, Germany, and Hol-

land, as well as in our own country, who publish every month, what they call, 'An Account of the Works of the Learned.' In which they give us an abstract of all such books as are printed in any part of Europe. Now, Sir, it is my design to publish every month, 'An Account of the Works of the Unlearned.' Several late productions of my own countrymen, who many of them make a very eminent figure in the illiterate world, encourage me in this undertaking. I may, in this work, possibly make a review of several pieces which have appeared in the foreign accounts above-mentioned, though they ought not to have been taken notice of in works which bear such a title. I may, likewise, take into consideration such pieces as appear, from time to time, under the names of those gentlemen who compliment one another in public assemblies, by the title of 'The Learned Gentlemen.' Our party-authors will also afford me a great variety of subjects, not to mention editors, commentators, and others, who are often men of no learning, or, what is as bad, of no knowledge. I shall not enlarge upon this hint; but if you think any thing can be made of it, I shall set about it with all the pains and application that so useful a work deserves. I am ever, most worthy Sir, &c.

C

## Nº CCCCLVIII. FRIDAY, AUGUST 15.

Ἀἰσὸς ἐκ ἐνδύου——

HES.

——PUDOR MALUS——

HON.

FALSE MODESTY.

I Could not but smile at the account that was yesterday given me of a modest young gentleman, who being invited to an entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the confidence to refuse his glass in his turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered that he took all the talk of the table into his own hands, abused every one of the company, and flung a bottle at the gentleman's head who treated him. This has given me occasion to reflect upon the ill effects of a vicious modesty, and to remember the saying of Brutus, as it is quoted by Plutarch, that 'the person

' has had but an ill education, who has not been taught to deny any thing.' This false kind of modesty has, perhaps, betrayed both sexes into as many vices as the most abandoned impudence; and is the more inexcusable to reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than itself, and is punished with a kind of remorse, not only like other vicious habits when the crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue; the other betrays it. True modesty

ashamed to do any thing that is ant to the rules of right reason : odesty is ashamed to do any thing opposite to the humour of the ay. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false modesty that is unfashionable. The only a general undetermined in the former is that instinct, limited-circumscribed by the rules of ce and religion.

may conclude that modesty to be id vicious which engages a man ny thing that is ill or indiscreet, h restrains him from doing any at is of a contrary nature. How nen, in the common concerns of ad sums of money which they are e to spare, are bound for persons hey have but little friendship for, commendatory characters of men they are not acquainted with, places on those whom they do em, live in such a manner as emselves do not approve, and all rely because they have not the nce to resist solicitation, impor- or example?

Does this false modesty expose us such actions as are indiscreet, y often to such as are highly cri-

When Xenophanes was called is, because he would not venture ey in a game at dice.—' I con- said he, ' that I am exceeding ous, for I dare not do an ill

On the contrary, a man of modesty complies with every nd is only fearful of doing what k singular in the company where ngaged. He falls in with the and lets himself go to every or discourse, however unjustifi- itself, so it be in vogue among sent party. This, though one not common, is one of the most e dispositions in human nature, a should not be ashamed of speak- ing in a dissolute or irrational , but that one who is in their y should be ashamed of govern- self by the principles of reason e.

In second place we are to consider dety, as it restrains a man from hat is good and laudable. My own thoughts will suggest to y instances and examples under d. I shall only dwell upon one , which I cannot make without

a secret concern. We have in England a particular bashfulness in every thing that regards religion. A well-bred man is obliged to conceal any serious senti- ment of this nature, and very often to appear a greater libertine than he is, that he may keep himself in countenance among the men of mode. Our excess of modesty makes us shame-faced in all the exercises of piety and devotion. This humour prevails upon us daily; infomuch, that at many well-bred tables, the master of the house is so very modest a man, that he has not the confidence to say grace at his own table: a custom which is not only practised by all the nations about us, but was never omitted by the heathens themselves. English gentlemen who travel into Ro- man-catholic countries, are not a little surprised to meet with people of the best quality kneeling in their churches, and engaged in their private devotions, though it be not at the hours of public worship. An officer of the army, or a man of wit and pleasure in those coun- tries, would be afraid of passing not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred man, should he be seen to go to bed, or sit down at table, without offering up his devotions on such occasions. The same shew of religion appears in all the fo- reign reformed churches, and enters so much into their ordinary conversation, that an Englishman is apt to term them hypocritical and precise.

This little appearance of a religious deportment in our nation, may proceed in some measure from that modesty which is natural to us; but the great occasion of it is certainly this: those swarms of sectaries that over-ran the nation in the time of the great rebellion, carried their hypocrisy so high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthusiasm; infomuch that upon the Restoration men thought they could not recede too far from the beha- viour and practice of those persons, who had made religion a cloke to so many villainies. This led them into the other extreme; every appearance of devotion was looked upon as puritanical, and falling into the hands of the ridiculers who flourished in that reign, and at- tacked every thing that was serious, it has ever since been out of countenance among us. By this means we are gra- dually fallen into that vicious modesty, which has in some measure worn out

from



from among us the appearance of christianity in ordinary life and conversation, and which distinguishes us from all our neighbours.

Hypocrisy cannot indeed be too much detested, but at the same time is to be preferred to open impiety. They are both equally destructive to the person who is possessed with them; but in regard to others, hypocrisy is not so per-

nicious as barefaced irreligion. The due mean to be observed is to be sincerely virtuous, and at the same time to let the world see we are so. I do not know a more dreadful menace in the Holy Writings, than that which is pronounced against those who have this perverted modesty, to be ashamed before men in a particular of such unspeakable importance. C

Nº CCCCLIX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 16.

—QUICQUID DIGNUM SAPIENTE BONOQUE EST.

HOR. EP. IV. L. I. V. 5.

—WHAT BEFITS THE WISE AND GOOD.

CREECH.

**R**ELIGION may be considered under two general heads. The first comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practise. By those things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the Holy Writings, and which we could not have obtained the knowledge of by the light of nature; by the things which we are to practise, I mean all those duties to which we are directed by reason or natural religion. The first of these I shall distinguish by the name of faith, the second by that of morality.

If we look into the more serious part of mankind, we find many who lay so great a stress upon faith, that they neglect morality; and many who build so much upon morality, that they do not pay a due regard to faith. The perfect man should be defective in neither of these particulars, as will be very evident to those who consider the benefits which arise from each of them, and which I shall make the subject of this day's paper.

Notwithstanding this general division of christian duty into morality and faith, and that they have both their peculiar excellencies, the first has the pre-eminence in several respects.

First, because the greatest part of morality, as I have stated the notion of it, is of a fixed eternal nature, and will endure when faith shall fail, and be lost in conviction.

Secondly, because a person may be qualified to do greater good to mankind,

and become more beneficial to the world, by morality without faith, than by faith without morality.

Thirdly, because morality gives a greater perfection to human nature, by quieting the mind, moderating the passions, and advancing the happiness of every man in his private capacity.

Fourthly, because the rule of morality is much more certain than that of faith, all the civilized nations of the world agreeing in the great points of morality, as much as they differ in those of faith.

Fifthly, because infidelity is not of so malignant a nature as immorality; or to put the same reason in another light, because it is generally owned, there may be salvation for a virtuous infidel, particularly in the case of invincible ignorance, but none for a vicious believer.

Sixthly, because faith seems to draw it's principal, if not all it's excellency, from the influence it has upon morality, as we shall see more at large, if we consider wherein consists the excellency of faith, or the belief of revealed religion; and this I think is,

First, in explaining, and carrying to greater heights several points of morality.

Secondly, in furnishing new and stronger motives to enforce the practice of morality.

Thirdly, in giving us more amiable ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing notions of one another, and a

ate of ourselves, both in regard grandeur and vileness of our na-

thly, by shewing us the black-  
ed deformity of vice, which in  
istian system is so very great, that  
is possessed of all perfection and  
ereign judge of it, is represented  
eral of our divines as hating sin  
same degree that he loves the  
Person who was made the propi-  
of it.

ly, in being the ordinary and  
bed method of making morality  
al to salvation.

ve only touched on these several  
which every one who is con-  
in discourses of this nature will  
nlarge upon in his own thoughts,  
aw conclusions from them which  
e useful to him in the conduct of

. One I am sure is so obvious,  
e cannot miss it, namely, that a  
unnot be perfect in his scheme of  
ty, who does not strengthen and  
t it with that of the christian

des this, I shall lay down two or  
other maxims which I think we  
educe from what has been said.

, that we should be particularly  
e of making any thing an article  
h, which does not contribute to  
firmation or improvement of mo-

ndly, that no article of faith can  
e and authentic, which weakens  
verts the practical part of reli-  
what I have hitherto called mo-

rdly, that the greatest friend of  
y, or natural religion, cannot  
prehend any danger from em-

bracing christianity, as it is preserved  
pure and uncorrupt in the doctrines of  
our national church.

There is likewise another maxim  
which I think may be drawn from the  
foregoing considerations, which is this,  
that we should, in all dubious points,  
consider any ill consequences that may  
arise from them, supposing they should  
be erroneous, before we give up our as-  
sent to them.

For example, in that disputable point  
of persecuting men for conscience sake,  
besides the imbittering their minds with  
hatred, indignation, and all the vehe-  
mence of resentment, and ensnaring them  
to profess what they do not believe; we  
cut them off from the pleasures and ad-  
vantages of society, afflict their bodies,  
distress their fortunes, hurt their repu-  
tations, ruin their families, make their  
lives painful, or put an end to them.  
Sure when I see such dreadful conse-  
quences rising from a principle, I would  
be as fully convinced of the truth of it,  
as of a mathematical demonstration, be-  
fore I would venture to act upon it, or  
make it a part of my religion.

In this case the injury done our neigh-  
bour is plain and evident; the principle  
that puts us upon doing it, of a dubi-  
ous and disputable nature. Morality  
seems highly violated by the one, and  
whether or no a zeal for what a man  
thinks the true system of faith may jus-  
tify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but  
think, if our religion produces charity  
as well as zeal, it will not be for shew-  
ing itself by such cruel instances. But  
to conclude with the words of an excel-  
lent author—'We have just enough  
' religion to make us hate, but not  
' enough to make us love one another.'

C

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCLX. MONDAY, AUGUST 18.

SPECIMEN SPECIE RECTI

HOR. ART. POET. V. 23.

DELUDED BY A SHINING EXCELLENCE.

ROSCOMMON.

'R defects and follies are too  
often unknown to us; nay, they  
far from being known to us, that  
also for demonstrations of our  
This makes us easy in the

midst of them, fond to shew them, fond  
to improve in them, and to be esteemed  
for them. Then it is that a thousand  
unaccountable conceits, gay inventions,  
and extravagant actions, must afford us  
pleasures.

§ 2

pleasures, and display us to others in the colours which we ourselves take a fancy to glory in: and indeed there is something so amusing for the time in this state of vanity and ill-grounded satisfaction, that even the wiser world has chosen an exalted word to describe it's enchantments, and called it 'The Paradise of Fools.'

Perhaps the latter part of this reflection may seem a false thought to some, and bear another turn than what I have given; but it is at present none of my business to look after it, who am going to confess that I have been lately amongst them in a vision.

Methought I was transported to a hill, green, flowery, and of an easy ascent. Upon the broad top of it resided squint-eyed Error, and popular Opinion with many heads; two that dealt in sorcery, and were famous for bewitching people with the love of themselves. To these repaired a multitude from every side, by two different paths which lead towards each of them. Some who had the most assuming air, went directly of themselves to Error, without expecting a conductor; others of a softer nature went first to popular Opinion, from whence as she influenced and engaged them with their own praises, she delivered them over to his government.

When we had ascended to an open part of the summit where Opinion abode, we found her entertaining several who had arrived before us. Her voice was pleasing; she breathed odours as she spoke; she seemed to have a tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of something that was valuable in himself, and expected a paradise which she promised as the reward of his merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, till she could bring us where it was to be bestowed: and it was observable, that all the way we went, the company was either praising themselves for their qualifications, or one another for those qualifications which they took to be conspicuous in their own characters, or disparaging others for wanting theirs, or vying in the degrees of them.

At last we approached a bower, at the entrance of which Error was seated. The trees were thick woven, and the place where he sat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was disguised in a whitish robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer

resemblance to Truth: and as she has a light whereby she manifests the beauties of nature to the eyes of her adorers, so he had provided himself with a magical wand, that he might do something in imitation of it, and please with delusions. This he lifted solemnly, and muttering to himself, bid the glories which he kept under enchantment to appear before us. Immediately we cast our eyes on that part of the sky to which he pointed, and observed a thin blue prospect, which cleared as mountains in a summer morning when the mists go off, and the palace of Vanity appeared to sight.

The foundation hardly seemed a foundation, but a set of curling clouds, which it stood upon by magical contrivance. The way by which we ascended was painted like a rainbow; and as we went, the breeze that played about us bewitched the senses. The walls were gilded all for show; the lowest set of pillars were of the slight fine Corinthian order; and the top of the building being rounded, bore so far the resemblance of a bubble.

At the gate the travellers neither met with a porter, nor waited till one should appear; every one thought his merit a sufficient passport, and pressed forward. In the hall we met with several phantoms, that roved amongst us, and ranged the company according to their sentiments. There was decreating Honour, that had nothing to shew in but an old coat of his ancestors achievements: there was Ostentation, that made himself his own constant subject, and Gallantry strutting upon his tiptoes. At the upper end of the hall stood a throne, whose canopy glittered with all the riches that gaiety could contrive to lavish on it; and between the gilded arms sat Vanity, decked in the peacock's feathers, and acknowledged for another Venus by her votaries. The boy who stood by-side her for a Cupid, and who made the world to bow before her, was called Self-Conceit. His eyes had every now and then a cast inwards to the neglect of all objects about him; and the arms which he made use of for conquest, were borrowed from those against whom he had a design. The arrow which he shot at the soldier, was fledged from his own plume of feathers; the dart he directed against the man of wit, was winged from the quills he writewith; and the

ie sent against those who pre-  
 upon their riches, was headed  
 ld out of their treasures: he  
 ts for statesmen from their own  
 nces; he took fire from the eyes  
 s, with which he melted their  
 and lightning from the tongues  
 eloquent, to enflame them with  
 n glories. At the foot of the  
 at three false Graces; Flattery  
 hell of paint, Affectation with a  
 to practise at, and Fashion ever  
 g the posture of her cloaths.  
 plied themselves to secure the  
 s which Self-Conceit had got-  
 had each of them their parti-  
 lities. Flattery gave new co-  
 id complexions to all things,  
 ion new airs and appearances,  
 as she said, were not vulgar;  
 ion both concealed some home  
 and added some foreign external

was reflecting upon what I saw,  
 a voice in the crowd, bemoan-  
 condition of mankind, which is  
 imaged by the breath of Opi-  
 luded by Error, fired by Self-  
 and given up to be trained in  
 curses of Vanity, till Scorn or  
 come upon us. These expres-  
 re no sooner handed about, but  
 iately saw a general disorder,  
 ft there was a parting in one  
 id a grave old man, decent and  
 was led forward to be punished  
 ords he had uttered. He ap-  
 pelined to have spoken in his  
 nce, but I could not observe  
 one was willing to hear him.  
 tait a scornful smile at him;  
 ceit was angry; Flattery, who  
 n for Plain-dealing, put on a  
 and turned away; Affectation  
 r fan, made mouths, and called  
 y or Slander; and Fashion  
 ve it, that at least he must be  
 ers. Thus slighted and de-  
 r all, he was driven out for  
 eople of merit and figure; and  
 t firmly resolved, that he should  
 no better wherever they met  
 hereafter.

already seen the meaning of  
 of that warning which he had  
 id was considering how the lat-  
 s should be fulfilled, when a  
 noise was heard without, and  
 was blackened by a numerous  
 upes crouding in upon us.

Folly and Broken-Credit were seen in  
 the house before they entered. Trou-  
 ble, Shame, Infamy, Scorn, and Po-  
 verty, brought up the rear. Vanity,  
 with her Cupid and Graces, disappeared;  
 her subjects ran into holes and corners;  
 but many of them were found and car-  
 ried off, as I was told by one who stood  
 near me, either to prisons or cellars, so-  
 litude, or little company, the mean arts  
 or the viler crafts of life. 'But these,'  
 added he, with a disdainful air, 'are  
 such who would fondly live here, when  
 their merits neither matched the lustre  
 of the place, nor their riches it's ex-  
 pences. We have seen such scenes as  
 these before now; the glory you saw  
 will all return when the hurry is over.'  
 I thanked him for his information, and  
 believing him so incorrigible as that he  
 would stay till it was his turn to be  
 taken, I made off to the door, and over-  
 took some few, who, though they would  
 not hearken to Plain-dealing, were now  
 terrified to good purpose by the exam-  
 ple of others: but when they had touched  
 the threshold, it was a strange shock to  
 them to find that the delusion of Error  
 was gone, and they plainly discerned  
 the building to hang a little up in the  
 air without any real foundation. At  
 first we saw nothing but a desperate leap  
 remained for us, and I a thousand times  
 blamed my unmeaning curiosity that  
 had brought me into so much danger.  
 But as they began to sink lower in their  
 own minds, methought the palace sunk  
 along with us, till they were arrived at  
 the due point of Esteem which they  
 ought to live for themselves; then the  
 part of the building in which they stood  
 touched the earth, and we departing  
 out, it retired from our eyes. Now,  
 whether they who stayed in the palace  
 were sensible of this descent, I cannot  
 tell; it was then my opinion that they  
 were not. However it be, my dream  
 broke up at it, and has given me occa-  
 sion all my life to reflect upon the fatal  
 consequences of following the sugges-  
 tions of Vanity.

## MR. SPECTATOR,

I Write to you to desire, that you would  
 again touch upon a certain enormity,  
 which is chiefly in use among the polite  
 and better-bred part of mankind; I  
 mean the ceremonies, bows, curtsies,  
 whisperings, smiles, winks, nods, with  
 other familiar arts of salutation, which

take up in our churches so much time, that might be better employed, and which seem so utterly inconsistent with the duty and true intent of our entering into those religious assemblies. The resemblance which this bears to our indeed proper behaviour in theatres, may be some instance of it's incongruity in the above-mentioned places. In Roman Catholic churches and chapels abroad, I myself have observed, more than once, persons of the first quality, of the nearest relation, and intimate acquaintance, passing by one another unknowing as it were, and unknown, and with so little notices of each other, that it looked like having their minds more suitably and more solemnly engaged; at least it was an acknowledgment that they ought to have been so. I have been told the same even of the Mahometans, with relation to the propriety of their demeanor in the conventions of their erroneous worship; and I cannot but think either of them sufficient and laudable patterns for our imitation in this particular.

I cannot help upon this occasion remarking on the excellent memories of those devotionists, who upon returning from church shall give a particular account how two or three hundred people were dressed; a thing, by reason of it's variety, so difficult to be digested and fixed in the head, that it is a miracle to me how two poor hours of divine service can be time sufficient for so elaborate an undertaking, the duty of the place too being jointly, and, no doubt, oft pathetically performed along with it. Where it is said in Sacred Writ, that 'the woman ought to have a covering on her head because of the angels,' that last word is by some thought to be metaphorically used, and to signify young men. Allowing this interpretation to be right, the text may not appear to be wholly foreign to our present purpose.

When you are in a disposition proper for writing on such a subject, I earnestly recommend this to you; and am, Sir,  
Your very humble servant.

T

## Nº CCCCLXI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 19,

—SED NON EGO CREDULUS ILLIS. VIRG. ECL. IX, V. 34.

BUT I DISCERN THEIR FLATTERY FROM THEIR PRAISE. DAYDEN.

**F**OR want of time to substitute something else in the room of them, I am at present obliged to publish compliments above my desert in the following letter. It is no small satisfaction, to have given occasion to ingenious men to employ their thoughts upon sacred subjects from the approbation of such pieces of poetry as they have seen in my Saturday's papers. I shall never publish verse on that day but what is written by the same hand; yet I shall not accompany those writings with eulogiums, but leave them to speak for themselves.

### FOR THE SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**Y**OU very much promote the interests of virtue while you reform the taste of a profane age, and persuade us to be entertained with divine poems, while we are distinguished by so many thousand humours, and split into so many different sects and parties; yet persons of every party, sect, and humour, are fond

of conforming their taste to your's. You can transfuse your own relish of a poem into all your readers, according to their capacity to receive; and when you recommend the pious passion that reigns in the verse, we seem to feel the devotion, and grow proud and pleased inwardly, that we have souls capable of relishing what the Spectator approves.

Upon reading the hymns that you have published in some late papers, I had a mind to try yesterday whether I could write one. The hundred and fourteenth psalm appears to me an admirable ode, and I began to turn it into our language. As I was describing the journey of Israel from Egypt, and added the Divine Presence amongst them, I perceived a beauty in this psalm, which was entirely new to me, and which I was going to lose; and that is, that the poet utterly conceals the presence of God in the beginning of it, and rather lets a possessive pronoun go without a substantive, than he will so much as mention any thing of divinity there.

Yours

was his sanctuary, and Israel  
 nation or kingdom. The rea-  
 sons seem evident, and this conduct  
 is for if God had appeared  
 here could be no wonder why  
 stains should leap and the sea  
 therefore that this convulsion of  
 may be brought in with due sur-  
 name is not mentioned until  
 d, and then with a very agree-  
 of thought God is introduced  
 n all his majesty. This is what  
 tempted to imitate in a transla-  
 out paraphrase, and to preserve  
 ould of the spirit of the sacred

following essay be not too in-  
 e, bestow upon it a few bright-  
 ous your genius, that I may  
 v to write better, or to write no

Your daily admirer and humble  
 servant, &c.

#### PSALM CXIV.

I.  
 O Israel, freed from Pharaoh's band,  
 the proud tyrant and his land,  
 with cheerful homage own  
 ag, and Judah was his throne.

II.  
 Deep their journey lay,  
 divides to make them way;  
 na of Jordan saw, and fled  
 ward current to their head.

III.  
 Stains shook like frightened sheep,  
 as the little hillocks leap;  
 on her base could stand,  
 of sov'reign pow'r at hand.

IV.  
 'r could make the deep divide?  
 dan backward roll his tide?  
 ye leap, ye little hills?  
 ice the fright that Sinai feels?

V.  
 Mountain, ev'ry flood,  
 id know th' approaching God,  
 of Israel: see him here;  
 thou earth, adore and fear.

VI.  
 ere, and all nature mourns;  
 to standing pools he turns;  
 ng with fountains at his word,  
 and thus confess their Lord.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THERE are those who take the ad-  
 vantage of your putting an half-  
 penny value upon yourself above the  
 rest of our daily writers, to defame you  
 in public conversation, and strive to  
 make you unpopular upon the account  
 of this said halfpenny. But if I were  
 you, I would insist upon that small ac-  
 knowledgment for the superior merit of  
 your's, as being a work of invention.  
 Give me leave therefore to do you justice,  
 and say in your behalf, what you can-  
 not yourself, which is, that your writ-  
 ings have made learning a more neces-  
 sary part of good-breeding than it was  
 before you appeared: that modesty is  
 become fashionable, and impudence  
 stands in need of some wit; since you  
 have put them both in their proper lights.  
 Profaneness, lewdness, and debauchery,  
 are not now qualifications; and a man  
 may be a very fine gentleman, though  
 he is neither a keeper nor an infidel.

I would have you tell the town the  
 story of the Sibyls, if they deny giving  
 you two-pence. Let them know, that  
 those sacred papers were valued at the  
 same rate after two-thirds of them were  
 destroyed, as when there was the whole  
 set. There are so many of us who will  
 give you your own price, that you may  
 acquaint your non-conformist readers,  
 that they shall not have it, except they  
 come in within such a day, under three-  
 pence. I do not know but you might  
 bring in the *date obolum Belisario* with  
 a good grace. The wifings come in  
 clusters to two or three coffee-houses  
 which have left you off, and I hope you  
 will make us, who fine to your wit,  
 merry with their characters who stand  
 out against it. I am,

Your most humble servant.

P. S. I have lately got the ingenious  
 authors of blacking for shoes, powder  
 for colouring the hair, pomatum for the  
 hands, cosmetic for the face, to be your  
 constant customers; so that your adver-  
 tisements will as much adorn the out-  
 ward man, as your paper does the in-  
 ward.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCLXII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20.

NIL EGO PRÆTULERIM JUCUNDO SANUS AMICO.

HOR. SAT. V. L. I. V. 44.

NOTHING SO GRATEFUL AS A PLEASANT FRIEND.

**P**EOPLE are not aware of the very great force which pleasantry in company has upon all those with whom a man of that talent converses. His faults are generally overlooked by all his acquaintance, and a certain carelessness that constantly attends all his actions, carries him on with greater success, than diligence and assiduity does others who have no share of this endowment. Dacinctus breaks his word upon all occasions both trivial and important; and when he is sufficiently railed at for that abominable quality, they who talk of him end with—'After all he is a very 'pleasant fellow.' Dacinctus is an ill-natured husband, and yet the very women end their freedom of discourse upon this subject—'But after all he is very 'pleasant company.' Dacinctus is neither in point of honour, civility, good-breeding, or good-nature, unexceptionable, and yet all is answered—'For he 'is a very pleasant fellow.' When this quality is conspicuous in a man who has to accompany it, manly and virtuous sentiments, there cannot certainly be any thing which can give so pleasing gratification as the gaiety of such a person; but when it is alone, and serves only to gild a crowd of ill qualities, there is no man so much to be avoided as your pleasant fellow. A very pleasant fellow shall turn your good name to a jest, make your character contemptible, debauch your wife or daughter, and yet be received by the rest of the world with welcome wherever he appears. It is very ordinary with those of this character to be attentive only to their own satisfactions, and have very little howels for the concerns or sorrows of other men; nay, they are capable of purchasing their own pleasures at the expence of giving pain to others. But they who do not consider this sort of men thus carefully, are irresistibly exposed to their insinuations. The author of the following letter carries the matter so high, as to intimate that the liberties of Eng-

land have been at the mercy of a prince merely as he was of this pleasant character.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**T**HERE is no one passion which all mankind so naturally give into as pride, nor any other passion which appears in such different disguises: it is to be found in all habits and complexions. Is it not a question, whether it does more harm or good in the world? And if there be not such a thing as what we may call a virtuous and laudable pride?

It is this passion alone, when misapplied, that lays us so open to flatterers; and he who can agreeably condescend to soothe our humour or temper, finds always an open avenue to our soul; especially if the flatterer happen to be our superior.

One might give many instances of this in a late English monarch, under the title of, 'The Gaieties of King Charles II.' This prince was by nature extremely familiar, of very easy access, and much delighted to see and be seen; and this happy temper, which in the highest degree gratified his people's vanity, did him more service with his loving subjects than all his other virtues, though it must be confessed he had many. He delighted, though a mighty king, to give and take a jest, as they say; and a prince of this fortunate disposition, who were inclined to make an ill use of his power, may have any thing of his people, be it never so much to their prejudice. But this good king made generally a very innocent use, as to the public, of this insinuating temper; for, it is well known, he pursued pleasure more than ambition: he seemed to glory in being the first man at cock-matches, horse-races, balls, and plays; he appeared highly delighted on those occasions, and never failed to warm and gladden the heart of every spectator. He more than once dined with his good citizens of London on their lord-mayor's day, and did so the year that Sir Ro-

mer was mayor. Sir Robert was loyal man, and, if you will allow expression, very fond of his son; but what with the joy he felt for the honour done him by his father, and through the warmth he was in continual toasting healths to the family, his lordship grew a little of his majesty, and entered into a gaiety not altogether so graceful in public place. The king understood well how to extricate himself in all of difficulties, and with an hint to his company to avoid ceremony, stole off aside towards his coach, which stood for him in Guildhall yard; but the mayor liked his company so well, as grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and catching him fast by the hand, cried out with a vehement and accent—'Sir, you shall stay and take the other bottle.' The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful bow, or I saw him at the time, and do repeated this line of the old song;

that is drunk is as great as a king;

He immediately turned back and came with his landlord, and gave you this story, Mr. Spectator, and, as I said, I saw the passage; I assure you it is very true, and yet

no common one; and when I tell you the sequel, you will say I have yet a better reason for it. This very mayor afterwards erected a statue of his merry monarch in Stocks Market, and did the crown many and great services; and it was owing to this humour of the king, that his family had so great a fortune shut up in the exchequer of their pleasant sovereign. The many, good-natured condescensions of this prince are vulgarly known; and it is excellently said of him by a great hand which writes his character—'That he was not a king but a quarter of an hour together in his whole reign.' He would receive visits even from fools and half madmen; and at times I have met with people who have boxed, fought at back-sword, and taken poison before King Charles II. In a word, he was so pleasant a man, that no one could be sorrowful under his government. This made him capable of baffling, with the greatest ease imaginable, all suggestions of jealousy, and the people could not entertain notions of any thing terrible in him, whom they saw every way agreeable. This scrap of the familiar part of that prince's history I thought fit to send you, in compliance to the request you lately made to your correspondents. I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

T

## Nº CCCCLXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21.

OMNIA QUÆ SENSU VOLUNTUR VOTA DIURNO,  
PECTORE SOPITO REDDIT AMICA QUIES.  
VENATOR DEFESSA TORO CUM MEMBRA REPONIT,  
MENS TAMEN AD SYLVAS ET SUA LUSTRA REDIT:  
JUDICIUS LITES, AURIGÆ SOMNIA CURRUS,  
VANAQUE NOCTURNIS META CAVETUR EQUIS.  
ME QUOQUE MUSARUM STUDIUM SUE NOCTE SILENTII  
ARTIBUS ASSUETIS SOLLICITARE SOLET.

CLAUD.

IN SLEEP, WHEN FANCY IS LET LOOSE TO PLAY,  
OUR DREAMS REPEAT THE WISHES OF THE DAY.  
TWO' FARTHER TOIL HIS TIRED LIMBS REFUSE,  
THE DREAMING HUNTER STILL THE CHACE PURSUES.  
THE JUDGE A-BED DISPENSES STILL THE LAWS,  
AND SLEEPS AGAIN O'ER THE UNFINISH'D CAUSE.  
THE DOZING RACER HEARS HIS CHARIOT ROLL,  
SMACKS THE VAIN WHIP, AND SHUNS THE FANCY'D GOAL,  
ME TOO THE MUSES, IN THE SILENT NIGHT,  
WITH WONTED CHIMES OF GINGLING VERSE DELIGHT.

Was lately entertaining myself with comparing *Homer's* balance, in which *Jupiter* is represented as weighing

the fates of *Hector* and *Achilles*, with a passage of *Virgil*, wherein that deity is introduced as weighing the fates of *Turnus*



Turnus and Æneas. I then considered how the same way of thinking prevailed in the eastern parts of the world, as in those noble passages of Scripture, wherein we are told, that the great king of Babylon, the day before his death, had been weighed in the balance, and been found wanting. In other places of the Holy Writings, the Almighty is described as weighing the mountains in scales, making the weight for the winds, knowing the balancings of the clouds, and in others, as weighing the actions of men, and laying their calamities together in a balance. Milton, as I have observed in a former paper, had an eye to several of these foregoing instances in that beautiful description, wherein he represents the archangel and the evil spirit as addressing themselves for the combat, but parted by the balance which appeared in the heavens and weighed the consequences of such a battle.

Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen  
Berwixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign,  
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air  
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
Battles and realms; in these he putt two weights,  
The sequel each of parting and of fight,  
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam,  
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend,

- ' Satan, I know thy strength, and thou  
' know'st mine,  
' Neither our own, but giv'n; what folly then  
' To boast what arms can do, since thine no  
' more  
' Than Heav'n permits; nor mine, though  
' doubled now  
' To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,  
' And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
' Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how  
' light, how weak,  
' If thou resist.' The fiend look'd up, and knew

His mounted scale aloft; nor more; but fled  
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of  
night.

These several amusing thoughts having taken possession of my mind some time before I went to sleep, and mingling themselves with my ordinary ideas, raised in my imagination a very odd kind of vision. I was, methought, replaced in my study, and seated in my elbow-chair, where I had indulged the foregoing speculations, with my lamp burning by me as usual. Whilst I was here meditating on several subjects of morali-

ty, and considering the nature of many virtues and vices, as materials for those discourses with which I daily entertain the public; I saw, methought, a pair of golden scales hanging by a chain of the same metal over the table that stood before me; when, on a sudden, there were great heaps of weights thrown down on each side of them. I found upon examining these weights, they shewed the value of every thing that is in esteem among men. I made an essay of them, by putting the weight of wisdom in one scale, and that of riches in another, upon which the latter, to shew it's comparative lightness, immediately ' flew up and kicked the beam.'

But, before I proceed, I must inform my reader, that these weights did not exert their natural gravity, until they were laid in the golden balance, inasmuch that I could not guess which was light or heavy, whilst I held them in my hand. This I found by several instances; for upon my laying a weight in one of the scales, which was inscribed by the word Eternity; though I threw in that of time, prosperity, affliction, wealth, poverty, interest, success, with many other weights, which in my hand seemed very ponderous, they were not able to stir the opposite balance, nor could they have prevailed, though assisted with the weight of the sun, the stars, and the earth.

Upon emptying the scales, I laid several titles and honours, with pomp, triumphs, and many weights of the like nature, in one of them, and seeing a little glittering weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other scale, when to my great surprise it proved so exact a counterpoise, that it kept the balance in an equilibrium. This little glittering weight was inscribed upon the edges of it with the word Vanity. I found there were several other weights which were equally heavy, and exact counterpoises to one another; a few of them I tried, as avarice and poverty, riches and content, with some others.

There were likewise several weights that were of the same figure, and seemed to correspond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the scales; as religion and hypocrisy, pedantry and learning, wit and vivacity, superstition and devotion, gravity and wisdom, with many others.

I observed one particular weight in-

on both sides, and upon applying it to the reading of it, I found on side written—'In the dialect of n,' and underneath it—'CALARIES.' On the other side was written—'In the language of the gods,' and underneath—'BLESSINGS.' I found intrinsic value of this weight to be greater than I imagined, for it powered health, wealth, good-for- and many other weights, which much more ponderous in my hand the other.

There is a saying among the Scotch, 'an ounce of mother-wit is worth pound of clergy;' I was sensible of truth of this saying, when I saw difference between the weight of napparts, and that of learning. The reason which I made upon these weights opened to me a new field of discoveries; for notwithstanding the weight of natural parts was much heavier than that of learning, I observed that it seemed an hundred times heavier than before, when I put learning into the same scale with it. I made the same variation upon faith and morality; notwithstanding the latter outshined the former separately, it seemed a thousand times more additional to it from its conjunction with the other, than what it had by itself. This phenomenon shewed itself in other particulars, as in wit and judgment, philosophy and religion, justice and humanity, zeal and charity, depth of sense, perspicuity of style, with innumerable other particulars too long to be enumerated in this paper.

A dream seldom fails of dashing

seriousness with impertinence, mirth with gravity, methought I made several other experiments of a more ludicrous nature, by one of which I found that an English octavo was very often heavier than a French folio; and by another, that an old Greek or Latin author weighed down a whole library of moderns. Seeing one of my Spectators lying by me, I laid it into one of the scales, and flung a twopenny piece into the other. The reader will not enquire into the event, if he remembers the first trial which I have recorded in this paper. I afterwards threw both the scales into the balance, but as it is not for my interest to disoblige either of them, I shall desire to be excused from telling the result of this experiment. Having an opportunity of this nature in my hands, I could not forbear throwing into one scale the principles of a Tory, and into the other those of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this to be a neutral paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this head also, though upon examining one of the weights, I saw the word TEKEL engraven on it in capital letters.

I made many other experiments, and though I have not room for them all in this day's speculation, I may perhaps reserve them for another. I shall only add, that upon my awaking I was sorry to find my golden scales vanished, but resolved for the future to learn this lesson from them, not to despise or value any things for their appearances, but to regulate my esteem and passions towards them according to their real and intrinsic value.

C

## Nº CCCCLXIV. FRIDAY, AUGUST 22.

AUREAM QUISQUIS MEDIOCRITATEM  
DILIGIT, TUTUS CARET OBSOLETI  
SORDIBUS TECTI, CARET INVIDENDA  
SORDIBUS AULA.

HOR. OD. X. L. 2. V. 5.

THE GOLDEN MEAN, AS SHE'S TOO NICE TO DWELL  
AMONG THE RUINS OF A FILTHY CELL,  
SO IS HER MODESTY WITHAL AS GREAT,  
TO BALK THE ENVY OF A PRINCELY SEAT.

NORRIS.

am wonderfully pleased when I meet with any passage in an old Greek or Latin author, that is not blown upon, which I have never met with in a modern. Of this kind is a beautiful

saying in Theognis—'Vice is covered by wealth, and virtue by poverty,' or to give it in the verbal translation—'Among men there are some who have their vices concealed by wealth, and others  
6 A

'others who have their virtues concealed by poverty.' Every man's observation will supply him with instances of rich men, who have several faults and defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hid from, by means of their riches; and, I think, we cannot find a more natural description of a poor man, whose merits are lost in his poverty, than that in the words of the wise man. 'There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then, said I, wisdom is better than strength; nevertheless, the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.'

The middle condition seems to be the most advantageously situated for the gaining of wisdom. Poverty turns our thoughts too much upon the supplying of our wants, and riches upon enjoying our superfluities; and as Cowley has said in another case—'It is hard for a man to keep a steady eye upon truth, who is always in a battle or a triumph.'

If we regard poverty and wealth, as they are apt to produce virtues or vices in the mind of man, one may observe that there is a set of each of these growing out of poverty, quite different from that which rises out of wealth. Humility and patience, industry and temperance, are very often the good qualities of a poor man. Humanity and good-nature, magnanimity and a sense of honour, are as often the qualifications of the rich. On the contrary, poverty is apt to betray a man into envy, riches into arrogance; poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur, and discontent. Riches expose a man to pride and luxury, a foolish elation of heart, and too great a fondness for the present world. In short, the middle condition is most eligible to the man who would improve himself in virtue; as I have before shewn, it is the most advantageous for the gaining of knowledge. It was upon this consideration that Agur founded his prayer, which for the wisdom of it is recorded in Holy Writ. 'Two things have I required of thee, deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me vanity and lies;

give me neither poverty, nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full and deny thee, and say, 'Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.'

I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a very pretty allegory, which is wrought into a play by Aristophanes the Greek comedian. It seems originally designed as a satire upon the rich, though in some parts of it, it is, like the foregoing discourse, a kind of comparison between wealth and poverty.

Chremylus, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old forlorn blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he at last found by his own confession, that he was Plutus the god of riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. Plutus further told him, that when he was a boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which Jupiter considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and left him to stroll about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her not only from his own house, but out of all Greece, if she made any more words upon the matter. Poverty on this occasion pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts, and sciences, would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments, and conveniences of life, which made riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving

n gouts, dropfies, unweild-  
intemperance. But whatever  
o say for herself, she was at  
to troop off. Chremylus im-  
considered how he might re-  
sus to his fight; and in order  
veyed him to the temple of  
us, who was famous for cures  
cles of this nature. By this  
deity recovered his eyes, and  
nake a right use of them, by  
every one that was distin-  
y piety towards the gods, and  
wards men; and at the same  
iking away his gifts from the  
und undeserving. This pro-  
ral merry incidents, till in the  
Mercury descends with great  
s from the gods, that since  
men were grown rich they had

received no sacrifices, which is confirm-  
ed by a priest of Jupiter, who enters  
with a remonstrance, that since this late  
innovation he was reduced to a starving  
condition, and could not live upon his  
office. Chremylus, who in the begin-  
ning of the play was religious in his  
poverty, concludes it with a proposal  
which was relished by all the good men  
who were now grown rich as well as  
himself, that they should carry Plutus  
in a solemn procession to the temple,  
and instal him in the place of Jupiter.  
This allegory instructed the Athenians  
in two points, first, as it vindicated the  
conduct of Providence in it's ordinary  
distributions of wealth; and in the next  
place, as it shewed the great tendency of  
riches to corrupt the morals of those who  
possessed them. C

## CCCCLXV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 23.

QUA RATIONE QUEAS TRADUCERE LENITER ÆVUM;  
NE TE SEMPER INOPS AGITET VEXETQUE CUPIDO;  
NE FAVOR ET RERUM MEDIOCRITER UTILIUM SPES.

HOR. EP. XVIII. L. I. V. 97.

HOW THOU MAY'ST LIVE, HOW SPEND THINE AGE IN PEACE;  
NEST AVARICE, STILL POOR, DISTURB THINE EASE;  
NE FEARS SHOULD SHAKE, OR CARES THY MIND ABUSE,  
NE ARDENT HOPE FOR THINGS OF LITTLE USE.

CREECH.

NG endeavoured in my last  
Friday's paper to shew the great  
of faith, I shall here consider  
the proper means of strength-  
confirming it in the mind of  
use who delight in reading  
ontroverfy, which are written  
des of the question in points  
o very seldom arrive at a fixed  
habit of it. They are one  
y convinced of it's important  
d the next meet with some-  
shakes and disturbs them.  
which was laid revives again,  
itself in new difficulties, and  
ally for this reason, because  
which is perpetually tost in  
es and disputes, is apt to for-  
sons which had once set it at  
be disquieted with any for-  
xity, when it appears in a  
or is started by a different  
s nothing is more laudable  
quiry after truth, so nothing  
ditional than to pass away our

whole lives, without determining our-  
selves one way or other in those points  
which are of the last importance to us.  
There are, indeed, many things from  
which we may with-hold our assent; but  
in cases by which we are to regulate our  
lives, it is the greatest absurdity to be  
wavering and unfertled, without closing  
with that side which appears the most  
safe and the most probable. The first  
rule therefore which I shall lay down is  
this, that when by reading or discourse we  
find ourselves thoroughly convinced of  
the truth of any article, and of the reason-  
ableness of our belief in it, we should never  
after suffer ourselves to call it into ques-  
tion. We may perhaps forget the ar-  
guments which occasioned our convic-  
tion, but we ought to remember the  
strength they had with us, and there-  
fore still to retain the conviction which  
they once produced. This is no more  
than what we do in every common art  
or science, nor is it possible to act other-  
wise, considering the weakness and li-

mitation of our intellectual faculties. It was thus that Latimer, one of the glorious army of martyrs, who introduced the Reformation in England, behaved himself in that great conference which was managed between the most learned among the protestants and papists in the reign of Queen Mary. This venerable old man knowing how his abilities were impaired by age, and that it was impossible for him to recollect all those reasons which had directed him in the choice of his religion, left his companions, who were in the full possession of their parts and learning, to baffle and confound their antagonists by the force of reason. As for himself, he only repeated to his adversaries the articles in which he firmly believed; and in the profession of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the mathematician proceeds upon propositions which he has once demonstrated; and though the demonstration may have slipped out of his memory, he builds upon the truth, because he knows it was demonstrated. This rule is absolutely necessary for weaker minds, and in some measure for men of the greatest abilities; but to these last I would propose in the second place, that they should lay up in their memories, and always keep by them in a readiness those arguments which appear to them of the greatest strength, and which cannot be got over by all the doubts and cavils of infidelity.

But, in the third place, there is nothing which strengthens faith more than morality. Faith and morality naturally produce each other. A man is quickly convinced of the truth of religion, who finds it is not against his interest that it should be true. The pleasure he receives at present, and the happiness which he promises himself from it hereafter, will both dispose him very powerfully to give credit to it, according to the ordinary observation that 'we are easy to believe what we wish.' It is very certain, that a man of sound reason cannot forbear closing with religion upon an impartial examination of it! but at the same time it is certain, that faith is kept alive in us, and gathers strength from practice more than from speculation.

There is still another method which is more persuasive than any of the former, and that is an habitual adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in con-

stant acts of mental worship, as in outward forms. The devout man does not only believe, but feels there is a Deity. He has actual sensations of him; his experience concurs with his reason; he sees him more and more in all his intercourses with him, and even in this life almost loses his faith in conviction.

The last method which I shall mention for the giving life to a man's faith, is frequent retirement from the world, accompanied with religious meditation. When a man thinks of any thing in the darkness of the night, whatever deep impressions it may make in his mind, they are apt to vanish as soon as the day breaks about him. The light and noise of the day, which are perpetually soliciting his senses, and calling off his attention, wear out of his mind the thoughts that imprinted themselves in it, with so much strength, during the silence and darkness of the night. A man finds the same difference as to himself in a crowd and in a solitude: the mind is stunned and dazzled amidst that variety of objects which press upon her in a great city. She cannot apply herself to the consideration of those things which are of the utmost concern to her. The cares or pleasures of the world strike in with every thought, and a multitude of vicious examples give a kind of justification to our folly. In our retirements every thing disposes us to be serious. In courts and cities we are entertained with the works of men; in the country with those of God. One is the province of art, the other of nature. Faith and devotion naturally grow in the mind of every reasonable man, who sees the impressions of Divine Power and Wisdom in every object on which he casts his eye. The Supreme Being has made the best arguments for his own existence, in the formation of the heavens and the earth, and these are arguments which a man of sense cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the noise and hurry of human affairs. Aristotle says, that should a man live underground, and there converse with works of art and mechanism, and should afterwards be brought up into the open day, and see the several glories of the heavens and earth, he would immediately pronounce them the works of such a Being as we define God to be. The Psalmist has very beautiful strokes of poetry in

And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty Hand.

## II.

Soon as th' ev'ning shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth:  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

### III.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
What tho' nor real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
'The hand that made us is divine.'

C

-----VERA INCESSE PATUIT DEA.

VING. ÆN. I. v. 409.

AND BY HER GRACEFUL WALK THE QUEEN OF LOVE IS KNOWN.

**DRYDEN.**

nature, this is an imitation of nature in it's highest excellence, and at a time when she is most agreeable. The business of dancing is to display beauty, and for that reason all distortions and mimicries, as such, are what raise aversion instead of pleasure: but things that are in themselves excellent, are ever attended with impotence and false imitation. Thus as in poetry there are laborious fools who write anagrams and acrostics, there are pretenders in dancing, who think merely to do what others cannot, is to excel. Such creatures should be rewarded like him who had acquired a knack of throwing a grain of corn through the eye of a needle, with a bushel to keep his hand in use. The dancers on our stage are very faulty in this kind; and what they mean by writhing themselves into such postures, as it would be a pain for any of the spectators to stand in, and yet hope to please those spectators, is unintelligible. Mr. Prince was a genius, if he were encouraged, would prompt him to better things. In all the dances he invents, you see he keeps close to the characters

he represents. He does not hope to please by making his performers move in a manner in which no one else ever did, but by motions proper to the characters he represents. He gives to clowns and lubbards clumsy graces, that is, he makes them practise what they would think graces. And I have seen dances of his, which might give hints that would be useful to a comic writer. These performances have pleased the taste of such as have not reflection enough to know their excellence, because they are in nature; and the distastefulness of others have offended those, who could not form reasons to themselves for their displeasure, from their being a contradiction to nature.

When one considers an inexpressible advantage there is in arriving at some excellence in this art, it is monstrous to behold it so much neglected. The following letter has in it something very natural on this subject.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a widower with but one daughter; she was by nature much inclined to be a romp, and I had no way of educating her, but commending a young woman, whom I entertained to take care of her, to be very watchful in her care and attendance about her. I am a man of business, and obliged to be much abroad. The neighbours have told me, that in my absence our maid has let in the spruce servants in the neighbourhood to junketing, while my girl played and romped even in the street. To tell you the plain truth, I caught her once, at eleven years old, at chuck-furthing among the boys. This put me upon new thoughts about my child, and I determined to place her at a boarding-school, and at the same time gave a very discreet young gentlewoman her maintenance at the same place and rate, to be her companion. I took little notice of my girl from time to time, but saw her now and then in good health, out of harm's way, and was satisfied. But by much importunity, I was lately prevailed with to go to one of their balls. I cannot express to you the anxiety my silly heart was in, when I saw my romp, now fifteen, taken out: I never felt the pangs of a father upon me so strongly in my whole life before; and I could not have suffered more, had my whole fortune been at stake. My girl came

on with the most becoming modesty I had ever seen, and casting a respectful eye, as if she feared me more than all the audience, I gave a nod, which I think gave her all the spirit she assumed upon it, but she rose properly to that dignity of aspect. My romp, now the most graceful person of her sex, assumed a modesty which commanded the highest respect; and when she turned to me, and saw my face in rapture, she fell into the prettiest smile, and I saw in all her motions that she exulted in her father's satisfaction. You, Mr. Spectator, will, better than I can tell you, imagine to yourself all the different beauties and changes of aspect in an accomplished young woman, setting forth all her beauties with a design to please no one so much as her father. My girl's lover can never know half the satisfaction that I did in her that day. I could not possibly have imagined, that so great improvement could have been wrought by an art that I always held in itself ridiculous and contemptible. There is, I am convinced, no method like this, to give young women a sense of their own value and dignity; and I am sure there can be none so expeditious to communicate that value to others. As for the flippant, insipidly gay, and wantonly forward, whom you behold among dancers, that carriage is more to be attributed to the perverse genius of the performers, than imputed to the art itself. For my part, my child has danced herself into my esteem, and I have as great an honour for her as ever I had for her mother, from whom she derived those latent good qualities which appeared in her countenance when she was dancing; for my girl, though I say it myself, shewed in one quarter of an hour the innate principles of a modest virgin, a tender wife, a generous friend, a kind mother, and an indulgent mistress. I will strain hard but I will purchase for her an husband suitable to her merit. I am your convert in the admiration of what I thought you jested when you recommended; and if you please to be at my house on Thursday next, I make a ball for my daughter, and you shall see her dance, or, if you will do her that honour, dance with her.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,  
PHILIPATER.

I have

have some time ago spoken of a life written by Mr. Weaver on this subject, which is now, I understand, to be published. This work sets matter in a very plain and advantageous light; and I am convinced that, if the art was under proper regulations, it would be a mechanic of implanting insensibly in minds, capable of receiving it so well by other rules, a sense of good-breeding and virtue.

Were any one to see Mariamne dance, he might be never so sensual a brute, I think, to entertain any thoughts but the highest respect and esteem towards her.

I was shewed last week a picture of a lady's closet, for which she had ordered different dresses, that she could put on round the face, on purpose to counteract the force of habits in the rigidity of the same countenance. Motion, and change of posture and aspect, has an effect no less surprising on the countenance of Mariamne when she dances.

Thloe is extremely pretty, and as silly as he is pretty. This idiot has a very dear, and a most agreeable shape; the folly of the thing is such, that it smiles so imperceptibly, and affects to be so silly, that while she dances she sees the simpleton from head to foot. You must know, (as trivial as this is thought to be) no one ever was a dancer, that had not a good un-

derstanding. If this be a truth, I shall leave the reader to judge from that maxim, what esteem they ought to have for such impertinents as fly, hop, caper, tumble, twirl, turn round, and jump over their heads, and in a word, play a thousand pranks which many animals can do better than a man, instead of performing to perfection what the human figure only is capable of performing.

It may perhaps appear odd, that I, who set up for a mighty lover, at least, of virtue, should take so much pains to recommend what the soberer part of mankind look upon to be a trifle; but under favour of the soberer part of mankind, I think they have not enough considered this matter, and for that reason only disesteem it. I must also, in my own justification, say that I attempt to bring into the service of honour and virtue every thing in nature that can pretend to give elegant delight. It may possibly be proved, that vice is in itself destructive of pleasure, and virtue in itself conducive to it. If the delights of a free fortune were under proper regulations, this truth would not want much argument to support it; but it would be obvious to every man, that there is a strict affinity between all things that are truly laudable and beautiful, from the highest sentiments of the soul, to the most indifferent gesture of the body.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCLXVII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 26.

— QUODCUMQUE MEÆ POTERUNT AUDIRE CAMOENÆ,  
SEU TIBI PAR POTERUNT; SEU, QUOD SPES ABNUIT, ULTRA;  
SIVE MINUS; CERTEQUE CANENT MINUS: OMNE VOVEMUS  
HOC TIBI; NE TANTO CAREAT MIHI NOMINE CHARTA.

TIBULL. AD MESSALAM, ELEG. I. L. I. V. 24.

WHATEVER MY MUSE ADVENTUROUS DARES INDITE,  
WHETHER THE NICENESS OF THY PIERCING SIGHT  
APPLAUD MY LAYS, OR CENSURE WHAT I WRITE;  
TO THEE I SING, AND HOPE TO BORROW FAME,  
BY ADDING TO MY PAGE MESSALA'S NAME.

}

THE love of praise is a passion deeply fixed in the mind of every ordinary person; and those who most affected with it, seem most to me of that particle of the divinity which distinguishes mankind from the inferior creation. The Supreme Being himself is most pleased with praise and forgiving; the other part of our

duty is but an acknowledgment of our faults, whilst this is the immediate adoration of his perfections. It was an excellent observation, that we then only despise commendation when we cease to deserve it: and we have still extant two orations of Tully and Pliny, spoken to the greatest and best princes of all the Roman emperors, who, no doubt, heard with



with the greatest satisfaction, what even the most disinterested persons, and at so large a distance of time, cannot read without admiration. Cæsar thought his life consisted in the breath of praise, when he professed he had lived long enough for himself when he had for his glory. Others have sacrificed themselves for a name which was not to begin till they were dead, giving away themselves to purchase a sound which was not to commence till they were out of hearing: but by merit and superior excellencies not only to gain, but, whilst living, to enjoy a great and universal reputation, is the last degree of happiness which we can hope for here. Bad characters are dispersed abroad with profusion, I hope for example sake, and (as punishments are designed by the civil power) more for the deterring the innocent, than the chastising the guilty. The good are less frequent, whether it be that there are indeed fewer originals of this kind to copy after, or that, through the malignity of our nature, we rather delight in the ridicule than the virtues we find in others. However, it is but just, as well as pleasing, even for variety, sometimes to give the world a representation of the bright side of human nature, as well as the dark and gloomy: the desire of imitation may, perhaps, be a greater incentive to the practice of what is good, than the aversion we may conceive at what is blameable; the one immediately directs you what you should do, whilst the other only shews you what you should avoid: and I cannot at present do this with more satisfaction, than by endeavouring to do some justice to the character of Manilius.

It would far exceed my present design, to give a particular description of Manilius through all the parts of his excellent life: I shall now only draw him in his retirement, and pass over in silence the various arts, the country manners, and the undesigning honesty, by which he attained the honours he has enjoyed, and which now give a dignity and veneration to the ease he does enjoy. It is here that he looks back with pleasure on the waves and billows through which he has steered to so fair an haven; he is now intent upon the practice of every virtue, which a great knowledge and use of mankind has discovered to be the most useful to them.

Thus in his private domesticments he is no less glorious public; for it is in reality a cult task to be conspicuous in an inactive life, than in one spent in hurry and business; gaged in the latter, like bodily agitation, from the swiftness of motion have a brightness added which often vanishes when it rests; but if it then still remain, the seeds of intrinsic worth shine out without any foreign assistance.

His liberality in another manner bears the name of profusion to think it laudable even in like that river which most enforces it overflows: but Manilius has felt a taste of the pleasure good, ever to let it be out of hand and for that reason he will be frugal, and a splendid frugality at home, the fountain from which streams should flow which he abroad. He looks with dislike who propose their death, as when they are to begin the sentence; he will both die and enjoy he then does in the highest degree he bestows himself; he will be executor of his own bounty, who have the happiness to be care and patronage, at once the continuation of his life, own good fortune. No one the reach of his obligations; how, by proper and becoming to raise himself to a level with the highest rank; and his grace is a sufficient warrant against of those who are so unhappy: the very lowest. One may say as Pindar bids his muse say—

Swear, that Theron sure has  
No one near him should be so  
Swear, that none e'er had such a  
art,  
Fortune's free gifts as freely to in  
With an unenvious hand, and  
bounded heart.

Never did Atticus succeed in gaining the universal love and all men; nor steer with more success the extremes of two parties. It is his peculiar that while he espouses neither intemperate zeal, he is not only

It is a more rare and unusual he is beloved and caressed by and I never yet saw any person, of every age or sex, but was immediately struck with the merit of Marcellus.

There are many who are access to some particular persons, the rest of mankind look upon him with coldness and indifference; he is the first whose entire good fortune ever to please and to be pleased, when he comes to be admired, and when he is absent to be lamented. It fares like the pictures of Rameau, which are either seen with admiration by all, or at least no one dares to say he has no taste for a composition as received so universal an approval. Envy and malice find it against their interest to indulge slander and obloquy. It is as hard for an enemy to find fault, as for a friend to add to his praise. An attempt upon his reputation is a sure lessening of one's own; and there is but one way to injure him, and that is to refuse his just commendation: he is obstinately silent.

He allows him to catch the sight with his eye of dress; his outward garb is the emblem of his mind. It is genuine, and unaffected; he knows how to dress, and embroidery can add nothing to the opinion which all have of him, and that he gives a lustre to his dress, whilst it is impossible for it should communicate any to the person. He is still the principal figure in the room; he first engages your eye, as there is some point of light which centres upon him than on any other person.

It comes into my mind of a story of the Buffs d'Amboise, who at an assembly at court, where every one appears with the utmost magnificence, upon his own superior behaviour, he was adorning himself like the rest, that day a plain suit of cloaths, which made all his servants in the most humble habits he could procure: the consequence, that the eyes of the whole were fixed upon him, all the rest looked like his attendants, whilst he breathed the air of a person of quality and distinction.

Aristippus, whatever shape or form he appears in, it still sits free upon him; but in some part

of his character, it is true, he differs from him; for as he is altogether equal to the largeness of his present circumstances, the rectitude of his judgment has so far corrected the inclinations of his ambition, that he will not trouble himself with either the desires or pursuits of any thing beyond his present enjoyments.

A thousand obliging things flow from him upon every occasion, and they are always so just and natural, that it is impossible to think he was at the least pains to look for them. One would think it were the daemon of good thoughts that discovered to him those treasures, which he must have blinded others from seeing, they lay so directly in their way. Nothing can equal the pleasure is taken in hearing him speak, but the satisfaction one receives in the civility and attention he pays to the discourse of others. His looks are a silent recommendation of what is good and praise-worthy, and a secret reproof of what is licentious and extravagant. He knows how to appear free and open without danger or intrusion, and to be cautious without seeming reserved. The gravity of his conversation is always enlivened with his wit and humour, and the gaiety of it is tempered with something that is instructive, as well as barely agreeable. Thus with him you are sure not to be merry at the expence of your reason, nor serious with the loss of your good-humour; but, by a happy mixture of his temper, they either go together, or perpetually succeed each other. In fine, his whole behaviour is equally distant from constraint and negligence, and he commands your respect, while he gains your heart.

There is in his whole carriage such an engaging softness, that one cannot persuade one's self he is ever actuated by those rougher passions, which, wherever they find place, seldom fail of shewing themselves in the outward demeanour of the persons they belong to: but his constitution is a just temperature between indolence on one hand and violence on the other. He is mild and gentle, wherever his affairs will give him leave to follow his own inclinations; but yet never failing to exert himself with vigour and resolution in the service of his prince, his country, or his friend.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCLXVIII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST:

BEAT HOMO INGENIOSUS, ACUTUS, ACER, ET QUI PLURIMUM ET SALIS HABI  
ET FELLIS, NEC CANDORIS MINUS.

PLIN. l

HE WAS AN INGENIOUS, PLEASANT FELLOW, AND ONE WHO HAD A GREAT  
OF WIT AND SATIRE, WITH AN EQUAL SHARE OF GOOD-HUMOUR.

MY paper is in a kind a letter of news, but it regards rather what passes in the world of conversation than that of business. I am very sorry that I have at present a circumstance before me, which is of very great importance to all who have a relish for gaiety, wit, mirth, or humour; I mean the death of poor Dick Eastcourt. I have been obliged to him for so many hours of jollity, that it is but a small recompence, though all I can give him, to pass a moment or two in sadness for the loss of so agreeable a man. Poor Eastcourt! the last time I saw him, we were plotting to shew the town his great capacity for acting in it's full light, by introducing him as dictating to a set of young players in what manner to speak this sentence, and utter the other passion.—He had to exquisite a discerning of what was defective in any object before him, that in an instant he could shew you the ridiculous side of what would pass for beautiful and just, even to men of no ill judgment, before he had pointed at the failure. He was no less skilful in the knowledge of beauty; and, I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well-turned compliments, as well as smart repartees of Mr. Eastcourt's, than of any other man in England. This was easily to be observed in his inimitable faculty of telling a story, in which he would throw in natural and unexpected incidents to make his court to one part, and rally the other part of the company: then he would vary the usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp language. He had the knack to raise up a pensive temper, and mortify an impertinently gay one, with the most agreeable skill imaginable. There are a thousand things which crowd into my memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about him. Hamlet holding up the skull which the grave-digger threw to him, with an account that it was the head of the king's

jester, falls into very pleasing reflection and cries out to his companion—

'Alas, poor Yorick! I knew  
'Horatio, a fellow of infinite j  
'most excellent fancy; he hath  
'me on his back a thousand time  
'now how abhorred in my imag  
'is it! my gorge rises at it.  
'hung those lips that I have l  
'know not how oft. Where b  
'gibes now, your gambols, your  
'your flashes of merriment tha  
'wont to set the table on a roa  
'one now to mock your own gri  
'quite chop-fallen? Now get  
'my lady's chamber, and tell h  
'her paint an inch thick, to this  
'she must come. Make her li  
'that.'

It is an insolence natural to the wealthy, to asfix, as much as i lies, the character of a man to l cumstances. Thus it is ordinar them to praise faintly the good q of those below them, and say, it extraordinary in such a man as h the like, when they are forced knowledge the value of him who nels upbraids their exaltation. to this humour only, that it is ascribed, that a quick wit in cotion, a nice judgment upon any gency that could arise, and a most less inoffensive behaviour could n this man above being receive upon the foot of contributing to and diversion. But he was as e der that constraint, as a man of cellent talents was capable, an they would have it, that to divi his business, he did it with all th ing alacrity unimaginable, though i him to the heart that it was his b Men of sense, who could taste cellencies, were well satisfied to lead the way in conversation, ar after his own manner; but too provoked him to mimicry, found the indignation to let it be at th pence, who called for it, and w

he form of conceited heavy fellows jests to the company at their own cost, in revenge for interrupting him being a companion to put on the character of a jester.

It was peculiarly excellent in this able companion, was, that in the jests he gave of persons and sentiments he did not only hit the figure of the person, but the manner of their gestures, so that his narration fall into every way of thinking, and this he recounted passages, wherein the best wit were concerned, as such wherein were represented the lowest rank of understanding. It is certainly as great an instance of love to a weakness, to be imitating being mimicked, as any can be. There were none but the formal, the proud, or those who are incapable of amending their faults that dreaded him; to others he gave the highest degree of pleasing; and he got over an impatience of my company myself in the air he could put me into. I have displeased him. It is in his exquisite talent this way, that any philosophy I could read is subject, that my person is very much my care; and it is indifferent what is said of my shape, my air, my manner, my speech, or my address. Poor Eastcourt I chiefly owe that I have arrived at the happiness of thinking a diminution to me, but I guess a depravity of my will.

It was as much surpris'd me as any nature, to have it frequently said he was not a good player: but I must be owing to a partiality for actors in the parts in which he acted them, and judging by comparison what was liked before, rather than the nature of the thing. When I saw his wit and smartness could not utter an absence of comeliness in his face, as he did in the character of Bullfinch, in the Northern part of an air of insipid cunning and in the character of Pounce, in

the Tender Husband, it is folly to dispute his capacity and success, as he was an actor.

Poor Eastcourt! let the vain and proud be at rest, they will no more disturb their admiration of their dear selves, and thou art no longer to drudge in raising the mirth of stupid, who know nothing of thy merit, for thy maintenance.

It is natural for the generality of mankind to run into reflections upon our mortality, when disturbers of the world are laid at rest, but to take no notice when they who can please and divert are pulled from us: but for my part, I cannot but think the loss of such talents as the man of whom I am speaking was master of, a more melancholy instance of mortality than the dissolution of persons of never so high characters in the world, whose pretensions were that they were noisy and mischievous.

But I must grow more succinct, and as a Spectator, give an account of this extraordinary man, who, in his way, never had an equal in any age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I speak of him as a companion, and a man qualified for conversation. His fortune expos'd him to an obsequiousness towards the worst sort of company, but his excellent qualities rendered him capable of making the best figure in the most refined. I have been present with him among men of the most delicate taste a whole night, and have known him (for he saw it was desired) keep the discourse to himself the most part of it, and maintain his good-humour with a countenance, in a language so delightful, without offence to any person or thing upon earth, still preserving the distance his circumstances oblig'd him to; I say, I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hint at will read this, without giving him some sorrow for their abundant mirth, and one gush of tears for so many bursts of laughter. I wish it were any honour to the pleasant creature's memory, that my eyes are too much suffus'd to let me go on—

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCLXIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST

DETRAHERE ALIQUID ALTERI, ET HOMINEM HOMINIS INCOMMODO  
 GERERE COMMODUM, MAGIS EST CONTRA NATURAM, QUAM MORI, Q  
 UERERE, QUAM DOLERE, QUAM CÆTERA QUÆ POSSUNT AUT CORPORI  
 AUT REBUS EXTERNIS.

TO DETRACT FROM OTHER MEN, AND TURN THEIR DISADVANTAG  
 EOWN PROFIT, IS MORE CONTRARY TO NATURE, THAN DEATH, TO  
 GRIEF, OR ANY THING WHICH CAN AFFECT OUR BODIES, OR EXTE  
 R CUMSTANCES.

I Am persuaded there are few men, of generous principles, who would seek after great places, were it not rather to have an opportunity in their hands of obliging their particular friends, or those whom they look upon as men of worth, than to procure wealth and honour for themselves. To an honest mind the best perquisites of place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.

Those who are under the great offices of state, and are the instruments by which they act, have more frequent opportunities for the exercise of compassion and benevolence, than their superiors themselves. These men know every little case that is to come before the great man, and if they are possessed with honest minds, will consider poverty as a recommendation in the person who applies himself to them, and make the justice of his cause the most powerful solicitor in his behalf. A man of this temper, when he is in a post of business, becomes a blessing to the public: he patronises the orphan and the widow, assists the friendless, and guides the ignorant: he does not reject the person's pretensions, who does not know how to explain them, or refuse doing a good office for a man because he cannot pay the fee of it. In short, though he regulates himself in all his proceedings by justice and equity, he finds a thousand occasions for all the good-natured offices of generosity and compassion.

A man is unfit for such a place of trust, who is of a sour untractable nature, or has any other passion that makes him uneasy to those who approach him. Roughness of temper is apt to discountenance the timorous or modest. The proud man discourages those from approaching him, who are of a mean condition, and who most want his assistance.

The impatient man will not self time to be informed of that lies before him. An one or more of these unbecomings, is sometimes looked proper person to keep off in and solicitation from his suit this is a kind of merit, that atone for the injustice which often arise from it.

There are two other vices which render a man very un a place of trust. The first o dilatory temper, which commensurable cruelties without del maxim which several have for a man's conduct in or should be inviolable with a : fice, never to think of doi tomorrow which may be done t man who defers doing wha be done, is guilty of injustice he defers it. The dispatch office is very often as benef solicitor as the good office short, if a man compared th niencies which another suff delays, with the trifling moti vantages which he himself r such a delay, he would neve of a fault which very often reparable prejudice to the depends upon him, and whic remedied with little trouble t

But in the last place, there so improper to be employed i as he who is in any degree corruption; and such an one i who upon any pretence wha ceives more than what is the unquestioned fee of his office cations, tokens of thankfulne money, and the like specious the pretences under which very frequently shelters itself nest man will however look

s unjustifiable, and will enjoy  
 ster in a moderate fortune  
 ined with honour and reputa-  
 in an overgrown estate that  
 d with the acquisitions of ra-  
 exaction. Were all our of-  
 arged with such an inflexible  
 we should not see men in all  
 grow up to exorbitant wealth  
 abilities which are to be met  
 ordinary mechanic. I can-  
 hink that such a corruption  
 hiefly from men's employing  
 at offer themselves, or those  
 the character of shrewd world-  
 instead of searching out such as  
 a liberal education, and have  
 d up in the studies of know-  
 virtue.

been observed, that men of  
 ho take to business, discharge  
 y with greater honesty than  
 e world. The chief reason

for it I take to be as follows. A man  
 that has spent his youth in reading, has  
 been used to find virtue extolled, and  
 vice stigmatized. A man that has passed  
 his time in the world, has often seen  
 vice triumphant, and virtue discounte-  
 nanced. Extortion, rapine, and injus-  
 tice, which are branded with infamy in  
 books, often give a man a figure in the  
 world; while several qualities which are  
 celebrated in authors, as generosity, in-  
 genuity, and good-nature, impoverish  
 and ruin him. This cannot but have a  
 proportionable effect on men, whose  
 tempers and principles are equally good  
 and vicious.

There would be at least this advan-  
 tage in employing men of learning and  
 parts in business, that their prosperity  
 would sit more gracefully on them, and  
 that we should not see many worthless  
 persons shot up into the greatest figures  
 of life. C

° CCCCLXX. FRIDAY, AUGUST 29.

TURPE EST DIFFICILIS HABERE NUGAS,  
 ET STULTUS LABOR EST INEPTIARUM.

MART. EPIC. LXXXVI. L. 2. V. 9.

'TIS FOLLY ONLY, AND DEFECT OF SENSE,  
 TURNS TRIFLES INTO THINGS OF CONSEQUENCE.

men very often disappointed of  
 us, when upon examining the  
 of a classic author, I have  
 re half the volume taken up  
 us readings. When I have  
 o meet with a learned note  
 ibtful passage in a Latin poet,  
 y been informed, that such or  
 it manuscripts for an *et* write  
 of some other notable discov-  
 ery like importance. Indeed,  
 ferent reading gives us a dis-  
 tinction, or a new elegance in an  
 editor does very well in tak-  
 ing of it; but when he only en-  
 ters with the several ways of  
 the same word, and gathers to-  
 gether various blunders and mistakes  
 or thirty different transcribers,  
 take up the time of the learn-  
 ed and puzzle the minds of the

I have often fancied with  
 me, enraged an old Latin author  
 should he see the several ab-  
 surdities of sense and grammar, which  
 I to him by some or other of

these various readings. In one he speaks  
 nonsense; in another makes use of a  
 word that was never heard of; and in-  
 deed there is scarce a solecism in writing  
 which the best writer is not guilty of, if  
 we may be at liberty to read him in the  
 words of some manuscript, which the  
 laborious editor has thought fit to exa-  
 mine in the prosecution of his work.

I question not but the ladies and pretty  
 fellows will be very curious to under-  
 stand what it is that I have been hitherto  
 talking of; I shall therefore give them  
 a notion of this practice, by endeavour-  
 ing to write after the manner of several  
 persons who make an eminent figure in  
 the republic of letters. To this end  
 we will suppose that the following song  
 is an old ode, which I present to the  
 public in a new edition, with the several  
 various readings which I find of it in  
 former editions, and in ancient manu-  
 scripts. Those who cannot relish the  
 various readings, will perhaps find their  
 account in the song, which never before  
 appeared in print.

My love was fickle once and changing,  
Nor e'er would settle in my heart;  
From beauty still to beauty ranging,  
In ev'ry face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming face enslav'd me,  
An eye then gave the fatal stroke:  
Till by her wit Corinna fav'd me,  
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish  
For Belvidera I endure:  
Hourly I sigh and hourly languish,  
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the false unconstant lover,  
After a thousand beauties shown,  
Does new surprising charms discover,  
And finds variety in one.

#### VARIOUS READINGS.

Stanza the first, verse the first, 'And changing.'] The *and* in some manuscripts is written thus, &, but that in the Cotton library writes it in three distinct letters.

Verse the second, 'Nor e'er would.'] Aldus reads it, 'ever would;' but as this would hurt the metre, we have restored it to the genuine reading, by observing that Synæresis which had been neglected by ignorant transcribers.

*Ibid.* 'In my heart.'] Scaliger and others, 'on my heart.'

Verse the fourth, 'I found a dart.'] The Vatican manuscript for *I* reads *it*; but this must have been the hallucination of the transcriber, who probably mistook the dash of the *I* for a *T*.

Stanza the second, verse the second, 'The fatal stroke.'] Scioppius, Salmassius, and many others, for *the* read *a*; but I have stuck to the usual reading.

Verse the third, 'Till by her wit.'] Some manuscripts have it *his wit*, others *your*, others *their wit*. But as I find Corinna to be the name of a woman, in other authors, I cannot doubt but it should be *her*.

Stanza the third, verse the first, 'A long and lasting anguish.'] The German manuscript reads, 'a lasting pas-

sion;' but the rhyme will not admit it.

Verse the second, 'For Belvidera I endure.'] Did not all the manuscripts reclaim, I should change Belvidera into Pelvidera; Pelvis being used by several of the ancient comic writers for a looking-glass, by which means the etymology of the word is very visible, and Pelvidera will signify a lady, who often looks in her glass; as indeed she had very good reason, if she had all those beauties which our poet here ascribes to her.

Verse the third, 'Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish.'] Some for the word *hourly* read *daily*, and others *nightly*; the last has great authorities of it's side.

Verse the fourth, 'The wonted cure.'] The elder Stevens reads *wanted cure*.

Stanza the fourth, verse the second, 'After a thousand beauties.'] In several copies we meet with 'a hundred beauties,' by the usual error of the transcribers, who probably omitted a cypher, and had not taste enough to know that the word Thousand was ten times a greater compliment to the poet's mistress than an hundred.

Verse the fourth, 'And finds variety in one.'] Most of the ancient manuscripts have it 'in two.' Indeed so many of them concur in the last reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two reasons which incline me to the reading as I have published it; first, because the rhyme; and, secondly, because the sense is preserved by it. It might likewise proceed from the oscitancy of transcribers, who, to dispatch their work the sooner, used to write all numbers in cyphers, and seeing the figure 1 followed by a little dash of the pen, as is customary in old manuscripts, they perhaps mistook the dash for a second figure, and by casting up both together, composed out of them the figure 2. But this I shall leave to the learned, without determining any thing in a matter of so great uncertainty.

C

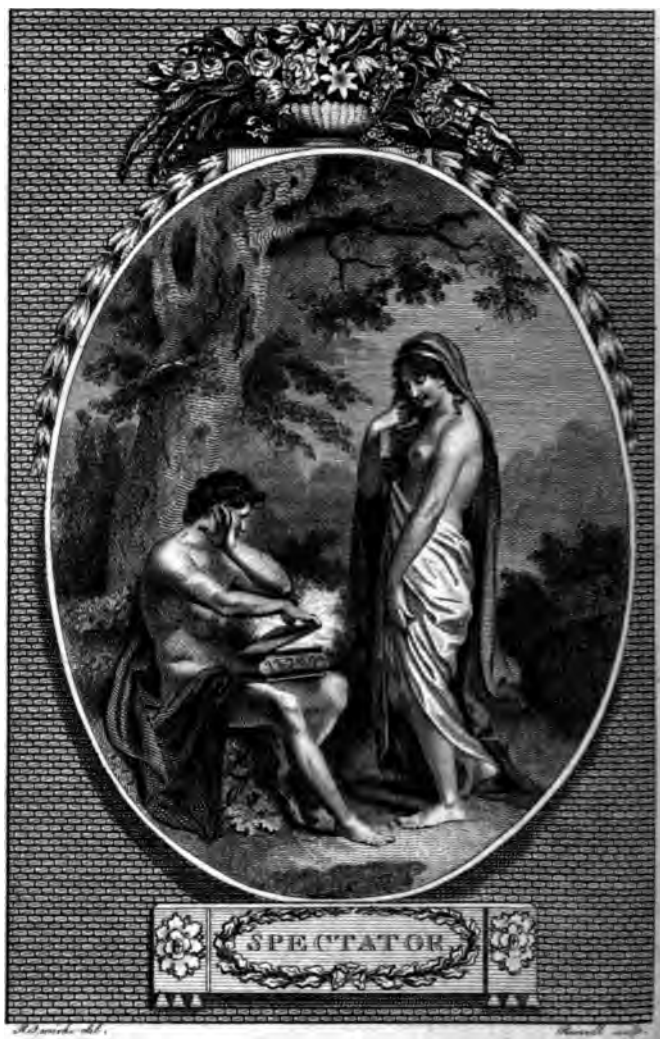
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CCCLXXI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 30.

*Ἐν ἰατρικῇ χεὶρ τὰς σφῆρας ἔχει βίον.* EURIPID.

THE WISE WITH HOPE SUPPORT THE PAINS OF LIFE.

the present seldom affords employment to the mind objects of pain or pleasure, distraction, do not lie thick there in life to keep the soul active, and supply an immediate to it's faculties. In order, remedy this defect, that the want business; but always for thinking, she is uncertain powers, than can be passed, and anticipate what

powerful faculty, which we enjoy, is perpetually looking we have nothing present to

It is like those repositories animals that are filled with their former food, on which they subsist when their present

memory relieves the mind in moments, and prevents any thought by ideas of what is to come. Other faculties that agitate her upon what is to come. The passions of hope and fear. Two passions we reach fortitude, and bring up to our thoughts objects that lie hid in depths of time. We suffer enjoy happiness, before they we can set the sun and moon, or lose sight of them by those retired parts of the heavens and earth more.

any, who can imagine that of a creature is to be circumscribed time, whose thoughts are bound, in this paper, confine at particular passion which name of hope.

enjoyments are so few and that man would be a very miserable, were he not endowed with which gives him a taste of things that may possibly come. 'We should hope for that is good,' says the old because there is nothing

'which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the gods are able to give us.' Hope quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives habitual serenity and good humour. It is a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes pain easy, and labour pleasant.

Besides these several advantages which rise from Hope, there is another which is none of the least, and that is, it's great efficacy in preserving us from setting too high a value on present enjoyments. The saying of Cæsar is very well known. When he had given away all his estate in gratuities amongst his friends, one of them asked what he had left for himself; to which that great man replied, 'Hope.' His natural magnanimity hindered him from prizing what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his thoughts upon something more valuable than he had in view. I question not but every reader will draw a moral from this story, and apply it to himself without my direction.

The old story of Pandora's box, which many of the learned believe was formed among the heathens upon the tradition of the fall of man, shews us how deplorable a state they thought the present life, without hope. To set forth the utmost condition or misery, they tell us, that our forefather, according to the Pagan theology, had a great vessel presented him by Pandora: upon his lifting up the lid of it, says the fable, there flew out all the calamities and distempers incident to men, from which, until that time, they had been altogether exempt. Hope, who had been enclosed in the cup with so much bad company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the lid of it, that it was shut down upon her.

I shall make but two reflections upon what I have hitherto said. First, that no kind of life is so happy as that which is full of hope, especially when the hope is well grounded, and when the object

of it is of an exalted kind, and in it's nature proper to make the person happy who enjoys it. This proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present enjoyments of the most happy man, and how insufficient to give him an intire satisfaction and acquiescence in them.

My next observation is this, that a religious life is that which most abounds in a well-grounded hope, and such an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us intirely happy. This hope in a religious man is much more sure and certain than the hope of any temporal blessing, as it is strengthened not only by reason, but by faith. It has at the same time it's eye perpetually fixed on that state, which implies in the very notion of it the most full and the most complete happiness.

I have before shewn how the influence of hope in general sweetens life, and makes our present condition supportable, if not pleasing; but a religious hope has still greater advantages. It does not only bear up the mind under her sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the instruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of all her hope.

Religious hope has likewise vantage above any other kind, that it is able to revive the dyi and to fill his mind not only with comfort and refreshment, but so with rapture and transport. He t in his agonies, whilst the soul forward with delight to the gre which she has always had in vi leaves the body with an expect being re-united to her in a glor joyful resurrection.

I shall conclude this essay with emblematical expressions of hope, which the psalmist made in the midst of those dangers and ties which surrounded him; for following passage had it's present : sonal, as well as it's future ap phetic sense. ' I have set the I ' ways before me: because he i ' right-hand I shall not be ' Therefore my heart is glad, ' glory rejoiceth: my flesh also i ' in hope. For thou wilt not l ' soul in hell, neither wilt tho ' thine Holy One to see cor ' Thou wilt shew me the path ' in thy presence there is fulness ' at thy right hand there are p ' for evermore.'

## Nº CCCCLXXII. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER

—————VOLUPTAS  
SOLAMENQUE MALI—————

VIRG. ÆN. III. v. 660.

THIS ONLY SOLACE HIS HARD FORTUNE SENDS.

DRYDEN.

**I** Received some time ago a proposal, which had a preface to it, wherein the author discoursed at large of the innumerable objects of charity in a nation, and admonished the rich, who were afflicted with any distemper of body, particularly to regard the poor in the same species of affliction, and confine their tenderness to them, since it is impossible to assist all who are presented to them. The proposer had been relieved from a malady in his eyes by an operation performed by Sir William Read, and being a man of condition, had taken a resolution to maintain three poor blind men during their lives, in gratitude for that great blessing. This misfortune is so very great and unfre-

quent, that one would think, blishment for all the poor under be easily accomplished, with the of a very few others to those who are in the same calamity. ever, the thought of the propos from a very good motive, and t celling of ourselves out, as calla ticular acts of beneficence, was pretty cement of society and virt the ordinary foundation for men ing a commerce with each oth becoming familiar, that they t the same sort of pleasure; and may also be some reason for am they are under one common dis all the rich who are lame in th from a life of ease, pleasure, and

slip those few who have it without us life of pleasure, and add a few laborious men, who are become unhappy blows, falls, or other of age or sickness; I say, would my persons administer to the need of men disabled like themselves, consciousness of such a behaviour be the best julep, cordial, and cure in the feverish, faint, and tortuous vicissitudes of that miserable disease.

The same may be said of all both bodily and intellectual evils. Classes of charity would certainly bestow blessings upon an age and if men were not petrified with the love of this world, against all the commerce which ought to engage them, it would not be an unprofitable bill for a poor man in the bed of pain, aggravated by want and distress, to draw upon a sick alderman in this form:

ASILE PLENTY.

SIR,

"YOU have the gout and stone, with sixty thousand pounds of silver; I have the gout and stone, worth one farthing; I shall pray for you, and desire you would pay me bearer twenty shillings for value received from, Sir, your humble servant,

LAZARUS HOPEFUL.

THE GATE,  
19, 1712.

The reader's own imagination will supply him the reasonableness of such instances, and diversify them into new and forms; but I shall close this paper upon the subject of blindness. The following letter seems to be written by a man of learning, who is devoted to his study after a subsistence of study to do so. The benefit he receives himself to have received, may well be a handsome encomium he can offer to an operator.

SPECTATOR,

"IN ATTEMPTING lately on your admirable discourses on the Pleasures of Imagination, I began to consider how of our senses we are obliged to the greatest and most important share of pleasures; and I soon concluded that was to the sight—that is the

sovereign of the senses; and mother of all the arts and sciences, that have refined the rudeness of the uncultivated mind to a politeness that distinguishes the fine spirits from the barbarous goit of the great vulgar and the small. The sight is the obliging benefactress that bestows on us the most transporting sensations that we have from the various and wonderful products of nature. To the sight we owe the amazing discoveries of the height, magnitude, and motion of the planets; their several revolutions about their common centre of light, heat and motion, the sun. The sight travels yet farther to the fixed stars, and furnishes the understanding with solid reasons to prove, that each of them is a sun moving on it's own axis in the centre of it's own vortex or turbillion, and performing the same offices to it's dependent planets, that our glorious sun does to this. But the inquiries of the sight will not be stopped here, but make their progress through the immense expanse of the Milky Way, and there divide the blended fires of the Galaxy into infinite and different worlds, made up of distinct suns, and their peculiar equipages of planets, until unable to pursue this track any farther, it deposes the imagination to go on to new discoveries, until it fill the unbounded space with endless worlds.

The sight informs the statuary's chisel with power to give breath to lifeless brass and marble, and the painter's pencil to swell the flat canvas with moving figures actuated by imaginary souls. Music indeed may plead another original, since Jubal, by the different falls of his hammer on the anvil, discovered by the ear the first rude music that pleased the antediluvian fathers; but then the sight has not only reduced those wilder sounds into artful order and harmony, but conveys that harmony to the most distant parts of the world without the help of sound. To the sight we owe not only all the discoveries of philosophy, but all the divine imagery of poetry that transports the intelligent reader of Homer, Milton, and Virgil.

As the sight has polished the world, so does it supply us with the most graceful and lasting pleasure. Let love, let friendship, paternal affection, filial piety, and conjugal duty, declare the joys the sight bestows on a morning after absence. But it would be endless to enu-

rate all the pleasures and advantages of sight; every one that has it, every hour he makes use of it, finds them, feels them, enjoys them.

Thus as our greatest pleasures and knowledge are derived from the sight, so has Providence been more curious in the formation of it's seat, the eye, than of the organs of the other senses. That stupendous machine is composed in a wonderful manner of muscles, membranes, and humours. It's motions are admirably directed by the muscles; the perspicuity of the humours transmits the rays of light; the rays are regularly refracted by their figure; the black lining of the sclerotes effectually prevents their being confounded by reflection. It is wonderful indeed to consider how many objects the eye is fitted to take in at once, and successively in an instant, and at the same time to make a judgment of their position, figure, or colour. It watches against our dangers, guides our steps, and lets in all the visible objects, whose beauty and variety instruct and delight.

The pleasures and advantages of sight being so great, the loss must be very grievous; of which Milton, from experience, gives the most sensible idea, both in the third book of his *Paradise Lost*, and in his *Samson Agonistes*.

#### To light in the former:

—————Thou I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, but find no dawn.

#### And a little after:

Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n and morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
Surround me: from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,  
Presented with an universal blank  
Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

#### Again, in *Samson Agonistes*:

—————But chief of all,  
O loss of sight! of thee I most complain;  
Blind among enemies! O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepid age!  
Light, the prime work of God, to me is ex-  
tinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annul'd—————

—————Still as a fool,  
In pow'r of others, never in my own,  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half;  
O dark! dark! dark! amid the blaze of noon  
Irrevocably dark, total eclipse,  
Without all hopes of day!

The enjoyment of sight then being so great a blessing, and the loss of it so terrible an evil, how excellent and valuable is the skill of that artist which can restore the former, and redress the latter? My frequent perusal of the advertisements in the public news-papers, generally the most agreeable entertainment they afford, has presented me with many and various benefits of this kind done to my countrymen by that skilful artist Dr. Grant, her Majesty's oculist extraordinary, whose happy hand has brought and restored to sight several hundreds in less than four years. Many have received sight by his means who came blind from their mothers womb, as in the famous instance of Jones of Newington. I myself have been cured by him of a weakness in my eyes next to blindness, and am ready to believe any thing that is reported of his ability this way; and know that many, who could not purchase his assistance with money, have enjoyed it from his charity. But a list of particulars would swell my letter beyond it's bounds, what I have said being sufficient to comfort those who are in the like distress, since they may conceive hopes of being no longer miserable in this kind, while there is yet alive so able an oculist as Dr. Grant. I am the Spectator's humble servant,

PHILANTHROPUS.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCLXXIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

QUID? SI QUIS VULTU TORVO FERUS ET PIDE NUDO,  
EXIGUÆQUE TOGÆ SIMULET TEXTORE CATONEM;  
VIRTUTEMNE REPRESENTET, MORESQUE CATONIS?

HOR. EP. XIX. L. I. V. 32.

SUPPOSE A MAN THE COARSEST GOWN SHOULD WEAR,  
NO SHOES, HIS FOREHEAD ROUGH, HIS LOOK SEVERE,  
AND AFE GREAT CATO IN HIS FORM AND DRESS;  
MUST HE HIS VIRTUES AND HIS MIND EXPRESS?

CREECH.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,

I Am now in the country, and employ most of my time in reading, or thinking upon what I have read. Your paper comes constantly down to me, and it affects me so much, that I find my thoughts run into your way; and I recommend to you a subject upon which you have not yet touched, and that is, the satisfaction some men seem to take in their imperfections: I think one may call it glorying in their insufficiency. A certain great author is of opinion it is the contrary to envy, though perhaps it may proceed from it. Nothing is so common as to hear men of this sort, speaking of themselves, add to their own merit, as they think, by impairing it, in praising themselves for their defects, freely allowing they commit some few frivolous errors, in order to be esteemed persons of uncommon talents and great qualifications. They are generally professing an injudicious neglect of dancing, fencing, and riding, as also an unjust contempt for travelling, and the modern languages; as for their part, say they, they never valued or troubled their heads about them. This panegyric satire on themselves certainly is worthy of your animadversion. I have known one of these gentlemen think himself obliged to forget the day of an appointment, and sometimes even that you spoke to him; and when you see them, they hope you will pardon them, for they have the worst memory in the world. One of them started up the other day in some confusion, and said— Now I think on it, I am to meet Mr. Mortmain the attorney about some business, but whether it is to-day or to-morrow, faith, I cannot tell. Now my certain knowledge he knew his time to a moment, and was there ac-

cordingly. These forgetful persons have, to heighten their crime, generally the best memories of any people, as I have found out by their remembering sometimes through inadvertency. Two or three of them that I know can say most of our modern tragedies by heart. I asked a gentleman the other day that is famous for a good carver, at which acquisition he is out of countenance, imagining it may detract from some of his more essential qualifications, to help me to something that was near him; but he excused himself, and blushing told me, of all things he could never carve in his life; though it can be proved upon him, that he cuts up, disjoints, and uncases with incomparable dexterity. I would not be understood as if I thought it laudable for a man of quality and fortune to rival the acquisitions of artificers, and endeavour to excel in little handy qualities; no, I argue only against being ashamed at what is really praise-worthy. As these pretences to ingenuity shew themselves several ways, you will often see a man of this temper ashamed to be clean, and setting up for wit only from negligence in his habit. Now I am upon this head, I cannot help observing also upon a very different folly proceeding from the same cause. As these above mentioned arise from affecting an equality with men of greater talents from having the same faults, there are others that would come at a parallel with those above them, by possessing little advantages which they want. I heard a young man not long ago, who has sense, comfort himself in his ignorance of Greek, Hebrew, and the Orientals: at the same time that he published his averion to those languages, he said that the knowledge of them was rather a diminution than an advancement of a man's character; though at the same time I know he languishes and repines

he is not master of them himself. Whenever I take any of these fine persons thus detracting from what they do not understand, I tell them I will complain to you, and say I am sure you will not allow it an exception against a thing, that he who contemns it is an ignorant in it. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

S. T.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a man of a very good estate, and am honourably in love. I hope you will allow, when the ultimate purpose is honest, there may be, without trespass against innocence, some toying by the way. People of condition are perhaps too distant and formal on those occasions; but however that is, I am to confess to you that I have writ some verses to atone for my offence. You professed authors are a little severe upon us, who write like gentlemen: but if you are a friend to love, you will insert my poem. You cannot imagine how much service it would do me with my fair one, as well as reputation with all my friends, to have something of mine in the Spectator. My crime was, that I snatched a kiss, and my poetical excuse as follows,

I.

BELINDA, see from yonder  
The bee flies loaded to it's cell  
Can you perceive what it devours  
Are they impair'd in show or feel

II.

So, tho' I robb'd you of a kiss,  
Sweeter than their ambrosial d  
Why are you angry at my bliss?  
Has it at all impoverish'd you?

III.

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,  
In spite of your unkind reserve  
To keep my famish'd love alive,  
Which you inhumanly would f

I am, Sir, your humble servan  
TIMOTHY ST

SIR,

AUG. 23

HAVING a little time up  
hands, I could not think  
stowing it better, than in writ  
epistle to the Spectator, which I r  
and am, Sir, your humble servan  
BOB S

P. S. If you approve of my  
am likely enough to become yo  
respondent. I desire your opinio  
I design it for that way of writing  
by the judicious the Familiar,

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

TO

MR. METHUEN.

SIR,

IT is with very great pleasure I take an opportunity of publishing the gratitude I owe to you, for the place you allow me in your friendship and familiarity. I will not acknowledge to you that I have often had you in my thoughts, when I have endeavoured to draw, in some parts of these discourses, the character of a good-natured, honest, and accomplished gentleman. But such representations give my reader an idea of a person blameless only, or only laudable for such perfections as extend no farther than to his own private advantage and reputation.

But when I speak of you, I celebrate one who has had the happiness of possessing also those qualities which make a man useful to society, and of having had opportunities of exerting them in the most conspicuous manner.

The great part you had, as British ambassador, in procuring and cultivating the advantageous commerce between the courts of England and Portugal, has purchased you the lasting esteem of all who understand the interest of either nation.

Those personal excellencies which are over-rated by the ordinary world, and too much neglected by wise men, you have applied with the justest skill and judgment. The most graceful address in horsemanship, in the use of the sword, and in dancing, has been employed by you as lower arts, and as they have occasionally served to cover, or introduce the talents of a skilful minister.

But your abilities have not appeared only in one nation. When it was your province to act as her Majesty's minister at the court of Savoy, at that time encamped, you accompanied that gallant prince through all the vicissitudes of his fortune, and shared, by his side, the dangers of that glorious day in which he recovered his capital. As far as it regards personal qualities, you attained, in that one hour, the highest military reputation. The behaviour of our minister in the action, and the good offices done the vanquished in the name of the Queen of England, gave both the conqueror and the captive the most lively examples of the courage and generosity of the nation he represented.

Your friends and companions in your absence frequently talk these things of you, and you cannot hide from us, (by the most discreet silence in any thing which regards yourself) that the frank entertainment we have at your table, your easy condescension in little incidents of mirth and diversion, and general complacency of manners, are far from being the greatest obligations we have to you. I do assure you there is not one of your friends has a greater sense of your merit in general, and of the favours you every day do us, than,

SIR,

Your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.



[illegible][illegible]

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THE  
P E C T A T O R.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CCLXXIV. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1712.

ASPERITAS AGRESTIS ET INCONCINNA——

HOR. EP. XVIII. L. 1. VER. 6.

A CLOWNISH ROUGHNESS, AND UNKINDLY CLOSE,  
UNFRIENDLY STIFF, AND FEEVISHLY MOROSE.

CREECH.

PECTATOR,

I G of the number of those that  
e lately retired from the centre  
is and pleasure, my uneasiness  
ntry where I am, arises rather  
ociety than the solitude of it.  
ligned to receive and return vi-  
and to a circle of neighbours,  
igh diversity of age or inclina-  
neither be entertaining or ser-  
to us, is a vile loss of time,  
ery from which a man should  
nself, if possible: for why must  
remaining part of my life, be-  
have thrown away the former  
eirs? It is to me an insupport-  
tion, to be tormented with the  
s of a set of people, who are  
heirexpressions of the quick re-  
at pleasure which their dogs  
s have a more delicate taste of.  
in my heart detest and abhor  
able doctrine and position of  
ity of a bumper, though to  
toast; for though it is pre-  
at these deep potations are used  
nspire gaiety, they certainly  
at cheerfulness which would  
moderate circulation. If at  
etings it were left to every  
ther to fill his glass according  
n inclination, or to make his  
en he finds he has been in-  
obedient to that of others,

these entertainments would be governed  
with more good sense, and consequent-  
ly with more good-breeding, than at  
present they are. Indeed where any of  
the guests are known to measure their  
fame or pleasure, by their glass, proper  
exhortations might be used to these to  
push their fortunes in this sort of repu-  
tation; but where it is unseasonably in-  
sisted on to a modest stranger, this drench  
may be said to be swallowed with the  
same necessity, as if it had been tender-  
ed in the horn for that purpose, with  
this aggravating circumstance, that it  
distresses the entertainer's guest in the  
same degree as it relieves his horses.

To attend without impatience an ac-  
count of five-barred gates, double  
ditches, and precipices, and to survey  
the orator with desiring eyes, is to me  
extremely difficult, but absolutely ne-  
cessary, to be upon tolerable terms with  
him: but then the occasional bursting  
out into laughter, is of all other accom-  
plishments the most requisite. I con-  
fess at present I have not the command  
of these convulsions, as is necessary to  
be good company; therefore I beg you  
would publish this letter, and let me be  
known all at once for a queer fellow,  
and avoided. It is monstrous to me,  
that we who are given to reading and  
calm conversation should ever be visit-  
ed by these roarers: but they think they  
themselves,

themselves, as neighbours, may come into our rooms with the same right, that they and their dogs hunt in our grounds.

Your institution of clubs I have always admired, in which you constantly endeavoured the union of the metaphorically defunct, that is, such as are neither serviceable to the busy and enterprising part of mankind, nor entertaining to the retired and speculative. There should certainly therefore in each county be established a club of the persons whose conversations I have described, who for their own private, as also the public emolument, should exclude, and be excluded all other society. Their attire should be the same with their huntmen's, and none should be admitted into this great conversation-piece, except he had broke his collar-bone thrice. A broken rib or two might also admit a man without the least opposition. The president must necessarily have broken his neck, and have been taken up dead once or twice; for the more pains this brotherhood shall have met with, the easier will their conversation flow and keep up; and when any one of these vigorous invalids had finished his narration of the collar-bone, this naturally would introduce the history of the ribs. Besides, the different circumstances of their falls and fractures would help to prolong and diversify their relations. There should also be another club of such men, who have not succeeded so well in maiming themselves, but are however in the constant pursuit of their accomplishments. I would by no means be suspected by what I have said to introduce in general the body of fox hunters; for whilst I look upon a reasonable creature full speed after a pack of dogs, by way of pleasure and not of business, I shall always make honourable mention of it.

But the most irksome conversation of all others I have met with in the neighbourhood, has been among two or three of your travellers, who have overlooked men and manners, and have passed through France and Italy with the same observation that the carriers and stage-coachmen do through Great Britain; that is, their stops and stages have been regulated according to the liquor they have met with in their passage. They indeed remember the names of abundance of places, with the particular fine-ries of certain churches: but their dis-

tinguishing mark is certain proficiency in foreign languages, the measure of which they could have better in their own. The entertainments fine observers, Shakespeare has to confute

In talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
The Pyrenean, and the river Po

and then concludes with a sigh,

Now this is worshipping society!

I would not be thought in a bad humour with such honest creatures as do only unhappy that I cannot partake in their diversions. But I love well, as dogs, that I often go pocketed stuffed with bread to my favours, or make my way through them at neighbours houses. In particular a young hound of expectation, vivacity, and enterprise attends my flights wherever he is. This creature observes my countenance and behaves himself accordingly; mirth, his frolic, and joy upon me, has been observed, and been gravely desired not to enter him too much, for it spoils his performance. I think he shews them sufficient several boundings, friskings, and leaps, when he makes his court to me; but I foresee in a little time he must keep company with one only, for we are fit for no other parts. Having informed you how I pass my time in the country whilst I must proceed to tell you how I pass it, had I such a fortune as to put me above the observance of many and custom.

My scheme of a country I should be as follows. As I am in three or four very agreeable these I would constantly have, and the freedom we took with either at school and the university would maintain and exert upon ourselves with great courage. There be certain hours of the day to be employed in reading, during which should be impossible for any one to enter the other's chamber, or disturb them. After this we would create the trash or treatise we wish to work with our own reflections upon; the justness of which we contravert with good-humoured and never spare one another.

it spirit of conversation, which  
 vers affirm and deny the same  
 a quarter of an hour. If any  
 neighbouring gentlemen, not of  
 should take it in their heads to  
 I should look upon these per-  
 the same degree enemies to my  
 state of happiness, as ever the  
 ere to that of the public, and  
 e at an annual expence in spies  
 their motions. Whenever I  
 surprised with a visit, as I hate  
 I would be brisk in swilling  
 upon this maxim, that it is  
 rouble others with my imper-  
 an to be troubled myself with  
 the necessity of an infirmity  
 resolve to fall into that pro-  
 as we should be but five, the  
 f an involuntary separation,  
 number cannot so well admit  
 I make us exert ourselves, in  
 to all the particulars mention-  
 institution of that equitable  
 nt. This my way of life I  
 ald subject me to the imputa-  
 norose, covetous, and singular  
 these and all other hard words,  
 nanner of insipid jests, and all  
 each, would be matter of mirth  
 my friends: besides, I would  
 e application of the epithets  
 id Covetous, by a yearly relief  
 undeservedly necessitous neigh-  
 id by treating my friends and  
 with an humanity that should  
 e obligation to lie rather on  
 and as for the word Singular,  
 ays of opinion every man must  
 be what one would desire him.  
 y humble servant,

J. R.

SPECTATOR,

T two years ago, I was call-  
 ion by the younger part of a  
 family, by my mother's side  
 me, to visit Mr. Campbell,  
 man, for they told me that  
 chiefly what brought them to  
 ring heard wonders of him in

Essex. I, who always wanted faith in  
 matters of that kind, was not easily pre-  
 vailed on to go; but lest they should  
 take it ill, I went with them; when to  
 my surprize, Mr. Campbell related all  
 their past life; in short, had he not  
 been prevented, such a discovery would  
 have come out, as would have ruined  
 the next design of their coming to town,  
 viz. buying wedding cloaths. Our  
 names—though he never heard of us  
 before—and we endeavoured to conceal  
 —were as familiar to him as to ourselves.  
 To be sure, Mr. Spectator, he is a very  
 learned and wise man. Being impatient  
 to know my fortune, having paid my  
 respects in a family-Jacobus, he told  
 me, after his manner, among several  
 other things, that in a year and nine  
 months I should fall ill of a fever, be  
 given over by my physicians, but should  
 with much difficulty recover; that the  
 first time I took the air afterwards, I  
 should be addressed to by a young gen-  
 tleman of a plentiful fortune, good  
 sense, and a generous spirit. Mr. Spec-  
 tator, he is the purest man in the world,  
 for all he said is come to pass, and I am  
 the happiest she in Kent. I have been  
 in quest of Mr. Campbell these three  
 months, and cannot find him out. Now  
 hearing you are a dumb man too, I  
 thought you might correspond, and be  
 able to tell me something; for I think  
 myself highly obliged to make his for-  
 tune, as he has mine. It is very pos-  
 sible your worship, who has spies all  
 over this town, can inform me how to  
 send to him: if you can, I beseech you  
 be as speedy as possible, and you will  
 highly oblige your constant reader and  
 admirer,

DULCIBELLA THANKLEY.

Ordered, That the Inspector I em-  
 ploy about wonders, enquire at the  
 Golden Lion, opposite to the Half-  
 Moon tavern in Drury Lane, into the  
 merits of this silent sage, and report ac-  
 cordingly.

T

## Nº CCCCLXXV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER

— QUÆ RES IN SE NEQUE CONSILIUM, NEQUE MODUM  
HABET ULLUM, EAM CONSILIO REGERE NON POTEST.

TER. EUN. ACT. I.

ADVICE IS THROWN AWAY, WHERE THE CASE ADMITS OF NEITHER  
NOR MODERATION.

**I**T is an old observation, which has been made of politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with their sovereign, than promote his real service, that they accommodate their counsels to his inclination, and advise him to such actions only as his heart is naturally set upon. The privy-counsellor of one in love must observe the same conduct, unless he would forfeit the friendship of the person who desires his advice. I have known several odd cases of this nature. Hipparchus was going to marry a common woman, but being resolved to do nothing without the advice of his friend Philander, he consulted him upon the occasion. Philander told him his mind freely, and represented his mistress to him in such strong colours, that the next morning he received a challenge for his pains, and before twelve o'clock was run through the body by the man who had asked his advice. Celia was more prudent on the like occasion; she desired Leonilla to give her opinion freely upon a young fellow who made his addresses to her. Leonilla, to oblige her, told her with great frankness, that she looked upon him as one of the most worthless—Cælia, foreseeing what a character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a fortnight. The truth of it is, a woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding cloaths. When she has made her own choice, for form's sake she sends *congé d'elire* to her friends.

If we look into the secret springs and motives that set people at work on these occasions, and put them upon asking advice which they never intend to take; I look upon it to be none of the least, that they are incapable of keeping a secret which is so very pleasing to them. A girl longs to tell her confidant, that she hopes to be married in a little time, and, in order to talk of the pretty fel-

low that dwells so much in her, asks her very gravely, what she would advise her to do in a case of such difficulty. Why else should a woman who had not a thousand pounds a year, go into every quarter to ask her acquaintance what they would advise her to take? That is the case that made his addresses to her, and that estate of five thousand a year so pleasant on this occasion. The lady proposes her doubts, and asks for his pains she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a case which is in use among the vainest of our own sex, who will often ask for advice in relation to a commodity which they are never like to come to. A young lady, who is now come to the age of three-score, took me aside one day, and asked me in his most confidential look, whether I would advise her to marry my Lady Betty Sing. The way, is one of the greatest about town. I stared him full in the face upon so strange a question; he immediately gave me a list of her jewels and estate, and said he was resolved to do nothing without the consent of his friends, and that he was in great need of such consequence with his friends. Finding he would not answer, I told him, if he could get my lady's consent he had my word for it, that he might marry about the tenth match without any knowledge. Will has consulted his friends upon, without ever coming to the party herself.

I have been engaged in writing this by the following letter, which I received from some notable young man, who, by the contents, seems to have carried matters so far, that he is ripe for asking advice; but I will not lose her good will, nor the reputation which I have acquired by wisdom, I shall only commend the letter to the public, without giving any answer to it.

SPECTATOR,

W, Sir, the thing is this: Mr. Shapely is the prettiest gentleman in town. He is very tall, but not neither. He dances like an angel, his mouth is made I do not know but it is the prettiest that I ever saw in my life. He is always laughing, and has an infinite deal of wit. If you but see how he rolls his stock, he has a thousand pretty fancies; I am sure, if you saw him, you would like him. He is a very good scholar, and can talk Latin as fast as I can. I wish you could but see him.

Now you must understand, Mr. Shapely has no estate; but I can help that, you know? And his friends are so unreasonable as to say teasing me about him, because he has no estate; but I am sure that is better than an estate; for a good-natured, ingenious, modest, well-bred, handsome man,

and I am obliged to him for his civilities ever since I saw him. I forgot to tell you that he has black eyes, and looks upon me now and then as if he had tears in them. And yet my friends are so unreasonable, that they would have me be uncivil to him. I have a good portion which they cannot hinder me of, and I shall be fourteen on the 29th day of August next, and am therefore willing to settle in the world as soon as I can, and so is Mr. Shapely. But every body I advise with here is poor Mr. Shapely's enemy. I desire therefore you will give me your advice, for I know you are a wise man; and if you advise me well, I am resolved to follow it. I heartily wish you could see him dance; and am, Sir, your most humble servant,

B. D.

He loves your Spectators mightily.

C

° CCCCLXXVI. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

LUCIDUS ORDO.

HOR. Ars. PORT. VER. 41.

METHOD.

LONG my daily papers which I set off on the public, there are which are written with regularity of method, and others that run out of the wildness of those compositions go by the name of essays. As first, I have the whole scheme of my course in my mind before I set paper. In the other kind of writing is sufficient that I have several things on a subject, without troubling to range them in such order, that they seem to grow out of one another and be disposed under the proper

Seneca and Montaigne are patrons of writing in this last kind, as Aristotle excel in the other. I read an author of genius who without method, I fancy myself good that abounds with a great number of objects, rising among one in the greatest confusion and disorder. When I read a methodical discourse I am in a regular plantation, please myself in it's several censures as to take a view of all the lines

and walks that are struck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole day together, and every moment discover something or other that is new to you; but when you have done, you will have but a confused imperfect notion of the place: in the other your eye commands the whole prospect, and gives you such an idea of it, as is not easily worn out of the memory.

Irregularity and want of method are only supportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of stringing them.

Method is of advantage to a work both in respect to the writer and the reader. In regard to the first, it is a great help to his invention. When a man has planned his discourse, he finds a great many thoughts rising out of every head, that do not offer themselves upon the general survey of a subject. His thoughts are at the same time more

6 D 2

intelligible.

intelligible, and better discover their drift and meaning, when they are placed in their proper lights, and follow one another in a regular series, than when they are thrown together without order and connection. There is always an obscurity in confusion, and the same sentence that would have enlightened the reader in one part of a discourse, perplexes him in another. For the same reason likewise every thought in a methodical discourse shews itself in it's greatest beauty, as the several figures in a piece of painting receive new grace from their disposition in the picture. The advantages of a reader from a methodical discourse, are correspondent with those of the writer. He comprehends every thing easily, takes it in with pleasure, and retains it long.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary conversation than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himself understood. I, who hear a thousand coffee-house debates every day, am very sensible of this want of method in the thoughts of my honest countrymen. There is not one dispute in ten which is managed in those schools of politics, where, after the three first sentences, the question is not intirely lost. Our disputants put me in mind of the scuttlefish, that when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens all the water about him until he becomes invisible. The man who does not know how to methodize his thoughts has always, to borrow a phrase from the Dispensary, 'a barren superfluity of words; the fruit is lost amidst the exuberance of leaves.'

Tom Puzzle is one of the most eminent immethodical disputants of any that has fallen under my observation.

Tom has read enough to make him very impertinent; his knowledge is sufficient to raise doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he has so much learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With these qualifications Tom sets up for a free-thinker, finds a great many things to blame in the constitution of his country, and gives shrewd intimations that he does not believe another world. In short, Puzzle is an atheist as much as his parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen common-place topics, into which he never fails to turn the conversation, whatever was the occasion of it: though the matter in debate be about Doway or Denain, it is ten to one but half his discourse runs upon the unreasonableness of bigotry and priest-craft. This makes Mr. Puzzle the admiration of all those who have less sense than himself, and the contempt of those who have more. There is none in town whom Tom dreads so much as my friend Will Dry. Will, who is acquainted with Tom's logic, when he finds him running off the question, cuts him short with a— 'What then? We allow all this to be true, but what is it to our present purpose?' I have known Tom eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the superiority of the argument, when he has been nonplussed on a sudden by Mr. Dry's desiring him to tell the company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In short, Dry is a man of a clear methodical head, but few words, and gains the same advantage over Puzzle, that a small body of regular troops would gain over a numberless undisciplined militia.

## CCCCCLXXVII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

—AN ME LUDIT AMABILIS  
 INSANIA? AUDIRE ET VIDEOR PIOS  
 ERREARE PER LUCOS, AMOENÆ  
 QUOS ET AQUÆ SUBEUNT ET AURÆ.

HOR. OD. IV. L. 3. V. 5.

—DOES AIRY FANCY CHEAT  
 MY MIND, WELL PLEAS'D WITH THE DECEIT?  
 I SEEM TO HEAR, I SEEM TO MOVE,  
 AND WANDER THRO' THE HAPPY GROVE,  
 WHERE SMOOTH SPRINGS FLOW, AND MURM'RING-BREEZE  
 WANTONS THROUGH THE WAVING TREES.

CREECH.

HAVING lately read your essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination, so taken with your thoughts upon of our English gardens, that I forbear troubling you with a letter on that subject. I am one, you know, who am looked upon as an artist in gardening. I have several about my house, which I call my n, and which a skilful gardener I not know what to call. It is a fusion of kitchen and parterre, or- and flower-garden, which lie so and interwoven with one another, a foreigner, who had seen nothing country, should be conveyed into garden at his first landing, he would upon it as a natural wilderness, and of the uncultivated parts of our ry. My flowers grow up in several parts of the garden in the greatest fancy and profusion. I am so far being fond of any particular one, ason of it's rarity, that if I meet any one in a field which pleases give it a place in my garden. By means, when a stranger walks with e is surprised to see several large of ground covered with ten thousand different colours, and has often I out flowers that he might have with under a common hedge, in a or a meadow, as some of the best beauties of the place. The only d I observe in this particular, is ge in the same quarter the produce of the same season, that they may their appearance together, and use a picture of the greatest va-

*There is the same irregularity plantations, which run into as*

great a wildness as their natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the soil, and am pleased when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next tree I shall meet with is an apple or an oak, an elm or a pear-tree. My kitchen has likewise it's particular quarters assigned it; for besides the wholesome luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a kitchen-garden a more pleasant sight than the finest orangery or artificial green-house. I love to see every thing in it's perfection, and am more pleased to survey my rows of colworts and cabbages, with a thousand nameless pot-herbs, springing up in their full fragrance and verdure, than to see the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit, that there is a fountain rising in the upper part of my garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and administers to the pleasure as well as the plenty of the place. I have so conducted it, that it visits most of my plantations; and have taken particular care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an open field, so that it generally passes through banks of violets and primroses, plats of willow, or other plants, that seem to be of it's own producing. There is another circumstance in which I am very particular, or, as my neighbours call me, very whimsical: as my garden invites into it all the birds of the country, by offering them the convenience of springs and shades, solitude and shelter, I do not suffer any one to destroy their nests in the



the spring, or drive them from their usual haunts in fruit-time. I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs. By this means I have always the music of the season in it's perfection, and am highly delighted to see the jay or the thrush hopping about my walks, and shooting before my eyes across the several little glades and alleys that I pass through. I think there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry: your makers of parterres and flower-gardens, are epigrammatists and sonneteers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grottoes, treillages and cascades, are romance writers. Wife and London are our heroic poets; and if, as a critic, I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel-pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening, that could have thought of forming such an unlightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrait; for as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with it's several little plantations lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder; on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees rising one higher than another in proportion as they approach the centre. A spectator who has not heard this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who has walked in this garden, who was not struck with that part of it which I have here mentioned. As for myself, you will find, by the account which I have already given you, that my compositions in gardening are altogether after the Pindaric manner, and run into the beautiful wildness of nature, without affecting the nice elegancies of art. What I am now going to mention, will, perhaps, deserve your attention more than any thing I have yet said. I find that in the discourse which I spoke of at the beginning of my letter, you are against filling an Eng-

lish garden with ever-greens; and indeed I am so far of your opinion, that I can by no means think the verdure of an ever-green comparable to that which shoots out annually, and cloaths our trees in the summer season. But I have often wondered that those who are like myself, and love to live in gardens, have never thought of contriving a winter-garden, which would consist of such trees only as never cast their leaves. We have very often little snatches of sunshine and fair weather in the most uncomfortable parts of the year, and have frequently several days in November and January that are as agreeable as any in the finest months. At such times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater pleasure, than to walk in such a winter-garden as I have proposed. In the summer season the whole country blooms, and is a kind of garden, for which reason we are not so sensible of those beauties that at this time may be every where met with; but when nature is in her desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren prospects, there is something unspeakably chearful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees that smile amidst all the rigour of winter, and give us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy. I have so far indulged myself in this thought, that I have set apart a whole acre of ground for the executing of it. The walls are covered with ivy instead of vines. The laurel, the bay-tree, and the holly, with many other trees and plants of the same nature, grow so thick in it, that you cannot imagine a more lively scene. The glowing redness of the berries with which they are hung at this time, vies with the verdure of their leaves, and are apt to inspire the heart of the beholder with that vernal delight which you have somewhere taken notice of in your former papers. It is very pleasant, at the same time, to see the several kinds of birds retiring into this little green spot, and enjoying themselves among the branches and foliage, when my great garden, which I have before mentioned to you, does not afford a single leaf for their shelter.

You must know, Sir, that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden, as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habit-

our first parents before the fall. naturally apt to fill the mind with peace and tranquillity, and to lay all turbulent passions at rest. It gives us insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests noble subjects for meditation. I

cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature, to be a laudable if not a virtuous habit of mind. For all which reasons I hope you will pardon the length of my present letter.

C

I am, Sir, &amp;c.

## CCCLXXVIII. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

—USUS,  
 QUEM PENES ARBITRIUM EST, ET JUS ET NORMA—  
 HOR. ARS. POET. VER. 72.

FASHION, THE ARBITER, AND RULE OF RIGHT.

SPECTATOR,  
 I perceived lately, that a friend of mine, who had many things to buy for his family, would oblige me to walk with him to the shops. He was very much in his way, and fond of having things shewn, which at first made me uneasy; but as his humour still changed, the things which I had been at along with him, began to fill me, and led me into a set of amusements concerning them.  
 I perceived it must be very surprising to one who enters into a detail of dress, to consider how far the vanity of the kind has laid itself out in dress, prodigious number of people it employs, and what a circulation of money on those occasions. Providence in this takes use of the folly which we give up, and it becomes instrumental to the support of those who are employed to labour. Hence it is that makers, lace-men, tire-women, number of other trades, which are useless in a simple state of nature, draw their subsistence; though it is seen that such as these are enriched, because their original fault is founded upon vanity, keeps them poor by the light inconstancy of nature. The variableness of fashion is a stream of business, which flows, now into one channel, and anon other; so that the different sorts of sink or flourish in their turns

in with him, and let the discourse run upon the use of fashions.

Here we remembered how much man is governed by his senses, how lively he is struck by the objects which appear to him in an agreeable manner, how much cloaths contribute to make us agreeable objects, and how much we owe it to ourselves that we should appear so.

We considered man as belonging to societies; societies as formed of different ranks; and different ranks distinguished by habits, that all proper duty or respect might attend their appearance.

We took notice of several advantages which are met with in the occurrences of conversation: how the bashful man has been sometimes so raised, as to express himself with an air of freedom, when he imagines that his habit introduces him to company with a becoming manner; and again, how a fool in fine cloaths shall be suddenly heard with attention, till he has betrayed himself; whereas a man of sense appearing with a dress of negligence shall be but coldly received, till he be proved by time, and established in a character. Such things as these we could recollect to have happened to our own knowledge so very often, that we concluded the author had his reasons, who advises his son to go in dress rather above his fortune than under it.

At last the subject seemed so considerable, that it was proposed to have a repository built for fashions, as there are chambers for medals and other antiques. The building may be shaped like the obelisk which stands among the pyramids, or in the form of a woman's head. The top may be raised upon pillars, whose ornaments

in the shops we retired to the tavern, where I found my friend expressing his satisfaction for the bargains made, that my moral reflections I told them might have passed for a roof; so I chose rather to fall

ments shall bear a just relation to the design. Thus there may be an imitation of fringe carved in the base, a sort of appearance of lace in the frieze, and a representation of curling locks, with bows of ribbon sloping over them, may fill up the work of the cornish. The inside may be divided into two apartments appropriated to each sex. The apartments may be filled with shelves, on which boxes are to stand as regularly as books in a library. These are to have folding doors, which being opened, you are to behold a baby dressed out in some fashion which has flourished, and standing upon a pedestal, where the time of it's reign is marked down. For it's farther regulation, let it be ordered, that every one who invents a fashion shall bring in his box, whose front he may at pleasure have either worked or painted with some amorous or gay device, that, like books with gilded leaves and covers, it may the sooner draw the eyes of the beholders. And to the end that these may be preserved with all due care, let there be a keeper appointed, who shall be a gentleman qualified with a competent knowledge in cloaths; so that by this means the place will be a comfortable support for some beau who has spent his estate in dressing.

The reasons offered by which we expected to gain the approbation of the public, were as follow.

First, That every one who is considerable enough to be a mode, and has any imperfection of nature or chance, which it is possible to hide by the advantage of cloaths, may, by coming to this repository, be furnished herself, and furnish all who are under the same misfortune, with the most agreeable manner of concealing it: and that on the other side, every one who has any beauty in face or shape, may also be furnished with the most agreeable manner of shewing it.

Secondly, That whereas some of our young gentlemen, who travel, give us great reason to suspect that they only go abroad to make or improve a fancy for dress, a project of this nature may be a means to keep them at home, which is in effect the keeping of so much money in the kingdom. And perhaps the balance of fashion in Europe, which now leans upon the side of France, may be so altered for the future, that it may

become as common with Frenchmen to come to England for their finishing stroke of breeding, as it has been for Englishmen to go to France for it.

Thirdly, Whereas several great scholars, who might have been otherwise useful to the world, have spent their time in studying to describe the dresses of the ancients from dark hints, which they are fain to interpret and support with much learning; it will from henceforth happen, that they shall be freed from the trouble, and the world from useless volumes. This project will be a registry, to which posterity may have recourse, for the clearing such obscure passages as tend that way in authors; and therefore we shall not for the future submit ourselves to the learning of etymology, which might persuade the age to come, that the farthingale was worn for cheapness, or the furbelow for warmth.

Fourthly, Whereas they who are old themselves, have often a way of railing at the extravagance of youth, and the whole age in which their children live; it is hoped that this ill-humour will be much suppressed, when we can have recourse to the fashions of their times, produce them in our vindication, and be able to shew that it might have been as expensive in Queen Elizabeth's time only to wash and quill a ruff, as it is now to buy cravats or neck-handkerchiefs.

We desire also to have it taken notice of, that because we would shew a particular respect to foreigners, which may induce them to perfect their breeding here in a knowledge which is very proper for pretty gentlemen, we have conceived the motto for the house in the learned language. There is to be a picture over the door with a looking-glass and a dressing-chair in the middle of it: then on one side are to be seen, above one another, patch-boxes, pin-cushions, and little bottles; in the other, powder-bags, puffs, combs, and brushes; beyond these, swords and fine knots, whose points are wooden, and fans almost closed, with the handles downward, are to stand out interchangeably from the sides, until they meet at the top, and form a semicircle over the rest of the figures: beneath all, the writing is to run in this pretty sounding manner:

*quoque sunt, Veneres, Gratia,  
fidines,  
obis adjunt in promptu  
ces, vincula, spicula;  
is, sumit: regite.*

nus's, Graces, and Cupids, attend:  
epar'd to your hands  
torches, and bands:  
pons here chuse, and your empire  
end.

ir, your most humble servant,  
A. B.

proposal of my correspondent I  
ut look upon as an ingenious  
f placing persons (whose parts  
n ambitious to exert themselves  
us things) in a rank by them-  
In order to this, I would pro-  
there be a board of directors  
ashionable society; and because  
tter of too much weight for a  
ian to determine alone, I should  
y obliged to my correspondents  
ould give in lists of persons  
for this trust. If the chief  
uses, the conversations of which  
e carried on by persons, each  
has his little number of fol-  
id admirers, would name from  
emselves two or three to be  
they should be put up with  
thfulness. Old beaux are to

be presented in the first place; but as  
that sect, with relation to dress, is al-  
most extinct, it will, I fear, be abso-  
lutely necessary to take in all time-  
servers, properly so deemed; that is,  
such as, without any conviction of con-  
science or view of interest, change with  
the world, and that merely from a ter-  
ror of being out of fashion. Such also,  
who from facility of temper, and too  
much obsequiousness, are vicious against  
their will, and follow leaders whom  
they do not approve, for want of cou-  
rage to go their own way, are capable  
persons for this superintendency. Those  
who are loth to grow old, or would do  
any thing contrary to the course and  
order of things, out of fondness to be  
in fashion, are proper candidates. To  
conclude, those who are in fashion with-  
out apparent merit, must be supposed to  
have latent qualities, which would ap-  
pear in a post of direction; and there-  
fore are to be regarded in forming these  
lists. Any who shall be pleased accord-  
ing to these, or what farther qualifica-  
tions may occur to himself, to send a  
list, is desired to do it within fourteen  
days after this date.

N.B. The place of the physician to this  
society, according to the last-mentioned  
qualification, is already engaged.

T

## DCCCLXXIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

—————DARE JURA MARITIS.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 398.

TO REGULATE THE MATRIMONIAL LIFE.

NY are the epistles I every day  
ceive from husbands, who com-  
vanity, pride, but above all  
; in their wives. I cannot tell  
, but I think I see in all their  
at the cause of their uneasiness  
selves; and indeed I have  
er observed the married con-  
happy, but for want of judg-  
emper in the man. The truth  
enerally make love in a stile,  
sentiments very unfit for or-  
ise: they are half theatrical,  
antic. By this means we raise  
inations to what is not to be  
in human life; and because we  
beforehand think of the crea-  
re enamoured of, as subject to

dishonour, age, sickness, impatience, or  
sullenness, but altogether considered her  
as the object of joy, human nature itself  
is often imputed to her as her particular  
imperfection or defect.

I take it to be a rule proper to be ob-  
served in all occurrences of life, but  
more especially in the domestic or ma-  
trimonial part of it, to preserve always  
a disposition to be pleased. This can-  
not be supported but by considering  
things in their right light, and as na-  
ture has formed them, and not as our  
own fancies or appetites would have  
them. He then who took a young lady  
to his bed, with no other consideration  
than the expectation of scenes of dal-  
liance, and thought of her (as I said  
before)

6 E

before) only, as she was to administer to the gratification of desire; as that desire flags, will, without her fault, think her charms and her merit abated: from hence must follow indifference, dislike, peevishness, and rage. But the man who brings his reason to support his passion, and beholds what he loves, as liable to all the calamities of human life both in body and mind, and even at the best what must bring upon him new cares and new relations; such a lover, I say, will form himself accordingly, and adjust his mind to the nature of his circumstances. This latter person will be prepared to be a father, a friend, an advocate, a steward for people yet unborn, and has proper affections ready for every incident in the marriage state. Such a man can hear the cries of children with pity instead of anger; and when they run over his head, he is not disturbed at their noise, but is glad of their mirth and health. Tom Trufty has told me, that he thinks it doubles his attention to the most intricate affair he is about, to hear his children, for whom all his cares are applied, make a noise in the next room: on the other side, Will Sparkish cannot put on his perwig, or adjust his cravat at the glass, for the noise of those damned nurses and squalling brats; and then ends with a gallant reflection upon the comforts of matrimony, runs out of the hearing, and drives to the chocolate-house.

According as the husband is disposed in himself, every circumstance of his life is to give him torment or pleasure. When the affection is well placed, and supported by the considerations of duty, honour, and friendship, which are in the highest degree engaged in this alliance, there can nothing rise in the common course of life, or from the blows or favours of fortune, in which a man will not find matters of some delight, unknown to a single condition.

He who sincerely loves his wife and family, and studies to improve that affection in himself, conceives pleasure from the most indifferent things; while the married man, who has not bid adieu to the fashions and false gallantries of the town, is perplexed with every thing around him. In both these cases men cannot, indeed, make a sillier figure, than in repeating such pleasures and pains to the rest of the world; but I speak of them only, as they sit upon

those who are involved in them. As I visit all sorts of people, I cannot indeed but smile, when the good lady tells her husband what extraordinary things the child spoke since he went out. No longer than yesterday I was prevailed with to go home with a fond husband; and his wife told him, that his son, of his own head, when the clock in the parlour struck two, said, Papa would come home to dinner presently. While the father has him in a rapture in his arms, and is drowning him with kisses, the wife tells me he is but just four years old. Then they both struggle for him, and hying him up to me, and repeat his observation of 'Two o'clock. I was called upon, by looks upon the child, and then at me, to say something; and I told the father, that this remark of the infant of his coming home, and joining the time with it, was a certain indication that he would be a great historian and chronologer. They are neither of them fools, yet received my compliment with great acknowledgment of my presence. I sared very well at dinner, and heard many other notable sayings of their heir, which would have given very little entertainment to one less turned to reflection than I was: but it was a pleasing speculation to remark on the happiness of a life, in which things of no moment give occasion of hope, self-satisfaction, and triumph. On the other hand, I have known an ill-natured coxcomb, who has hardly improved in any thing but bulk, for want of this disposition, silence the whole family as a set of silly women and children, for recounting things which were really above his own capacity.

When I say all this, I cannot deny but there are perverse jades that fall to men's lots, with whom it requires more than common proficiency in philosophy to be able to live. When these are joined to men of warm spirits, without temper or learning, they are frequently corrected with stripes; but one of our famous lawyers is of opinion, that this ought to be used sparingly; as I remember, those are his very words; but as it is proper to draw some spiritual use out of all afflictions, I should rather recommend to those who are visited with women of spirit, to form themselves for the world by patience at home. Seneca, who is by all reckoned the undoubted head of the sect of the stoics,

owned and acknowledged that great part of his virtue to the which his useful wife constant. There are several good ins may be drawn from his wife to the people of less fortitude mself on her subject. A friend, indignation, asked how so good a uld live with so violent a cre- le observed to him, ' That they earn to keep a good seat on horse- ount the least manageable they et; and when they have mastered , they are sure never to be dis- on the backs of steeds less s.' At several times, to different , on the same subject, he has My dear friend, you are be- n to Xantippe, that I bear so our flying out in a dispute.' To — ' My hen clacks very much, se brings me chickens. They ive in a trading street, are not bed at the passage of carts.' I have, if possible, a wife man be ed with his lot, even with a for though he cannot make her he may, you see, make himself y her means. instead of pursuing my design

of displaying conjugal love in it's natu- ral beauties and attractions, I am got into tales to the disadvantage of that state of life. I must say, therefore, that I am verily persuaded that whatever is delightful in human life, is to be enjoy- ed in greater perfection in the married, than in the single condition. He that has this passion in perfection, in occa- sions of joy can say to himself, besides his own satisfaction—' How happy this ' will make my wife and children! ' Upon occurrences of distress or danger can comfort himself—' But all this ' while my wife and children are life.' There is something in it that doubles satisfactions, because others participate them; and dispels afflictions; because others are exempt from them. All who are married without this relish of their circumstance, are in either a tasteless in- dolence and negligence, which is hardly to be attained, or else live in the hourly repetition of sharp answers, eager up- braidings, and distracting reproaches. In a word, the married state, with and without the affection suitable to it, is the completest image of heaven and hell we are capable of receiving in this life.

## CCCLXXX. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

RESPONSARE CUPIDINIBUS, CONTEMNERE HONORES,  
FORTIS, ET IN SEIPSO TOTUS TERRE, ATQUE ROTUNDUS.

HOR. SAT. VII. L. 3. VER. 85.

WHO'S PROOF AGAINST THE CHARMS OF VAIN DELIGHT;  
WHOM PEVILE FORTUNE STRIVES IN VAIN TO WOUND,  
SO CLOSELY GATHER'D IN A PERFECT ROUNO.

GREEK.

Other day looking over those d manuscripts, of which I have y given some account, and which o the character of the mighty ond of France, and the close p between him and his friend ; I found among the letters ad been in the custody of the in epistle from a country gentle- Pharamond, wherein he excuses from coming to court. The an, it seems, was contented with sition, had formerly been in the service; but at the writing the ig letter, had, from leisure and a, quite another taste of things

than that which he had in the more active part of his life.

MONSIEUR CHEZLUY TO PHARA-  
MOND.

DEAR SIR,

I Have from your own hand (inclosed under the cover of Mr. Eucrate of your Majesty's bed-chamber) a letter which invites me to court. I under- stand this great honour to be done me out of respect and inclination to me; rather than regard to your own service; for which reasons I beg leave to lay be- fore your Majesty my reasons for dis-  
6 E. 2

choosing

clining to depart from home; and will not doubt but, as your motive in desiring my attendance was to make me an happier man, when you think that will not be effected by my remove, you will permit me to stay where I am. Those who have an ambition to appear in courts, have either an opinion that their persons or their talents are particularly formed for the service or ornament of that place; or else are hurried by downright desire of gain, or what they call honour, to take upon themselves whatever the generosity of their master can give them opportunities to grasp at. But your goodness shall not be thus imposed upon by me: I will therefore confess to you, that frequent solitude, and long conversation with such who know no arts which polish life, have made me the plainest creature in your dominions. Those less capacities of moving with a good grace, bearing a ready assability to all around me, and acting with ease before many, have quite left me. I am come to that, with regard to my person, that I consider it only as a machine I am obliged to take care of, in order to enjoy my soul in it's faculties with alacrity; well remembering, that this habitation of clay will in a few years be a meaner piece of earth than any utensil about my house. When this is, as it really is, the most frequent reflection I have, you will easily imagine how well I should become a drawing-room: add to this, what shall a man without desires do about the generous Pharamond? Monsieur Eucrate has hinted to me, that you have thoughts of distinguishing me with titles. As for myself, in the temper of my present mind, appellations of honour would but embarrass discourse, and new behaviour towards me perplex me in every habitude of life. I am also to acknowledge to you, that my children, of whom your Majesty condescended to inquire, are all of them mean, both in their persons and genius. The estate my eldest son is heir to, is more than he can enjoy with a good grace. My self love will not carry me so far as to impose upon mankind the advancement of persons (merely for their being related to me) into high distinctions, who ought for their own sakes, as well as that of the public, to affect obscurity. I wish, my generous prince, as it is in your power to give honours and offices, it were also

to give talents suitable to them: were it so, the noble Pharamond would reward the zeal of my youth with abilities to do him service in my age.

Those who accept of favour without merit, support themselves in it at the expence of your Majesty. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, this is the reason that we in the country hear so often repeated the word *Prerogative*. That part of your law which is reserved in yourself for the readier service and good of the public, slight men are eternally buzzing in our ears to cover their own follies and miscarriages. It would be an addition to the high favour you have done me, if you would let Eucrate send me word how often, and in what cases you allow a constable to insist upon the prerogative. From the highest to the lowest officer in your dominions, something of their own carriage they would exempt from examination under the shelter of the word *Prerogative*. I would fain, most noble Pharamond, see one of your officers assert your prerogative by good and gracious actions. When is it used to help the afflicted, to rescue the innocent, to comfort the stranger? Uncommon methods, apparently undertaken to attain worthy ends, would never make power invidious. You see, Sir, I talk to you with the freedom your noble nature approves in all whom you admit to your conversation.

But, to return to your Majesty's letter, I humbly conceive, that all distinctions are useful to men, only as they are to act in public; and it would be a romantic madness, for a man to be a lord in his closet. Nothing can be honourable to a man apart from the world, but the reflection upon worthy actions; and he that places honour in a consciousness of well-doing, will have but little relish for any outward homage that is paid him, since what gives him distinction to himself, cannot come within the observation of his beholders. Thus all the words of Lordship, Honour, and Grace, are only repetitions to a man that the King has ordered him to be called so; but no evidences that there is any thing in himself that would give the man, who applies to him, those ideas, without the creation of his master.

I have, most noble Pharamond, all honours and all titles in your own approbation; I triumph in them as they are a gift, I refuse them as they are an imposition.

observation of others. Indulge noble master, in this chastity; let me know myself in the of Pharamond; and look down to applause of the people. I am, my and loyalty, your Majesty's edient subject and servant,

JEAN CHEZLUV.

not tell with what disadvantages of low fortunes and great come into the world; what wrongs their diffidence of themselves, of offending, often obliges to take; and what a pity it their greatest virtues and what should soonest recommend the main obstacle in the way of preferment.

Sir, is my case; I was bred at y school, where I learned Latin sek. The misfortunes of my forced me up to town, where a

profession of the politer sort has protected me against infamy and want. I am now clerk to a lawyer, and in times of vacancy and recess from business, have made myself master of Italian and French; and though the progress I have made in my business has gained me reputation enough for one of my standing, yet my mind suggests to me every day, that it is not upon that foundation I am to build my fortune.

The person I have my present dependence upon, has it in his nature, as well as in his power, to advance me, by recommending me to a gentleman that is going beyond sea in a public employment. I know the printing this letter would point me out to those I want confidence to speak to, and I hope it is not in your power to refuse making any body happy. Yours, &c.

M. D.

SEPTEMBER 9,  
1712.

## CCCLXXXI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

————— UTI NON

COMPOSITUS MELIUS CUM BITHO BACCHIVS; IN JUS  
ACRES PROCURRUNT —————

HOR. SAT. VII. L. I. VER. 19.

NO BETTER MATCH'D WITH BITHUS BACCHIVS STROYE;  
TO LAW THEY RUN, AND WRANGLING DEARLY LOVE.

Sometimes pleasant enough to deride the different notions which persons have of the same thing. A low condition very often sets a value on things, which are not prized by those who are in a higher station. There are many things these esteem in no value among persons of superior rank. Common people are peculiar, very much astonished, they hear of those solemn contests, which are made among the sons of the punctilios of a public; and wonder to hear that any of consequence should be rebuffed by those little circumstances, they represent to themselves as insignificant. I am mightily affected with a porter's decision in one

Southern's plays, which is upon that fine distress of a virtuous woman's marrying a second husband, while her first was yet living.

husband, who was supposed to

have been dead, returning to his home after a long absence, raises a noble perplexity for the tragic part of the play. In the mean while, the nurse and the porter conferring upon the difficulties that would ensue in such a case, honest Samson thinks the matter may be easily decided, and solves it very judiciously, by the old proverb, that if his first master be still living, 'The man must have his mare again.' There is nothing in my time which has so much surprised and confounded the greatest part of my honest countrymen, as the present controversy between Count Rechtern and Monsieur Mesnager, which employs the wise heads of so many nations, and holds all the affairs of Europe in suspense.

Upon my going into a coffee-house yesterday, and lending an ear to the next table, which was encompassed with a circle of inferior politicians, one of them, after having read over the news

very



very attentively, broke out into the following remarks. 'I am afraid,' says he, 'this unhappy rupture between the footmen at Utrecht will retard the peace of Christendom. I wish the Pope may not be at the bottom of it. His Holiness has a very good hand at fomenting a division, as the poor Swiss Cantons have lately experienced to their cost. If Monsieur What d'ye call him's domestics will not come to an accommodation, I do not know how the quarrel can be ended, but by a religious war.'

'Why truly,' says a wiseacre that sat by him, 'were I as the King of France, I would scorn to take part with the footmen of either side: here's all the business of Europe stands still, because Monsieur Mesnager's man has had his head broke. If Count Rechtrum had given them a pot of ale after it, all would have been well, without any of this bungle; but they say he's a warm man, and does not care to be made mouths at.'

Upon this, one, that had held his tongue hitherto, began to exert himself; declaring, that he was very well pleased the plenipotentiaries of our Christian princes took this matter into their serious consideration; for that lackeys were never so saucy and pragmatical as they are now a-days; and that he should be glad to see them taken down in the treaty of peace, if it might be done without prejudice to the public affairs.

One who sat at the other end of the table, and seemed to be in the interests of the French King, told them, that they did not take the matter right, for that his Most Christian Majesty did not resent this matter because it was an injury done to Monsieur Mesnager's footmen; 'For,' says he, 'what are Monsieur Mesnager's footmen to him? but because it was done to his subjects. Now,' says he, 'let me tell you, it would look very odd for a subject of France to have a bloody nose, and his sovereign not to take notice of it. He is obliged in honour to defend his people against hostilities; and if the Dutch will be so insolent to a crowned head, as, in any wise, to cuff or kick those who are under his protection, I think he is in the right to call them to an account for it.'

This distinction set the controversy

upon a new foot, and seemed to be very well approved by most that heard it, until a little warm fellow, who declared himself a friend to the house of Austria, fell most unmercifully upon his Catholic Majesty, as encouraging his subjects to make mouths at their betters, and afterwards screening them from the punishment that was due to their insolence. To which he added, that the French nation was so addicted to grimace, that if there was not a stop put to it at the general congress, there would be no walking the streets for them in a time of peace, especially if they continued masters of the West Indies. The little man proceeded with a great deal of warmth, declaring, that if the allies were of his mind, he would oblige the French King to burn his gables, and tolerate the Protestant religion in his dominions, before he would sheath his sword. He concluded with calling Monsieur Mesnager an insignificant prig.

The dispute was now growing very warm, and one does not know where it would have ended, had not a young man of about one and twenty, who seems to have been brought up with an eye to the law, taken the debate into his hand, and given it as his opinion, that neither Count Rechteren nor Monsieur Mesnager had behaved themselves right in this affair. 'Count Rechteren,' says he, 'should have made affidavit that his servants had been affronted, and then Monsieur Mesnager would have done him justice, by taking away their liveries from them, or some other way; that he might have thought the most proper; for, let me tell you, if a man makes a mouth at me, I am not to knock the teeth out of it for his pains. Then again, as for Monsieur Mesnager, upon his servants being beaten, why, he might have had his action of assault and battery. But as the case now stands, if you will have my opinion, I think they ought to bring it to referees.'

I heard a great deal more of this conference, but I must confess with little edification; for all I could learn at last from these honest gentlemen, was, that the matter in debate was of too high a nature for such heads as theirs, or mine, to comprehend.

CCCLXXXII. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

FLORES FERIS UT APES IN SALTIBUS OMNIA LIBANT.

LUCA. L. III. VER. II.

AS FROM THE SWEETEST FLOWERS THE LARKING BEE  
EXTRACTS HER PRECIOUS SWEETS.

CAREW.

WHEN I have published any single paper that falls in with my taste, and pleases more than it always brings me in a great number of letters. My Tuesday's discourse I gave several acknowledgments to the fraternity of the Hen-pecked; already produced me very responses; the reason I cannot give, unless it be that such a discourse is of general use, and every man's money. An honest tradesman dates his letter from Cheap-side, and thanks me in the name of a good citizen, he tells me, meet as often as you will give them leave, and her till they are sent for home. He tells me, that my paper has added great consolation to their hearts, and desires me to give some account of Socrates, and to account in whose reign he lived, he was a citizen or a courtier, he buried Xantippe, with many particulars: for that by his sayings appears to have been a very wise and a good Christian. Another, tells himself Benjamin Bamboo, that being coupled with a woman who had endeavoured to tame her by lawful means as those which I did in my last Tuesday's paper, in his wrath he had often gone than Bracton allows in those times, but that for the future he was to bear it like a man of temperance, and consider her only as a wife in his house to teach him civility. Tom Dapperwit says, that I sit with me in that whole discourse excepting only the last sentence, affirm the married state to be a heaven or a hell. Tom has been in charge of a penny upon this, to tell me, that by his experience is neither one nor the other, but a middle kind of state, commonly known by the name of Purgatory.

My friends have likewise obliged

me with their reflections upon the same discourse. A lady, who calls herself Euterpe, and seems a woman of letters, asks me whether I aim for establishing the Salic law in every family, and why it is not fit that a woman who has discretion and learning should sit at the helm, when the husband is weak and illiterate? Another, of a quite contrary character, subscribes herself Xantippe, and tells me, that she follows the example of her namesake; for being married to a bookish man, who has no knowledge of the world, she is forced to take their affairs into her own hands, and to spirit him up now and then, that he may not grow muttish, and unfit for conversation.

After this abridgment of some letters which are come to my hands upon this occasion, I shall publish one of them at large.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU have given us a lively picture of that kind of husband who comes under the denomination of the Hen-pecked; but I do not remember that you have ever touched upon one that is of the quite different character, and who, in several places of England, goes by the name of a Cot-Quean. I have the misfortune to be joined for life with one of this character, who in reality is more a woman than I am. He was bred up under the tuition of a tender mother, till she had made him as good a housewife as herself. He could preserve apricots, and make jellies, before he had been two years out of the nursery. He was never suffered to go abroad, for fear of catching cold; when he should have been hunting down a buck, he was by his mother's side learning how to season it, or put it in crust; and was making paper boats with his sisters, at an age when other young gentlemen are crossing the seas, or travelling into foreign countries. He has the whitest hand that you ever saw in your life, and raises

raises paste better than any woman in England. These qualifications make him a sad husband: he is perpetually in the kitchen, and has a thousand squabbles with the cook-maid. He is better acquainted with the milk score than his steward's accounts. I fret to death when I hear him find fault with a dish that is not dressed to his liking, and instructing his friends that dine with him in the best pickle for a walnut or sauce for an haunch of venison. With all this, he is a very good natured husband, and never fell out with me in his life

but once, upon the over-roasting of a dish of wild fowl: at the same time I must own, I would rather he was a man of a rough temper, that would treat me harshly sometimes, than of such an effeminate busy nature in a province that does not belong to him. Since you have given us the character of a wife who wears the breeches, pray say something of a husband that wears the petticoat. Why should not a female character be as ridiculous in a man, as a male character in one of our sex? I am, &c.  
O

## N° CCCCLXXXIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.

NEC DEUS INTERIT, NISI DIGNUS VINDICÆ MODUS  
INCIDERIT

HOR. ART. POET. VER. 191.

NEVER PRESUME TO MAKE A GOD APPEAR,  
BUT FOR A BUSINESS WORTHY OF A GOD.

ROSCOMMON.

**W**E cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableness, than to interpret the afflictions which befall our neighbours, as punishments and judgments. It aggravates the evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the mark of Divine vengeance, and abates the compassion of those towards him, who regard him in so dreadful a light. This humour of turning every misfortune into a judgment, proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which, in its own nature, produces good-will towards men, and puts the mildest construction upon every accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not religion that sours a man's temper, but it is his temper that sours his religion: people of gloomy uncharitable imaginations, or of envious malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will discover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words, and actions. As the sweet wines have often the taste of the soil, so even the most religious thoughts often draw something that is particular from the constitution of the mind in which they arise. When folly or superstition strike in with this natural depravity of temper, it is not in the power, even of religion itself, to preserve the character of the person who is possessed with it, from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

An old maiden gentiewoman, whom I shall conceal under the name of Nemesis, is the greatest discoverer of judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what sin it was that set such a man's house on fire, or blew down his barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young lady that lost her beauty by the small pox, she fetches a deep sigh, and tells you, that when she had a fine face, she was always looking on it in her glass. Tell her of a piece of good fortune that has befallen one of her acquaintance; and she wishes it may prosper with her; but her mother used one of her nieces very barbarously. Her usual remarks turn upon people who had great estates, but never enjoyed them by reason of some flaw in their own or their father's behaviour. She can give you the reason why such an one died childless: why such an one was cut off in the flower of his youth: why such an one was unhappy in her marriage: why one broke his leg on such a particular spot of ground; and why another was killed with a back-sword, rather than with any other kind of weapon. She has a crime for every misfortune that can befall any of her acquaintance; and when she hears of a robbery that has been made, or a murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the suffering person, than on that of the thief or assassin. In short, she is so good a Critic.

at whatever happens to herself, and whatever happens to her ours is a judgment.

Every description of this folly, in any life, is sufficient to expose it; when it appears in a pomp and digressions, it is very apt to amuse and mislead the mind of the reader. Herodotus and Plutarch very often apply judgments as impertinently as the man I have before mentioned, in their manner of relating them, that the folly itself appear venerable.

Most historians, as well as Christian Pagan, have fallen into this idle notion, and spoken of ill success, sudden disasters, and terrible events, as if they had been let into the secrets of Providence, and made acquainted with private conduct by which the world is governed. One would think several of our own historians in particular had revelations of this kind made to them. Our old English monks seldom of their kings depart in peace, but have endeavoured to diminish the wealth of which the ecclesiastics were those times possessed. Wilhelm the Conqueror's race generally their judgments in the New Testament where their father had pulled down the monasteries. In short, the whole of the chronicles written by any of this frame of mind, and you think you were reading an history of the kings of Israel and Judah, where the events are actually inspired, and by a particular scheme of Providence, the kings were distinguished by judgments or blessings, according as they promoted idolatry or the worship of God.

But not but look upon this manner of judging upon misfortunes, not only every uncharitable in regard to the person whom they fall, but very precious in regard to him who is supposed to inflict them. It is a strong argument for a state of retribution hereafter, that in this world virtuous persons are very often unfortunate, and wicked persons prosperous; which is repugnant to the nature of a Deity who appears infinitely wise and good in his works, unless we may suppose such a promiscuous and undistinguishing distribution of good and evil, as was necessary for carrying on the business of Providence in this life, will be defended and made amends for in an-

other. We are not therefore to expect that fire should fall from heaven in the ordinary course of Providence; nor when we see triumphant guilt or depressed virtue in particular persons, that Omnipotence will make bare its holy arm in the defence of the one, or punishment of the other. It is sufficient that there is a day set apart for the hearing and requiting of both according to their respective merits.

The folly of ascribing temporal judgments to any particular crimes, may appear from several considerations. I shall only mention two: First, that, generally speaking, there is no calamity or affliction, which is supposed to have happened as a judgment to a vicious man, which does not sometimes happen to men of approved religion and virtue. When Diagoras the atheist was on board one of the Athenian ships, there arose a very violent tempest: upon which the mariners told him, that it was a just judgment upon them for having taken so impious a man on board. Diagoras begged them to look upon the rest of the ships that were in the same distress, and asked them whether or no Diagoras was on board every vessel in the fleet. We are all involved in the same calamities, and subject to the same accidents: and when we see any one of the species under any particular oppression, we should look upon it as arising from the common lot of human nature, rather than from the guilt of the person who suffers.

Another consideration, that may check our presumption in putting such a construction upon a misfortune, is this, that it is impossible for us to know what are calamities and what are blessings. How many accidents have passed for misfortunes, which have turned to the welfare and prosperity of the persons to whose lot they have fallen? How many disappointments have, in their consequences, saved a man from ruin? If we could look into the effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon blessings and judgments; but for a man to give his opinion of what he sees but in part, and in its beginnings, is an unjustifiable piece of rashness and folly. The story of Biton and Clitobus, which was in great reputation among the heathens, (for we see it quoted by all the ancient authors, both Greek and Latin, who have written upon the immortality of the soul) may teach

us a caution in this matter. These two brothers, being the sons of a lady who was priestess to Juno, drew their mother's chariot to the temple at the time of a great solemnity, the persons being absent who by their office were to have drawn her chariot on this occasion. The mother was so transported with that instance of filial duty, that she petitioned her goddess to bestow upon them the

greatest gift that could be given to men; upon which they were both cast into a deep sleep, and the next morning found dead in the temple. This was such an event, as would have been construed into a judgment, had it happened to the two brothers after an act of disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any ancient historian who had given us an account of it. O

## Nº CCCCLXXXIV. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

NEQUE CUIQUAM TAM STATIM CLARUM INGENIUM EST, UT POSSIT EMERGERE;  
NISI ILLI MATERIA, OCCASIO, FAVOR ETIAM, COMMENDATORQUE CON-  
TINGAT. PLIN. EPIST.

NO MAN'S ABILITIES ARE SO REMARKABLY SHINING, AS NOT TO STAND IN NEED OF A PROPER OPPORTUNITY, A PATRON, AND EVEN THE PRAISES OF A FRIEND, TO RECOMMEND THEM TO THE NOTICE OF THE WORLD.

MR. SPECTATOR,

OF all the young fellows who are in their progress through any profession, none seem to have so good a title to the protection of the men of eminence in it as the modest man; not so much because his modesty is a certain indication of his merit, as because it is a certain obstacle to the producing of it. Now, as of all professions this virtue is thought to be more particularly unnecessary in that of the law than in any other, I shall only apply myself to the relief of such who follow this profession with this disadvantage. What aggravates the matter is, that those persons, who, the better to prepare themselves for this study, have made some progress in others, have, by adding themselves to letters, increased their natural modesty, and consequently heightened the obstruction to this sort of preferment; so that every one of these may emphatically be said to be such a one as 'laboureth and taketh pains, and is still the more behind.' It may be a matter worth discussing then, why that which made a youth so amiable to the ancients, should make him appear so ridiculous to the moderns? and, why in our days there should be neglect, and even oppression of young beginners, instead of that protection which was the pride of theirs? In the profession spoken of, it is obvious to every one whose attendance is required at Westminster Hall, with what difficulty a youth of any modesty has been permitted to make an observation, that

could in no wise detract from the merit of his elders, and is absolutely necessary for the advancing his own. I have often seen one of these not only molested in his utterance of something very pertinent, but even plundered of his question, and by a strong serjeant shouldered out of his rank, which he has recovered with much difficulty and confusion. Now as great part of the business of this profession might be dispatched by one that perhaps

—*abest virtute discreti*  
*Misale, nec scit quantum Consulibus Aulus;*  
HOR. ARS. PORT. VER. 370.

—wants Messala's powerful eloquence,  
And is less read than deep Causellius:  
ROSCOMMON.

so I cannot conceive the injustice done to the public, if the men of reputation in this calling would introduce such of the young ones into business, whose application in this study will let them into the secrets of it, as much as their modesty will hinder them from the practice. I say, it would be laying an everlasting obligation upon a young man, to be introduced at first only as a mute, till by his countenance, and a resolution to support the good opinion conceived of him in his betters, his complexion shall be so well settled, that the litigious of this island may be secure of this obsequious aid. If I might be indulged to speak in the stile of a lawyer, I would say, that any one about thirty years of

it make a common motion to with as much elegance and as the most aged advocates in

ot advance the merit of mo- any argument of my own so y as by inquiring into the sen- he greatest among the ancients nt ages entertained upon this lf we go back to the days of we shall find favour a neces- quence to a shame-faced man, e greatest lawyer and most ele- er of the age he lived in, in so- his epistles is very solicitous in iding to the public some young his own profession, and very ertakes to become an advocate, dition that some one of these rites might be joined with him, o produce the merit of such, odesty otherwise would have l it. It may seem very mar- o a saucy modern, that '*mul- guinis, multum verecundia, sollicitudinis in ore*;'—to have : first full of blood, then the lance dashed with modesty, and : whole aspect as of one dying s, when a man begins to speak; : esteemed by Pliny the neces- sifications of a fine speaker. re also has expressed himself me favourable strain of mo- en he lays,

the modesty of fearful duty such as from the rattling tongue and audacious eloquence——

ice these authors have profes- selves for the modest man, even ost confusions of speech and ice, why should an intrepid and a resolute vociferation o successfully in our courts of nd why should that confidence and behaviour, which seems to lge no superior, and to defy diction, prevail over that de- id resignation with which the an implores that favourable hich the other seems to com-

case at present stands, the best a that I can administer to those t get into that stroke of busi- he phrase is) which they de- o reckon every particular ac- f knowledge in this study as

a real increase of their fortune; and fully to believe, that one day this imaginary gain will certainly be made out by one more substantial. I wish you would talk to us a little on this head; you would oblige, Sir, your humble servant.

The author of this letter is certainly a man of good sense; but I am perhaps particular in my opinion on this occasion; for I have observed that under the notion of modesty, men have indulged themselves in spiritless sheepishness, and been for ever lost to themselves, their families, their friends, and their country. When a man has taken care to pretend to nothing but what he may justly aim at, and can execute as well as any other, without injustice to any other; it is ever want of breeding or courage to be brow-beaten or elbowed out of his honest ambition. I have said often, modesty must be an act of the will, and yet it always implies self-denial; for if a man has an ardent desire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and, from an unmanly bashfulness, shrinks away, and lets his merit languish in silence, he ought not to be angry at the world that a more unskilful actor succeeds in his part, because he has not confidence to come upon the stage himself. The generosity my correspondent mentions of Pliny, cannot be enough applauded. To cherish the dawn of merit, and hasten it's maturity, was a work worthy a noble Roman and a liberal scholar. That concern which is described in the letter, is to all the world the greatest charm imaginable; but then the modest man must proceed, and shew a latent resolution in himself; for the admiration of his modesty arises from the manifestation of his merit. I must confess we live in an age wherein a few empty blusterers carry away the praise of speaking, while a crowd of fellows overstocked with knowledge are run down by them: I say, overstocked, because they certainly are so as to their service of mankind, if from their very store they raise to themselves ideas of respect, and greatness of the occasion, and I know not what, to disabuse themselves from explaining their thoughts. I must confess, when I have seen Charles Frankair rise up with a commanding mien, and torrent of handsome words, talk a mile off the purpose, and drive down twenty bashful boobies of ten times his

his sense, who at the same time were envying his impudence and despising his understanding, it has been matter of great mirth to me; but it soon ended in a secret lamentation, that the fountains of every thing praise-worthy in these realms, the universities, should be so muddled with a false sense of this virtue, as to produce men capable of being so abused. I will be bold to say, that it is a ridiculous education which does not

qualify a man to make his best appearance before the greatest man and the finest woman to whom he can address himself. Were this judiciously corrected in the nurseries of learning, pert coxcombs would know their distance: but we must bear with this false modesty in our young nobility and gentry, till they cease at Oxford and Cambridge to grow dumb in the study of eloquence.

T

## Nº CCCCLXXXV. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

NIHIL TAM FIRNUM EST, CUI PERICULUM NON SIT, ETIAM AB INVALIDO.  
QUINT. CURT. L. VII. C. 8.

THE STRONGEST THINGS ARE IN DANGER EVEN FROM THE WEAKEST.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**M**Y Lord Clarendon has observed, 'That few men have done more harm than those who have been thought to be able to do least; and there cannot be a greater error, than to believe a man whom we see qualified with too mean parts to do good, to be therefore incapable of doing hurt. There is a supply of malice, of pride, of industry, and even of folly, in the weakest, when he sets his heart upon it, that makes a strange progress in mischief.' What may seem to the reader the greatest paradox in the reflection of the historian, is, I suppose, that folly, which is generally thought incapable of contriving or executing any design, should be so formidable to those whom it exerts itself to molest. But this will appear very plain, if we remember that Solomon says, 'It is sport to a fool to do mischief;' and that he might the more emphatically express the calamitous circumstances of him who falls under the displeasure of this wanton person, the same author adds further, that 'a stone is heavy, and the sand weighty, but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both.' It is impossible to suppress my own illustration upon this matter, which is, That as the man of sagacity befriends himself to distrust his enemy by methods probable and reducible to reason, so the same reason will fortify his enemy to elude these his regular efforts; but your fool projects, acts, and concludes with such notable inconstitence, that no regular course of thought can evade or counterplot his

prodigious machinations. My frontispiece, I believe, may be extended to imply, that several of our misfortunes arise from things as well as persons, that seem of very little consequence. Into what tragical extravagancies does Shakespeare hurry Othello upon the loss of an handkerchief only? and what barbarities does Desdemona suffer from a slight inadvertency in regard to this fatal trifle? If the schemes of all enterprising spirits were to be carefully examined, some intervening accident, not considerable enough to occasion any debate upon, or give them any apprehension of ill consequence from it, will be found to be the occasion of their ill success, rather than any error in points of moment and difficulty, which naturally engaged their maturest deliberations. If you go to the levee of any great man, you will observe him exceeding gracious to several very insignificant fellows; and this upon this maxim, that the neglect of any person must arise from the mean opinion you have of his capacity to do you any service or prejudice; and that this calling his sufficiency in question, must give him inclination, and where this is, there never wants strength or opportunity to annoy you. There is no body so weak of invention, that cannot aggravate or make some little stories to vilify his enemy; and there are very few but have good inclinations to hear them, and it is infinite pleasure to the majority of mankind to level a person superior to his neighbours. Besides, in all matter of controversy, that you

which

as the greatest abilities labours his prejudice, that he will certainly suppose, upon account of his, to have done an injury, when he has received one. It would be to enumerate the strokes that and particular friends have suffered upon persons very contemptible. Duke Henry IV. of France, so far from his neighbours, could not be secured against the resolute villain Ravillac, than Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, could be against that Duke. And there is no incensed person so destitute, but can provide himself with a knife or a pistol, if he finds an opportunity to apply them. That things of no moment should give powerful revolutions to the pride of those of the greatest, seems a partial disposition to baffle and to the pride of human sufficiency; to engage the humanity and benevolence of superiors to all below them, by bringing them into this secret, that the stronger depends upon the weaker. I am, Sir, your very humble servant.

#### TEMPLE, PAPER BUILDINGS.

SIR,

I received a letter from you some time ago, which I should have answered long since, had you informed me in yours that part of this island I might have been of any impertinence; but having brought into the knowledge of that matter, this handsome excuse is no longer available. My neighbour Prettyman is the subject of this letter; who, in with the Spectator's doctrine during the month of May, began that season to dedicate himself to the service of the fair in the following manner. I observed at the beginning of the month he bought him a new nightgown, either side to be worn outwards, equally gorgeous and attractive; at the end of the month I did not fully into the knowledge of his intention, as the use of that garment was suggested to me. Now you know, that all new clothes raise in the wearer's imagination into his mind the idea of his being a much finer gentleman than he was before, banishing modesty and reflection, and giving rise to gallantry and amour. I therefore with this way of thinking, full of the spirit of the month

of May, did this merciless youth resolve upon the business of captivating. At first he confined himself to his room only, now and then appearing at his window in his night-gown, and practising that easy posture which expresses the very top and dignity of languishment. It was pleasant to see him diversify his loveliness, sometimes obliging the passengers only with a side face, with a book in his hand; sometimes being so generous as to expose the whole in the fulness of its beauty; at other times by a judicious throwing back his periwig, he would throw in his ears. You know he is that sort of person which the mob call a handsome jolly man; which appearance cannot miss of captives in this part of the town. Being emboldened by daily success, he leaves his room with a resolution to extend his conquests; and I have apprehended him in his night-gown smiling in all parts of this neighbourhood.

This I, being of an amorous complexion, saw with indignation, and had thoughts of purchasing a wig in these parts; into which, being at a greater distance from the earth, I might have thrown a very liberal mixture of white horse hair, which would make a fairer, and consequently a handsomer appearance, while my situation would secure me against any discoveries. But the passion to the handsome gentleman seems to be so fixed to that part of the building, that it may be extremely difficult to divert it to mine; so that I am resolved to stand boldly to the complexion of my own eye-brow, and prepare me an immense black wig of the same sort of structure with that of my rival. Now, though by this I shall not, perhaps, lessen the number of the admirers of his complexion, I shall have a fair chance to divide the passengers by the irresistible force of mine.

I expect sudden dispatches from you, with advice of the family you are in now, how to deport myself upon this so delicate a conjuncture; with some comfortable resolutions in favour of the handsome black man against the handsome fair-one. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

C.

N. B. He who writ this, is a black man, two pair of stairs; the gentleman of whom he writes, is fair, and one pair of stairs.



MR. SPECTATOR,

I Only say, that it is impossible for me to say how much I am, yours,

ROBIN SHORTER.

P. S. I shall think it a little hard, if you do not take as much notice of this epistle, as you have of the ingenious Mr. Short's. I am not afraid to let the world see which is the deeper man of the two.

ADVERTISEMENT. I

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 15.

WHEREAS a young woman on horse-back, in an equestrian habit, on the

13th instant in the evening met the Spectator within a mile and an half of this town, and flying in the face of justice, pulled off her hat, in which there was a feather, with the mien and air of a young officer, saying at the same time — 'Your servant, Mr. Spec.' or words to that purpose: this is to give notice, that if any person can discover the name, and place of abode of the said offender, so as she can be brought to justice, the informant shall have all fitting encouragement.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCLXXXVI. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

AUDIRE EST OPERÆ PRETIUM, PROCEDERE RECTE  
QUI MORCHIS NON VULTIS

HOR. SAT. II. L. I. VER. 38.

IMITATED.

ALL YOU, WHO THINK THE CITY NE'ER CAN THRIVE,  
TILL EVERY CUCKOLD-MAKER'S FLEA'D ALIVE,  
ATTEND———

POPE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**T**HERE are many of my acquaintance followers of Socrates, with more particular regard to that part of his philosophy which we, among ourselves, call his domestics; under which denomination, or title, we include all the conjugal joys and sufferings. We have indeed, with very great pleasure, observed the honour you do the whole fraternity of the hen-pecked, in placing that illustrious man at our head, and it does in a very great measure baffle the raillery of pert rogues who have no advantage above us, but in that they are single. But when you look about into the crowd of mankind, you will find the fair-sex reigns with greater tyranny over lovers than husbands. You shall hardly meet one in a thousand who is wholly exempt from their dominion, and those that are so are capable of no taste of life, and breathe and walk about the earth as insignificants. But I am going to desire your further favour in behalf of our harmlets brotherhood, and hope you will shew in a true light the unmarried hen-pecked, as well as you have done justice to us, who submit to the conduct of our wives. I am very particularly acquainted with one who is under intire submission to a kind girl, as he calls her; and though he knows I

have been witness both to the ill usage he has received from her, and his inability to resist her tyranny, he still pretends to make a jest of me for a little more than ordinary obsequiousness to my spouse. No longer than Tuesday last he took me with him to visit his mistress; and he having, it seems, been a little in disgrace before, thought by bringing me with him she would constrain herself, and insensibly fall into general discourse with him; and so he might break the ice, and save himself all the ordinary compunctions and mortifications she used to make him suffer before she would be reconciled, after any act of rebellion on his part. When we came into the room, we were received with the utmost coldness; and when he presented me as Mr. Such-a-one, his very good friend, she just had patience to suffer my salutation; but when he himself, with a very gay air, offered to follow me, she gave him a thundering box on the ear, called him a pitiful poor-spirited wretch, how durst he see her face? His wig and hat fell on different parts of the floor. She seized the wig too soon for him to recover it, and kicking it down stairs, threw herself into an opposite room, pulling the door after her with a force, that you would have thought the hinges would have given way. We went down, you may think.

th no very good countenances; e sneaked off, and were driven together, he confessed to me, inger was thus highly raised, e did not think fit to fight a n who had said, she was what

'But,' says he, 'a kind let-two, or fifty pieces, will put humour again.' I asked him

did not part with her; he an-he loved her with all the ten-imaginable, and she had too arms to be abandoned for a ckness of spirit. Thus does

timate hen-pecked overlook the iving no regard to his very life

; in putting him upon an in-dispute about her reputation;

e the confidence to laugh at me, obey my poor dear in keeping

arm's way, and not staying too my own family, to pass through

ds of a town full of ranters and es. You that are a philoso-

ld urge in our behalf, that when with a froward woman, our

is preserved, in consideration reach with her might be a dis-

to children who are descended and whose concern makes us

a thousand frailties, for fear ld redound dishonour upon the

. This and the like circum-which carry with them the most

regards of human life, may be d for our long-sufferings; but

se of gallants, they swallow ill m one to whom they have no

n, but from a base passion, is mean to indulge, and which

be glorious to overcome. sort of fellows are very nume-

l some have been conspicuously thout shame; nay, they have

a the jest in the very article of nd, to the diminution of the

nd happiness of their families, those honourably near to them,

immense wealth to their para-What is this but being a cully

ave! Sure this is being hen-ith a vengeance! But without

upon these less frequent in- of eminent culliyism, what is

there so common as to hear a fellow curse his fate that he cannot get rid of a pas-sion to a jilt, and quote a half line out of a miscellany poem to prove his weak-ness is natural? If they will go on thus, I have nothing to say to it: but then let them not pretend to be free all this while, and laugh at us as poor married patients.

I have known one wench in this town carry a haughty dominion over her lovers so well, that she has at the same time been kept by a sea-captain in the Straits, a merchant in the city, a country gentleman in Hampshire, and had all her correspondences managed by one she kept for her own uses. This happy man (as the phrase is) used to write very punctually, every post, letters for the mistress to transcribe. He would sit in his night-gown and slippers, and be as grave giving an account, only changing names, that there was nothing in those idle reports they had heard of such a scoundrel as one of the other lovers was; and how could he think she could condescend so low, after such a fine gentleman as each of them? For the same epistle said the same thing to and of every one of them. And so Mr. Secretary and his lady went to bed with great order.

To be short, Mr. Spectator, we husbands shall never make the figure we ought in the imaginations of young men growing up in the world, except you can bring it about that a man of the town shall be as infamous a character as a woman of the town. But of all that I have met in my time, commend me to Betty Duall; she is the wife of a sailor, and the kept mistress of a man of quality; she dwells with the latter during the sea-faring of the former. The husband asks no questions, sees his apartments furnished with riches not his, when he comes into port, and the lover is as joyful as a man arrived at his haven when the other puts to sea. Betty is the most eminently victorious of any of her sex, and ought to stand recorded the only woman of the age in which she lives, who has possessed at the same time two abused, and two contented

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCLXXXVII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER

CUM PROSTRATA SOPORE  
VERGET MEMBRA QUIES, ET MENS SINE FONDERE LUDIT.  
P. 1

WHILE SLEEP OPPRESSES THE TIR'D LIMBS, THE MIND  
PLAYS WITHOUT WEIGHT, AND WANTONS UNCONFIN'D.

**T**HOUGH there are many authors, who have written on dreams, they have generally considered them only as revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the world, or as presages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I shall consider this subject in another light, as dreams may give us some idea of the great excellency of a human soul, and some intimation of it's independency on matter.

In the first place, our dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in several faculties, and continues in action until her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul, when she is disincumbered of her machine; her sports and recreations, when she has laid her charge asleep.

In the second place, dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are disengaged from the body. The soul is clogged and retarded in her operations, when she acts in conjunction with a companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in it's motions. But in dreams it is wonderful to observe with what sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself. The flow of speech make unpremeditated harangues, or converse readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleasantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind,

than invention; yet in dream with that ease and activity not sensible when the faculty is ed. For instance, I believe some time or other, dream reading papers, books, or which ease the invention readily, that the mind is in and mistakes it's own sug the compositions of another

I shall, under this head, sage out of the Religio Medici the ingenious author gives of himself in his dreaming-  
ing thoughts. 'We are more than ourselves in our the slumber of the body but the waking of the fou ligation of sense, but the reason; and our waking do not match the fancies o At my nativity my ascend watery sign of Scorpio: in the planetary hour of Sa think I have a piece of planet in me. I am no w nor disposed for the mirth dize of company; yet in can compose a whole com the action, apprehend th laugh myself awake at thereof. Were my mem ful as my reason is then would never study but in and this time also would my devotions; but our gr ries have then so little ho stracted understandings, ti get the story, and can o our awakened souls a broken tale of that that h Thus it is observed that upon the hour of their de speak and reason above for then the soul beginning from the ligaments of th gius to reason like herself, course in a brain above u We may likewise observ

that the passions affect the mind after strength when we are asleep as when we are awake. Joy and sorrow give us more vigorous sensations of pleasure at this time, than any Devotion likewise, as the excellent above-mentioned has hinted, in every particular manner heightened and refined, when it rises in the soul so that the body is thus laid at every man's experience will inform in this matter, though it is observable, that this may happen differently in different constitutions. I conclude this head with the two foregoing problems, which I shall leave the solution of my reader. Suppose an always happy in his dreams, miserable in his waking thoughts, that his life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more or miserable? Were a man a king in dreams, and a beggar awake, armed as consequentially, and in unbroken schemes as he when awake, whether he would rather be a king or a beggar, or rather he would not be both?

There is another circumstance, which gives us a very high idea of the power of the soul, in regard to what we dream: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas then arise in her. Were that end watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what solitude would her hours of sleep be! Were the soul sensible of her own alone in her sleeping moments, in the same manner that she is sensible while awake, the time would hang heavy on her, as it often actually does in the dreams that she is in such

*Semperque relinqui  
semper longam incomitata videtur*

VIRG. ÆN. IV. VER. 466.

—She seems alone  
under in her sleep thro' ways unknown,  
dark and dark. DRYDEN.

this observation I only make by way of remark. What I would here remark, is the wonderful power in the soul, of being her own company on these occasions. She converses with numbers of her own creation, and is read into ten thousand scenes of a raising. She is herself the actor, and the beholder.

This puts me in mind of a saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus, 'That all men whilst they are awake are in one common world; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a world of his own.' The waking man is conversant in the world of nature; when he sleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul, which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian, namely, it's power of divining in dreams. That several such divinations have been made, none can question, who believes the holy writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night, proceed from any latent power in the soul, during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned; the matter of fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have been never suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

I do not suppose, that the soul in these instances is intirely loose and unfettered from the body; it is sufficient, if she is not so far sunk and immersed in matter, not intangled and perplexed in her operations, with such motions of blood and spirits, as when she actuates the machine in it's waking hours. The corporeal union is slackened enough to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring which is broke and weakened, when she operates more in concert with the body.

The speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, they are at least strong intimations, not only of the excellency of a human soul, but of it's independence on the body; and if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great points, which are established by many other reasons that are altogether unanswerable.

O

N<sup>o</sup> CCCCLXXXVIII. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

QUANTI EMPTÆ? PARVO. QUANTI ERGO? OCTO ASSIBUS. ERUD!

HOR. SAT. III. L. 2. VER. 136.

WHAT DOETH IT COST? NOT MUCH, UPON MY WORD.

NOW MUCH, PRAY? WHY, TWO-PENCE. TWO-PENCE! O LORD!

GREEK.

I Find, by several letters which I receive daily, that many of my readers would be better pleased to pay three-halfpence for my paper, than two-pence. The ingenious T. W. tells me, that I have deprived him of the best part of his breakfast, for that since the rise of my paper, he is forced every morning to drink his dish of coffee by itself, without the addition of the Spectator, that used to be better than lace to it. Eugenius informs me very obligingly, that he never thought he should have disliked any passage in my paper, but that of late there have been two words in every one of them, which he could heartily wish left out, viz. Price Two-pence. I have a letter from a soap-boiler, who consoles with me very affectionately, upon the necessity we both lie under of setting an high price on our commodities, since the late tax has been laid upon them, and desiring me when I write next on that subject, to speak a word or two upon the present duties on Castile soap. But there is none of these my correspondents, who writes with a greater turn of good sense and elegance of expression, than the generous Philomedes, who advises me to value every Spectator at Six pence, and promises that he himself will engage for above a hundred of his acquaintance, who shall take it in at that price.

Letters from the female world are likewise come to me, in great quantities, upon the same occasion; and as I naturally bear a great deference to this part of our species, I am very glad to find that those who approve my conduct in this particular, are much more numerous than those who condemn it. A large family of daughters have drawn me up a very handsome remonstrance, in which they set forth, that their father having refused to take in the Spectator, since the additional price was set upon it, they offered him up a moult to bate him the article of bread and butter in the tea-table account, provided the

Spectator might be served up to them every morning as usual. Upon this the old gentleman being pleased, it seems, with their desire of improving themselves, has granted them the continuance both of the Spectator and bread and butter, having given particular orders that the tea-table shall be set forth every morning with it's customary bill of fare, and without any manner of defalcation: I thought myself obliged to mention this particular, as it does honour to this worthy gentleman; and if the young lady Lætitia, who sent me this account, will acquaint me with his name, I will insert it at length in one of my papers, if he desires it.

I should be very glad to find out any expedient that might alleviate the expence which this my paper brings to any of my readers; and, in order to it, must propose two points to their consideration. First, that if they retrench any the smallest particular in their ordinary expence, it will easily make up the halfpenny a day which we have now under consideration. Let a lady sacrifice but a single ribbon to her morning studies, and it will be sufficient: let a family burn but a candle a night less than their usual number, and they may take in the Spectator without detriment to their private affairs.

In the next place, if the readers will not go to the price of buying my papers by retail, let them have patience, and they may buy them in the lump, without the burthen of a tax upon them. My speculations, when they are sold single, like cherries upon the stick, are delights for the rich and wealthy; after some time they come to market in great quantities, and are every ordinary man's money. The truth of it is, they have a certain flavour at their first appearance, from several accidental circumstances of time, place, and person, which they may lose if they are not taken early; but in this case every reader is to consider, whether it is not better for him to

a year behind hand with the able and polite part of the world, strain himself beyond his circles. My bookseller has now ten thousand of the third and fourth volumes, which he is ready to

having already disposed of as a new edition both of the first and second volumes. As he is a person of great credit is very well turned to his business, he thinks they would be a proper present to be made to persons of distinction, marriages, visitings, and the like joyful solemnities, as other books are frequently given as presents. He has printed them in a little portable volume, that many may be ranged together upon a table; and is of opinion, that a Spectator would be as acceptable entertainment to the ladies as a sweetmeat.

I conclude this paper with an apology lately sent to the writer of the Spectator, after having returned my thanks to the ingenious author of it.

HAVING heard the following epigram very much commended, I thought it has not yet had a place

in any of your papers; I think the suffrage of our Poet Laureat should not be overlooked, which shews the opinion he entertains of your paper, whether the notion he proceeds upon be true or false. I made bold to convey it to you, not knowing if it has yet come to your hands.

## ON THE SPECTATOR.

BY MR. TATE.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM  
NASCERIS

HOR. CARM. SÆC. V. 10.

YOU RISE ANOTHER AND THE SAME.

WHEN first the Tatler to a mutt was turn'd,

Great Britain for her Cenfor's silence mourn'd;  
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,

Till the Spectator rose, and blas'd as bright.  
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,  
And sigh'd, till circling day his joys renew'd,  
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,  
Whether a bright successor, or the same.  
So we; but now from this suspense are freed,  
Since all agree, who both with judgment

read,  
'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed.

O

## DCCCLXXXIX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

—Βαβυλὼν ἵσταν μὲν οὐρανὸν ὀψέσκει. HOM.

THE MIGHTY FORCE OF OCEAN'S TROUBLED FLOOD.

IN reading your essay concerning the Pleasures of the Imagination among the three sources of pleasures which you have discovered greatness is one. This has come to me the reason why, of all that I have ever seen, there is nothing which affects my imagination so much as the sea or ocean. I cannot see the greatness of this prodigious bulk of water in a calm, without a very astonishment; but when it is up in a tempest so that the hoar every side is nothing but foam and floating mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable at rises from such a prospect. I think, the biggest object I see in motion, and conse-

quently gives his imagination one of the highest kinds of pleasure that can arise from greatness. I must confess, it is impossible for me to survey this world of fluid matter, without thinking on the hand that first poured it out, and made a proper channel for its reception. Such an object naturally raises in my thoughts the idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his existence as much as a metaphysical demonstration. The imagination prompts the understanding, and by the greatness of the sensible object, produces in it the idea of a Being who is neither circumscribed by time nor space.

As I have made several voyages upon the sea, I have often been tossed in storms, and on that occasion have frequently reflected on the descriptions of them in ancient poets. I remember

Longinus highly recommends one in Homer, because the poet has not amused himself with little fancies upon the occasion, as authors of an inferior genius, whom he mentions, had done, but because he has gathered together those circumstances which are the most apt to terrify the imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a tempest. It is for the same reason, that I prefer the following description of a ship in a storm, which the Psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with. 'They that go down to the sea' in ships, that do business in great waters: these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waters thereof: they mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths, their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad, because they be quiet: so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.'

By the way, how much more comfortable, as well as rational, is this system of the Psalmist, than the Pagan scheme in Virgil, and other poets, where one deity is represented as raising a storm, and another as laying it? Were we only to consider the sublime in this piece of poetry, what can be nobler than the idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raising a tumult among the elements, and recovering them out of their confusion, thus troubling and calming nature?

Great painters do not only give us landkips of gardens, groves, and meadows, but very often employ their pencils upon sea-pieces: I could wish you would follow their example. If this small sketch may deserve a place among your works, I shall accompany it with

a divine Ode, made by a gentl upon the conclusion of his travels.

I.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal Wisdom is their guide;  
Their help, Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes I pass'd unharm'd  
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry soil,  
Made ev'ry region please:  
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,  
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
How with affrighted eyes,  
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep  
In all it's horrors rise!

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,  
And fear in ev'ry heart;  
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs  
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,  
Thy mercy set me free,  
Whilst in the confidence of pray'r  
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung  
High on the broken wave,  
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea that roar'd at thy command,  
At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore,  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And death, if death must be my doom,  
Shall join my soul to thee.

CCCCXC. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

DOMUS ET PLACENS Uxor.

HOR. OD. XIV. L. 2. VER. 214

TRY HOUSE AND PLEASING WIFE.

CREECH.

very long entertained an ambition to make the word Wife the agreeable and delightful name in

If it be not so in itself, all the rest of mankind from the beginning of the world to this day has committed an error: but our unhappiness and has been, that a few loose genius for pleasure have turned the gratification of ungoverned in despite of good sense, form, order; when, in truth, any satisfaction beyond the boundaries of reason is but a step towards madness. But is the sense of joy and accomplishment of desire no way to be improved or attained? and have we appeared us not to be at all gratified? Certainly: marriage is an institution for a constant scene of as much as our being is capable of. Two persons who have chosen each other of all the species, with design to each other's mutual comfort and contentment, have in that action bound themselves to be good-humoured, affectionate, forgiving, patient, and with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives. The wiser of the two (and it always happens that one of them is such) for her or his own sake, keep things straight with the utmost sanctity. This union is thus preserved, (as is often said) the most indifferent assistance administers delight. Their conversation is an endless source of new sensations. The married man can say, If I am unacceptable to all the world beside, there is one whom I love, that will receive me with content and transport, and think herself obliged to double her kindness and tenderness of me from the gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not resemble the sorrow of my heart: agreeable there, that very torquickness her affection.

A passion towards each other, when well fixed, enters into the very constitution, and the kindness flows as sweet and silently as the blood in the

veins. When this affection is enjoyed in the most sublime degree, unskillful eyes see nothing of it; but when it is subject to be changed, and has an alloy in it that may make it end in distaste, it is apt to break into rage, or overflow into fondness, before the rest of the world.

Uxander and Viramira are amorous and young, and have been married these two years; yet do they so much distinguish each other in company, that in your conversation with the dear things you are still put to a sort of cross-purposes. Whenever you address yourself in ordinary discourse to Viramira, she turns her head another way, and the answer is made to the dear Uxander: if you tell a merry tale, the application is still directed to her dear; and when she should commend you, she says to him, as if he had spoke it—'That is, my dear, so pretty.' This puts me in mind of what I have somewhere read in the admired memoirs of the famous Cervantes, where, while honest Sancho Pança is putting some necessary humble question concerning Rozinante, his supper, or his lodging, the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance is ever improving the harmless lowly hints of his squire to the poetical conceit, rapture, and flight, in contemplation of the dear Dulcinea of his affections.

On the other side, Dictamnus and Maria are ever squabbling, and you may observe them all the time they are in company, in a state of impatience. As Uxander and Viramira wish you all gone, that they may be at freedom for dalliance; Dictamnus and Maria wait your absence, that they may speak their harsh interpretations on each other's words and actions during the time you were with them.

It is certain that the greater part of the evils attending this condition of life, arises from fashion. Prejudice in this case is turned the wrong way, and instead of expecting more happiness than we shall meet with in it, we are laughed into a prepossession, that we shall be disappointed



disappointed if we hope for lasting satisfactions.

With all persons who have made good sense the rule of action, marriage is described as the state capable of the highest human felicity. Tully has epistles full of affectionate pleasure, when he writes to his wife, or speaks of his children. But above all the hints of this kind I have met with in writers of ancient date, I am pleased with an epigram of Martial, in honour of the beauty of his wife Cleopatra. Commentators say it was written the day after his wedding-night. When his spouse was retired to the bathing-room in the heat of the day, he, it seems, came in upon her when she was just going into the water. To her beauty and carriage on this occasion we owe the following epigram, which I shewed my friend Will. Honeycomb in French, who has translated it as follows, without understanding the original. I expect it will please the English better than the Latin reader.

When my bright consort, now nor wife  
nor maid,  
Aham'd and wanton, of embrace afraid,  
Fled to the streams, the streams my fair  
betray'd;  
To my fond eyes she all transparent flood,  
She blush'd, I smil'd at the slight covering  
flood.  
Thus thro' the glass the lovely lily glows,  
Thus through the ambient gem shines forth  
the rose.  
I saw new charms, and plung'd to seize my  
store,  
Kisses I snatch'd, the waves prevented more.

My friend would not allow that this lascivious account could be given of a wife, and therefore used the word Consort; which he learnedly said, would serve for a mistress as well, and give a

more gentlemanly turn to the epigram. But, under favour of him and all other such fine gentlemen, I cannot be persuaded but that the passion a bridegroom has for a virtuous young woman, will, by little and little, grow into friendship, and then it is ascended to a higher pleasure than it was in it's first fervour: Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate man who has entered into this state, and left the habitudes of life he might have enjoyed with a faithful friend. But when the wife proves capable of filling serious as well as joyous hours, she brings happiness unknown to friendship itself. Spenser speaks of each kind of love with great justice, and attributes the highest praise to friendship, and indeed there is no disputing that point, but by making that friendship take place between two married persons.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,  
When all three kinds of love together meet,  
And do dispart the heart with pow'r extreme,  
Whether shall weigh the balance down  
to wit,  
The dear affection unto kindred sweet,  
Or raging fire of love to womankind,  
Or seal of friends combin'd by virtues meet:  
But, of them all, the band of virtuous mind  
Methinks the gentle heart should most assured bind.

For natural affection soon doth cease,  
And quenched is with Cupid's greater flame;  
But faithful friendship doth them both suppress,  
And them with mastering discipline doth tame,  
Through thoughts aspiring to eternal fame.  
For as the soul doth rule the earthly mass,  
And all the service of the body frame;  
So love of soul doth love of body pass,  
No less than perfect gold surmounts the  
meanest brass.

## Nº CCCCXCI. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

—————DIGNA SATIS FORTUNA REVISIT.

VIRG. ÆN. III. VER. 328.

A JUST REVERSE OF FORTUNE ON HIM WAITS.

IT is common with me to run from book to book, to exercise my mind with many objects, and qualify myself for my daily labours. After an hour spent in this loitering way of reading, something will remain to be fool to the

imagination. The writings that please me most on such occasions are stories, for the truth of which there is good authority. The mind of man is naturally a lover of justice, and when we read a story wherein a criminal is overtaken,

ere is no quality which is pity, the soul enjoys a certain satisfaction for the offence done to it's wicked actions committed being part of the history. be better understood by the following narration it roins any thing which I can duce it.

Charles Duke of Burgundy, called The Bold, reigned over the French dominions now swallowed up by France, he heaped many honours upon Claudius a German, who had served him against the insults of his enemies. A great part of Zealand was in subjection to that

The prince himself was a singularly humane and just. He had no other real quality, but dissimulation enough in his generous and unsuspecting for a person of blunt honesty, without any vice that might hinder the execution of his highness prepossessed to his upon the decease of the governor his chief town of Zealand, he took that command. He was seated in that government, cast his eyes upon Sapphira, of exquisite beauty, the wife of a wealthy merchant of Zealand, he desired his protection and government.

Rhynsault was a man of a violent inclination, and violent inclination, and not unskilled in the art to win their favour. He it was to enjoy the satisfaction of being reaped from the possession, but was an utter stranger to civilities, honours, and delicacies, the passion towards them in his mind. However, he had so much of the world, that he had a great deal of the language which usually on the weaker part of that could with his tongue utter with which his heart was touched. He was one of those who which can be gratified with the least pity, passion, or with which they are so much

Ingratitude is a vice inseparable from a lustful man; and the first woman by him who has but allaying a passion pain-

ful to himself, is necessarily followed by distaste and aversion. Rhynsault being resolved to accomplish his will on the wife of Danvelt, left no arts untried to get into a familiarity at her house; but she knew his character and disposition too well, not to shun all occasions that might ensnare her into his conversation. The governor despairing of success by ordinary means, apprehended and imprisoned her husband, under pretence of an information that he was guilty of a correspondence with the enemies of the duke to betray the town into their possession. This design had it's desired effect; and the wife of the unfortunate Danvelt, the day before that which was appointed for his execution, presented herself in the hall of the governor's house, and as he passed through the apartment, threw herself at his feet, and holding his knees beseeched his mercy. Rhynsault beheld her with a dissembled satisfaction, and assuming an air of thought and authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to his closet; and asking her whether she knew the hand of the letter he pulled out of his pocket, went from her, leaving this admonition aloud—'If you will save your husband, you must give me an account of all you know without prevarication; for every body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the names of the rest of the conspirators, or any other particulars whatsoever.' He went to his closet, and soon after the lady was sent for to an audience. The servant knew his distance when matters of state were to be debated; and the governor laying aside the air with which he had appeared in public, began to be the supplicant, to rally an affliction, which it was in her power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent man from his imprisonment. She easily perceived his intention; and, bathed in tears, began to deprecate so wicked a design. Lust, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into it's service and subjection. Her becoming tears, her honest anguish, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her posture and figure in the vehemence of speaking, were but so many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and farther incentives of his desire. All humanity was lost in that one appetite, and

and he signified to her in so many plain terms, that he was unhappy until he had possessed her, and nothing less she should be the price of her husband's life; and she must, before the following noon, pronounce the death or enlargement of Danvelt. After this notification, when he saw Sapphira enough again distracted to make the subject of their discourse to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called servants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with insupportable affliction, she immediately repairs to her husband, and having signified to his gaolers, that she had a proposal to make to her husband from the governor, she was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had passed, and represented the endless conflict she was in between love to his person and fidelity to his bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp affliction this honest pair was in upon such an incident, in lives not used to any but ordinary occurrences. The man was bidden by shame from speaking what his fear prompted, upon so near an approach of death; but let fall words that signified to her he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet confessed to him that the governor had violated her person, since he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permission to save a life he had not resolution enough to resign for the safety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy Sapphira attended the governor, and being led into a remote apartment, submitted to his desires. Rhynsault commended her charms, claimed a familiarity after what had passed between them, and with an air of gaiety in the language of a gallant, bid her return, and take her husband out of prison: 'But,' continued he, 'my fair-one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an interruption to our future assignments.' The last words foreboded what she found when she came to the gaol, her husband executed by the order of Rhynsault.

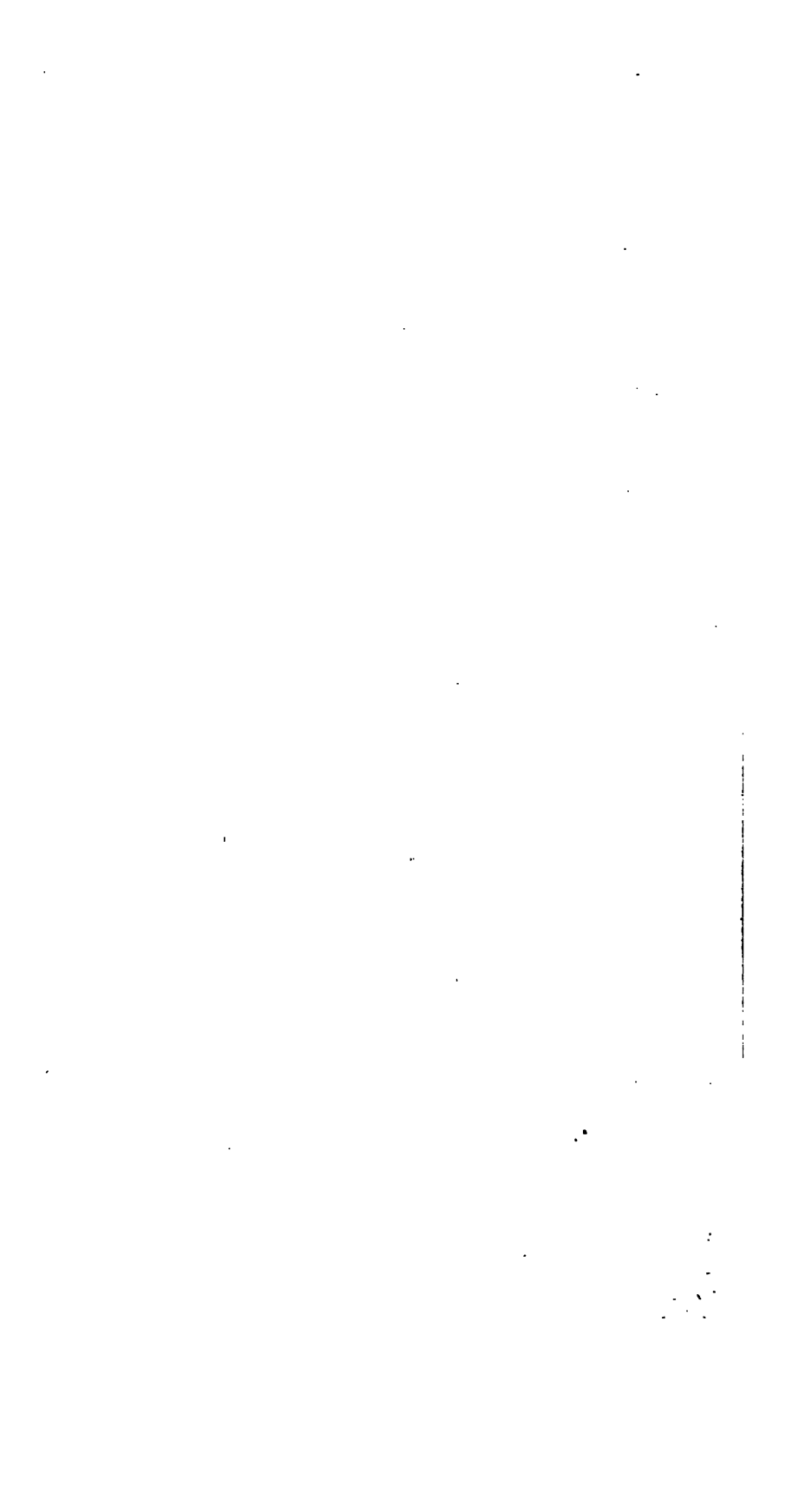
It was remarkable that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during the whole course of her affliction, uttered neither sigh nor complaint, but

stood fixed with grief at this manner of her misfortunes. She herself to her abode, and after in solitude paid her devotion who is the avenger of innocence repaired privately to court. Here and a certain grandeur of sort of forms, gained her presence of the duke her. As soon as she came into the she broke forth into the following: 'Behold, O mighty Charles, weary of life, though it has been spent with innocence and it is not in your power to redress my injuries, but it is to avenge and if the protection of the duke and the punishment of oppression I can talk worthy a prince, I Duke of Burgundy ample doing honour to his own glory and wiping infamy off from my name.'

When she had spoke this, she presented the duke a paper, which contained the story. He read it with all the indignation and pity could a prince, jealous of his honour and the behaviour of his officers, and of his subjects.

Upon an appointed day, she was sent for to court, and in the presence of a few of the council, confessed Sapphira: the prince asking—'know that lady?' Rhynsault as he could recover his surprise, told the duke he would marry her, if she herself would please to think thus. The duke seemed satisfied with this answer, and stood by the immediate solemnization of the ceremony. At the conclusion he told Rhynsault—'Thus far I have done as constrained by my duty. I shall not be satisfied of my usage of her, without you consent to your whole estate to her as a recompense.' To the performance of this the duke was a witness. These two acts were executed, and turned to the lady, and told her now remains for me to put you in quiet possession of what your husband has so bountifully bestowed, and ordered the immediate execution of Rhynsault.





CCCXCII. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

QUICQUID EST BONI MORIS LEVITATE EXTINGUITUR.

SENECA.

VIRTUE OF BEHAVIOUR IS THE BANE OF ALL THAT IS GOOD AND VIRTUOUS.

TUNBRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 18.

MR. SPECTATOR,

a young woman of eighteen years of age, and I do assure you, a spotless reputation, founded on a very careful carriage in all my words, and actions. At the same time I own to you, that it is with constraint to flesh and blood that my avowal is so strictly irreproachable. I am naturally addicted to a gaiety, to a free air, to moggling. Now what gives me a deal of anxiety, and is some dissent in the pursuit of virtue, the young women who run into freedoms with the men are more nice of than I am. The men are unthinking fools, that they do to her who restrains all her passions and affections, and keeps much below the bounds of what is lawful, to go to the utmost verge of insolence, and parleys at the very brink whether she shall be a wife or a

But I must appeal to your natural wisdom, who, I find, have tried much of your time in the woman, whether this is not a reasonable proceeding. I have elsewhere that Hobbes of Malmesbury—'That continent persons are more of what they contain, than who give a loose to their desires.' According to this rule, let there be equal wit, and equal good-humour, woman of prudence, and her of what stores has he to expect, is the former? what refuse must be contented with, who chooses the Well, but I sat down to write to vent my indignation against such creatures, who are addressed courted in this place, while poor woe or three like me, are wholly led.

One of these affects gaining the favour of your sex: this is generally attended by a particular manner of conversing with familiarity. Gly-

cera has a dancing walk, and keeps time in her ordinary gait. Chloe, her sister, who is unwilling to interrupt her conquests, comes into the room before her with a familiar run. Dulcissa takes advantage of the approach of the winter, and has introduced a very pretty shiver, closing up her shoulders, and shrinking as she moves. All that are in this mode carry their fans between both hands before them. Dulcissa herself, who is author of this air, adds the pretty run to it; and has also, when she is in very good-humour, a taking familiarity in throwing herself into the lowest seat in the room, and letting her hooped petticoats fall with a lucky decency about her. I know she practises this way of sitting down in her chamber; and indeed she does it as well as you may have seen an actress fall down dead in a tragedy. Not the least indecency in her posture. If you have observed what pretty carcasses are carried off at the end of a verse at the theatre, it will give you a notion how Dulcissa plumps into a chair. Here is a little country girl that is very cunning, that makes her use of being young and unbred, and outdoes the ensnarers, who are almost twice her age. The air that she takes is to come into company after a walk, and is very successfully out of breath upon occasion. Her mother is in the secret, and calls her romp, and then looks round to see what young men stare at her.

It would take up more than can come into one of your papers, to enumerate all the particular airs of the younger company in this place. But I cannot omit Dulceorella, whose manner is the most indolent imaginable, but still as watchful of conquest as the busiest virgin among us. She has a peculiar art of staring at a young fellow, till she sees she has got him, and enslaved him by so much observation. When she sees she has him, and he begins to toss his head upon it, she is immediately short-sighted, and labours to observe what he is at a distance with her eyes half shut.

Thus the captive, that thought her first struck, is to make very near approaches, or be wholly disregarded. This artifice has done more execution than all the ogling of the rest of the women here, with the utmost variety of half glances, attentive heedlessness, childish inadvertencies, haughty contempts, or artificial over-sights. After I have said thus much of ladies among us who fight thus regularly, I am to complain to you of a set of familiar romps, who have broken through all common rules, and have thought of a very effectual way of shewing more charms than all of us. These, Mr. Spectator, are the swingers. You are to know these careless pretty creatures are very innocents again; and it is to be no matter what they do, for it is all harmless freedom. They get on ropes, as you must have seen the children, and are swung by their men visitants. The jest is, that Mr. Such-a-one can name the colour of Mrs. Such-a-one's stockings: and she tells him he is a lying thief, so he is, and full of roguery; and she will lay a wager, and her sister shall tell the truth if he says right, and he cannot tell what colour her garters are of. In this diversion there are very many pretty shrieks, not so much for fear of falling, as that their petticoats should

untie: for there is a great care had to avoid improprieties: and the lover who swings the lady, is to tie her clothes very close with his hand, before she admits him to throw up her heels.

Now, Mr. Spectator, except you can note these wantonnesses in their beginnings, and bring us sober girls into observation, there is no help for it, we must swim with the tide; the coquettes are too powerful a party for us. To look into the merit of a regular and well-behaved woman is a slow thing. A loose trivial song gains the affections, when a wise homily is not attended to. There is no other way but to make war upon them, or we must go over to them. As for my part, I will shew all the world it is not for want of charms that I stand so long unasked: and if you do not take measures for the immediate redress of us rigids, as the fellows call us, I can move with a speaking mien, can look significantly, can lip, can trip, can loll, can start, can blush, can rage, can weep, if I must do it, and can be frightened as agreeably as any she in England. All which is humbly submitted to your spectatorial consideration with all humility, by your most humble servant,

T

MATILDA MOHAR.

## Nº CCCCXCHII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

QUALEM COMMENDES ETIAM ATQUE ETIAM ADSPICE, NE MOX INCUTIANT ALIENA TIBI PECCATA PUDOREM.

HOR. EP. XVIII. L. I. VER. 76.

COMMEND NOT, 'TILL A MAN IS THOROUGHLY KNOWN:  
A RASCAL PRAIS'D, YOU MAKE HIS FAULTS YOUR OWN.

ANON.

**I**T is no unpleasant matter of speculation to consider the recommendatory epistles that pass round this town from hand to hand, and the abuse people put upon one another in that kind. It is indeed come to that pass, that instead of being the testimony of merit in the person recommended, the true reading of a letter of this sort is—'The bearer hereof is so uneasy to me, that it will be an act of charity in you to take him off my hands; whether you prefer him or not, it is all one, for I have no manner of kindness for him, or obligation to him or his; and do what you please as to that.' As neglect

as men are in this respect, a point of honour is concerned in it; and there is nothing a man should be more ashamed of, than passing a worthless creature into the service or interests of a man who has never injured you. The women indeed are a little too keen in their resentments, to trespass often this way; but you shall sometimes know that the mistress and the maid shall quarrel, and give each other very free language, and at last the lady shall be pacified to turn her out of doors, and give her a very good word to any body else. Hence it is that you see, in a year and half's time, the same face a domestic to all sorts of

the town. Good-breeding and good-nature lead people in a great measure to this injustice: when suitors of no consideration will have confidence enough to press upon their superiors, those in power are tender of speaking the exceptions they have against them, and are mortgaged into promises out of their impatience of importunity. In this latter case, it would be a very useful inquiry to know the history of recommendations. There are, you must know, certain abettors of this way of torment, who make it a profession to manage the affairs of candidates: these gentlemen let out their impudence to their clients, and supply any defective recommendation, by informing how such and such a man is to be attacked. They will tell you, Get the least scrap from Mr. Such-a-one, and leave the rest to them. When one of these undertakers has your business in hand, you may be sick, absent in town or country, and the patron shall be worried, or you prevail. I remember to have been shewn a gentleman some years ago, who punished a whole people for their facility in giving their credentials. This person had belonged to a regiment which did duty in the West Indies, and by the mortality of the place happened to be commanding officer in the colony. He oppressed his subjects with great frankness, till he became sensible that he was heartily hated by every man under his command. When he had carried his point, to be thus detestable, in a pretended fit of disimour, and feigned uneasiness of living where he found he was so universally unacceptable, he communicated to the chief inhabitants a design he had to return for England, provided they would give him ample testimonials of their approbation. The planters came into it to a man, and in proportion to his deserving he quite contrary, the words, Justice, Generosity, and Courage, were inserted in his commission, not omitting the general good-liking of people of all conditions in the colony. The gentleman returns for England, and within a few months after came back to them their governor on the strength of their own testimonials.

Such a rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to easy recommenders, in the ordinary course of things from one hand to another; but how would a man bear it, if said to him, 'The person I took

'into confidence on the credit you gave him, has proved false, unjust, and has not answered any way the character you gave me of him.'

I cannot but conceive very good hopes of that rake Jack Toper of the Temple, for an honest scrupulousness in this point. A friend of his meeting with a servant that had formerly lived with Jack, and having a mind to take him, sent to him to know what faults the fellow had, since he could not please such a careless fellow as he was. His answer was as follows:

SIR,

THOMAS that lived with me was turned away because he was too good for me. You know I live in taverns; he is an orderly sober rascal, and thinks much to sleep in an entry until two in the morning. He told me one day when he was dressing me, that he wondered I was not dead before now, since I went to dinner in the evening, and went to supper at two in the morning. We were coming down Essex Street one night a little flustered, and I was giving him the word to alarm the watch; he had the imprudence to tell me it was against the law. You that are married, and live one day after another the same way, and so on the whole week, I dare say will like him, and he will be glad to have his meat in due season. The fellow is certainly very honest. My service to your lady. Yours,

J. T.

Now this was very fair dealing. Jack knew very well, that though the love of order made a man very awkward in his equipage, it was a valuable quality among the queer people who live by rule; and had too much good-sense and good-nature to let the fellow starve, because he was not fit to attend his vicacities.

I shall end this discourse with a letter of recommendation from Horace to Claudius Nero. You will see in that letter a slowness to ask a favour, a strong reason for being unable to deny his good word any longer, and that it is a service to the person to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked: all which are necessary circumstances, both in justice and good-breeding, if a man would ask so as to have reason to complain of a denial; and indeed a man should not



in strictness ask otherwise. In hopes the authority of Horace, who perfectly understood how to live with great men, may have a good effect towards amending this facility in people of condition, and the confidence of those who apply to them without merit, I have translated the epistle.

TO CLAUDIUS NERO.

312,

**S**EPTIMIUS, who waits upon you with this, is very well acquainted with the place you are pleased to allow me in your friendship. For when he beseeches me to recommend him to your notice, in such a manner as to be re-

ceived by you, who are delicate in the choice of your friends and domestics, he knows our intimacy, and understands my ability to serve him better than I do myself. I have defended myself against his ambition to be yours, as long as I possibly could; but fearing the imputation of hiding my power in you out of mean and selfish considerations, I am at last prevailed upon to give you this trouble. Thus, to avoid the appearance of a greater fault, I have put on this confidence. If you can forgive this transgression of modesty in behalf of a friend, receive this gentleman into your interests and friendship, and take it from me that he is an honest and a brave man.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXCIV. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

AGRITUDINEM LAUDARE, UNAM REM MAXIME DETESTABILEM, QUORUM SIT TANDEM PHILOSOPHORUM?

Cic.

WHAT KIND OF PHILOSOPHY IS IT, TO EXTOL MELANCHOLY, THE MOST DETESTABLE THING IN NATURE?

**A**BOUT an age ago it was the fashion in England, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much sanctity as possible into his face, and in particular to abstain from all appearances of mirth and pleasantrv, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The saint was of a sorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with spleen and melancholy. A gentleman, who was lately a great ornament to the learned world, has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous independent minister, who was head of a college in those times. This gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republic of letters, and just fitted out for the university with a good cargo of Latin and Greek. His friends were resolved that he should try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the independent minister whom I have before mentioned was governor. The youth, according to custom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a servant, who was one of that gloomy generation that were then in fashion. He conducted him, with great silence and seriousness, to a long gallery, which

was darkened at noon day, and had only a single candle burning in it. After a short stay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a taper, until at length the head of the college came out to him, from an inner room, with half a dozen night caps upon his head, and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled: but his fears increased, when, instead of being asked what progress he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace. His Latin and Greek stood him in little stead; he was to give an account only of the state of his soul; whether he was of the number of the elect; what was the occasion of his conversion; upon what day of the month, and hour of the day it happened; how it was carried on, and when completed. The whole examination was summed up with one short question, namely, Whether he was prepared for death? The boy, who had been bred up by honest parents, was frightened out of his wits at the solemnity of the proceeding, and by the last dreadful interrogatory; so that upon making his escape out of this house of mourning,

d never be brought a second time examination, as not being able to surmount the terrors of it.

Withstanding this general form and of religion is pretty well worn among us, there are many persons, by a natural uncheerfulness of mistaken notions of piety, or fears of understanding, love to in this uncomfortable way of life, give themselves up a prey to grief and melancholy. Superstitious fears and endless scruples cut them off from pleasures of conversation, and all social entertainments which are very innocent, but laudable: as if it was made for reprobates, and hardness of heart denied those who are only persons that have a proper spirit.

Sombrios is one of these sons of sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in duty to lead a sad and disconsolate. He looks for an sudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptismal vow. An innocent jest to him like blasphemy. Tell him who is advanced to a title of nobility, he lifts up his hands and eyes; at a public ceremony, he shakes his head; shew him a gay equipage, he looks on himself. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. He is wanton, and wit profane. He was dandied at youth for being lively, and in childhood for being playful. He is a chattering, or marriage-feast, at a funeral; sighs at the conclusion of a merry story, and grows devout when the rest of the company grow pleasured. After all, Sombrios is a religious man, and would have behaved himself properly, had he lived when Christ was under a general persecution. He could by no means presume to tax characters with hypocrisy, as is too frequently; that being a vice I think none but he, who knows the secrets of men's hearts, should pretend to discover in another, where the proof of it do not amount to a demonstration. On the contrary, as there are excellent persons, who are weighed down by this habitual sorrow of life, they rather deserve our compassion and our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider whether such a behaviour does not detract from a religious life, by represent-

ing it as an unsocial state, that extinguishes all joy and gladness, darkens the face of nature, and destroys the relief of being itself.

I have, in former papers, shewn how great a tendency there is to cheerfulness in religion, and how such a frame of mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous person. In short, those who represent religion in so unamiable a light, are like the spies, sent by Moses to make a discovery of the land of Promise, when by their reports they discouraged the people from entering upon it. Those who shew us the joy, the cheerfulness, the good humour, that naturally spring up in this happy state, are like the spies bringing along with them the clusters of grapes, and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleasant country which produced them.

An eminent pagan writer has made a discourse, to shew that the atheist, who denies a God, does him less dishonour than the man who owns his being, but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to human nature. 'For my own part,' says he, 'I would rather it should be said of me, that there was never any such man as Plutarch, than that Plutarch was ill-natured, capricious, or inhumane.'

If we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the Divine Being, and the exercise of virtue, are in their own nature so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of religion cheers, as well as composes the soul; it banishes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself.

Nº CCCCXCV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

BURIS UT ILLEX TONSA BIPENNIBUS  
NIGRA FERACI FRONDIS IN ALGIDO,  
PER DAMNA, PER CADES, AB IPSO  
DUCIT OPES ARIMUMQUE FERRO.

HOR. OD. IV. L. 4. VER. 57.

— LIKE AN OAK ON SOME COLD MOUNTAIN'S BROW,  
AT EVERY WOUND THEY SPROUT AND GROW :  
THE AX AND SWORD NEW VIGOUR GIVE,  
AND BY THEIR RUINS THEY REVIVE.

ANON.

AS I am one, who, by my profession, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I consider with so much pleasure, as those who have any thing new or extraordinary in their characters, or ways of living. For this reason I have often amused myself with speculations on the race of people called Jews, many of whom I have met with in most of the considerable towns which I have passed through in the course of my travels. They are, indeed, so disseminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the instruments by which the most distant nations converse with one another, by which mankind are knit together in a general correspondence: they are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, though they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten tracks of observation, I shall consider this people in three views: first, with regard to their number; secondly, their dispersion; and, thirdly, their adherence to their religion: and afterwards endeavour to shew, first, what natural reasons, and, secondly, what providential reasons, may be assigned for these three remarkable particulars.

The Jews are looked upon by many to be as numerous at present, as they were formerly in the land of Canaan.

This is wonderful, considering the dreadful slaughter made of them under some of the Roman emperors, which historians describe by the death of many hundred thousands in a war; and the innumerable massacres and persecutions they have undergone in Turkey, as well as in all Christian nations of the world. The Rabbins, to express the great havoc which has been sometimes made

of them, tell us, after their usual manner of hyperbole, that there were such torrents of holy blood shed as carried rocks of an hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the sea.

Their dispersion is the second remarkable particular in this people. They swam over all the East; and are settled in the remotest parts of China: they are spread through most of the nations of Europe and Africa, and many families of them are established in the West Indies: not to mention whole nations bordering on Prester-John's country, and some discovered in the inner parts of America, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

Their firm adherence to their religion, is no less remarkable than their numbers and dispersion, especially considering it as persecuted or condemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewise the more remarkable, if we consider the frequent apostacies of this people, when they lived under their kings in the land of Promise, and within sight of their temple.

If in the next place we examine, what may be the natural reasons for these three particulars which we find in the Jews, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the first place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their constant employment, their abstinence, their exemption from wars, and, above all, their frequent marriages; for they look on celibacy as an accursed state, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the Messiah may descend from them.

The dispersion of the Jews into all the nations of the earth, is the second remarkable particular of that people, though not so hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple with

in view, for which reason they have been driven out of their old mansions in the land of Promise. They have often been banished out of most places where they have settled, must very much disperse and scatter them, and oblige them to seek a new place where they can find it. Because the whole people is now a race of merchants as are wanderers by profession, at the same time, are in most places incapable of either lands or houses, that might engage them to any part of the world their home. Their dispersion would probably have been in religion, had it not been for the strength of its constitution; they are to live all in a body, generally within the same inclosure; they are among themselves, and to eat and drink that are not killed or prepared in any other way. This shuts them out from all table-conversation, and the agreeable intercourses of life; and, in consequence, excludes them from the most agreeable means of conversion. In the last place, we consider what

providential reasons may be assigned for these three particulars; we shall find that their numbers, dispersion, and adherence to their religion, have furnished every age, and every nation of the world, with the strongest arguments for the Christian Faith, not only as these very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themselves are the depositaries of these and all the other prophecies, which tend to their own confusion. Their number furnishes us with a sufficient cloud of witnesses that attest the truth of the old Bible. Their dispersion spreads these witnesses through all parts of the world. The adherence to their religion makes their testimony unquestionable. Had the whole body of the Jews been converted to Christianity, we should certainly have thought all the prophecies of the Old Testament, that relate to the coming and history of our blessed Saviour, forged by Christians, and have looked upon them, with the prophecies of the Sibyls, as made many years after the events they pretended to foretell.

O

## CCCCXCVI. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

IGNATUM PARITER UTI HIS DECUIT AUT ETIAM AMPLIUS,  
QUOD ILLA ÆTAS MAGIS AD HÆC UTENDA IDONEA EST.

TER. HEAUT. ACT. I. SC. I.

YOUTH OUGHT TO HAVE SHARED IN THESE THINGS, BECAUSE YOUTH IS BEST  
SUITED TO THE ENJOYMENT OF THEM.

SPECTATOR,

THOSE ancients who were the most accurate in their remarks on the nature and temper of mankind, by observing the various bent and scope of human actions throughout the progress of life, have with great exactness allotted to every age, according to the different circumstances of our condition and fortune, through the several periods of it. Hence they were not easily to excuse those excesses which might possibly arise from a too great pursuit of the affections more immediately proper to each state: they in the levity of childhood with ease, overlooked the gaiety of youth with good-nature, tempered the ambition and impatience of manhood with discretion, and imputed the tenacious avarice of old age to their want of relish for any

other enjoyment. Such allowances as these were no less advantageous to common society than obliging to particular persons; for by maintaining a decency and regularity in the course of life, they supported the dignity of human nature, which then suffers the greatest violence when the order of things is inverted; and in nothing is it more remarkably vilified and ridiculous, than when feebleness preposterously attempts to adorn itself with that outward pomp and lustre, which serve only to set off the bloom of youth with better advantage. I was insensibly carried into reflections of this nature, by just now meeting Paulino (who is in his climacteric) bedecked with the utmost splendour of dress and equipage, and giving an unbounded loose to all manner of pleasure, whilst his only son is debarred all innocent diversion, and may be seen frequently solacing himself in the Mall with no other

other attendance than one antiquated servant of his father's for a companion and director.

It is a monstrous want of reflection, that a man cannot consider, that when he cannot resign the pleasures of life in his decay of appetite and inclination to them, his son must have a much uneasy task to resist the impetuosity of growing desires. The skill therefore should, methinks, be to let a son want no lawful diversion, in proportion to his future fortune, and the figure he is to make in the world. The first step towards virtue that I have observed in young men of condition that have run into excesses, has been that they had a regard to their quality and reputation in the management of their vices. Narrowness in their circumstances has made many youths, to supply themselves as debauchees, commence cheats and rascals. The father who allows his son to his utmost ability avoids this latter evil, which as to the world is much greater than the former. But the contrary practice has prevailed so much among some men; that I have known them deny them what was merely necessary for education suitable to their quality. Poor young Antonio is a lamentable instance of ill conduct in this kind. The young man did not want natural talents; but the father of him was a coxcomb, who affected being a fine gentleman so unmercifully, that he could not endure in his sight, or the frequent mention of one, who was his son, growing into manhood, and thrusting him out of the gay world. I have often thought the father took a secret pleasure in reflecting that when that fine house and seat came into the next hands, it would revive his memory, as a person who knew how to enjoy them, from observation of the rusticity and ignorance of his successor. Certain it is that a man may, if he will, let his heart close to the having no regard to any thing but his dear self, even with exclusion of his very children. I recommend this subject to your consideration, and am, Sir, your most humble servant,

T. B.

LONDON, SEPT. 26, 1712.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am just come from Tunbridge, and have since my return read Mrs. Malinda Mohair's letter to you: she pre-

tends to make a mighty story of diversion of swinging in that. What was done, was only emotions; and no man swung any who was not second-cousin at. She is pleased to say, care was that the gallants tied the ladies fore they were wasted into the air she is so spiteful, I will tell you the truth: there was no such nicety ed, since we were all, as I just you, near relations; but Mrs. herself has been swung there, invents all this malice, because observed she had crooked legs, I was an eye-witness. Your servant,

RACHEL SHOES.

TUNBRIDGE, SEPT. 2.

MR. SPECTATOR,

WE have just now read you containing Mrs. Mohair's. It is an invention of her own fiend to the other; and I desire you print the inclosed letter by its shorten it so as to come within the pass of your half sheet. She is malicious minx in the world, & looks so innocent. Do not let that part about her being in her father's butler, which she shun men; for that is the truth all. Your humble servant,

SARAH.

P. S. She has crooked legs.

TUNBRIDGE, SEPT. 3.

MR. SPECTATOR,

ALL that Mrs. Mohair is at against the good company place, is, that we all know crooked legs. This is certain I do not care for putting my name, because one would not be in the creature.

Your humble servant

TUNBRIDGE, SEPT. 4.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THAT insufferable prude hair, who has told such the company here, is with all her nice airs and her crooked legs be sure to put her in for both things, and you will oblige me here, especially your humble servant.

ALICE BLOW.

CCCCXCVII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

Οὗτος ἐστὶ γαλήνης γέρον.

MENANDER.

A CUNNING OLD FOX THIS!

Favour well bestowed is almost as great an honour to him who confers it as to him who receives it. What makes for the superior reputation of the patron in this case is, that he is surrounded with specious pretences of unworthy candidates, and is alone in the kind inclination he shows towards the well-deserving. Justice is first quality in the man who is in of direction; and I remember to have heard an old gentleman talk of the case, and in his relation give an account of a general officer, who with no quality, without any shining merits, became so popularly beloved and honoured, that all decisions of a man and man were laid before the parties concerned in a private way, and they would lay by their animosity implicitly, if he bid them be so, or submit themselves in the matter without reluctance, if he said it, and waiting the judgment of courts. His manner was to keep the list of all commissions in his closet, and to dismiss from the service such as were deficient in their duty; and that took care to prefer according to the order of battle. His familiars were intimate friends, and could have rested views in courting his acquaintance; for his affection was no detriment to their preferment, though it was to their reputation. By this means a kiss, a salutation, a smile, and out of his hand, had the weight of esteem by vulgar minds more than equal to his business. His business was very short, who had nothing to do but just as never affronted with a request familiar daily visitant for what was a brave man at a distance. Extraordinary merit he used to recommend for some distinction at home, in order of battle made way for him in the troops. Add to this, he had an excellent manner of getting of such whom he observed were at a halt, as his phrase was. *this description he comprehended & who were contented to live*

without reproach, and had no promptitude in their minds towards glory. These fellows were also recommended to the king, and taken off of the general's hands into posts wherein diligence and common honesty were all that were necessary. This general had no weak part in his line, but every man had as much care upon him, and as much honour to lose as himself. Every officer could answer for what passed where he was, and the general's presence was never necessary any where, but where he had placed himself at the first disposition, except that accident happened from extraordinary efforts of the enemy which he could not foresee; but it was remarkable that it never fell out from failure in his own troops. It must be confessed the world is just so much out of order, as an unworthy person possesses what should be in the direction of him who has better pretensions to it.

Instead of such a conduct as this old fellow used to describe in his General, all the evils which have ever happened among mankind have arose from the wanton disposition of the favours of the powerful. It is generally all that men of modesty and virtue can do, to fall in with some whimsical turn in a great man, to make way for things of real and absolute service. In the time of Don Sebastian of Portugal, or some time since, the first minister would let nothing come near him but what bore the most profound face of wisdom and gravity. They carried it so far, that, for the greater shew of their profound knowledge, a pair of spectacles tied on their noses, with a black ribbon round their heads, was what completed the dress of those who made their court at his levee, and none with naked noses were admitted to his presence. A blunt honest fellow, who had a command in the train of artillery, had attempted to make an impression upon the porter day after day in vain, until at length he made his appearance in a very thoughtful dark suit of cloaths, and two pair of spectacles on at once. He was conducted

from room to room, with great deference, to the minister; and carrying on the farce of the place, he told his excellency that he had pretended in this manner to be wiser than he really was, but with no ill intention; but he was honest Such-a-one of the train, and he came to tell him that they wanted wheel-barrows and pick-axes. The thing happened not to displease, the great man was seen to smile, and the successful officer was reconducted with the same profound ceremony out of the house.

When Leo X. reigned Pope of Rome, his holiness, though a man of sense, and of an excellent taste of letters, of all things affected fools, buffoons, humourists, and coxcombs: whether it were from vanity, and that he enjoyed no talents in other men but what were inferior to him, or whatever it was, he carried it so far, that his whole delight was in finding out new fools, and, as our phrase is, playing them off, and making them shew themselves to advantage. A priest of his former acquaintance suffered a great many disappointments in attempting to find access to him in a regular character, until at last in despair he retired from Rome, and returned in an equipage so very fantastical, both as to the dress of himself and servants, that the whole court were in an emulation who should first introduce him to his holiness. What added to the expectation his holiness had of the pleasure he should have in his follies, was, that this fellow, in a dress the most exquisitely ridiculous, desired he might speak to him alone, for he had matters of the highest importance, upon which he wanted a conference. Nothing could be denied to a coxcomb of so great hope; but when they were apart, the impostor revealed himself, and spoke as follows:

'Do not be surpris'd, most holy father, at seeing, instead of a coxcomb to laugh at, your old friend, who has taken this way of access to admonish

'you of your own folly. ( 'thing shew your holiness how 'thily you treat mankind, m 'my being put upon this diffi 'speak with you? It is a d 'folly to delight to see it in oth 'it is the greatest insolence im 'to rejoice in the disgrace of 'nature. It is a criminal hu 'a person of your holiness's 'standing, to believe you can 'but in the conversation of h: 'humourists, coxcombs, and b 'If your holiness has a mind 'verted like a rational man, y 'a great opportunity for it, in c 'all the impertinents you have 'of all their riches and trap 'once, and bestowing them on t 'ble, the virtuous, and the m 'your holiness is not concerne 'sake of virtue and religion, b 'to reflect, that for the sake 'own safety it is not proper 'very much in jest. When t 'is thus merry, the people wil 'begin to think many things 'they have hitherto beheld w 'veneration, are in themselves 'of scorn and derision. If th 'get a trick of knowing how t 'your holiness's saying this se 'one night-cap, and the other 'other, the change of your 'bringing you your staff in t 'of a prayer, then stripping ye 'vest and clapping on a secon 'divine service, will be found 'have nothing in it. Conside 'that at this rate a head will be 'ed never the wiser for being t 'the ignorant will be apt to s 'going barefoot does not at all 'in the way to heaven. The 'and the cowl will fall under 'contempt; and the vulgar wi 'to our faces that we shall hav 'thority over them, but from 'of our arguments, and the 'of our lives.'

CCXCVIII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1.

—FRUSTRA RETINACULA TENDENS

TUR EQUIS AURIGA, NEQUE AUDIT CURRUS HABENAS.

VIRG. GEORG. I. VER. 514.

REINS, NOR CURBS, NOR CRIES, THE HORSES FEAR,  
 FORCE ALONG THE TREMBLING CHARIOTEER. DRYDEN.

SPECTATOR-GENERAL OF GREAT BRITAIN.

FARTHER END OF THE WIND-  
 OFFICE-HOUSE IN DEVEREUX  
 MONDAY EVENING, TWEN-  
 TY MINUTES AND A HALF  
 10.

DUMB,

to use no farther preface, if I tell you that I have seen a hackman, when he has come his fare, which has consisted three very fine ladies, hand and salute every one of them of familiarity, without giving offence, you would perhaps be guilty of a gasconade. But I shew myself from that imputation, plain this matter to you, I assure that there are many illustrious persons in this city, who frequently shew themselves by driving of a hack-

but those whom, above all, I could recommend to you, are gentlemen belonging to our court. We have, I think, about twenty hackmen, who have chambers in the Temple; and as it is reasonable to suppose that others will follow their example, they may perhaps in time (if it should be convenient) be drove after by our own fraternity, every fifth person to apply his name in this way, which is but a small reputation, as the humour is to take. It is to be hoped that there are in the other nurseries to be found a proportion of these hopeful plants, up to the everlasting renown of our country. Of how long this humour has been, I know not; the first time I had any particular notice of it, was about eleven months, when being upon Heath with some of these young men, who went thither for the sake of contemplation,

nothing would serve them but I must go through a course of this philosophy too; and being ever willing to embellish myself with any commendable qualification, it was not long ere they persuaded me into the coach-box; nor indeed much longer, before I underwent the fate of brother Phaeton; for having drove about fifty paces with pretty good success, through my own natural sagacity, together with the good instructions of my tutors, who, to give them their due, were on all hands encouraging and assisting me in this laudable undertaking; I say, Sir, having drove about fifty paces with pretty good success, I must needs be exercising the lash, which the horses resented so ill from my hands, that they gave a sudden start, and thereby pitched me directly upon my head, as I very well remembered about half an hour afterwards, which not only deprived me of all the knowledge I had gained for fifty yards before, but had like to have broke my neck into the bargain. After such a severe reprimand, you may imagine I was not very easily prevailed with to make a second attempt; and indeed, upon mature deliberation, the whole science seemed, at least to me, to be surrounded with so many difficulties, that notwithstanding the unknown advantages which might have accrued to me thereby, I gave over all hopes of attaining it; and I believe had never thought of it more, but that my memory has been lately refreshed by seeing some of these ingenious gentlemen ply in the open streets, one of which I saw receive so suitable a reward to his labours, that though I know you are no friend to story-telling, yet I must beg leave to trouble you with this at large.

About a fortnight since, as I was diverting myself with a pennyworth of walnuts at the Temple gate, a lively young fellow in a fustian jacket shot by me, beckoned a coach, and told the coach-



coachman he wanted to go as far as Chelsea: they agreed upon the price, and this young gentleman mounts the coach-box; the fellow staring at him, desired to know, if he should not drive until they were out of town? 'No, no,' replied he: he was then going to climb up to him, but received another check, and was then ordered to get into the coach or behind it, for that he wanted no instructors; 'But be sure, you dog, you,' says he, 'do not balk me.' The fellow thereupon surrendered his whip, scratched his head, and crept into the coach. Having myself occasion to go into the Strand about the same time, we started both together; but the streets being very full of coaches, and he not so able a coachman as perhaps he imagined himself, I had soon got a little way before him; often, however, having the curiosity to cast my eye back upon him, to observe how he behaved himself in this high station; which he did with great composure, until he came to the pass, which is a military term the brothers of the whip have given to the strait at St. Clement's church: when he was arrived near this place, where are always coaches in waiting, the coachmen began to suck up the muscles of their cheeks, and to tip the wink upon each other, as if they had some roguery in their heads, which I was immediately convinced of; for he no sooner came within reach, but the first of them with his whip took the exact dimension of his shoulders, which he very ingeniously called endorling; and indeed I must say, that every one of them took due care to endorse him as he came through their hands. He seemed at first a little uneasy under the operation, and was going in all haste to take the number of their coaches; but at length, by the mediation of the worthy gentleman in the

coach, his wrath was assuaged, and prevailed upon to pursue his journey, though indeed I thought they had such a spoke in his wheel, as habilitated him from being a coachman that day at least: for I am much taken, Mr. Spectator, if some of the denunciations were not wrote with so a hand, that they are still legible, my enquiring the reason of this unsalutation, they told me, that it is custom among them, whenever they saw a brother tottering or unsteady in his post, to lend him a hand, in order to settle him again therein. For my part I thought their allegations reasonable, and so marched off. Our coachmen, we abound in other sorts of ingenious robustness, who, I hope, will not take it amiss giving you an account of several recreations to another of my party. In the mean time, if you would bestow a little of your wholesome advice upon our coachmen, it might perhaps be a reprieve to some of their necks. I understand you have several inquiries under you, if you would but sit amongst us here in the Temple, persuaded he would not want amendment. But I leave this to your consideration, and am, Sir, your servant,

MOSES GREE

P. S. I have heard our critics in coffee-houses hereabout talk mightily of the unity of time and place: as to my notion of the matter, I have devoured at something like the beginning of my epistle. I desire to inform a little as to that part. In my next I design to give you an account of excellent watermen introduced to the law, and far outdone by students above-mentioned.

## Nº CCCXCIX. THURSDAY, OCTOBER

—NIMIS UNCIS  
NARIUS INDULGET—

PERS. SAT. I. VE

—YOU DRIVE THE JEST TOO FAR.

DRYDEN

**M**Y friend Will Honeycomb has told me for above this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a *Spectator*, and that he would fain

have one of his writing in my *Spectator*. This morning I received from him the following letter, which, after rectifying some little orthographi-

takes, I shall make a present of to the public.

DEAR SPEC,

I Was about two nights ago in company with very agreeable young people of both sexes, where talking of some of your papers which are written on conjugal love, there arose a dispute among us, whether there were not more bad husbands in the world than bad wives. A gentleman, who was advocate for the ladies, took this occasion to tell us the story of a famous siege in Germany, which I have since found related in my historical dictionary, after the following manner. When the Emperor Contade the Third had besieged Gudolphus, Duke of Bavaria, in the city of Herberg, the women finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the emperor that they might depart out of it, with so much as each of them could carry. The emperor knowing they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition: when the woman, to his great surprise, came out of the place with every one her husband upon her back. The emperor was so moved at the sight, that he burst into tears, and after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave the men to their wives, and received the duke into his favour.

The ladies did not a little triumph at this story, asking us at the same time, whether in our consciences we believed that the men in any town of Great Britain would, upon the same offer, and at the same conjuncture, have loaded themselves with their wives; or rather, whether they would not have been glad of such an opportunity to get rid of them? To this my very good friend Tom Dapperwit, who took upon him to be the mouth of our sex, replied, that they would be very much to blame if they would not do the same good office for the women, considering that their strength would be greater, and their burthen lighter. As we were amusing ourselves with discourses of this nature, in order to pass away the evening, which now begins to grow tedious, we fell into that laudable and primitive diversion of questions and commands. I was no sooner vested with the regal authority, but I enjoined all the ladies, under pain of my displeasure, to tell the com-

pany ingenuously, in case they had been in the siege above-mentioned, and had the same offers made them as the good women of that place, what every one of them would have brought off with her, and have thought most worth the saving? There were several merry answers made to my question, which entertained us until bed-time. This filled my mind with such a bundle of ideas, that upon my going to sleep, I fell into the following dream.

I saw a town of this island, which shall be nameless, invested on every side, and the inhabitants of it so straitened as to cry for quarter. The general refused any other terms than those granted to the above-mentioned town of Herberg, namely, that the married women might come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately the city gates flew open, and a female procession appeared, multitudes of the sex following one another in a row, and staggering under their respective burdens. I took my stand upon an eminence in the enemy's camp, which was appointed for the general rendezvous of these female criminals, being very desirous to look into their several luggages. The first of them had a huge sack upon her shoulders, which she set down with great care: upon the opening of it, when I expected to have seen her husband shot out of it, I found it was filled with china-ware. The next appeared in a most decent figure, carrying a handsome young fellow upon her back: I could not forbear commending the young woman for her conjugal affection, when, to my great surprise, I found that she had left the good man at home, and brought away her gallant. I saw the third, at some distance, with a little withered face peeping over her shoulder, whom I could not suspect for any but her spouse, until upon her setting him down I heard her call him Dear Pug, and found him to be her favourite monkey. A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along with her; and the fifth a Bologna lap-dog; for her husband, it seems, being a very burly man, she thought it would be less trouble for her to bring away little Cupid. The next was the wife of a rich usurer, loaded with a bag of gold; she told us that her spouse was very old, and by the course of nature could not expect to live long; and that to shew her tender regards for him

him, she had saved that which the poor man loved better than his life. The next came towards us with her son upon her back, who, we were told, was the greatest rake in the place, but so much the mother's darling, that she left her husband behind with a large family of hopeful sons and daughters, for the sake of this graceless youth.

It would be endless to mention the several persons, with their several loads, that appeared to me in this strange vision. All the place about me was covered with packs of ribbons, brocades, embroideries, and ten thousand other materials, sufficient to have furnished a whole street of toy-shops. One of the women, having a husband, who was none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her shoulders, at the same time that she carried a great bundle of Flanders lace under her arm; but finding herself so over-laden, that she could not save both of them, she dropped the good man, and brought away the bundle. In short, I found but one husband among this great mountain of baggage, who was a lively cobbler, that kicked and spurred all the while his wife was carrying him on, and, as it was said, had scarce passed a day in his life with-

out giving her the discipline of the strap.

I cannot conclude my letter, dear Spec, without telling thee one very odd whim in this my dream. I saw, methought, a dozen women employed in bumping off one man; I could not guess who it should be, until upon his nearer approach I discovered thy short phiz. The women all declared that it was for the sake of thy warts, and not thy person, that they brought thee off, and that it was on condition that thou shouldst continue the Spectator. If thou thinkest this dream will make a tolerable one, it is at thy service, from, dear Spec, thine, sleeping and waking,

WILL HONEYCOMB.

The ladies will see, by this letter, what I have often told them, that Will is one of those old-fashioned men of wit and pleasure of the town, that shews his parts by railleury on marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without success. I cannot however dismiss his letter, without observing, that the true story on which it is built does honour to the sex, and that in order to abuse them, the writer is obliged to have recourse to dream and fiction.

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## Nº D. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3.

—HUC NATAS ADJICE SEPTEM,  
ET TOTIDEM JUVENES; ET MOX GENEROSQUE NURUSQUE:  
QUÆRITE NUNC, HABEAT QUAM NOSTRA SUPERBIA CAUSAM.

OVID. MET. L. 6, VER. 185.

SEVEN ARE MY DAUGHTERS OF A FORM DIVINE,  
WITH SEVEN FAIR SONS, AN INEFFECTIVE LINE.  
GO, FOOLS, CONSIDER THIS, AND ASK THE CAUSE,  
FROM WHICH MY PRIDE IT'S STRONG PRESUMPTION DRAWS.

CRODAL.

SIR,  
YOU, who are so well acquainted with the story of Socrates, must have read how, upon his making a discourse concerning love, he pressed his point with so much success, that all the bachelors in his audience took a resolution to marry by the first opportunity, and that all the married men immediately took horse and galloped home to their wives. I am apt to think your discourses, in which you have drawn so many agreeable pictures of marriage, have had a very good effect this way in England. We are obliged to you, at

least, for having taken off that senseless ridicule, which for many years the wittings of the town have turned upon their fathers and mothers. For my own part, I was born in wedlock, and I do not care who knows it: for which reason, among many others, I should look upon myself as a most insufferable coxcomb, did I endeavour to maintain that cuckoldom was inseparable from marriage, or to make use of Husband and Wife as terms of reproach. Nay, Sir, I will go one step further, and declare to you before the whole world, that I am a married man, and at the same time I have so much assurance

as not to be ashamed of what one.

g the several pleasures that accompany this state of life, and which are described in your former paper are two you have not taken, and which are seldom accounted by those who write on the subject. You must have observed, speculations on human nature, which is more gratifying to the man than power or dominion: I think myself amply possessed in the father of a family. I am only taken up in giving out or prescribing duties, in hearing or administering justice, and in giving rewards and punishments. I speak in the language of the Centurion: 'I say unto one, Go, and he goes; and to another, Come, and he comes; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.' In short, Sir, I look upon my family as a patriarchal government, in which I am myself both king and father. All great governments are composed of these little monarchies, and therefore I consider masters of families as small governors presiding over the several parcells and divisions of their subjects. As I take great pleasure in the administration of my government, so I look upon myself only as a more useful, but as a sadder and happier man than any man in England, of my rank and condition.

It is another accidental advantage of this age, which has likewise fallen to my share; I mean the having a multitude of children. These I cannot but consider as very great blessings. When I look upon my little troop before me, I rejoice in the additions which I have made to my family, to my country, and to my world, in having produced such a number of reasonable creatures, citizens, and subjects. I am pleased to see myself situated; and as there is no prospect of a more comfortable situation, I am contented to be so.

I am more proud of having the occasion of ten such glorious additions, than if I had built a hundred palaces at my own expence, or had as many volumes of the finest learning. In what a beautiful manner the Holy Scripture represents the patriarchs, one of the judges of Israel,

who had forty sons and thirty grandsons, that rode on threescore and ten ass-colts, according to the magnificence of the eastern countries? How must the heart of the old man rejoice, when he saw such a beautiful procession of his own descendants, such a numerous cavalcade of his own raising? For my own part, I can sit in my parlour with great content when I take a review of half a dozen of my little boys mounting upon hobby-horses, and of as many little girls tutoring their babies, each of them endeavouring to excel the rest, and to do something that may gain my favour and approbation. I cannot question but he who has blessed me with so many children, will assist my endeavours in providing for them. There is one thing I am able to give each of them, which is a virtuous education. I think it is Sir Francis Bacon's observation, that in a numerous family of children, the eldest is often spoiled by the prospect of an estate, and the youngest by being the darling of the parents; but that some one or other in the middle, who has not perhaps been regarded, has made his way in the world, and over-topped the rest. It is my business to implant in every one of my children the same seeds of industry, and the same honest principles. By this means I think I have a fair chance, that one or other of them may grow considerable in some way of life or other, whether it be in the army, or in the fleet, in trade, or any of the three learned professions; for you must know, Sir, that from long experience and observation, I am persuaded of what seems a paradox to most of those with whom I converse, namely, that a man who has many children, and gives them a good education, is more likely to raise a family, than he who has but one, notwithstanding he leaves him his whole estate. For this reason I cannot forbear amusing myself with finding out a general, an admiral, or an alderman of London, a divine, a physician, or a lawyer among my little people who are now perhaps in petticoats; and when I see the motherly airs of my little daughters when they are playing with their puppets, I cannot but flatter myself that their husbands and children will be happy in the possession of such wives and mothers.

If you are a father, you will not perhaps

has think this letter impertinent; but if you are a single man, you will not know the meaning of it, and probably throw it into the fire: whatever you de-

termine of it, you may assure yourself that it comes from one who is your most humble servant and well-wisher,  
O

PHILOGAMUS.

## Nº DL. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4.

DURUM: SED LEVIUS FIT PATIENTIA  
QUICQUID CORAIGERE EST NECESSARIUM.

HOR. OD. XXIV. L. 1. V. VER. 19.

'TIS HARD: BUT WHEN WE NEED: MUST BEAR,  
ENDUING PATIENCE MAKES THE BURDEN LIGHT.

CREECH.

**A**S some of the finest compositions among the ancients are in allegory, I have endeavour'd, in several of my papers, to revive that way of writing, and hope I have not been altogether unsuccessful in it; for I find there is always a great demand for those particular papers, and cannot but observe that several authors have endeavour'd of late to excel in works of this nature. Among these, I do not know any one who has succeeded better than a very ingenious gentleman, to whom I am oblig'd for the following piece, and who was the author of the vision in the 460th paper. O

**H**OW are we tortured with the absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us! What excursions does the soul make in imagination after it! And how does it turn into itself again, more foolishly fond and dejected, at the disappointment! Our grief, instead of having recourse to reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further nourishment. It calls upon memory to relate the several passages and circumstances of satisfactions which we formerly enjoy'd; the pleasures we purchas'd by those riches that are taken from us; or the power and splendor of our departed honours; or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections, of our friends that are deceased. It needs must happen from hence that the passion should often swell to such a size as to burst the heart which contains it, if time did not make these circumstances less strong and lively, so that reason should become a more equal match for the passion, or if another desire which becomes more present

did not overpower them with a livelier representation. These are thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of vision upon this subject, and may therefore stand for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

I found myself upon a naked shore, with company whose afflicted countenances witness'd their conditions. Before us flow'd a water deep, silent, and call'd the river of Tears, which, issuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompass'd an island that lay before us. The boat which plied in it was old and shattered, having been sometime overset by the impatience and haste of single passengers to arrive at the other side. This immediately was brought to us by Misfortune who steers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appear'd a woman of a mild and compos'd behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by representing the dangers which would attend our voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for Patience, and some of those too who until then cried the loudest, were persuad'd by her, and returned back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose good-nature would not suffer her to forsake persons in trouble) desired leave to accompany us, that she might at least administer some small comfort or advice while we sail'd. We were no sooner embark'd, but the boat was push'd off, the sheet was spread; and being fill'd with sighs, which are the winds of that country, we made a passage to the farther bank, through several difficulties of which the most of us seem'd utterly regardless.

When we land'd, we perceiv'd the island to be strangely overcast with fog,

no brightness could pierce, so that all of gloomy horror sat always ling'ring over it. This had something very shocking to easy tempers, in that some others, whom Patience by this time gained over, left us and privily conveyed themselves to the verge of the island to find a way by which she told them they might escape.

For my part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the centre of the place; and joining ourselves to a party whom we found upon the same way, we marched solemnly, as at a funeral, through bordering hedges of roses, and through a grove of yew-wood, which love to overshadow tombs flourish in church-yards. Here we saw on every side the wailings and laments of several of the inhabitants, and cast themselves disconsolately at the foot of trees; and as we chanced to reach any of these, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, or some other manner visibly agitated with vexation. Our sorrows were heightened by the influence of what we heard saw; and one of our number was brought up to such a pitch of wildness, that he talked of hanging himself upon a tree which shot temptingly across the way we travelled in; but he was restrained from it by the kind endeavours of our mentioned companion.

We had now gotten into the most silent part of the island; and by doubled sounds of sighs, which a doleful whistling in the branches, a sickly smell of air, which occasioned short respiration, and the violent beatings of heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the 'Grotto of Grief.' It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy sunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that had a colour between red and black. These crept slow and congealed amongst its windings, and mixed their heavy murmurs with the echo of groans that rolled through all the passages. In the most remote part of it sat the doleful being herself; the path to her was strewn with stones, flings, and thorns; and here was on which she sat was broken into bits, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy weight hung above her; her head oppressed

with it reclined upon her arm: thus did she reign over her disconsolate subjects, full of herself to stupidity, in eternal pensiveness, and the profoundest silence. On one side of her stood Dejection just dropping into a swoon, and Paleness waiting to a skeleton; on the other side were Care inwardly tormented with imaginations, and Anguish suffering outward troubles to suck the blood from her heart in the shape of vultures. The whole vault had a genuine dismalness in it, which a few scattered lamps, whose blueish flames arose and sunk in their urns, discovered to our eyes with increase. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the way, and were given over to those tormentors that stood on either hand of the presence; others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance, where Patience, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

With her (whose company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the grotto, and ascended at the back of it, out of the mournful dale in whose bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted, by her advice, to pant for breath; and lifting our eyes, which until then were fixed downwards, felt a sudden sort of satisfaction, in observing through the shades what numbers had entered the island. This satisfaction, which appears to have ill-nature in it, was excusable, because it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have respect to that of others; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as not suffering in the most forlorn estate. It had also the ground-work of humanity and compassion in it, though the mind was then too dark and too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards, it began to discover itself, and from observing that others were unhappy, we came to question one another, when it was that we met, and what were the sad occasions that brought us together. Then we heard our stories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and so by degrees became tolerable company.

A considerable part of the troublesome road was thus deceived; at length the openings among the trees grew larger, the air seemed thinner, it lay with less oppression upon us, and we could

could now and then discern tracts in it of a lighter greynefs, like the breakings of day, short in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country 'Gleams of Amusement.' Within a short while these gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance; the sighs that hitherto filled the air with so much dolefulness, altered to the sound of the common breezes, and in general the horrors of the island were abated.

When we had arrived at last at the ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable mourners, who had been ferried over along with us, and who being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the shore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that by shewing themselves to the world only at the time when we did, they might seem also to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters that rolled on the other side so

deep and silent, were much dried up, and it was an easier matter for us to wade over.

The river being crossed, we were received upon the further bank by our friends and acquaintance, whom Comfort had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of these blamed us for staying so long away from them; others advised us against all temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our trouble, by asking any particulars of the journey; and all concluded, that in a case of so much melancholy and affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter companion than Patience. Here Patience, appearing serene at her praises, delivered us over to Comfort. Comfort smiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the sky purpled on that side to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.

## Nº DII. MONDAY, OCTOBER 6.

MELIUS, PEJUS, PROSIT, OBSIT, NIL VIDENT NISI QUOD LURENT.

TER. HEAUT. ACT. IV. SC. I.

BETTER OR WORSE, PROFITABLE OR DISADVANTAGEOUS, THEY SEE NOTHING BUT WHAT THEY LIST.

WHEN men read, they taste the matter with which they are entertained, according as their own respective studies and inclinations have prepared them, and make their reflections accordingly. Some perusing Roman writers, would find in them, whatever the subject of the discourses were, parts which implied the grandeur of that people in their warfare or their politics. As for my part, who am a mere Spectator, I drew this morning conclusions of their eminence in what I think great, to wit, in having worthy sentiments, from the reading a comedy of Terence. The play was the Self-Tormentor. It is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of human life, but I did not observe in the whole one passage that could raise a laugh. How well disposed must that people be, who could be entertained with satisfaction by so sober and polite mirth? In the first scene of the comedy, when one of the old men accuses the other of impertinence for interposing in his affairs, he

answers—'I am a man, and cannot help feeling any sorrow that can arise at man.' It is said, this sentence was received with an universal applause. There cannot be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a people, than a sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it. If it were spoken with ever so great skill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any but people of the greatest humanity, nay people elegant and skilful in observations upon it. It is possible he might have laid his hand on his breast, and with a winning insinuation in his countenance, expressed to his neighbour that he was a man who made his case his own; yet I will engage a player in Covent Garden might hit such an attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded. I have heard that a minister of state in the reign of Queen Elizabeth had all manner of books and ballads brought to him, of what kind so-

ever, and took great notice how much they took with the people; upon which he would, and certainly might, very well judge of their present dispositions, and the most proper way of applying them according to his own purposes. What passes on the stage, and the reception it meets with from the audience, is a very useful instruction of this kind. According to what you may observe there on our stage, you see them often moved so directly against all common sense and humanity, that you would be apt to pronounce us a nation of savages. It cannot be called a mistake of what is pleasant, but the very contrary to it is what most assuredly takes with them. The other night an old woman carried off with a pain in her side, with all the distortions and anguish of countenance which is natural to one in that condition, was laughed and clapped off the stage. Terence's comedy, which I am speaking of, is indeed written as if he hoped to please none but such as had as good a taste as himself. I could not but reflect upon the natural description of the innocent young woman made by the servant to his master. 'When I came to the house,' said he, 'an old woman opened the door, and I followed her in, because I could by entering upon them unawares better observe what was your mistress's ordinary manner of spending her time, the only way of judging any one's inclinations and genius. I found her at her needle in a sort of second mourning, which she wore for an aunt she had lately lost. She had nothing on but what shewed she dressed only for herself. Her hair hung negligently about her shoulders. She had none of the arts with which others use to set themselves off, but had that negligence of person which is remarkable in those who are careful of their minds—Then she had a maid who was at work near her that was a flatterer, because her mistress was careless; which I take to be another argument of your security in her; for the go-between of women of intrigue are rewarded too well to be dirty. When you were named, and I told her you desired to see her, she threw down her work for joy, covered her face, and decently hid her tears.'—He must be a very good actor, and draw attention rather from his own character than the words of the author, that could gain

it among us for this speech, though so full of nature and good sense.

The intolerable folly and confidence of players putting in words of their own, does in a great measure feed the absurd taste of the audience. But however that is, it is ordinary for a cluster of coxcombs to take up the house to themselves, and equally insult both the actors and the company. These savages, who want all manner of regard and deference to the rest of mankind, come only to shew themselves to us, without any other purpose than to let us know they despise us.

The gross of an audience is composed of two sorts of people, those who know no pleasure but of the body, and those who improve or command corporeal pleasures, by the addition of fine sentiments of the mind. At present the intelligent part of the company are wholly subdued, by the insurrections of those who know no satisfactions but what they have in common with all other animals.

This is the reason that when a scene tending to procreation is acted, you see the whole pit in such a chuckle, and old lechers, with mouths open, stare at those loose gesticulations on the stage with shameful earnestness; when the justest pictures of human life in it's calm dignity, and the properest sentiments for the conduct of it, pass by like mere narration, as conducing only to somewhat much better which is to come after. I have seen the whole house at some times in so proper a disposition, that indeed I have trembled for the boxes, and feared the entertainment would end in the representation of the rape of the Sabines.

I would not be understood in this talk to argue that nothing is tolerable on the stage but what has an immediate tendency to the promotion of virtue. On the contrary, I can allow, provided there is nothing against the interests of virtue, and is not offensive to good-manners, that things of an indifferent nature may be represented. For this reason I have no exception to the well drawn rusticities in the Country Wake; and there is something so miraculously pleasant in Dogget's acting the awkward triumph and comic sorrow of Hob in different circumstances, that I shall not be able to stay away whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the gallantry of taking the cudgels for Gloucestershire, with the pride of heart in



tucking himself up, and taking aim at his adversary, as well as the other's protestation in the humanity of low romance, that he could not promise the 'squire to break Hob's head; but he would, if he could, do it in love; then flourish and begin: I say, what vexes me is, that such excellent touches as these, as well as the 'squire's being out of all patience at Hob's success, and venturing himself into the crowd, are circumstances hardly taken notice of, and the height of the jest is only in the very point that heads are broken. I am confident, were there a scene written, wherein Pinkethman should break his leg by wrestling with Bullock, and Dicky came in to set it, without one word said but what should be according

to the exact rules of surgery in making this extension, and binding up his leg, the whole house would be in a roar of applause at the dissembled anguish of the patient, the help given by him who threw him down, and the handy address and arch looks of the surgeon. To enumerate the entrance of ghosts, the embattling of armies, the noise of heroes in love, with a thousand other enormities, would be to transgress the bounds of this paper, for which reason it is possible they may have hereafter distinct discourses; not forgetting any of the audience who shall set up for actors, and interrupt the play on the stage: and players who shall prefer the applause of fools to that of the reasonable part of the company. T

## Nº DIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7.

DELEO OMNES DEHINC EX ANIMO MULIERES.

TER. EUN. ACT. II. SC. 3.

FROM HENCEFORWARD I BLOT OUT OF MY THOUGHTS ALL MEMORY OF WOMANKIND.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU have often mentioned with great vehemence and indignation the misbehaviour of people at church; but I am at present to talk to you on that subject, and complain to you of one, whom at the same time I know not what to accuse of, except it be looking too well there, and diverting the eyes of the congregation to that one object. However, I have this to say, that she might have staid at her own parish, and not come to perplex those who are otherwise intent upon their duty.

Last Sunday was seven-night I went into a church not far from London Bridge; but I wish I had been contented to go to my own parish, I am sure it had been better for me; I say, I went to church thither, and got into a pew very near the pulpit. I had hardly been accommodated with a seat, before there entered into the aisle a young lady in the very bloom of youth and beauty, and dressed in the most elegant manner imaginable. Her form was such, that it engaged the eyes of the whole congregation in an instant, and mine among the rest. Though we were all thus fixed upon her, she was not in the least out of countenance, or under the least disorder,

though unattended by any one, and not seeming to know particularly where to place herself. However, she had not in the least a confident aspect, but moved on with the most graceful modesty, every one making way until she came to a seat just over-against that in which I was placed. The deputy of the ward sat in that pew, and she stood opposite to him, and at a glance into the seat, though she did not appear the least acquainted with the gentleman, was let in, with a confusion that spoke much admiration at the novelty of the thing. The service immediately began, and she composed herself for it with an air of so much goodness and sweetness, that the confession which she uttered so as to be heard where I sat, appeared an act of humiliation more than she had occasion for. The truth is, her beauty had something so innocent, and yet so sublime, that we all gazed upon her like a phantom. None of the pictures which we behold of the best Italian painters have any thing like the spirit which appeared in her countenance, at the different sentiments expressed in the several parts of divine service. That gratitude and joy at a thanksgiving, that lowliness and sorrow at the prayers for the sick and distressed,

ed, that triumph at the passages gave instances of the Divine mercies appeared respectively in her will be in my memory to my ear. I protest to you, Sir, she led the devotion of every one her; and the ease she did every with, soon dispersed the churlish and hesitation in approving what silent, too frequent among us, to attract attention and entertainment in her behaviour. All the while we were gazing at her, she took of no object about her, but had of seeming awkwardly attentive, yet else her eyes were accidentally upon. One thing, indeed, was clear, she stood the whole service, never kneeled or sat: I do not question that was to shew herself with greater advantage, and set forth to grace her hands and arms, lifted in the most ardent devotion; and besides, the fairest that ever was rare to observation; while she, I must think, knew nothing of the manner she gave others, any other than the example of devotion, that threw out, without regard to dress or to all contrition, and loose of all regards, in ecstasy of devotion. Now the organ was to play a voluntary, and she was so skilful in music, she touched with it, that she kept not only with some motion of her feet, but also with a different air in her countenance. When the music was solemn and bold, she looked exalted, but when lively and airy, she was gay and gracious; when the notes were soft and languishing, she was full of pity. When she had now been visible to the whole congregation, by sight and ear, that she could do, and she wanted now only to inform them she could sing too, when the voice was given out, her voice was distinguished above all the rest, or rather did not exert their own in order to her. Never was any heard so clear and so strong. The organist obtruded, and he thought fit to play too loudly, and she swelled every note, till she found she had thrown us all behind the last verse to herself in the manner as the whole congregation intent upon her, in the same manner as we see in the cathedrals they have the person who sings alone the

anthem. Well, it came at last to the sermon, and our young lady would not lose her part in that neither: for she fixed her eye upon the preacher, and as he said any thing she approved, with one of Charles Mather's fine tables, she set down the sentence, at once shewing her fine hand, the gold pen, her readiness in writing, and her judgment in choosing what to write. To sum up what I intend by this long and particular account, I mean to appeal to you, whether it is reasonable that such a creature as this shall come from a janty part of the town and give herself such violent airs. to the disturbance of an innocent and inoffensive congregation, with her sublimities. The fact, I assure you, was as I have related. But I had like to have forgot another very considerable particular. As soon as church was done, she immediately stepped out of her pew, and fell into the finest pitty-pat air, forsooth, wonderfully out of countenance, tossing her head up and down, as she swam along the body of the church. I, with several others of the inhabitants, followed her out, and saw her hold up her fan to a hackney coach at a distance, who immediately came up to her, and she whipped into it with great nimbleness, pulled the door with a bowing mien, as if she had been used to a better class. She said aloud—'You know where to go,' and drove off. By this time the best of the congregation was at the church-door, and I could hear some say—'A very fine lady;' others—'I'll warrant you, she is no better than she should be;' and one very wise old lady said—'She ought to have been taken up.' Mr. Spectator, I think this matter lies wholly before you: for the offence does not come under any law, though it is apparent this creature came among us only to give herself airs, and enjoy her full swing in being admired. I desire you will print this, that she may be confined to her own parish; for I can assure you there is no attending any thing else in a place where she is a novelty. She has been talked of among us ever since under the name of Phantom; but I would advise her to come no more; for there is so strong a party made by the women against her, that she must expect they will not be excelled a second time in so outrageous a manner, without doing her

her some insult. Young women, who assume after this rate, and affect exposing themselves to view in congregations at the other end of the town, are not so mischievous, because they are rivalled by more of the same ambition, who will not let the rest of the company be particular: but in the name of the whole congregation where I was, I desire you

to keep these agreeable disturbances out of the city, where sobriety of manners is still preserved, and all glaring and ostentatious behaviour, even in things laudable, discountenanced. I wish you may never see the Phantom, and am, Sir, your most humble servant,

RALPH WONDRE.

T

## N<sup>o</sup> DIV. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8.

LEPUS TUTE ES, ET PULPAMENTUM QUÆRIS.

TER. EUN. ACT. 3. SC. 1.

YOU ARE A HARE YOURSELF, AND WANT DAINTRIES, FORSOOTHE.

**I**T is a great convenience to those who want wit to furnish out a conversation, that there is something or other in all companies where it is wanted, substituted in its stead, which, according to their taste, does the business as well. Of this nature is the agreeable pastime in country-halls of cross purposes, questions and commands, and the like. A little superior to these are those who can play at crambo, or cap verses. Then above them are such as can make verses, that is, rhyme; and among those who have the Latin tongue, such as use to make what they call Golden Verses. Commend me also to those who have not brains enough for any of these exercises, and yet do not give up their pretensions to mirth. These can slap you on the back unawares, laugh loud, ask you how you do with a twang on your shoulders, say you are dull to day, and laugh a voluntary to put you in humour; not to mention the laborious way among the minor poets, of making things come into such and such a shape, as that of an egg, an hand, an ax, or any thing that nobody had ever thought on before for that purpose; or which would have cost a great deal of pains to accomplish if they did. But all these methods, though they are mechanical, and may be arrived at with the smallest capacity, do not serve an honest gentleman who wants wit for his ordinary occasions; therefore it is absolutely necessary that the poor in imagination should have something which may be serviceable to them at all hours upon all common occurrences. That which we call punning is therefore greatly affected by men of

small intellects. These men need not be concerned with you for the whole sentence; but if they can say a quaint thing, or bring in a word which sounds like any one word you have spoken to them, they can turn the discourse, or distract you so that you cannot go on, and by consequence if they cannot be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they are. Thus if you talk of a candle, he can deal with you; and if you ask him to help you to some bread, a punster should think himself very ill bred if he did not; and if he is not as well-bred as yourself, he hopes for grains of allowance. If you do not understand that last fancy, you must recollect that bread is made of grain; and so they go on for ever, without possibility of being exhausted.

There are another kind of people of small faculties, who supply want of wit with want of breeding; and because women are both by nature and education more offended at any thing which is immodest, than we men are, these are ever harping upon things they ought not to allude to, and deal mightily in double meanings. Every one's own observation will suggest instances enough of this kind, without my mentioning any; for your double meaners are dispersed up and down through all parts of town or city where there are any to offend, in order to set off themselves. These men are mighty loud laughers, and held very pretty gentlemen with the sillier and unbred part of womankind. But above all already mentioned, or any who ever were, or ever can be in the world, the happiest and surest to be

pleased.

are a sort of people whom we indeed lately heard much of, these are your Biters.

A Biter is one who tells you a thing with no reason to disbelieve in itself, perhaps has given you, before he tells, no reason to disbelieve it for saying it; and if you give him credit, it is in your face, and triumphs that it has deceived you. In a word, a Biter is one who thinks you a fool, because you do not think him a knave. A description of him one may insist must be a just one; for what else but the love of knavery is it, to depend on deceit for what you gain of another, be it in point of wit, or interest, or anything else?

A way of wit is called Biting, by which men are taken from beasts of prey, and devour harmless and unarmed men, and look upon them as their prey wherever they meet them. The Biter is about town very ingeniously good themselves to be to the ungrateful part of mankind what foxes are to lambs, and therefore uses the Biting, to express any exploit which they have over-reached any innocent and inadvertent man of his purse. Rascals of late years have been the rascals of the town, and carried it with a fashionable haughty air, to the neglect of modesty, and all honest arts. Shallow fops, who are glib by the eye, and admire every man that struts in vogue, took up from the rascals the phrase of Biting, and upon all occasions, either to display nonsensical stuff they should not say, or evade the force of what was reasonably said by others. When one of these cunning creatures entered into a debate with another, whether it was practicable in the state of affairs to accomplish such a thing, and you thought he had said what destroyed his side of the matter, as soon as you looked with an eye ready to lay hold of it, he suddenly cried—'Bite,' and you immediately to acknowledge all that was in jest. They carry this extravagance imaginable, and of these wiflings knows any particular which may give authority to what he says, he is still the more ingenuous he imposes upon your credulity.

I remember a remarkable instance of this kind. There came up a shrewd young fellow to a plain young man, his countryman, and taking him aside with a grave concerned countenance, goes on at this rate: 'I see you here, and have you heard nothing out of Yorkshire! —You look so surprised you could not have heard of it—and yet the particulars are such, that it cannot be false: I am sorry I am got into it so far that I now must tell you; but I know not but it may be for your service to know—On Tuesday last, just after dinner—you know his manner is to smoke, opening his box, your father fell down dead of an apoplexy.' The youth shewed the filial sorrow which he ought—Upon which the witty man cried—'Bite, there is nothing in all this.'—

To put an end to this silly, pernicious, frivolous way at once, I will give the reader one late instance of a Bite, which no Biter for the future will ever be able to equal, though I heartily wish him the same occasion. It is a superstition with some surgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to go to the gaol, and bargain for the carcass with the criminal himself. A good honest fellow did so last sessions, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning wherein they died. The surgeon communicated his business, and fell into discourse with a little fellow, who refused twelve shillings, and insisted upon fifteen for his body. The fellow, who killed the officer of Newgate, very forwardly, and like a man who was willing to deal, told him—'Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been half starved all his life, and is now half dead with fear, cannot answer your purpose. I have ever lived high and freely, my veins are full, I have not pined in imprisonment; you see my crest swells to your knife, and after Jack-Catch has done, upon my honour you will find me as sound as ever a bullock in any of the markets. Come, for twenty shillings I am your man.' Says the surgeon—'Done, there is a guinea.' This witty rogue took the money, and as soon as he had it in his fist, cries—'Bite, I am to be hanged in chains.'

## N° DV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9.

NON HABEO DENIQUE NAUCI MARSUM AUGUREM,  
 NON VICANOS ARUSPICES, NON DE CIRCO ASTROLOGOS,  
 NON ISACOS CONJECTORES, NON INTERPRETES SOMNIUM:  
 NON ENIM SUNT II, AUT SCIENTIA, AUT ARTE DIVINA,  
 SED SUPERSTITIOSI VATES, IMPUDENTESQUE HARIOLI,  
 AUT INERTES, AUT INSANI, AUT QUIBUS EGESTAS IMPERAT:  
 QUI SUI QUESTUS CAUSA FICTAS SUCCITANT SENTENTIAS,  
 QUI SIBI SEMITAM NON SAPIUNT, ALTERI MONSTRANT VIAM,  
 QUIBUS DIVITIAS POLLICENTUR, AB IIS DRACHMAM PETUNT:  
 DE DIVITIIS DEDUCANT DRACHMAM, REDDANT CÆTERA.

ENNEID.

AUGURS AND SOOTHSAYERS, ASTROLOGERS,  
 DIVINERS, AND INTERPRETERS OF DREAMS,  
 I NE’ER CONSULT, AND HEARTILY DESPISE:  
 VAIN THEIR PRETENCE TO HOPE THAN HUMAN SKILLS  
 FOR GAIN IMAGINARY SCHEMES THEY DRAW;  
 WAND’RERS THEMSELVES, THEY GUIDE ANOTHER’S STEPS;  
 AND FOR POOR SIXPENCE PROMISE COUNLESS WEALTH:  
 LET THEM, IF THEY EXPECT TO BE BELIEVED,  
 DEDUCT THE SIXPENCE, AND BESTOW THE REST.

THOSE who have maintained that men would be more miserable than beasts, were their hopes confined to this life only, among other considerations take notice that the latter are only afflicted with the anguish of the present evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the reflection on what is past, and the fear of what is to come. This fear of any future difficulties or misfortunes is so natural to the mind, that were a man’s sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehension of such evils as never happened to him, than from those evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among those evils which befall us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the prospect, than by their actual pressure.

This natural impatience to look into futurity, and to know what accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and inventions. Some found the prescience on the lines of a man’s hand, others on the features of his face; some on the signatures which nature has impressed on his body, and others on his own hand-writing: some read men’s fortunes in the stars, as others have searched after them in the entrails of beasts, or the flights of birds. Men of the best sense

have been touched more or less with these groundless horrors and presages of futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent works of nature. Can any thing be more surprising than to consider Cicero, who made the greatest figure at the bar, and in the senate of the Roman commonwealth, and, at the same time, outliving all the philosophers of antiquity in his library and in his retirements, as busying himself in the college of augurs, and observing with a religious attention, after what manner the chickens pecked the several grains of corn which were thrown to them?

Notwithstanding these follies are pretty well worn out of the minds of the wise and learned in the present age, multitudes of weak and ignorant persons are still slaves to them. There are numberless arts of prediction among the vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite observation of days, numbers, voices, and figures, which are regarded by them as portents and prodigies. In short, every thing prophesies to the superstitious man; there is scarce a straw or a rusty piece of iron that lies in his way by accident.

It is not to be conceived how many wizards, gypsies, and cunning men, are dispersed through all the countries and market-towns of Great Britain, not to mention the fortune-tellers and astrologers, who live very comfortably upon

curiosity of several well-disposed persons in the cities of London and Lincolns.

Among the many pretended arts of divination, there is none which so universally amuses as that by dreams. I have indeed observed in a late speculation that there have been sometimes, on very extraordinary occasions, supernatural revelations made to certain persons, by this means; but as it is the business of this paper to root out errors, I must endeavour to expose the folly and superstition of those persons, who, in the common and ordinary course of life, lay any stress upon dreams of so uncertain, shadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I cannot do more effectually than by the following discourse, which is dated from a quarter of London that has always been the habitation of some prophetic Philomath; it has been usual, time out of mind, for such people as have lost their wits, to resort to that place either for their cure or for their instruction.

MOORFIELDS, OCTOBER 4, 1712.  
THE SPECTATOR,

BEING long considered whether there should be any trade wanting in this city, after having surveyed very carefully all kinds of ranks and professions, I do not find in any quarter of London an Oneiro-critic, or, in plain English, an interpreter of dreams. For so useful a person, there are few good people who are very much wanted in this particular, and dream a year together without being ever cured for it. I hope I am pretty well qualified for this office, having studied diligently all the rules of art which have been laid down upon this subject. My great uncle by my wife's side was a Highlander, and second-sighted. He had four fingers and two thumbs on each hand, and was born on the first night of the year. My christian name begins and ends with the letters M. I am lodged in Moorfields in a house that for these fifty years has been always tenanted by a

If you had been in company, so much as myself, with ordinary women of the town, you must know that there are many of them who every day in their lives, upon seeing or hearing of any thing that is unexpected, cry—'My dream is out;' and cannot go to sleep in quiet the next night, until something or other has happened which has expounded the visions of the preceding one. There are others who are in very great pain for not being able to recover the circumstances of a dream, that made strong impressions upon them while it lasted. In short, Sir, there are many whose waking thoughts are wholly employed on their sleeping ones. For the benefit, therefore, of this curious and inquisitive part of my fellow-subjects, I shall in the first place tell those persons what they dreamt of, who fancy they never dream at all. In the next place, I shall make out any dream, upon hearing a single circumstance of it; and in the last place, shall expound to them the good or bad fortune which such dreams portend. If they do not presage good luck, I shall desire nothing for my pains; not questioning at the same time that those who consult me will be so reasonable as to afford me a moderate share out of any considerable estate, profit or emolument, which I shall discover to them. I interpret for the poor for nothing, on condition that their names may be inserted in public advertisements, to attest the truth of such my interpretations. As for people of quality, or others who are indisposed, and do not care to come in person, I can interpret their dreams by seeing their waiter. I set aside one day in the week for lovers; and interpret by the great for any gentlewoman that is turned of sixty, after the rate of half a crown per week, with the usual allowances for good luck. I have several rooms and apartments fitted up, at reasonable rates, for such as have not conveniences for dreaming at their own houses.

TITUS TROPHONIUS,

N. B. I am not dumb,

O

## N° DVI. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10.

CANDIDA PERPETUO RESIDE, CONCORDIA, LECTO,  
 TAMQUE PARI SEMPER SIT VENUS ÆQUA JUGO.  
 DILIGAT ILLA SENEM QUONDAM; SED ET IPSA MARITO,  
 TUNC QUOQUE CUM FUERIT, NON VIDEATUR ANUS.  
 MART. EPIG. XIII. L. 4. VER. 7.

PERPETUAL HARMONY THEIR BED ATTEND,  
 AND VENUS STILL THE WELL-MATCH'D PAIR BEFRIEND.  
 MAY SHE, WHEN TIME HAS SUNK HIM INTO YEARS,  
 LOVE HER OLD MAN, AND CHERISH HIS WHITE HAIRS;  
 NOR HE PERCEIVE HER CHARMS THRO' AGE DECAY,  
 BUT THINK EACH HAPPY SUN HIS BRIDAL DAY.

THE following essay is written by the gentleman to whom the world is obliged for those several excellent discourses which have been marked with the letter X.

I Have somewhere met with a fable that made Wealth the father of Love. It is certain that a mind ought, at least, to be free from the apprehensions of want and poverty, before it can fully attend to all the softnesses and endearments of this passion. Notwithstanding we see multitudes of married people, who are utter strangers to this delightful passion amidst all the affluence of the most plentiful fortunes.

It is not sufficient to make a marriage happy, that the humours of two people should be alike; I could instance an hundred pair, who have not the least sentiment of love remaining for one another, yet are so like in their humours, that if they were not already married, the whole world would design them for man and wife.

The spirit of love has something so extremely fine in it, that it is very often disturbed and lost, by some little accidents, which the careless and unpolite never attend to until it is gone past recovery.

Nothing has more contributed to banish it from a married state, than too great a familiarity, and laying aside the common rules of decency. Though I could give instances of this in several particulars, I shall only mention that of dress. The beaux and belles about town, who dress purely to catch one another, think there is no farther occasion for the bait, when their first design has succeeded. But besides the too

common fault in point of neatness, there are several others which I do not remember to have seen touched upon, but in one of our modern comedies, where a French woman offering to undress and dress herself before the lover of the play, and assuring her mistress that it was very usual in France, the lady tells her that it is a secret in dress she never knew before, and that she was so unpolished an English woman, as to resolve never to learn to dress even before her husband.

There is something so gross in the carriage of some wives, that they lose their husbands hearts for faults, which, if a man has either good-nature or good breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I am afraid, indeed, the ladies are generally most faulty in this particular; who at their first giving into love, find the way so smooth and pleasant, that they fancy it is scarce possible to be tired in it.

There is so much nicety and discretion required to keep love alive after marriage, and make conversation still new and agreeable after twenty or thirty years, that I know nothing which seems readily to promise it, but an earnest endeavour to please on both sides, and superior good sense on the part of the man.

By a man of sense, I mean one acquainted with business and letters.

A woman very much settles herself for a man, according to the figure he makes in the world, and the character he bears among his own sex. As learning is the chief advantage we have over them, it is, methinks, as scandalous and inexcusable for a man of fortune to be illiterate, as for a woman not to know how to behave herself on the most ordinary

occasions. It is this which two sexes at the greatest distance; an is vexed and surprised to find more in the conversation of a man in the common tattle of her sex.

The small engagement at least in sex, not only sets a man's talents in the fairest light, and allots him a part, in which a wife cannot well meddle; but gives frequent occasions for those little absences which, rather seeming uneasiness they may be some of the best preservatives of love and desire.

The fair sex are so conscious to themselves that they have nothing in them that can deserve intirely to engross the man, that they heartily despise him, who, to use their own expression, is hanging at their apron-strings. Lætitia is pretty, modest, tender, and wise enough; she married Erastus, in a sort of some business, and general taste in most parts of poorness. Lætitia, wherever she has the pleasure to hear of something which was handsomely said or by Erastus. Erastus, since his marriage, is more gay in his dress than in all companies is as come to Lætitia as to any other lady. When he seen him give her her fan when dropped, with all the gallantry ever. When they take the air together, Erastus is continually improving thoughts, and, with a turn of spirit which is peculiar to him, gives her an insight into things she had never seen of before. Lætitia is transfixed at having a new world thus opened, and hangs upon the man that gives her such agreeable informations. Erastus has carried this point still further, he makes her daily not only fond of him, but infinitely more fond with herself. Erastus finds a great deal of beauty in whatever she says, and serves, that Lætitia herself was never of, and by his assistance, she has discovered an hundred good quali-

ties and accomplishments in herself, which she never before once dreamed of. Erastus, with the most artful complaisance, in the world, by several remote hints, finds the means to make her say or propose almost whatever he has a mind to, which he always receives as her own discovery, and gives her all the reputation of it.

Erastus has a perfect taste in painting, and carried Lætitia with him the other day to see a collection of pictures. I sometimes visit this happy couple. As we were last week walking in the long gallery before dinner—'I have lately laid out some money in paintings,' says Erastus; 'I have bought that Venus and Adonis purely upon Lætitia's judgment; it cost me threescore guineas, and I was this morning offered a hundred for it.' I turned towards Lætitia, and saw her cheeks glow with pleasure, while at the same time she cast a look upon Erastus, the most tender and affectionate I ever beheld.

Flavilla married Tom Tawdry; she was taken with his laced coat and rich sword-knot; she has the mortification to see Tom despised by all the worthy part of his own sex. Tom has nothing to do after dinner, but to determine whether he will pare his nails at St. James's, White's, or his own house. He has said nothing to Flavilla since they were married, which she might not have heard as well from her own woman. He however takes great care to keep up the saucy ill-natured authority of a husband. Whatever Flavilla happens to assert, Tom immediately contradicts with an oath by way of preface, and—'My dear, I must tell you, you talk most confoundedly silly.' Flavilla had a heart naturally as well disposed for all the tenderness of love as that of Lætitia; but as love seldom continues long after esteem, it is difficult to determine, at present, whether the unhappy Flavilla hates or despises the person most, whom she is obliged to lead her whole life with. X



N<sup>o</sup> DVII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11.

DEFENDIT NUMERUS, JUNCTAQUE UMBONE PRALANOS.

JUV. SAT. II. VER. 46.

PRESERVED FROM SHAME BY NUMBERS ON OUR SIDE.

**T**HERE is something very sublime, though very fanciful, in Plato's description of the Supreme Being, that 'Truth is his body, and light his shadow.' According to this definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his nature, as error and falsehood. The Platonists had so just a notion of the Almighty's aversion to every thing which is false and erroneous, that they looked upon truth as no less necessary than virtue to qualify a human soul for the enjoyment of a separate state. For this reason as they recommended moral duties to qualify and season the will for a future life, so they prescribed several contemplations and sciences to rectify the understanding. Thus Plato has called mathematical demonstrations the cathartics or purgatives of the soul, as being the most proper means to cleanse it from error, and to give it a relish of truth; which is the natural food and nourishment of the understanding, as virtue is the perfection and happiness of the will.

There are many authors who have shewn wherein the malignity of a lye consists, and set forth, in proper colours, the heinousness of the offence. I shall here consider one particular kind of this crime, which has not been so much spoken to; I mean that abominable practice of party-lying. This vice is so very predominant among us at present, that a man is thought of no principles, who does not propagate a certain system of lyes. The coffee-houses are supported by them, the press is choked with them, eminent authors live upon them. Our bottle-conversation is so infected with them, that a party-lye is grown as fashionable an entertainment as a lively catch or a merry story: the truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be struck dumb, were this fountain of discourse dried up. There is, however, one advantage resulting from this detestable practice; the very appearances of truth are so little regarded, that lyes are at present discharged in the air, and begin to hurt

nobody. When we hear a party-lye from a stranger, we consider whether he is a Whig or a Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are words of course, in which the honest gentlemen designs to recommend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common sense, that gives credit to the relations of party-writers; nay his own friends shake their heads at him, and consider him in no other light than as an officious tool or a well-meaning idiot. When it was formerly the fashion to husband a lye, and trump it up in some extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little serviceable to the faction that made use of it; but at present every man is upon his guard, the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I have frequently wondered to see men of probity, who would scorn to utter a falsehood for their own particular advantage, give so readily into a lye when it becomes the voice of their faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are men of honour in their persons, thus to become notorious liars in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reasons for it, and at the same time discover the insufficiency of these reasons to justify so criminal a practice.

In the first place, men are apt to think that the guilt of a lye, and consequently the punishment, may be very much diminished, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of those who partake in it. Though the weight of a falsehood would be too heavy for one to bear, it grows light in their imaginations, when it is shared among many. But in this case a man very much deceives himself; guilt, when it spreads through numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied: every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not as the number of those who are his companions in it. Both the crime and the punishment

heavy upon every individual of ending multitude, as they would any single person had none shared him in the offence. In a word, vision of guilt is like to that of ; though it may be separated into : portions, every portion shall have sole essence of matter in it, and of as many parts as the whole did it was divided.

in the second place, though mul- who join in a lye, cannot exempt lves from the guilt, they may be lame of it. The scandal of : in a manner lost and annihilated, siffused among several thousands; op of the blackest tincture wears and vanishes, when mixed and id in a considerable body of wa- e blot is still in it, but is not able over itself. This is certainly a eat motive to several party-of- : who avoid crimes, not as they judicial to their virtue, but to eputation. It is enough to shew akness of this reason, which pal- guilt without removing it, that nan who is influenced by it de- himself in effect an infamous hy- , prefers the appearance of virtue reality, and is determined in his t neither by the dictates of his nscience, the suggestions of true , nor the principles of religion. : third and last great motive for joining in a popular falsehood, or,

as I have hitherto called it, a party lye, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing good to a cause which every party may be supposed to look upon as the most meritorious. The unsoundness of this principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a man must be an utter stranger to the principles, either of natural religion or christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a man might promote the supposed good of his country by the blackest calumnies and falsehoods, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the Christian world. When Pompey was desired not to set sail in a tempest that would hazard his life—"It is necessary for me," says he, "to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live:" every man should say to himself, with the same spirit—"It is my duty to speak truth, though it is not my duty to be in an office." One of the fathers hath carried this point so high, as to declare, he would not tell a lye, though he were sure to gain heaven by it. However extravagant such a protestation may appear, every one will own, that a man may say very reasonably, he would not tell a lye if he were sure to gain hell by it; or if you have a mind to soften the expression, that he would not tell a lye to gain any temporal reward by it, when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain. O

## Nº DVIII. MONDAY, OCTOBER 13.

AUTEM ET HABENTUR ET DICUNTUR TYRANNI, QUI POTESTATE SUNT PERPETUA, IN EA CIVITATE QUÆ LIBERTATE USA EST.

CORN. NEPOS IN MILT. C. 8.

THESE THOSE ARE ACCOUNTED AND DENOMINATED TYRANTS, WHO EXERCISE A PERPETUAL POWER IN THAT STATE WHICH WAS BEFORE FREE.

THE following letters complain of what I have frequently observed every much indignation; therefore I give them to the public in the words which my correspondents, who suffer under the hardships mentioned in described them.

SPECTATOR,  
former ages all pretensions to dominion have been supported and sub- to, either upon account of inhe- conquest, or election; and all

such persons who have taken upon them any sovereignty over their fellow-creatures upon any other account, have been always called tyrants, not so much because they were guilty of any particular barbarities, as because every attempt to such a superiority was in it's nature tyrannical. But there is another sort of potentate, who may with greater propriety be called tyrants than those last mentioned, both as they assume a despotic dominion over those as free as themselves, and as they support it by

acts of notable oppression and injustice; and these are the rulers in all clubs and meetings. In other governments, the punishments of some have been alleviated by the rewards of others; but what makes the reign of these potentates so particularly grievous, is, that they are exquisite in punishing their subjects, at the same time they have it not in their power to reward them. That the reader may the better comprehend the nature of these monarchs, as well as the miserable state of those that are their vassals, I shall give an account of the king of the company I am fallen into, whom for his particular tyranny I shall call Dionysius; as also of the seeds that sprung up to this odd sort of empire.

Upon all meetings at taverns, it is necessary some one of the company should take it upon him to get all things in such order and readiness, as may contribute as much as possible to the felicity of the convention; such as hastening the fire, getting a sufficient number of candles, talking the wine with a judicious smack, fixing the supper, and being brisk for the dispatch of it. Know then, that Dionysius went through these offices with an air that seemed to express a satisfaction rather in serving the public, than in gratifying any particular inclination of his own. We thought him a person of an exquisite palate, and therefore by consent beseeched him to be always our proveditor, which post, after he had handsomely denied, he could not do otherwise than accept. At first he made no other use of his power, than in recommending such and such things to the company, ever allowing these points to be disputable; insomuch that I have often carried the debate for partridge, when his majesty has given intimation of the high relish of duck, but at the same time has cheerfully submitted, and devoured his partridge with most gracious resignation. This submission on his side naturally produced the like on our's; of which he in a little time made such barbarous advantage, as in all these matters which before seemed indifferent to him, to issue out certain edicts as uncontrollable and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He is by turns outrageous, peevish, froward, and jovial. He thinks it our duty for the little offices, as proveditor, that in return all conversation is

to be interrupted or promoted by his inclination for or against the present humour of the company. We feel, at present, in the utmost extremity, the insolence of office; however, I, being naturally warm, ventured to oppose him in a dispute about a haunch of venison. I was altogether for roasting, but Dionysius declared himself for boiling with so much prowess and resolution, that the cook thought it necessary to consult his own safety, rather than the luxury of my proposition. With the same authority that he orders what we shall eat and drink, he also commands us where to do it, and we change our tavern according as he suspects any treasonable practices in the settling the bill by the master, or sees any bold rebellion in point of attendance by the waiters. Another reason for changing the seat of empire, I conceive to be the pride he takes in the promulgation of our slavery, though we pay our club for our entertainments even in these palaces of our grand monarch. When he has a mind to take the air, a party of us are commanded out by way of life-guard, and we march under as great restrictions as they do. If we meet a neighbouring king, we give or keep the way according as we are out-numbered or not; and if the train of each is equal in number, rather than give battle, the superiority is soon adjusted by a desertion from one of them.

Now, the expulsion of these unjust rulers out of all societies would gain a man as everlasting a reputation, as either of the Brutus's got from their endeavours to extirpate tyranny from among the Romans. I confess myself to be in a conspiracy against the usurper of our club; and to shew my reading as well as my merciful disposition, shall allow him until the ides of March to destroy himself. If he seems to affect empire until that time, and does not gradually recede from the incursions he has made upon our liberties, he shall find a dinner dressed which he has no hand in, and shall be treated with an order, magnificence, and luxury, as shall break his proud heart; at the same time that he shall be convinced in his stomach he was unfit for his post, and a more mild and skilful prince receive the acclamations of the people, and he sit in his room but, as Milton says, —

These thoughts  
 unself must mature. Peace is despair'd,  
 he can think submission? War then,  
 war,  
 or understood, must be resolv'd.  
 n, Sir, your most obedient humble  
 servant.

## SPECTATOR,

I a young woman at a gentleman's  
 t in the country, who is a parti-  
 friend of my father's, and came  
 to pass away a month or two  
 his daughters. I have been enter-  
 with the utmost civility by the  
 family, and nothing has been  
 d which can make my stay easy  
 agreeable on the part of the family;  
 ere is a gentleman here, a visitant  
 m, whose behaviour has given me  
 uneasinesses. When I first ar-  
 here, he used me with the utmost  
 aissance; but, forsooth, that was  
 ith regard to my sex, and since he  
 designs upon me, he does not  
 why he should distinguish me  
 a man in things indifferent. He  
 u must know, one of those familiar  
 mbs, who have observed some well-  
 men with a good grace converse  
 women, and say no fine things,  
 et treat them with that sort of re-  
 which flows from the heart and  
 nderstanding, but is exerted in no  
 sions or compliments. - This pup-  
 o imitate this excellence, or avoid  
 ntrary fault of being troublesome  
 nplaisance, takes upon him to try

his talent upon me, insomuch that he  
 contradicts me upon all occasions, and  
 one day told me I lyed. If I had stuck  
 him with my bodkin, and behaved my-  
 self like a man, since he will not treat  
 me as a woman, I had, I think, served  
 him right. I wish, Sir, you would  
 please to give him some maxims of be-  
 haviour in these points, and resolve me  
 if all maids are not in point of conver-  
 sation to be treated by all bachelors as  
 their mistresses? If not so, are they not  
 to be used as gently as their sisters? Is  
 it sufferable, that the fop of whom I  
 complain should say, that he would  
 rather have such-a-one without a groat,  
 than me with the Indies? What right  
 has any man to make suppositions of  
 things not in his power, and then de-  
 clare his will to the dislike of one that  
 has never offended him? I assure you  
 these are things worthy your considera-  
 tion, and I hope we shall have your  
 thoughts upon them. I am, though a  
 woman justly offended, ready to forgive  
 all this, because I have no remedy but  
 leaving very agreeable company sooner  
 than I desire. This also is an heinous  
 aggravation of his offence, that he is in-  
 flicting banishment upon me. Your  
 printing this letter may perhaps be an  
 admonition to reform him: as soon as  
 it appears I will write my name at the  
 end of it, and lay it in his way; the  
 making which just reprimand, I hope  
 you will put in the power of, Sir,

Your constant reader, and humble  
 T servant.

## Nº DIX. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14.

HOMINIS FRUGI ET TEMPERANTIS PUNCTUS OFFICIUM.

TER. HAUT. ACT. III. Sc. 3.

DISCHARGING THE PART OF A GOOD ECONOMIST.

HE useful knowledge in the fol-  
 lowing letter shall have a place in  
 aper, though there is nothing in it  
 a immediately regards the polite  
 e learned world; I say immediate-  
 n upon reflection every man will  
 here is a remote influence upon his  
 affairs, in the prosperity or decay  
 e trading part of mankind. My  
 nt correspondent, I believe, was  
 in print before; but what he says  
 deserves a general attention, though  
 red in his own homely maxims,  
 kind of proverbial simplicity;

which sort of learning has raised more  
 estates than ever were, or will be, from  
 attention to Virgil, Horace, Tully, Se-  
 neca, Plutarch, or any of the rest, whom,  
 I dare say, this worthy citizen would  
 hold to be indeed ingenious, but un-  
 profitable writers. But to the letter.

MR. WILLIAM SPECTATOR.

BROAD STREET, OCTOBER 10,  
 1712.

I Accuse you of many discourses on  
 the subject of money, which you have  
 heretofore promised the public, but have  
 not

not discharged yourself thereof. But, forasmuch as you seemed to depend upon advice from others what to do in that point, have sat down to write you the needful upon that subject. But, before I enter thereupon, I shall take this opportunity to observe to you, that the thriving frugal man shews it in every part of his expence, dress, servants, and house; and I must, in the first place, complain to you, as Spectator, that in these particulars there is at this time, throughout the city of London, a lamentable change from that simplicity of manners, which is the true source of wealth and prosperity. I just now said, the man of thrift shews regularity in every thing; but you may, perhaps, laugh that I take notice of such a particular as I am going to do, for an instance that this city is declining, if their ancient oeconomy is not restored. The thing which gives me this prospect, and so much offence, is the neglect of the Royal Exchange, I mean the edifice so called, and the walks appertaining thereunto. The Royal Exchange is a fabric that well deserves to be so called, as well to express that our monarchs highest glory and advantage consists in being the patrons of trade, as that it is commodious for business, and an instance of the grandeur both of prince and people. But, alas! at present it hardly seems to be set apart for any such use or purpose. Instead of the assembly of honourable merchants, substantial tradesmen, and knowing masters of ships; the mumpers, the halt, the blind, and the lame; your venders of trash, apples, plums; your raggamuffins, rakehames, and wenchers, have jostled the greater number of the former out of that place. Thus it is, especially on the evening change: so that what with the din of squallings, oaths, and cries of beggars, men of the greatest consequence in our city absent themselves from the place. This particular, by the way, is of evil consequence; for if the 'Change be no place for men of the highest credit to frequent, it will not be a disgrace to those of less abilities to absent. I remember the time when rascally company were kept out, and the unlucky boys with toys and baits were whipped away by a beadle. I have seen this done indeed of late, but then it has been only to chase the lads from chuck, that the beadle might seize their copper.

I must repeat the abomination, that the walnut-trade is carried on by old women within the walks, which makes the place impassable by reason of shells and trash. The benches around are so filthy, that no one can sit down, yet the beadles and officers have the impudence at Christmas to ask for their box, though they deserve the strapado. I do not think it impertinent to have mentioned this, because it speaks a neglect in the domestic care of the city, and the domestic is the truest picture of a man every where else.

But I designed to speak on the business of money and advancement of gain. The man proper for this, speaking in the general, is of a sedate, plain, good understanding, not apt to go out of his way, but so behaving himself at home, that business may come to him. Sir William Turner, that valuable citizen, has left behind him a most excellent rule, and couched it in very few words, suited to the meanest capacity. He would say—'Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you.' It must be confessed, that if a man of a great genius could add steadiness to his vivacity, or substitute slower men of fidelity to transact the methodical part of his affairs, such a one would outstrip the rest of the world: but business and trade are not to be managed by the same heads which write poetry, and make plans for the conduct of life in general. So though we are at this day beholden to the less witty and inventive Duke of Buckingham for the whole trade and manufacture of glass, yet I suppose there is no one will aver, that, were his Grace yet living, they would not rather deal with my diligent friend and neighbour, Mr. Gumley, for any goods to be prepared and delivered on such a day, than to would with that illustrious mechanic above mentioned.

No, no, Mr. Spectator, you will not pretend to be rich; and it is possible the reason may be, in some manner, because you despise, or at least you do not value it enough to let it take up your chief attention; which the trader must do, or lose his credit, which is to him what honour, reputation, fame, or glory, is to other sort of men.

I shall not speak to the point of itself, until I see how you improve of these my maxims in general; but I think a speculation upon 'Money and

a quibble; A penny saved is a penny got; Penny wife and pound of beef; It is need that makes the old trot; would be very useful to all, and if you treated them with care would be useful to yourself, would inake demands for your money from those who have no notion of present. But of these matters I say no more. If you did this, as you any writers of the present age do, you would outgo the use of the true razor-shops for use. I conclude this discourse with a quotation of a proverb, which by error is taken and used when a man is reduced to an extremity, whereas the true maxim is to use it as you would say, there is plenty; you must make such a choice, as you must make another who is to come after

Cobias Hobson, from whom we have the expression, was a very honourable man, for I shall ever call the man who gets an estate honestly. Mr. Hobson was a carrier, and because of great abilities and invention, one that saw where there might be a profit arise, though the duller men did not see it; this ingenious man was in this island who let out hackney-coaches. He lived in Cambridge,

and observing that the scholars ride hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man: I say, Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling; but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable-door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice: from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say—'Hobson's choice.' This memorable man stands drawn in fresco at an inn, which he used in Bishopsgate Street, with an hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag:

The fruitful mother of a hundred more.

Whatever tradesman will try the experiment, and begin the day after you publish this my discourse to treat his customers all alike, and all reasonably and honestly, I will insure him the same success. I am, Sir, your loving friend,

THEO. HEZEKIAH THRIFT.

## Nº DX. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15.

SI SAPIS,  
NEQUE PRÆTER QUAM QUAS IPSE AMOR NOLESTIAS  
HABET ADDAS; ET ILLAS, QUAS HABET, RECTE FERAS.

TER. EUN. ACT. I. SC. I.

BE WISE, NEITHER ADD TO THE TROUBLES WHICH ATTEND THE ENJOYMENT OF LOVE, AND BEAR PATIENTLY THOSE WHICH ARE INSEPARABLE FROM IT.

the other day driving in a hackney-coach through Gerrard Street, when my attention was immediately caught with the object imaginable, the face of a fair girl, between thirteen and fourteen, fixed at the chin to a painted landscape, made part of the landscape. It was admirably done, and upon my saying myself eagerly out of the coach that it was, it laughed and flung from me. This amiable figure dwelt in my mind; and I was considering the face of the girl, and her pleasant countenance, a picture until she was

taken notice of, and raising the admiration of the beholders. This little circumstance made me run into reflection upon the force of beauty, and the wonderful influence the female sex has upon the other part of the species. Our hearts are seized with their enchantments, and there are few of us, but brutal men, who by that hardness lose the chief pleasure in them, can resist their insinuations, though never so much against our own interests and opinion. It is common with women to destroy the good effects of a man's following his own way and inclination.

clination might have upon his honour and fortune, by interposing their power over him in matters wherein they cannot influence him, but to his loss and disparagement. I do not know therefore a task so difficult in human life, as to be proof against the importunities of a woman a man loves. There is certainly no armour against tears, swollen looks, or at best constrained familiarities, in her whom you usually meet with transport and alacrity. Sir Walter Raleigh was quoted in a letter (of a very ingenious correspondent of mine) on this subject. That author, who had lived in courts and camps, travelled through many countries, and seen many men under several climates, and of as various complexions, speaks of our impotence to resist the wiles of women in very severe terms. His words are as follow:

What means did the devil find out, or what instruments did his own subtlety present him, as subtle and aptest to work his mischief by? even the unquiet vanity of the woman; so as by Adam's hearkening to the voice of his wife, contrary to the express commandment of the living God, mankind by that her incantation became the subject of labour, sorrow and death; the woman being given to man for a comforter and companion, but not for a counsellor. It is also to be noted by whom the woman was tempted; even by the most ugly and unworthy of all beasts, into whom the devil entered and persuaded. Secondly, what was the motive of her disobedience? even a desire to know what was most unfitting her knowledge; an affection which has ever since remained in all the posterity of her sex. Thirdly, what is it that moved the man to yield to her persuasions? even the same cause which hath moved all men since to the like consent, namely, an unwillingness to grieve her or make her sad, lest she should pine, and be overcome with sorrow. But if Adam in the state of perfection, and Solomon the son of David, God's chosen servant, and himself a man endued with the greatest wisdom, did both of them disobey their Creator by the persuasion and for the love they bore to a woman, it is not so wonderful as lamentable, that other men in succeeding ages have been allured to so many inconvenient and

wicked practices by the persuasion of their wives, or other beloved darlings, who cover over and shadow many malicious purposes with a countenance of dissimulate sorrow and uneasiness.

The motions of the minds of lovers are no where so well described, as in the works of skillful writers for the stage. The scene between Fulvia and Curius, in the second act of Johnston's *Castine*, is an excellent picture of the power of a lady over her gallant. The wench plays with his affection; and as a man of all places in the world wishes to make a good figure with his mistress, upon her upbraiding him with want of spirit, he alludes to enterprises which he cannot reveal but with the hazard of his life. When he is worked thus far, with a little flattery of her opinion of his gallantry, and desire to know more of it out of her overflowing fondness to him, he brags to her until his life is in her disposal.

When a man is thus liable to be vanquished by the charms of her he loves, the safest way is to determine what is proper to be done, but to avoid all expostulation with her before he executes what he has resolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a treaty, and one must consider how senseless a thing it is to argue with one whose looks and gestures are more prevalent with you, than your reasons and arguments can be with her. It is a most miserable slavery to submit to what you disapprove, and give up a truth for no other reason, but that you had not fortitude to support you in asserting it. A man has enough to do to conquer his own unreasonable wishes and desires; but he does that in vain, if he has those of another to gratify. Let his pride be in his wife and family; let him give them all the conveniences of life in such a manner as if he were proud of them; but let it be his own innocent pride, and not their exorbitant desires, which are indulged by him. In this case all the little arts imaginable are used to soften a man's heart, and raise his passion above his understanding. But in all concessions of this kind, a man should consider whether the present he makes flows from his own love, or the importunity of his beloved: if from the latter, he is her slave; if from the former, her friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this subjection to women.

that seriousness which so important circumstance deserves. Why was courage given to man, if his wife's fears to frustrate it? when this is once engaged, you are no longer her guardian protector, as you were designed by nature, but in compliance to her weakness, you have disabled yourself from doing the misfortunes into which will lead you both, and you are to be the hour in which you are to be reached by herself for that very compliance to her. It is indeed the most ultimate mastery over ourselves we can

possibly attain, to resist the grief of her who charms us; but let the heart ache, be the anguish never so quick and painful, it is what must be suffered and passed through, if you think to live like a gentleman, or be conscious to yourself that you are a man of honesty. The old argument, that 'you do not love me if you deny me this,' which first was used to obtain a trifle, by habitual success will oblige the unhappy man who gives way to it, to resign the cause even of his country and his honour.

T

N<sup>o</sup> DXI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16.

QUIS NON INVENIT TURBA QUOD AMARET IN ILLA?

OVID. *ARS AM.* L. II. VER. 175.

—WHO COULD FAIL TO FIND,  
IN SUCH A CROWD, A MISTRESS TO HIS MIND?

AS SPEC,

ENDING that my last letter took, I do intend to continue my epistolary correspondence with thee, on those confounded creatures, women. As thou knowest, all the little learning I master of is upon that subject; I looked in a book, but for their names. I have lately met with two pure ones for a Spectator, which I am sure I shall use mightily, if they pass through my hands. The first of them I found in an English book, called *Dotus*, that lay in my friend Dapertout's window, as I visited him one day. It luckily opened in the place where I met with the following account. It tells us that it was the manner of the Persians to have several fairs in their kingdom, at which all the young married women were annually exposed to sale. The men who wanted a wife, a woman was given to the highest bidder, and the money which she fetched was set aside for the public use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and by. This means the richest people had the choice of the market, and culled out all the most extraordinary beauties. As the fair was thus picked, the women were to be distributed among the rich and among those who could not buy the price of a beauty. Several of the married women were without a farthing for them, unless some-

body chanced to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which case the best bidder was always the purchaser. But now you must know, Spec, it happened in Persia, as it does in our own country, that there were as many ugly women as beauties or agreeables; so that by consequence, after the magistrates had put off a great many, there were still a great many that stuck upon their hands. In order therefore to clear the market, the money which the beauties had sold for, was disposed of among the ugly; so that a poor man, who could not afford to have a beauty for his wife, was forced to take up with a fortune; the greatest portion being always given to the most deformed. To this the author adds, that every poor man was forced to live kindly with his wife, or in case he repented of his bargain, to return her portion with her to the next public sale.

What I would recommend to thee on this occasion is, to establish such an imaginary fair in Great Britain: thou couldst make it very pleasant, by matching women of quality with cobblers and curriers, or describing titles and garters leading off in great ceremony shop-keepers and farmers daughters. Though to tell thee the truth, I am confoundedly afraid that as the love of money prevails in our island more than it did in Persia, we should find that some of our greatest men would choose out the portions, and rival one another for the richest piece of



deformity; and that, on the contrary, the toasts and belles would be bought up by extravagant heirs, gamblers, and spendthrifts. Thou couldst make very pretty reflections upon this occasion in honour of the Perian politics, who took care, by such marriages, to beautify the upper part of the species, and to make the greatest persons in the government the most graceful. But this I shall leave to thy judicious pen.

I have another story to tell thee, which I likewise met with in a book. It seems the general of the Tartars, after having laid siege to a strong town in China, and taken it by storm, would set to sale all the women that were found in it. Accordingly, he put each of them into a sack, and after having thoroughly considered the value of the woman who was inclosed, marked the price that was demanded for her upon the sack. There were a great confluence of chapmen, that resorted from every part, with a design to purchase, which they were to do without unken. The book mentions a merchant in particular, who observing one of the sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his house. As he was resting with it upon a halway bridge, he was resolved to take a survey of his purchase: upon opening the sack, a little old woman popped her head out of it; at which the adventurer was in so great a rage, that he was going to shoot her out into the river. The old lady, however, begged him first of all to hear her story, by which he learned that she was sister to a great Mandarin, who would infallibly make the fortune of his brother-in-law as soon as he should know to whose lot she fell. Upon which the merchant again tied her up in his sack, and carried her to his house, where she

proved an excellent wife, and procured him all the riches from her brother that he had promised him.

I fancy, if I was disposed to dream a second time, I could make a tolerable vision upon this plan. I would suppose all the unmarried women in London and Westminster brought to market in sacks with their respective prices on each sack. The first sack that is sold is marked with five thousand pounds: upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admirable housewife, of an agreeable countenance. The purchaser, upon hearing her good qualities, pays down her price very chearfully. The second I would open, should be a five hundred pound sack: the lady in it, to our surprise, has the face and person of a toaft: as we are wondering how she came to be set at so low a price, we hear that she would have been valued at ten thousand pounds, but that the public had made those abatements for her being a scold. I would afterwards find some beautiful, modest, and discreet woman, that should be the top of the market: and perhaps discover half a dozen romps tied up together in the same sack, at one hundred pounds an head. The prude and the coquette should be valued at the same price, though the first should go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldst like such a vision, had I time to finish it; because, to talk in thy own way, there is a moral in it. Whatever thou mayest think of it, prythee do not make any of thy queer apologies for this letter, as thou didst for my last. The women love a gay lively fellow, and are never angry at the raileries of one who is their known admirer. I am always bitter upon them, but well with them.

Thine,

HONEYCOMB.

## N<sup>o</sup> DXII. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17.

LECTOREM DELECTANDO, PARITERQUE MONENDO.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 344

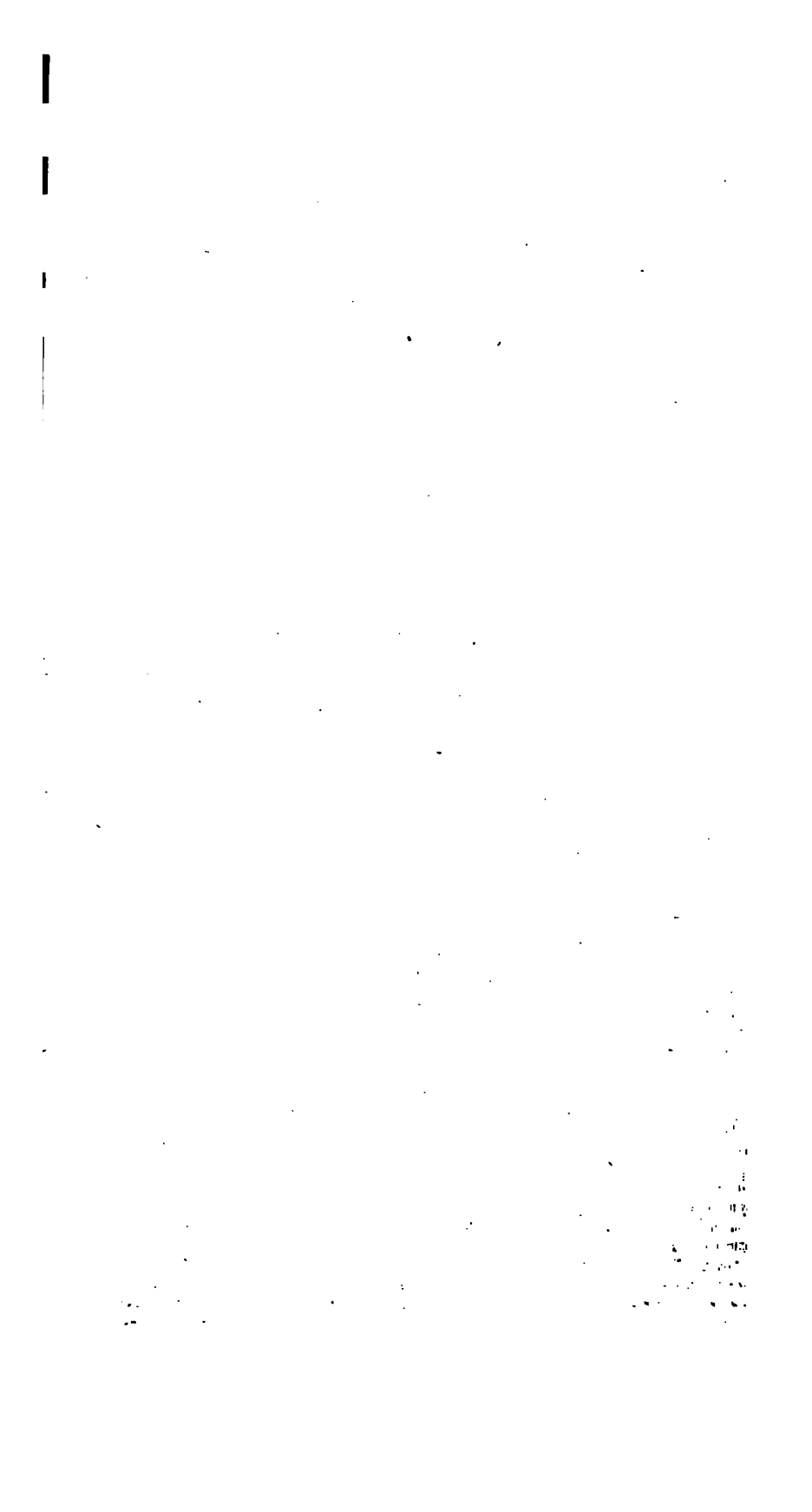
MIXING TOGETHER PROFIT AND DELIGHT.

THERE is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as *advice*. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots. We consider the in-

struction as an implicit censure, and the zeal which any one shews for our good on such an occasion as a piece of presumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the person who pretends to advise, does, in that particular, exercise a

superior





ver us, and can have no for it, but that in comparison, he thinks us defective in our conduct or our understanding; or these reasons, there is difficulty as the art of making able; and indeed all the ancient and modern, have themselves among one another, and the perfection at which we arrived in this art. How we have been made use of, to render the most palatable? Some instructions to us in the words, others in the most numbers, some in points of order in short proverbs.

Of all the different ways of writing, I think the finest, and leaves the most universally, whatsoever shape it appears. In this way of instructing or writing, it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least full of exceptions which I have observed.

It appears to us, if we reflect on the face, that upon the reading we are made to believe we are instructed. We peruse the author of the story, and consider rather as our own conclusions than instructions. The moral itself imperceptibly, we are surprised, and become wiser than we are aware. In short, by this manner of writing, we are so far over-reached as to direct himself, while he is the dictates of another, and is not sensible of that which is the unpleasant circumstance in

the place, if we look into history, we shall find that the mind is much pleased, as when she is in any action that gives her of her own perceptions and this natural pride and ambition of a fable: for in writing, the reader comes in for a performance; every thing appears to him like a discovery of his own; and all the while in appearance and circumstances, and respects both a reader and a writer. It is no wonder therefore, on occasions, when the mind is directed with itself, and amused with discoveries, that it is highly

delighted with the writing which is the occasion of it. For this reason the *Abfalom* and *Achitophel* was one of the most popular poems that ever appeared in English. The poetry is indeed very fine, but had it been much finer, it would not have so much pleased, without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient histories, we find the wise men of old very often chose to give counsel to their kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty instance of this nature in a Turkish tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The Vizier to this great Sultan (whether an humourist or an enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth, but the Vizier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the Emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of an heap of rubbish. 'I would fain know,' says the Sultan, 'what those two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse and give me an account of it.' The Vizier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan—'Sir,' says he, 'I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.' The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had said. 'You must know then,' said the Vizier, 'that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing—"Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion." To which the father of the daughter replied—"Instead of fifty I will give her five hundred."

"hundred, if you please. God grant  
"a long life to Sultan Mahmood;  
"whilst he reigns over us, we shall  
"never want ruined villages."

The story says, the Sultan was so  
touched with the fable, that he rebuilt  
the towns and villages which had been  
destroyed, and from that time forward  
consulted the good of his people.

To fill up my paper, I shall add a  
most ridiculous piece of natural magic,  
which was taught by no less a philoso-

pher than Democritus, namely, that if  
the blood of certain birds, which he  
mentioned, were mixed together, it  
would produce a serpent of such a won-  
derful virtue, that whoever did eat it  
should be skilled in the language of  
birds, and understand every thing they  
said to one another. Whether the Der-  
vise above-mentioned might not have  
eaten such a serpent, I shall leave to the  
determinations of the learned.

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## Nº DXIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18.

—AFFLATA EST NUMINE QUANDO

JAM PROPINQUE DEI—

VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER. 50.

WHEN ALL THE GODS CAME RUSHING ON HER SOUL.

DRYDEN.

THE following letter comes to me  
from that excellent man in holy  
orders, whom I have mentioned more  
than once as one of that society who as-  
sists me in my speculations. It is a  
thought in sickness, and of a very seri-  
ous nature, for which reason I give it a  
place in the paper of this day.

SIR,

THE indisposition which has long  
hung upon me, is at last grown to  
such a head, that it must quickly make  
an end of me, or of itself. You may  
imagine, that whilst I am in this bad  
state of health, there are none of your  
works which I read with greater plea-  
sure than your Saturday's papers. I  
should be very glad if I could furnish  
you with any hints for that day's en-  
tertainment. Were I able to digest up  
several thoughts of a serious nature,  
which have made great impressions on  
my mind during a long fit of sickness,  
they might not be an improper enter-  
tainment for that occasion.

Among all the reflections which usual-  
ly rise in the mind of a sick man, who  
has time and inclination to consider his  
approaching end, there is none more na-  
tural than that of his going to appear  
naked and unbodied before him who made  
him. When a man considers, that as  
soon as the vital union is dissolved, he  
shall see that Supreme Being, whom he  
now contemplates at a distance, and only  
in his works; or, to speak more philoso-  
phically, when by some faculty in the

soul he shall apprehend the Divine Be-  
ing, and be more sensible of his pre-  
sence, than we are now of the presence  
of any object which the eye beholds, a  
man must be lost in carelessness and stu-  
pidity, who is not alarmed at such a  
thought. Dr. Sherlock, in his excel-  
lent Treatise upon Death, has repre-  
sented, in very strong and lively co-  
lours, the state of the soul in it's first se-  
paration from the body, with regard to  
that invisible world which every where  
surrounds us, though we are not able  
to discover it through this grosser world  
of matter, which is accommodated to  
our senses in this life. His words are  
as follow:

'That death, which is our leaving  
'this world, is nothing else but our  
'putting off these bodies, teaches us,  
'that it is only our union to these bo-  
'dies which intercepts the sight of the  
'other world: the other world is not at  
'such a distance from us as we may ima-  
'gine; the throne of God indeed is at a  
'great remove from this earth, above  
'the third heavens, where he displays  
'his glory to those blessed spirits which  
'encompass his throne; but as soon as  
'we step out of these bodies, we step  
'into the other world, which is not  
'properly another world, (for there is  
'the same heaven and earth still) as a  
'new state of life. To live in these  
'bodies is to live in this world; to live  
'out of them is to remove into the next  
'for while our souls are confined in  
'these bodies, and can look only through

terial casements, nothing but material can affect us; nay, but what is so gross, that it st light and convey the shapes urs of things with it to the hat though within this visi- d, there be a more glorious things than what appears to perceive nothing at all of it; veil of flesh parts the visible sible world; but when we put : bodies, there are new and g wonders present themselves views; when these material es are taken off, the soul, with a naked eyes, sees what was before: and then we are in r world, when we can see it, verse with it. Thus St. Paul , that when we are at home body, we are absent from the out when we are absent from ly, we are present with the a Cor. v. 6, 8. And me- his is enough to cure us of our s for these bodies, unless we more desirable to be confined ison, and to look through a l our lives, which gives us but arrow prospect, and that none best neither, than to be set at to view all the glories of the What would we give now for glimpse of that invisible world, the first step we take out of bodies will present us with? re such things as eye hath not or ear heard, neither hath it into the heart of man to con- death opens our eyes, enlarges spect, presents us with a new re glorious world, which we er see while we are shut up in which should make us as wil- part with this veil, as to take off of our eyes, which hinders at.' thinking man cannot but be h affected with the idea of his y in the presence of that Being one can see and live; he must more affected when he consi- this Being whom he appears will examine all the actions of ite, and reward or punish him gly. I must confess that I re is no scheme of religion, be- of Christianity, which can pos- sers the most virtuous person : thought. Let a man's in-

nocence be what it will, let his virtues rite to the highest pitch of perfection at- tainable in this life, there will be still in him so many secret sins, so many hu- man frailties, so many offences of ig- norance, passion, and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and in short, so many defects in his best ac- tions, that, without the advantages of such an expiation and atonement as Christianity has revealed to us, it is im- possible that he should be cleared before his sovereign Judge, or that he should be able 'to stand in his sight.' Our ho- ly religion suggests to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect obedience accepted.

It is this series of thought that I have endeavoured to express in the following hymn, which I have composed during this my sickness.

## I.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker, face to face,  
O how shall I appear!

## II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be fought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought;

## III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear!

## IV.

But thou hast told the troubled mind,  
Who does her sins lament,  
The timely tribute of her tears  
Shall endless woe prevent.

## V.

Then see the sorrow of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late;  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
To give those sorrows weight.

## VI.

For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd  
To make her pardon sure.

There is a noble hymn in French, which Monsieur Bayle has celebrated for a 'very fine one,' and which the famous author of the Art of Speaking calls an 'admirable one,' that turns upon a thought of the same nature. If I could have done it justice in English, I would have sent it to you translated; it was written by Monsieur des Bar- reau

reux, who had been one of the greatest wits and libertines in France, but in his last years was as remarkable a penitent.

**G**RAND Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité;

Toujours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice.  
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté

Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta justice.  
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété  
Nelaïsse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice:  
Ton intérêt s'oppose à ma félicité:

Et ta clemence même attend que je perisse.  
Contente ton desir, puis qu'il t'est glorieux;

Offense toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;

Tonne, frappe, il est tems, rends moi guerre pour guerre;

J'adore en périssant la raison qui t'aigrit.  
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,  
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de Jésus Christ?

If these thoughts may be serviceable to you, I desire you would place them in a proper light; and am ever with great sincerity, Sir,

Your's, &c.

O

## Nº DXIV. MONDAY, OCTOBER 20.

ME PARNASSI DESERTA PER ARDUA DULCIS  
RAPTAT AMOR; JUVAT IRE JUGIS QUA NULLA PRIORUM  
CASTALIAM NOLLI DIVERTITUR ORBITA CLIVO.

VIRG. GEORG. III. VER. 291.

BUT THE COMMANDING MUSE MY CHARIOT GUIDES,  
WHICH O'ER THE DUBIOUS CLIFF SECURELY RIDES;  
AND PLEASE'D I AM NO BEATEN ROAD TO TAKE,  
BUT FIRST THE WAY TO NEW DISCOV'RIES MAKE.

DRYDEN.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Came home a little later than usual the other night, and not finding myself inclined to sleep, I took up Virgil to divert me until I should be more disposed to rest. He is the author whom I always chuse on such occasions, no one writing in so divine, so harmonious, nor so equal a strain, which leaves the mind compos'd and softened into an agreeable melancholy; the temper in which, of all others, I chuse to close the day. The passages I turned to were those beautiful raptures in his Georgics, where he professes himself intirely given up to the muses, and smit with the love of poetry, passionately wishing to be transported to the cool shades and retirements of the mountain Hæmus. I closed the book and went to-bed. What I had just before been reading made so strong an impression on my mind, that fancy seemed almost to fulfil to me the wish of Virgil, in presenting to me the following vision.

I methought I was on a sudden placed in the plains of Boeotia, where at the end of the horizon I saw the mountain Parnassus rising before me. The prospect was of so large an extent, that I had long wandered about to find a path which should directly lead me to it, had

I not seen at some distance a grove of trees, which in a plain that had nothing else remarkable enough in it to fix my sight, immediately determined me to go thither. When I arrived at it, I found it parted out into a great number of walks and alleys, which often widened into beautiful openings, as circles or ovals, set round with yews and cypresses, with niches, grottoes, and caves placed on the sides, encompassed with ivy. There was no sound to be heard in the whole place, but only that of a gentle breeze passing over the leaves of the forest; every thing beside was buried in a profound silence. I was captivated with the beauty and retirement of the place, and never so much, before that hour, was pleased with the enjoyment of myself. I indulged the humour, and suffered myself to wander without choice or design. At length at the end of a range of trees, I saw three figures seated on a bank of moss, with a silent brook creeping at their feet. I adored them as the tutelar divinities of the place, and stood still to take a particular view of each of them. The middlemost, whose name was Solitude, sat with her arms across each other, and seemed rather pensive and wholly taken up with her own thoughts, than any ways gaily

as. The only companions admitted into that retirement, goddess Silence, who sat on her side with her finger on her mouth; or left Contemplation, with her side upon the heavens. Before a celestial globe, with several of mathematical theorems. She led my speech with the greatest in the world. 'Fear not,'

'I know your request before I ask it; you would be led to the aid of the muses; the only way is through this place, and no so often employed in conducting thither as myself.' When thus spoken, she rose from her side and I immediately placed myself in her direction; but whilst I passed the grove, I could not help enquire of her who were the persons into that sweet retirement.

'said I, 'there can nothing be here but virtue and virtuous persons; the whole wood seems designed for the reception and reward of persons as have spent their lives according to the dictates of their conscience and the commands of the —' You imagine right,' said she, 'sure yourself this place was at first designed for no other: such it used to be in the reign of Saturn, when none entered here but holy priests, sages of their country from open and tyranny, who reposed their lives here after their labours, those whom the study and love of wisdom had fitted for divine conversation. But now it is become no less dangerous than it was before designed: Vice has learned so to mimic virtue, that it often creeps in hither in its disguise. See there! just now, Revenge stalking by, haughty the robe of Honour. Observe from him Ambition standing if you ask him his name, he tells you it is Emulation or Glory. The most frequent intruder was Lust, who succeeds now the place to whom in better days this was intirely devoted. Virtuous with Hymen, and the graces attending him, once reigned in this place; a whole train of virtues on him, and no dishonourable it durst presume for admittance: *now, how is the whole prospect changed, and how seldom renewed*

'by some few who dare despise sordid wealth, and imagine themselves fit companions for so charming a divinity!'

The goddess had no sooner said thus, but we were arrived at the utmost boundaries of the wood, which lay contiguous to a plain that ended at the foot of the mountain. Here I kept close to my guide, being solicited by several phantoms, who assured me they would shew me a nearer way to the mountain of the muses. Among the rest Vanity was extremely importunate, having deluded infinite numbers, whom I saw wandering at the foot of the hill. I turned away from this despicable troop with disdain, and addressing myself to my guide, told her, that as I had some hopes I should be able to reach up part of the ascent, so I despaired of having strength enough to attain the plain on the top. But being informed by her that it was impossible to stand upon the sides, and that if I did not proceed onwards, I should irrevocably fall down to the lowest verge, I resolved to hazard any labour and hardship in the attempt: so great a desire had I of enjoying the satisfaction I hoped to meet with at the end of my enterprise!

There were two paths, which led up by different ways to the summit of the mountain; the one was guarded by the genius which presides over the moment of our births. He had it in charge to examine the several pretensions of those who desired to pass that way, but to admit none excepting those only on whom Melpomene had looked with a propitious eye at the hour of their nativity. The other way was guarded by Diligence, to whom many of those persons applied who had met with a denial the other way; but he was so tedious in granting their request, and indeed after admittance the way was so very intricate and laborious, that many, after they had made some progress, chose rather to return back than proceed, and very few persisted so long as to arrive at the end they proposed. Besides these two paths, which at length severally led to the top of the mountain, there was a third made up of these two, which a little after the entrance joined in one. This carried those happy few, whose good fortune it was to find it, directly to the throne of Apollo. I do not know whether I should even now have



had the resolution to have demanded entrance at either of these doors, had I not seen a peasant-like man (followed by a numerous and lovely train of youths of both sexes) insist upon entrance for all whom he led up. He put me in mind of the country clown who is painted in the map for leading Prince Eugene over the Alps. He had a bundle of papers in his hand, and produced several which, he said, were given to him by hands which he knew Apollo would allow as passes; among which, methought I saw some of my own writing. The whole assembly was admitted, and gave, by their presence, a new beauty and pleasure to these happy mansions. I found the man did not pretend to enter himself, but served as a kind of forerider in the lawns to direct passengers, who by their own merit, or instructions he procured for them, had virtue enough to travel that way. I looked very attentively upon this kind homely benefactor, and forgave me, Mr. Spectator, if I own to you I took him for yourself. We were no sooner entered, but we were sprinkled three times with the water of the fountain of Aganippe, which had power to deliver us from all harms, but only Envy, which reacheth even to the end of our journey. We had not proceeded far in the middle path when we arrived at the summit of the hill, where there immediately appeared to us two figures, which extremely engaged my attention: the one was a young nymph in the prime of her youth and beauty; she had wings on her shoulders and feet, and was able to transport herself to the most distant regions in the smallest space of time. She was continually varying her dress, sometimes into the most natural and becoming habits in the world, and at others into the most wild and fantastic garb that can be imagined. There stood by her a man full aged and of great gravity, who corrected her inconsistencies by shewing them in this mirror, and still hung her affected and unbecoming ornaments down the mountain, which fell in the plain below, and were gathered up and wore with great satisfaction by those that inhabited it. The name of this nymph was Fancy, the daughter of Liberty, the most beautiful of all the mountain nymphs. The other was Judgment, the offspring of Truth, and the only child he acknowledged to

be his. A youth, who sat upon a throne just between them, was their genuine offspring; his name was Wit, and his seat was composed of the works of the most celebrated authors. I could not but see with a secret joy, that though the Greeks and Romans made the majority, yet our own countrymen were the next both in number and dignity. I was now at liberty to take a full prospect of that delightful region. I was inspired with new vigour and life, and saw every thing in nobler and more pleasing views than before; I breathed a purer ether in a sky which was a continued azure, gilded with perpetual sunshine. The two summits of the mountain rose on each side, and formed in the midst a most delicious vale, the habitation of the muses, and of such as had composed works worthy of immortality. Apollo was seated upon a throne of gold, and for a canopy an aged laurel spread its boughs and its shade over his head. His bow and quiver lay at his feet. He held his harp in his hand, whilst the muses round about him celebrated with hymns his victory over the serpent Python, and sometimes sung in softer notes the loves of Leucorhoe and Daphnis. Homer, Virgil, and Milton, were seated the next to them. Behind were a great number of others, among whom I was surprised to see some in the habit of Laplanders, who notwithstanding the uncouthness of their dress, had lately obtained a place upon the mountain. I saw Pindar walking alone, no one daring to accost him, until Cowley joined himself to him; but growing weary of one who almost walked him out of breath, he left him for Horace and Anacreon, with whom he seemed infinitely delighted.

A little further I saw another group of figures; I made up to them, and found it was Socrates dictating to Xenophon, and the spirit of Plato; but most of all Musæus had the greatest audience about him. I was at too great a distance to hear what he said, or to discover the faces of his hearers; only I thought I now perceived Virgil, who had joined them, and stood in a posture full of admiration at the harmony of his words.

Lastly, at the very brink of the hill I saw Boccacini sending dispatches to the world below of what happened upon Parnassus: but I perceived he did it

not leave of the muses, and by  
 I, and was unwilling to have them  
 by Apollo. I could now from  
 height and serene sky behold the  
 the cares and anxieties with which  
 the below sought out their way  
 through the maze of life. I saw the path  
 true lie straight before them, whilst  
 the, or some malicious demon, still  
 led them out of the way. I was

at once touched with pleasure at my own  
 happiness, and compassion at the sight  
 of their inextricable errors. Here the  
 two contending passions rose so high,  
 that they were inconsistent with the sweet  
 repose I enjoyed; and awaking with a  
 sudden start, the only consolation I  
 could admit of for my loss, was the  
 hopes that this relation of my dream  
 will not displease you. T

## Nº DXV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21.

T ME ET MISERET, QUI HARUM MORES CANTABAT MIHI, MONUISSE  
 FRUSTRA

TER. HEAUT. ACT II. SC. 2.

ASHAMED AND GRIEVED, THAT I NEGLECTED HIS ADVICE, WHO GAVE ME  
 THE CHARACTER OF THESE CREATURES.

SPECTATOR,

I am obliged to you for printing the  
 account I lately sent you of a coquette  
 disturbed a sober congregation in  
 the city of London. That intelligence  
 led me to her taking a coach, and bid-  
 ding the driver go where he knew. I  
 did not leave her so, but dogged her,  
 and as she drove, to Paul's Church-  
 where there was a stop of coaches  
 waiting company coming out of the  
 street. This gave me opportunity  
 to hold up a crown to her coachman,  
 who gave me the signal, that he would  
 stop, and make no haste, as you  
 say the way is when they favour a  
 coach. By his many kind blunders,  
 and against other coaches, and slip-  
 ping off some of his tackle, I could  
 keep up with him, and lodged my fine  
 in the parish of St. James's. As  
 I said when I first saw her at church,  
 business is to win hearts and throw  
 away, regarding nothing but the  
 appearance. I have had the happiness, by  
 following her through all with whom  
 she was acquainted, to find one  
 who was intimate with a friend of mine,  
 so to be introduced to her notice. I  
 made so good use of my time, as  
 to procure from that intimate of her's  
 a set of her letters, which she writ to her  
 friends in the country. This epistle of  
 her own may serve to alarm the world  
 to all her ordinary life, as mine, I  
 did those who shall behold her at  
 church. The letter was written last  
 week to the lady who gave it me; and  
 it is not but you will find it the soul

of an happy self-loving dame, that takes  
 all the admiration she can meet with,  
 and returns none of it in love to her  
 admirers.

DEAR JENNY,

I Am glad to find you are likely to be  
 disposed of in marriage so much to  
 your approbation as you tell me. You  
 say you are afraid only of me, for I  
 shall laugh at your spouse's airs. I beg  
 of you not to fear it, for I am too nice  
 a discernor to laugh at any but whom  
 most other people think fine fellows;  
 so that your dear may bring you hither  
 as soon as his horses are in case enough  
 to appear in town, and you will be very  
 safe against any railery you may appre-  
 hend from me; for I am surrounded  
 with coxcombs of my own making, who  
 are all ridiculous in a manner your good  
 man, I presume, cannot exert himself.  
 As men who cannot raise their fortunes,  
 and are uneasy under the incapacity of  
 shining in courts, rail at ambition; so  
 do awkward and insipid women, who  
 cannot warm the hearts and charm the  
 eyes of men, rail at affectation: but she  
 that has the joy of seeing a man's heart  
 leap into his eyes at beholding her, is in  
 no pain for want of esteem among a  
 crew of that part of her own sex, who  
 have no spirit but that of envy, and no  
 language but that of malice. I do not  
 in this, I hope, express myself insensible  
 of the merit of Leodacius, who loves  
 her beauty to all but her husband, and  
 never spreads her charms but to glad-  
 den him who has a right in them; I  
 say.

say, I do honour to those who can be coquettes, and are not such; but I despise all who would be so, and in despair of arriving at it themselves, hate and vilify all those who can. But, be that as it will, in answer to your desire of knowing my history: one of my chief present pleasures is in country-dances; and, in obedience to me, as well as the pleasure of coming up to me with a good grace, shewing themselves in their addresses to others in my presence, and the like opportunities, they are all proficient that way: and I had the happiness of being the other night where we made six couple, and every woman's partner a professed lover of mine. The wildest imagination cannot form to itself, on any occasion, higher delight than I acknowledge myself to have been in all that evening. I chose out of my admirers a set of men who most love me, and gave them partners of such of my own sex who most envied me.

My way is, when any man who is my admirer, pretends to give himself airs of merit, as at this time a certain gentleman you know did, to mortify him by favouring in his presence the most insignificant creature I can find. At this ball I was led into the company by pretty Mr. Fanfly, who, you know, is the most obsequious, well shaped, well-bred woman's man in town. I at first entrance declared him my partner if I danced at all; which put the whole assembly into a grin, as forming no terrors from such a rival. But we had not been long in the room, before I overheard the meritorious gentleman above-mentioned say with an oath—'There is no raillery in the thing, she certainly loves the puppy.' My gentleman, when we were dancing, took an occasion to be very soft in his oglings upon a lady he danced with, and whom he knew of all women I love most to outshine. The contest began who should plague the other most. I, who do not care a farthing for him, had no hard task to outvex him. I made Fanfly, with a very little encouragement, cut capers *coupés*, and then sink with all the air and tenderness imaginable. When he performed this, I observed the gentleman you know of fall into the same way, and imitate as well as he could the despised Fanfly. I cannot well give you, who are so grave a country lady, the idea of the joy we have when we see a stubborn heart breaking, or a man of

sense turning fool for our sakes; but this happened to our friend, and I expect his attendance whenever I go to church, to court, to the play, or the park. This is a sacrifice due to us women of genius, who have the eloquence of beauty, an easy mien. I mean by an easy mien, one which can be on occasion easily affected: for I must tell you, dear Jenny, I hold one maxim, which is an uncommon one, to wit, that our greatest charms are owing to affectation. It is to that our arms can lodge so quietly just over our hips, and the fan can play without any force or motion, but just of the wrist. It is to affectation we owe the pensive attention of Deidamia at a tragedy, the scornful approbation of Dulcimara at a comedy, and the lowly aspect of Lanquicella at a sermon.

To tell you the plain truth, I know no pleasure but in being admired, and have yet never failed of attaining the approbation of the man whose regard I had a mind to. You see all the men who make a figure in the world (as wife a look as they are pleased to put upon the matter) are moved by the same vanity as I am. What is there in ambition, but to make other people's wills depend upon your's? This indeed is not to be aimed at by one who has a genius no higher than to think of being a very good housewife in a country gentleman's family. The care of poultry and pigs are great enemies to the countenance; the vacant look of a fine lady is not to be preserved, if she admits any thing to take up her thoughts but her own dear person. But I interrupt you too long from your cares, and myself from my conquests. I am, Madam,

Your most humble servant.

Give me leave, Mr. Spectator, to add her friend's answer to this epistle, who is a very discreet ingenious woman.

DEAR GATTY,

I Take your raillery in very good part, and am obliged to you for the fine air with which you speak of your own gaieties. But this is but a barren superficial pleasure. Indeed, Gatty, we are made for man, and in serious ~~business~~ I must tell you, whether you yourself know it or no, all these gallantries lead to no other end but to be a wife and a mother as fast as you can. I am, Madam,

Your most obedient servant.

N<sup>o</sup> DXVI. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22.

IMMORTALE ODIIUM ET NUNQUAM SANABILE VULNUS,  
INDE FUROR VULGO, QUOD NUMINA VICINORUM  
ODIT UTERQUE LOCUS, QUUM SOLOS CREDIT HABENDOS  
ESSE DEOS QUOS IPSE COLIT

JUV. SAT. XV. VER. 34.

— A GRUDGE, TIME OUT OF MIND, BEGUN,  
AND MUTUALLY EXQUEATH'D FROM SIRE TO SON;  
RELIGIOUS SPITE, AND PIOUS SPLEEN BRED FIRST  
THE QUARREL, WHICH SO LONG THE BIGOTS NURST:  
EACH CALLS THE OTHER'S GOD A SENSELESS STOCK;  
HIS OWN, DIVINE. TATE.

all the monstrous passions and opinions which have crept into the world, there is none so wonderful as itself who profess the common name of Christians, should pursue each other with enmity and hatred for differences in way of following the example of our Saviour. It seems to natural men who pursue the steps of any religion, should form themselves after his example, that it is impossible to account

facts so different from what we expect from those who profess themselves followers of the highest pattern of meekness and charity, but by having such effects to the ambition, corruption of those who are so austere, with souls full of fury, to serve the altars of the God of peace.

the massacres to which the church of Rome has animated the ordinary people, dreadful instances of the truth of observation; and whoever reads the history of the Irish rebellion, and the cruelties which ensued thereupon, will be sufficiently convinced to what rage ignorants may be worked up by who profess holiness, to become diabolical, and, under the dispensation of grace, promote evils abhorrent to nature.

this subject and catastrophe, which is so well to be remarked by the transient world, will, I doubt not, be considered by the reverend and learned clergy that preaches to-morrow before the eyes of the descendants of those who lived on that lamentable day, in a very suitable to the occasion, and by his own great virtue and eloquence.

I shall not dwell upon it any further, I fly transitive out of a little tract,

called, The Christian Hero, published in 1701, what I find there in honour of the renowned hero, William III. who rescued that nation from the repetition of the same disasters. His late Majesty, of glorious memory, and the Most Christian King, are considered at the conclusion of that treatise as heads of the Protestant and Roman Catholic world in the following manner.

‘ There were not ever, before the entrance of the christian name into the world, men who have maintained a more renowned carriage, than the two great rivals who possess the full fame of the present age, and will be the theme and examination of the future. They are exactly formed by nature for those ends to which heaven seems to have sent them amongst us: both animated with a restless desire of glory, but pursue it by different means, and with different motives. To one it consists in an extensive undisputed empire over his subjects, to the other in their rational and voluntary obedience: one’s happiness is founded in their want of power, the other’s in their want of desire to oppose him. The one enjoys the summit of fortune with the luxury of a Persian, the other with the moderation of a Spartan: one is made to oppress, the other to relieve the oppressed: the one is satisfied with the pomp and ostentation of power to prefer and debase his inferiors, the other delighted only with the cause and foundation of it to cherish and protect them. To one, therefore, religion is but a convenient disguise, to the other a vigorous motive of action. For without such ties of real and solid

solid honour, there is no way of forming a monarch, but after the Machiavelian scheme, by which a prince must ever seem to have all virtues, but really to be master of none; but is to be liberal, merciful, and just, only as they serve his interests; while, with the noble art of hypocrisy, empire would be to be extended, and new conquests be made by new devices, by which prompt address his creatures might insensibly give law in the business of life, by leading men in the entertainment of it.

Thus when words and show are apt to pass for the substantial things they are only to express, there would need no more to enslave a country but to adorn a court; for while every man's vanity makes him believe himself capable of becoming luxury, enjoyments are a ready bait for sufferings, and the hopes of preferment invitations to servitude; which slavery would be coloured with all the agreements, as they call it, imaginable. The noblest arts and artists, the finest pens and most elegant minds, jointly employed to set it off, with the various embellishments of sumptuous entertainments, charming assemblies, and polished discourses; and those apostate abilities of men, the adored monarch might profusely and skilfully encourage, while they flatter his virtue, and gild his vice at so high a rate, that he, without scorn of the one, or love of the other, would alternately and occasionally use both: so that his bounty should support him in his rapines, his mercy in his cruelties.

Nor is it to give things a more severe look than is natural, to suppose such must be the consequences of a prince's having no other pursuit than that of his own glory; for if we consider an infant born into the world, and beholding itself the mightiest thing in it, itself the present admiration and future prospect of a fawning people, who profess themselves great or mean according to the figure he is to make amongst them, what fancy would not be debauched to believe they were but what they professed themselves, his mere creatures, and use them as such by purchasing with their lives a boundless renown, which he, for want of a more just prospect, would place in the number of his

slaves, and the extent of his ries? Such undoubtedly would be the tragical effects of a prince with no religion, which are surpassed but by his having one.

If ambition were spirited what would follow, but that people should be converted into whose swords can make right and sole controversy in belief if men should be stiff-necked doctrine of that visible church them be contented with an chain, in the midst of stripes guish, to contemplate on him, yoke is easy, and whole be light.

With a tyranny begun on subjects, and indignation that draw their breath independent frown or smile, why should proceed to the seizure of the And if nothing but the thirst were the motive of his action should treaties be other than words; or solemn national c be any thing but an halt in the of that army, who are never down their arms, until all reduced to the necessity of hanging lives on his wayward will; with supinely, and at leisure, exposing own sins by other men's sin while he daily meditates new ter, and new conquest?

For mere man, when given unbridled power, is an insatiable not to be appeased with my offered to his pride, which may ed up by the adulation of a prostrate world, into an opinion he is something more than human being something less: and, all is there that mortal man will lieve of himself, when compared with the attributes of God? then conceive thoughts of a omnipresent as his. But should he such a foe of mankind on earth, have our sins so far Heaven, that we are left utter to his fury? Is there no power, no genius, that can and animate us to our death defence? Yes; our great God gave one to reign by his power but he gave to another also by his grace.

All the circumstances of

life of our prince seem to have  
ed to make him the check and  
of tyranny; for his mind has  
rengthened and confirmed by  
ntinued struggle, and Heaven  
seated him by adversity to a  
ense of the distresses and mis-  
mankind, which he was born  
is: in just scorn of the trivial  
and light ostentations of power,  
rious instrument of Providence

like that, in a steady, calm,  
ent course, independent either  
ause or calumny; which ren-  
m, if not in a political, yet in  
l, a philosophic, an heroic, and  
ian sense, an absolute monarch;  
tished with this unchangeable,  
nd ample glory, must needs  
l his regards from himself to  
ice of others; for he begins his  
ises with his own share in the  
of them; for integrity bears  
it's reward, nor can that which  
is not on event ever know dis-  
ment.

the undoubted character of a  
captain, and (what he much  
alues than the most splendid  
that of a sincere and honest

man, he is the hope and stay of Eu-  
rope, an universal good not to be in-  
grossed by us only; for distant poten-  
tates implore his friendship, and in-  
jured empires court his assistance. He  
rules the world, not by an invasion of  
the people of the earth, but the ad-  
drels of it's princes; and if that world  
should be again roused from the repose  
which his prevailing arms had given  
it, why should we not hope that there  
is an Almighty, by whose influence  
the terrible enemy that thinks himself  
prepared for battle, may find he is  
but ripe for destruction? and that  
there may be in the womb of time great  
incidents, which may make the cata-  
strophe of a prosperous life as unfor-  
tunate as the particular scenes of it  
were successful? For there does not  
want a skilful eye and resolute arm to  
observe and grasp the occasion: a  
prince, who from—

— *Fuit Ilium et ingens  
Gloria*—

VIRG. ÆN. II. VER. 325.

Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town.

DRYDEN.

## ° DXVII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23.

NEU PIETAS! NEU PRISCA FIDES!—

VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER. 878.

MIRROR OF ANCIENT FAITH!

UNDAUNTED WORTH! INVOLABLE TRUTH!

DRYDEN.

last night received a piece of  
ll news at our club, which  
bly afflicted every one of us.  
not but my readers themselves  
rumbled at the hearing of it.  
them no longer in suipence,  
r de Coverley is dead. He  
this life at his house in the  
after a few weeks sickness.  
w Freeport has a letter from  
correspondents in those parts,  
ms him the old man caught  
the county-sessions, as he was  
nly promoting an address of  
nning, in which he succeeded  
to his wishes. But this par-  
mes from a Whig justice of  
was always Sir Roger's ene-  
tagonist. I have letters both

from the chaplain and Captain Sentry  
which mention nothing of it, but are  
filled with many particulars to the hon-  
our of the good old man. I have like-  
wise a letter from the butler, who took  
so much care of me last summer when I  
was at the knight's house. As my  
friend the butler mentions, in the sim-  
plicity of his heart, several circumstances  
the others have passed over in silence, I  
shall give my reader a copy of his letter,  
without any alteration or diminution.

HONOURED SIR,

KNOWING that you was my old  
mother's good friend, I could not  
forebear sending you the melancholy news  
of his death, which has affected the  
whole country, as well as his poor ser-  
vants,

wants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county-sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frize coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown grey-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells every body that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left-

hand of his father Sir Arthur. His coffin was carried by six of his tenants and the pall held up by six of the tithes: the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in mourning suits, the men in frize and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has the possession of the hall-house, a whole estate. When my old master left him a little before his death, he put him by the hand, and wished him to enjoy the estate which was falling to him, saying only to make a good use of it, and pay the several legacies, and gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a good man, though he says but little, and makes much of those whom my master loved, and shews great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my master was so fond of. It would be gone to your heart to have him hear the dumb creature made day of my master's death. I never joyed myself since, nor has any of us. It was the melancholy day for the poor people that ever opened in Worcestershire. This I am, honoured Sir, your most faithful servant,

EDWARD BISHOP

P. S. My master desired, some time before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name.

This letter, notwithstanding the butler's manner of writing it, gave such an idea of our good old friend upon the reading of it there was a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, having the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There were particular the Act of Uniformity, and some passages in it marked by his master's own hand. Sir Andrew told that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Andrew the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on that occasion, at the sight of the old hand-writing burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me, that the knight is now in mourning for every one in the club.

N<sup>o</sup> DXVIII. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24.

MISERUM EST ALIENÆ INCUMBERE FAME,  
NE COLLAPSA RUANT SUBDUCTIS TECTA COLUMNS.

JUV. SAT. VIII. VER. 76.

'TIS POOR RELYING ON ANOTHER'S FAME:  
FOR, TAKE THE PILLARS BUT AWAY, AND ALL  
THE SUPERSTRUCTURE MUST IN RUINS FALL.

STEPNEY.

THIS being a day of business with me, I must make the present moment like a treat at an house-keeping, out of such presents as have sent me by my guests. The first which I serve up is a letter come to my hand.

SPECTATOR,

I with inexpressible sorrow that I read of the death of good Sir Roger, I heartily condole with you upon this melancholy an occasion. I think you to have blackened the edges of a which brought us so ill news, and to add it stamped likewise in black. It is of you that you should write an epitaph, and, if possible, fill his name in the club with as worthy and dignified a member. I question not but I'll receive many recommendations from the public of such as will appear to be for that post.

As I am talking of death, and have read an epitaph, I must tell you, that I have made discovery of a church-yard in which I believe you spend an afternoon, with great respect to yourself and to the public: it is to the church of Stebon-heath, only called Stepney. Whether or not that the people of that parish have a singular genius for an epitaph, or that be some poet among them who makes that work by the great, I cannot tell; but there are more remarkable inscriptions in that place than in any I have met with; and I may say it in vanity, that there is not a gentleman in England better read in tomb-stones than myself, my studies having been very much in church-yards. I shall have to send you a couple of epitaphs for a sample of those I have just mentioned. They are written in a plain manner, the first being in the

diffused and luxuriant, the second in the close contracted stile. The first has much of the simple and pathetic; the second is something light, but nervous. The first is thus:

Here Thomas Sapper lies interr'd. Ah why!  
Born in New England, did in London die;  
Was the third son of eight, begot upon  
His mother Martha by his father John.  
Much favour'd by his prince he 'gan to be,  
But nipt by death at th' age of twenty-three.  
Fatal to him was that we small-pox name,  
By which his mother and two brethren came  
Also to breathe their last nine years before,  
And now have left their father to deplore  
The loss of all his children, with his wife,  
Who was the joy and comfort of his life.

The second is as follows;

Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,  
Spittle-fields weaver, and that's all.

I will not dismiss you, whilst I am upon this subject, without sending a short epitaph which I once met with, though I cannot possibly recollect the place. The thought of it is serious, and in my opinion, the finest that I ever met with upon this occasion. You know, Sir, it is usual, after having told us the name of the person who lies interr'd, to launch out into his praises. This epitaph takes a quite contrary turn, having been made by the person himself some time before his death.

*' Hic jacet R. C. in expectatione diei  
' supremi. Qualis erat dies iste indica-  
' bit—*

*' Here lieth R. C. in expectation of  
' the last day. What sort of a man he  
' was, that day will discover.*

I am, Sir, &c.

The following letter is dated from Cambridge,



Mr,  
**H**AVING lately read among your speculations, an essay upon physiognomy, I cannot but think that if you made a visit to this ancient university, you might receive very considerable lights upon that subject, there being scarce a young fellow in it who does not give certain indications of his particular humour and disposition conformable to the rules of that art. In courts and cities every body lays a constraint upon his countenance, and endeavours to look like the rest of the world; but the youth of this place, having not yet formed themselves by conversation, and the knowledge of the world, give their limbs and features their full play.

As you have considered human nature in all it's lights, you must be extremely well apprised, that there is a very close correspondence between the outward and the inward man; that scarce the least dawning, the least parturient towards a thought can be stirring in the mind of man, without producing a suitable revolution in his exterior, which will easily discover itself to an adept in the theory of the phiz. Hence it is, that the intrinsic worth and merit of a son of Alma Mater is ordinarily calculated from the cast of his visage, the contour of his person, the mechanism of his dress, the disposition of his limbs, the manner of his gait and air, with a number of circumstances of equal consequence and information: the practitioners in this art often make use of a gentleman's eyes to give them light into

the posture of his brains; take a handle from his nose, to judge of the size of his intellects; and interpret the over much visibility and pertness of one ear, as an infallible mark of reprobation, and a sign the owner of so fancy a member fears neither God nor man. In conformity to this scheme, a contracted brow, a lumpish down-cast look, a sober sedate pace, with both hands dangling quiet and steady in lines exactly parallel to each lateral pocket of the galligaskins, is logic, metaphysics, and mathematics in perfection. So likewise the Belles Lettres are typified by a saunter in the gait, a fall of one wing of the peruke backward, an insertion of one hand in the sob, and a negligent swing of the other, with a pinch of right and fine Barcelona between finger and thumb, a due quantity of the same upon the upper lip, and a noddle case loaden with pulvil. Again, a grave solemn staking pace is heroic poetry, and politics; an unequal one, a genius for the ode, and the modern ballad; and an open breast, with an audacious display of the holland shirt, is construed a fatal tendency to the art military.

I might be much larger upon these hints, but I know whom I write to. If you can graft any speculation upon them, or turn them to the advantage of the persons concerned in them, you will do a work very becoming the British Spectator, and oblige your very humble servant,

TOM TWEED.

## Nº DXIX. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25.

INDE NOMINUM PECUDUMQUE GENUS, VITÆQUE VOLANTUM,  
 ET QUÆ MARMOREO FERT MONSTRA SUB ÆQUORE PONTUS.

VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER. 723.

HENCE MEN AND BEASTS THE BREATH OF LIFE OBTAIN,  
 AND BIRDS OF AIR, AND MONSTERS OF THE MAIN.

DRYDEN.

**T**HOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that system of bodies into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations

on the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe: the world of life are it's inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our view,

nd inquiries, it is amazing to the infinity of animals with is stocked. Every part of mated; every green leaf swarms abitants. There is scarce a nour in the body of a man, or ier animal, in which our glasses scover myriads of living crea- The surface of animals is also ith other animals, which are ne manner the basis of other hat live upon it; nay, we find oft solid bodies, as in marble umerable cells and cavities ounded with such impercepti- itants, as are too little for the e to discover. On the other we look into the more bulky nature, we see the seas, lakes, rs, teeming with numberless living creatures: we find every and marsh, wilderness and ntifully stocked with birds and nd every part of matter afford- r necessities and conveniences relishood of multitudes which

uthor of the Plurality of Worlds very good argument from this tion, for the peopling of every : indeed it seems very probable analogy of reason, that if no matter, which we are acquainted s waste and useless, those great which are at such a distance , should not be desert and un- but rather that they should be with beings adapted to their : situations.

ice is a blessing to those beings ch are endowed with percep- l is in a manner thrown away d matter, any farther than as rrvient to beings which are con- their existence. Accordingly from the bodies which lie un- bbservation, that matter is only the basis and support of and- d that there is no more of the what is necessary for the exist- ie other.

e goodness is of so communica- ture, that it seems to delight in rring of existence upon every f perceptive being. As this is tion, which I have often pur- h great pleasure to myself, I rge farther upon it, by const- at part of the scale of beings des within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell- fish, which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other crea- tures but one remove from these, which have no other sense besides that of feel- ing and taste. Others have still an ad- ditional one of hearing; others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prod- igious variety of species, before a crea- ture is formed that is complete in all it's senses; and even among these there is such a different degree of perfection in the sense which one animal enjoys be- yond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common deno- mination, it seems almost of a different nature. If after this we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional im- provements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This pro- gress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing good- ness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life: nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity, than in the mul- titude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happi- ness of existence; he has, therefore, spe- cified in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chasim in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of crea- tures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one spe- cies to another are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well hap- banded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life.

life. Is the goodness or wisdom of the Divine Being more manifested in this his proceeding?

There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rises, by such a regular progress, so high as man, we may by a parity of reason suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection, between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. The consequence of so great a variety of beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. Locke, in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his Maker, for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being, and the Power which produced him.

That there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; That in all the visible corporeal world, we see no chasms, or no gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of beings, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy region: and there are some birds, that are inhabitants of the water, whose blood is cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish days. There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both: amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together: seals live at land and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and sensibility of a hog; not to mention

what is confidently reported of maids or sea-men. There are brutes, that seem to have as much knowledge and reason, as men are called man; and the animal vegetable kingdoms are so joined, that if you will take the of one, and the highest of the there will scarce be perceived any difference between them: and until we come to the lowest a most inorganic part of matter shall find every where that the species are linked together, and but in almost insensible degrees. when we consider the infinite and wisdom of the Maker, we reason to think that it is suit the magnificent harmony of the verte, and the great design infinite goodness of the Architect the species of creatures should gentle degrees ascend upward us toward his infinite perfection we see they gradually descend us downward: which if it be ble, we have reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more species of creatures above us, than are beneath; we being in degree perfection much more remote the infinite being of God, than are from the lowest state of and that which approaches nearest nothing. And yet of all the distinct species, we have no clear ideas.

In this system of being, there creature so wonderful in its nature which so much deserves our attention as man, who fills up the die space between the animal and rectual nature, the visible and the world, and is that link in the chain of beings, which has been often termed *Nexus utriusque mundi*. So that who in one respect is associated angels and archangels, may look a being of infinite perfection as other, and the highest order of his brethren, may in another say to corruption—Thou art ther; and to the worm, Thou mother and my sister.

N<sup>o</sup> DXX. MONDAY, OCTOBER 27.QUIS DESIDERIO SIT PUDOR AUT MODUS  
TAM CHARI CAPITIS? —————

HOR. OD. XXIV. L. I. VER. I.

AND WHO CAN GRIEVE TOO MUCH? WHAT TIME SHALL END  
OUR MOURNING FOR SO DEAR A FRIEND?

CREECH.

SPECTATOR,

THE just value you have expressed of the matrimonial state, is the hat I now venture to write to you without fear of being ridiculous; I confess to you, that though it is months since I lost a very agreeable man, who was my wife, my grief is still fresh; and I am often, in want of company, upon any circumstance that revives her memory, reflecting what she would say or do on such an occasion: I say, upon any occasion of that nature, which I cannot be sensible of, though I cannot be wholly, I am all over softness, obliged to retire, and give way to sighs and tears, before I can

I cannot but recommend the state of male widowhood to you, and you to touch upon it by the first opportunity. To those who have not had husbands during the lives of wives, this would be a tasteless use of words; but to such (of whom there are not a few) who have enjoyed the society with the sentiments proper for it, will have every line, which hits the soul, attended with a tear of pity and consolation. For I know not by what wisdom of Providence it is, that a rush of passion is a step towards the relief of it; and there is a certain relief in the very act of sorrow, which, I believe, arises from a secret consciousness of the mind, that the affliction it is under flows from a virtuous cause. My grief is not indeed so outrageous as to first transport; for I think it subsided rather into a sober state of than any actual perturbation of mind. There might be rules formed to regulate behaviour on this great incident, bringing them from that misfortune to the condition I am at present; but, I think, that my sorrow has shed all roughness of temper into softness, good-nature, and complacency; but indeed, when in a serious hour I present my departed

consort to my imagination, with that air of persuasion in her countenance when I have been in passion, that sweet affability when I have been in good-humour, that tender compassion when I have had any thing which gave me uneasiness; I confess to you I am inconsolable, and my eyes gush with grief as if I had seen her but just then expire. In this condition I am broken in upon by a charming young woman, my daughter, who is the picture of what her mother was on her wedding-day. The good girl strives to comfort me; but how shall I let you know that all the comfort she gives me is to make my tears flow more easily? The child knows she quickens my sorrows, and rejoices my heart at the same time. Oh, ye learned! tell me by what word to speak a notion of the soul, for which there is no name. When the knees and bids me be comforted, she is my child; when I take her in my arms, and bid her say no more, she is my very wife, and is the very comforter I lament the loss of. I banish her the room, and weep aloud that I have lost her mother, and that I have her.

Mr. Spectator, I wish it were possible for you to have a sense of these pleasing perplexities; you might communicate to the guilty part of mankind, that they are incapable of the happiness which is in the very sorrows of the virtuous.

But pray spare me a little longer; give me leave to tell you the manner of her death. She took leave of all her family, and bore the vain application of medicines with the greatest patience imaginable. When the physician told her she must certainly die, she desired, as well as she could, that all who were present, except myself, might depart the room. She said she had nothing to say, for she was resigned, and I knew all she knew that concerned us in this world; but she desired to be alone, that in the presence of God only she might, without interruption, do her last duty to me, of

of thanking me for all my kindness to her; adding, that she hoped in my last moments I should feel the same comfort for my goodness to her, as she did in that she had acquitted herself with honour, truth, and virtue to me.

I curb myself, and will not tell you that this kindness cut my heart in twain, when I expected an accusation for some passionate starts of mine, in some parts of our time together, to say nothing but thank me for the good, if there was any good suitable to her own excellence! All that I had ever said to her, all the circumstances of sorrow and joy between us, crowded upon my mind in the same instant; and when immediately after I saw the pangs of death come upon that dear body which I had often embraced with transport, when I saw those cherishing eyes begin to be ghastly, and their last struggle to be to fix themselves on me, how did I lose all patience! She expired in my arms, and in my distraction I thought I saw her bosom still heave. There was certainly life yet still left; I cried—'She just now spoke to me:' but alas! I grew giddy, and all things moved about me from the dis temper of my own head; for the best of women was breathless, and gone for ever.

Now the doctrine I would, methinks, have you raise from this account I have given you, is, That there is a certain equanimity in those who are good and just, which runs into their very sorrow, and disappoints the force of it. Though they must pass through afflictions in common with all who are in human nature, yet their conscious integrity shall undermine their affliction; nay, that very affliction shall add force to their integrity, from a reflection of the use of

virtue in the hour of affliction. I sit down with a design to put you upon giving us rules how to overcome such griefs as these, but I should rather advise you to teach men to be capable of them.

You men of letters have what you call the fine taste in your apprehensions of what is properly done or said: there is something like this deeply grafted in the soul of him who is honest and faithful in all his thoughts and actions. Every thing which is false, vicious, or unworthy, is despicable to him, though all the world should approve it. At the same time he has the most lively sensibility in all enjoyments and sufferings which it is proper for him to have, where any duty of life is concerned. To want sorrow when you in decency and truth should be afflicted, is, I should think, a greater instance of a man's being a blockhead, than not to know the beauty of any passage in Virgil. You have not yet observed, Mr. Spectator, that the fine gentlemen of this age sit up for hardness of heart, and humanity has very little share in their pretences. He is a brave fellow who is always ready to kill a man he hates, but he does not stand in the same degree of esteem who laments for a woman he loves. I should fancy you might work up a thousand pretty thoughts, by reflecting upon the persons most susceptible of the sort of sorrow I have spoken of, and I dare say you will find upon examination, that they are the wisest and the bravest of mankind who are the most capable of it. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

NORWICH,

7<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER 1712.

F. J.

T

## N<sup>o</sup> DXXI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28.

VERA REQUIT FACIES, DISSIMULATA PERIT.

P. A. A.

THE REAL FACE RETURNS, THE COUNTERFEIT IS LOST.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have been for many years loud in this assertion, that there are very few that can see or hear, I mean that can report what they have seen or heard; and this through incapacity or prejudice, one of which disables almost every man who talks to you from representing things as he ought. For which reason

I am come to a resolution of believing nothing I hear; and I contain the same given to narrations under the appellation of a matter-of-fact man; and according to me, a matter-of-fact man is one whose life and conversation is spent in the report of what is not matter-of-fact.

I remember when Prince Eugene was

was no knowing his height, until you, Mr. Spectator, public satisfaction in that maturation, the force of the excess very often more in the look, of voice, or the gesture, than themselves; which being re- any other manner by the un-; bear a very different inter- from their original meaning. In fact, I formerly have turned out of mine to a very good ac- or whenever I heard any nar- rater with extraordinary vehe- mence grounded upon considerable, I was always ready to lay out that it was not so: indeed I tended to be so rash, as to fix on any particular way in opposi- tion; but as there are a hun- dred of any thing happening, be- fore it has happened, I only con-

it's falling out in that one is they settled it, and left it to y-nine other ways, and confes- sed more probability of success. arrived at a particular skill in a man so far in his narration, he him throw in a little of the us, and then, if he has much next degree is the impossible. It is always the time for fixing it. But this requires the nicest talent, otherwise very probably it may arise to the old deter- mination by battle. In these conceits seen very fortunate, and have no wagers of those who have only valued themselves upon in- crease, and have put themselves to large and expence to be misin- formed considerably sooner than the rest world.

I got a comfortable sum by opposition to public report, I sought myself now to so great a man in inattention, more espe- cially party-relations, that at the same time with greedy ears to devour discourse, I certainly do not use word of it, but pursue my line of thought, whether upon war or amusement, with much tran- quillity. I say inattention, because a late parliament has secured all party- men the penalty of a wager, and thereby made it unprofitable to others. However, good-breed- ing is a man to maintain the figure of a gentleman, the true posture

of which in a coffee-house I take to consist in leaning over a table, with the edge of it pressing hard upon your stomach: for the more pain the narration is received with, the more gracious is your bending over. Besides that the narrator thinks you forget your pain, by the pleasure of hearing him.

Fort Knock has occasioned several very perplexed and inelegant heats and animosities; and there was one the other day in a coffee-house where I was, that took upon him to clear that business to me, for he said he was there. I knew him to be that sort of man that had not strength of capacity to be informed of any thing that depended merely upon his being an eye-witness, and therefore was fully satisfied he could give me no information, for the very same reason he believed he could, for he was there. However, I heard him with the same greediness as Shakespeare describes in the following lines;

I saw a smith stand on his hammer, thus,  
With open mouth, swallowing a taylor's news.

I confess of late I have not been so much amazed at the declaimers in coffee- houses as I formerly was, being satis- fied that they expect to be rewarded for their vociferations. Of these liars there are two sorts. The genius of the first consists in much impudence and a strong memory; the others have added to these qualifications a good understanding and smooth language. These therefore have only certain heads, which they are as eloquent upon as they can, and may be called Embellishers; the others repeat only what they hear from others as literally as their parts or zeal will permit, and are called Reciters. Here was a fellow in town some years ago, who used to divert himself by telling a lye at Charing-Cross in the morning at eight of the clock, and then following it through all parts of the town, until eight at night; at which time he came to a club of his friends, and diverted them with an account what censure it had at Will's in Covent Garden, how dangerous it was believed to be at Child's, and what inference they drew from it with relation to stocks at Jonathan's. I have had the honour to travel with this gentleman I speak of in search of one of his falsehoods; and have been present when they have described the very man they have spoke to, as him who

who first reported it, tall or short, black or fair, a gentleman or a raggamuffin, according as they liked the intelligence. I have heard one of our ingenious writers of news say, that when he has had a customer come with an advertisement of an apprentice or a wife run away, he has desired the advertiser to compose himself a little, before he dictated the description of the offender: for when a person is put into a public paper by a man who is angry with him, the real description of such person is hid in the deformity with which the angry man described him; therefore this fellow always made his customer describe him as he would the day before

he offended, or else he was sure he would never find him out. These and many other hints I could suggest to you for the elucidation of all fictions; but I leave it to your own sagacity to improve or neglect this speculation. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE SPECTATOR,  
NUMBER 502.

N. B. There are in the play of *The Self-Tormentor* of Terence, which is allowed a most excellent comedy, several incidents which would draw tears from any man of sense, and not one which would move his laughter.

T

Nº DXXII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29.

—ADJURO NUMQUAM EAM ME DESERTURUM;  
NON, SI CUPIS UNDOBUS MIMI SCIAM ESSE INIMICOS OMNES NOMINES.  
HANC MIMI EXPECTIVI, CONTIGIT: CONVENIUNT MORES! VALEANT.  
QUI INTER NOS DISCIDIUM VOLUNT: HANC NISI MORIS, MI ADIMET NEMO.  
TER. ANDR. ACT. 4. SC. 2.

I SWEAR NEVER TO FORSAKE HER; NO, THOUGH I WERE SURE TO MEET ALL  
MEN MY ENEMIES: HER I DESIRED; HER I HAVE OBTAINED; OUR MANNERS  
AGREE: PERISH ALL THOSE WHO WOULD SEPARATE US! DEATH ALONE  
SHALL DEPRIVE ME OF HER.

I Should esteem myself a very happy man, if my speculations could in the least contribute to the rectifying the conduct of my readers in one of the most important affairs of life, to wit, their choice in marriages. This state is the foundation of community, and the chief band of society; and I do not think I can be too frequent on subjects which may give light to my unmarried readers in a particular which is so essential to their following happiness or misery. A virtuous disposition, a good understanding, an agreeable person, and an easy fortune, are the things which should be chiefly regarded on this occasion. Because my present view is to direct a young lady, who, I think, is now in doubt whom to take of many lovers, I shall talk at this time to my female reader. The advantages, as I was going to say, of sense, beauty, and riches, are what are certainly the chief motives to a prudent young woman of fortune for changing her condition; but as she is to have her eye upon each of these, she is to ask herself whether the man who has most of these recommendations in the lump is not the most de-

sirable. He that has excellent talents, with a moderate estate, and an agreeable person, is preferable to him who is only rich, if it were only that good faculties may purchase riches, but riches cannot purchase worthy endowments. I do not mean that wit, and a capacity to entertain, is what should be highly valued, except it is founded upon good nature and humanity. There are many ingenious men, whose abilities do not else but make themselves and those about them uneasy: such are those who are gone in the pleasures of the town, who cannot support life without quick sensations and gay reflections, and are strangers to tranquillity, to right reason, and a calm motion of spirits without transport or dejection. These ingenious men, of all men living, are most to be avoided by her who would be happy in a husband. They are immediately fond with possession, and must necessarily fly to new acquisitions of beauty, to get away the whiling moments and moments of life; for with them every hour is heavy that is not joyful. But there is a sort of man of wit and sense, who is

upon his own make, and that of her, with the eyes of reason and equity, and who believes he offends both these, if he does not look on the woman (who chose him to be his protection in sickness and in health) with the utmost gratitude, when at that moment she is shining either in person or mind: I say, these are the people who think themselves bound by good-nature the failings of those who love them, and who always lose the objects of love and pity, and give to their arms the objects of admiration.

His latter sort is Lysander, a man of learning, sobriety, and good-nature, of birth and estate below no man to accept, and of whom it might be thought he should succeed in his present situation. His mistress raised his fortune, and she made it. When a woman deliberating with herself whom to choose of many near each other in pretensions, certainly he of best understanding is to be preferred. Life is so heavily in the repeated conversation of one who has no imagination to be at the several occasions and obligations which come before him, or who strike out of his reflections new and pleasing discourse. Honest Will and his wife, though not married four months, have scarce had to say to each other this six weeks; cannot form to one's self a siller than these two creatures in company, and plenty unable to enjoy returns, and at a full stop among a host of servants, to whose taste of pleasure are beholden for the little satisfaction by which they can be understood to be so much as barely in being. In the course of the day, the distinctions of morning and night, dinner and supper, greatest notices they are capable of, his is perhaps representing the most modest woman, joined to a woman, more insipid than it really deserves, but I am sure it is not to exalt the man with an ingenious companion, but to say that every new accident that comes into such a gentleman's way, gives his wife new pleasures and satisfactions. The approbation of his words and actions is a new feast to her, nor can she applaud her good fortune in having her varied every hour, her mind refreshed, and her heart more

glad from every circumstance which they meet with. He will lay out his invention in forming new pleasures and amusements, and make the fortune she has brought him subservient to the honour and reputation of her and hers. A man of sense who is thus obliged, is ever contriving the happiness of her who did him so great a distinction; while the fool is ungrateful without vice, and never returns a favour because he is not sensible of it. I would, methinks, have so much to say for myself, that if I fell into the hands of him who treated me ill, he should be sensible when he did so: his conscience should be of my side; whatever became of his inclination. I do not know but it is the insipid choice which has been made by those who have the care of young women, that the marriage state itself has been liable to so much ridicule. But a well-chosen love, moved by passion on both sides, and perfected by the generosity of one party, must be adorned with so many handsome incidents on the other side, that every particular couple would be an example in many circumstances to all the rest of the species. I shall end the chat upon this subject with a couple of letters, one from a lover, who is very well acquainted with the way of bargaining on these occasions; and the other from his rival, who has a less estate, but great gallantry of temper. As for my man of prudence, he makes love, as he says, as if he were already a father, and laying aside the passion, comes to the reason of the thing.

MADAM,

MY counsel has perused the inventory of your estate, and considered what estate you have, which, it seems, is only yours, and to the male-heirs of your body; but, in default of such issue, to the right-heirs of your uncle Edward for ever. Thus, Madam, I am advised you cannot (the remainder not being in you) dock the entail; by which means my estate, which is fee-simple, will come by the settlement proposed to your children begotten by me, whether they are males or females: but my children begotten upon you will not inherit your lands, except I beget a son. Now, Madam, since things are so, you are a woman of that prudence, and understand the world so well, as not to expect I should give you more than you can give



give me. I am, Madam, (with great respect) your most obedient humble servant,

T. W.

with what cannot make me happy without you. I am, Madam, your most devoted humble servant,

B. T.

The other lover's estate is less than this gentleman's, but he expressed himself as follows:

MADAM,

I Have given in my estate to your counsel, and desired my own lawyer to insist upon no terms which your friends can propose for your certain ease and advantage; for indeed I have no notion of making difficulties of presenting you

You must know the relations have met upon this, and the girl being mightily taken with the latter epistle, she is laughed at, and now Edward is to be dealt with to make her a suitable match to the worthy gentleman who has told her he does not care a farthing for her. All I hope for is, that the lady herself will make use of the first light night to show B. T. the understanding a marriage is not to be considered as a common bargain.

T

## Nº DXXIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30.

—NUNC AUGUR APOLLO,  
NUNC LYCIA SORTAS, NUNC ET JOVE MISSUS AD IPSE  
INTERIRES DIVUM PERT HORIDA Jussa PER AURAS.  
SCILICET IS SUPERIS LABOR—

VIRG. ÆN. IV. VER. 376,

NOW LYCIAN LOTS, AND NOW THE DELIAN GOD;  
NOW HEAVEN IS EMPLOY'D FROM JOVE'S ABOVE,  
TO WARN HIM HENCE; AS IF THE PEACEFUL STATE  
OF HEAVENLY POW'RS WERE TOUCH'D WITH HUMAN FATE!

DRYDEN,

I Am always highly delighted with the discovery of any rising genius among my countrymen. For this reason I have read over, with great pleasure, the late miscellany published by Mr. Pope, in which there are many excellent compositions of that ingenious gentleman. I have had a pleasure of the same kind in perusing a poem that is just published 'on the prospect of peace,' and which, I hope, will meet with such a reward from its patrons, as so noble a performance deserves. I was particularly well pleased to find that the author had not amused himself with fables out of the Pagan Theology, and that when he hints at any thing of this nature he alludes to it only as to a fable.

Many of our modern authors, whose learning very often extends no farther than Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, do not know how to celebrate a great man, without mixing a parcel of school-boy tales with the record of his actions. If you read a poem on a fine woman, among the authors of this class you shall see that it turns more upon Venus

or Helen, than on the party concerned, I have known a copy of verses on a great hero highly commended; but upon asking to hear some of the beautiful passages, the admirer of it has repeated to me a speech of Apollo, or a description of Polypheme. At other times when I have searched for the actions of a great man, who gave a subject to the writer, I have been entertained with the exploits of a river-god, or have been forced to attend a fury in her mischievous progress, from one end of the poem to the other. When we are at school it is necessary for us to be acquainted with the fables of Pagan theology, and may be allowed to enliven a theme, or point an epigram with a heathen god; but when we would write a manly panegyric, that should carry in it all the colours of truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourse to our Jupiters and Junos.

No thought is beautiful which is not just; and no thought can be just which is not founded in truth, or at least in that which passes for such.

In mock heroic poems, the use of the heathen

mythology is not only excusable, but useful, because it is the design of propositions to divert, by adaptable machines of the ancient subjects, and at the same time by using such kinds of machinery in writers. If any are of opinion, there is a necessity of admitting official legends into our serious fictions in order to give them a critical turn; I would recommend consideration the patterns of Illips. One would have thought fable for this kind of poetry to fitted without fauns and satyrs, nymphs and water nymphs, with ribes of rural deities; but we see even a new life, and a more naivety to this way of writing, by using in the place of these antiques, the superstitious mythology which prevails among the shepherds of our country.

And Homer might compliment Aeneas, by interweaving the actions with their achievements; but I shall leave a Christian author to write in the usual, to make Prince Eugene a son of Mars, or to carry on a correspondence between Bellona and the Duke de Villars, would be down-right impertinence, and unpardonable in a poet of the present time. It is want of elevation in a genius to deal in realities, and place them in a light, that makes him have recourse to such trifling antiquated fables; I may write a fine description of the temple of Apollo, that does not know how to draw the character of his country.

I therefore to put a stop to this practice, I shall publish the following edict, by virtue of that spectatorial authority with which I stand in-

BEFOREAS the time of a general peace is, in all appearance, drawing near, I inform that there are several persons who intend to shew themselves on so happy an occasion, as willing, as much as in me

lies, to prevent that effusion of nonsense, which we have good cause to apprehend; I do hereby strictly require every person, who shall write on this subject, to remember that he is a Christian, and not to sacrifice his catechism to his poetry. In order to it, I do expect of him in the first place to make his own poem, without depending upon Phœbus for any part of it, or calling out for aid upon any one of the Muses by name. I do likewise positively forbid the sending of Mercury with any particular message or dispatch relating to the peace, and shall by no means suffer Minerva to take upon her the shape of any plenipotentiary concerned in this great work. I do further declare, that I shall not allow the Destinies to have had a hand in the deaths of the several thousands who have been slain in the late war, being of opinion that all such deaths may be very well accounted for by the Christian system of powder and ball. I do therefore strictly forbid the Fates to cut the thread of man's life upon any pretence whatsoever, unless it be for the sake of the rhyme. And whereas I have good reason to fear, that Nature will have a great deal of business on his hands, in several poems which we may now suppose are upon the anvil, I do also prohibit his appearance, unless it be done in metaphor, simile, or any very short allusion, and that even here he be not permitted to enter but with great caution and circumspection. I desire that the same rule may be extended to his whole fraternity of heathen gods, it being my design to condemn every poem to the flames in which Jupiter thunders, or exercises any other act of authority which does not belong to him: in short, I expect that no Pagan agent shall be introduced, or any fact related which a man cannot give credit to with a good conscience. Provided always that nothing herein contrived shall extend, or be construed to extend, to several of the female poets in this nation, who shall still be left in full possession of their gods and goddesses in the same manner as if this paper had never been written.

O

N<sup>o</sup> DXXIV. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31.

NOS POPULO DAMUS

SEN.

AS THE WORLD LEADS, WE FOLLOW.

**W**HEN I first of all took it in my head to write dreams and visions, I determined to print nothing of that nature, which was not of my own invention. But several laborious dreamers have of late communicated to me works of this nature, which, for their reputations and my own, I have hitherto suppressed. Had I printed every one that came to my hands, my book of speculations would have been little else but a book of visions. Some of my correspondents have indeed been so very modest, as to offer at an excuse for their not being in a capacity to dream better. I have by me, for example, the dream of a young gentleman not past fifteen. I have likewise by me the dream of a person of quality, and another called the Lady's Dream. In these, and other pieces of the same nature, it is supposed the usual allowances will be made to the age, condition, and sex of the dreamer. To prevent this inundation of dreams, which daily flows in upon me, I shall apply to all dreamers of dreams, the advice which Epictetus has couched, after his manner, in a very simple and concise precept. 'Never tell thy dream,' says that philosopher; 'for though thou thyself mayest take a pleasure in telling thy dream, another will take no pleasure in hearing it.' After this short preface, I must do justice to two or three visions which I have lately published, and which I have owned to have been written by other hands. I shall add a dream to these, which comes to me from Scotland, by one who declares himself of that country, and for all I know may be second sighted. There is, indeed, something in it of the spirit of John Bunyan; but at the same time a certain sublime, which that author was never master of. I shall publish it because I question not but it will fall in with the taste of all my popular readers, and amuse the imaginations of those who are more profound; declaring at the same time, that this is the last dream which I intend to publish this season.

SIR,

I Was last Sunday in the evening led into a serious reflection on the reasonableness of virtue, and great folly of vice, from an excellent sermon I had heard that afternoon in my parish-church. Among other observations, the preacher shewed us that the temptations which the tempter proposed, were all on a supposition, that we are either madmen or fools, or with an intention to render us such; that in no other affair we would suffer ourselves to be thus imposed upon, in a case so plainly and clearly against our visible interest. His illustrations and arguments carried so much persuasion and conviction with them, that they remained a considerable while fresh, and working in my memory; until at last the mind, fatigued with thought, gave way to the forcible oppressions of slumber and sleep; whilst fancy, unwilling yet to drop the subject, presented me with the following vision.

Methought I was just awoke out of a sleep, that I could never remember the beginning of; the place where I found myself to be, was a wide and spacious plain, full of people that wandered up and down through several beaten paths, whereof some few were straight, and in direct lines, but most of them winding and turning like a labyrinth; but yet it appeared to me afterwards, that these last I met in one issue, so that many that seemed to steer quite contrary courses, did at length meet and face one another, to the no little amazement of many of them.

In the midst of the plain there was a great fountain: they called it the Spring of Self-love; out of it issued two rivulets to the eastward and westward; the name of the first was Heavenly Wisdom, it's water was wonderfully clear, but of a yet more wonderful effect; the other's name was Worldly Wisdom, it's water was thick, and yet far from being dormant or stagnating, for it was a continual violent agitation; which kept the travellers, whom I shall mention by name,

being sensible of the foulness  
 acts of the water, which had  
 that it intoxicated those who  
 and made them mistake every  
 day before them: both rivulets  
 and near their springs into so-  
 ers, as there were straight and  
 arched, which they attended all  
 their respective issues.

They would from the several paths  
 and then diverting, to refresh  
 revive qualify themselves for  
 ney, to the respective rivulets  
 near them; they contracted a  
 valuable courage and steadiness  
 they were about, by drinking  
 from them. At the end of the per-  
 fect every straight path, all which  
 in one issue and point, appeared  
 like a pillar, all of diamond, casting  
 light as those of the sun into  
 the paths; which rays had also certain  
 ting and alluring virtues in  
 that whosoever had made some  
 considerable progress in his journey on-  
 wards the pillar, by the repeat-  
 ed vision of these rays upon him,  
 caught into an habitual inclination  
 of his sight towards it, grew at last in a manner natu-  
 ral to look and gaze upon it,  
 he was kept steadily in the  
 paths, which alone led to that  
 object, the beholding of which  
 brought a gratification to his

issue of the crooked paths there  
 at the black tower, out of the cen-  
 tre of which streamed a long succession  
 of light, which did rise even above the  
 top of the pillar, gave a very great light to the  
 paths, which did sometimes out-  
 shine the pillar, and oppressed the beams  
 of the pillar; though by the  
 time I made afterwards, it ap-  
 peared that it was not for any dimin-  
 ution of light, but that this lay in the  
 paths, who would sometimes step  
 out of the straight paths, where they  
 had the full prospect of the radiant pil-  
 lar, but by the ways: but the  
 light from the black tower, which  
 was particularly scorching to  
 could generally light and hasten  
 their proper climate again.

About the black tower there  
 stood, many thousands of  
 horrible ugly monsters; these had  
 heads, which they were perpetually

plying and casting towards the crooked  
 paths, and they would now and then  
 catch up those that were nearest to them:  
 these they took up straight, and whirled  
 over the walls into the flaming tower,  
 and they were no more seen nor heard of.

They would sometimes cast their nets  
 towards the right paths to catch the  
 stragglers, whose eyes, for want of fre-  
 quent drinking at the brook that ran by  
 the paths, grew dim, whereby they lost their  
 way; these would sometimes very nar-  
 rowly miss being caught away, but I  
 could not hear whether any of these had  
 ever been so unfortunate, that had been  
 before very hearty in the straight paths.

I considered all these strange sights  
 with great attention, until at last I was  
 interrupted by a cluster of the travellers  
 in the crooked paths, who came up to  
 me, bid me go along with them, and  
 presently fell to singing and dancing;  
 they took me by the hand, and so car-  
 ried me away along with them. After  
 I had followed them a considerable while,  
 I perceived I had lost the black tower of  
 light, at which I greatly wondered; but  
 I looked and gazed round about me,  
 and saw nothing. I began to fancy my  
 first vision had been but a dream, and  
 there was no such thing in reality: but  
 then I considered that if I could fancy  
 to see what was not, I might as well  
 have an illusion wrought on me at pre-  
 sent, and not see what was really before  
 me. I was very much confirmed in this  
 thought, by the effect I then just ob-  
 served the water of Worldly Wisdom  
 had upon me; for as I had drunk a  
 little of it again, I felt a very sensible  
 effect in my head; methought it distract-  
 ed and disordered all there; this made  
 me stop of a sudden, suspecting some  
 charm or enchantment. As I was cast-  
 ing about within myself what I should  
 do, and whom to apply to in this case,  
 I spied at some distance off me a man  
 beckoning, and making signs to me to  
 come over to him. I cried to him, I  
 did not know the way. He then called  
 to me audibly, to step at least out of the  
 path I was in; for if I said there any  
 longer I was in danger to be caught in  
 a great net that was just hanging over  
 me, and ready to catch me up; that he  
 wondered I was so blind, or so distract-  
 ed, as not to see so imminent and visible  
 a danger: assuring me, that as soon as I  
 was out of that way he would come to  
 me

me to lead me into a more secure path. This I did, and he brought me his palm full of the water of Heavenly Wisdom, which was of very great use to me, for my eyes were straight cleared, and I saw the great black tower just before me; but the great net which I spied to near me, cast me in such a terror, that I ran back as far as I could in one breath without looking behind me: then my benefactor thus bespoke me—'You have made the wonderfullest escape in the world; the water you used to drink is of a bewitching nature; you would else have been mightily shocked at the deformities and meanness of the place; for beside the set of blind fools in whose company you was, you may now behold many others who are only bewitched after another no less dangerous manner. Look a little that way, there goes a crowd of passengers; they have had of so good a head as not to suffer themselves to be blinded by this bewitching water; the black tower is not vanished out of their sight, they see it whenever they look up to it; but see how they go side-ways, and with their eyes downwards, as if they were mad, that they may thus rush into the net, without being beforehand troubled at the thought of so miserable a destruction. Their wills are so perverse, and their hearts so fond of the pleasures of the place, that rather than forego them they will run

all hazards, and venture upon all the miseries and woes before them.

'See there that other company; though they should drink none of the bewitching water, yet they take a course bewitching and deluding; see now they choose the crookedest paths, whereby they have often the black tower behind them, and sometimes see the radiant column side-ways, which gives them some weak glimpse of it. These fools content themselves with that, not knowing whether any other have any more of it's influence and light than themselves: this road is called that of Superstition or Human Invention; they grossly overlook that which the rules and laws of the place prescribe to them, and contrive some other scheme and set of directions and prescriptions for themselves, which they hope will serve their turn.' He shewed me many other kind of fools, which put me quite out of humour with the place. At last he carried me to the right paths, when I found true and solid pleasure, which entertained me all the way until we came in closer sight of the pillar, where the satisfaction increased to that measure that my faculties were not able to contain it: in the straining of them, I was violently waked, not a little grieved at the vanishing of so pleasant a dream.

GLASGOW, SEPT. 29.

## Nº DXXV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

Ὅδ' ἵσ' τὴν εὐφροσύνην ἐν ἀφροσύνῃ τ' ἐργάζεσθαι,  
Ζηλωτὴν ἀνθρώπων σιν. —————

ECCLY.

THAT LOVE ALONE, WHICH VIRTUE'S LAWS CONTROL,  
DESERVES RECEPTION IN THE HUMAN SOUL.

**I**T is my custom to take frequent opportunities of inquiring from time to time, what success my speculations meet with in the town. I am glad to find in particular, that my discourses on marriage have been well received. A friend of mine gives me to understand, from Doctors Commons, that more licences have been taken out there of late than usual. I am likewise informed of several pretty fellows, who have resolved to commence heads of families by the first favourable opportunity: one of them writes me word, that he is ready

to enter into the bonds of matrimony, provided I will give it him under my hand (as I now do) that a man may shew his face in good company after he is married, and that he need not be ashamed to treat a woman with kindness who puts herself into his power for life.

I have other letters on this subject, which say that I am attempting to make a revolution in the world of gallantry, and that the consequence of it will be, that a great deal of the sprightliness and feature of the last age will be lost: this

a bad

fellow, upon changing his will be no longer puzzled how he raillery of his facetiousness; that he need not own he is only to plunder an heiress of her estate, nor pretend that he uses avoid the ridiculous name of a band.

if I may speak my opinion of the writings which once among us under the notion of they are such as would tempt us to think there had been an association of the wits of those times to mazy out of this island. A black was the common mark of a venturers in farce and comedy as the essays in imitation, to shoot at, and nothing standing jest in all clubs of a mirch and gay conversation determined among those airy at the appellation of a sober old signify a spiritless fellow.

apt to think it was about the that good-nature, a word so elegant in our language, that affirmed it cannot well be exchanged, other, came first to be suspicious, and in danger of ascribed from its original sense to an idea as that of folly.

confess it has been my ambitious course of my writings, to well as I was able, the proper things. And as I have at his already on the subject of in several papers, I shall here farther observations which occur on the same head.

it seems to be thought, by our men, so indispensable an essential life, as love. 'A servant,' says Don Quixote, a mistress, is like a tree with leaves; and a man of sense among us not some fair one to fight as well pretend to appear without his penning. We have prose innumerable. All our to rhyme are professed imitations and there is scarce a poet, and, to be heard of, who has real or supposed Sackarilla to be vain.

be any refinement, coningal: he certainly so in a much agree. There is no comparison the frivolous affectation of the eyes of women with whom

you are only captivated by way of amusement, and of whom perhaps you know nothing more than their features, and a regular and uniform endeavour to make yourself valuable, both as a friend and lover, to one whom you have chosen to be the companion of your life. The first is the spring of a thousand soppies, silly artifices, falsehoods, and perhaps barbarities; or at best rises no higher than to a kind of dancing-school breeding, to give the person a more sparkling air. The latter is the parent of substantial virtues and agreeable qualities, and cultivates the mind while it improves the behaviour. The passion of love to a mistress, even where it is most sincere, resembles too much the flame of a fever; that to a wife is like the vital heat.

I have often thought, if the letters written by men of good-nature to their wives, were to be compared with those written by men of gallantry to their mistresses, the former, notwithstanding any inequality of style, would appear to have the advantage. Friendship, tenderness, and constancy, dress in a simplicity of expression, recommend themselves by a more native elegance, than passionate raptures, extravagant encomiums, and slavish adoration. If we were admitted to search the cabinet of the beautiful Narcissa, among boxes of epistles from several admirers, which are there preserved with equal care, how few should we find but would make any one sick in the reading, except her who is flattered by them? But in how different a style must the wife Benovolus, who converses with that good sense and good humour among all his friends, write to a wife who is the worthy object of his utmost affection? Benovolus, both in public and private, and all occasions of life, appears to have every good quality and desirable ornament. Abroad he is revered and esteemed; at home beloved and happy. The satisfaction he enjoys there, turns into an habitual complacency, which shines in his countenance, enlivens his wit, and seasons his conversation: even those of his acquaintance, who have never seen him in his retirement, are sharers in the happiness of it; and it is very much owing to his being the best and best-beloved of husbands, that he is the most desirous of friends, and the most agreeable of companions.

There

There is a sensible pleasure in contemplating such beautiful instances of domestic life. The happiness of the conjugal state appears heightened to the highest degree it is capable of, when we see two persons of accomplished minds, not only united in the same interests and affections, but in their taste of the same improvements, pleasures, and diversions. Pliny, one of the finest gentlemen and politest writers of the age in which he lived, has left us in his letter to Hispulla, his wife's aunt, one of the most agreeable family pieces of this kind I have ever met with. I shall end this discourse with a translation of it; and I believe the reader will be of my opinion, that conjugal love is drawn in it with a delicacy which makes it appear to be, as I have represented it, an ornament as well as a virtue.

## PLINY TO HISPULLA.

AS I remember the great affection which was between you and your excellent brother, and know you love his daughter as your own, to as not only to express the tenderness of the best of aunts, but even to supply that of the best of fathers; I am sure it will be a pleasure to you to hear that she proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of your and her ancestors. Her ingenuity is admirable; her frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the truest pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affec-

tion to me. She reads my writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. You would smile to see the concern she is in when I have a cause to plead, and the joy she shows when it is over. She finds means to have the first news brought her of the success I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear, where with the utmost delight she seats upon my applauses. Sometimes she sings my verses, and accompanies them with the lute, without any matter except Love, the best of instructors. From these instances I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness; since her affection is not founded on my youth and person, which must gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and reputation. Nor indeed could less be expected from one who had the happiness to receive her education from you, who in your house was accustomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me by your recommendation. For, as you had always the greatest respect for my mother, you were pleased from my infancy to form me, to command me, and kindly to preface I should be one day what my wife fancies I am. Accept therefore our united thanks; mine, that you have bestowed her on me; and her's, that you have given me to her, as a mutual grant of joy and felicity.

## N° DXXVI. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

FORTIUS UTRE IGOTIS.

OVID. MET. L. II. VER. 137.

KEEP A STIFF REIN.

ADDITION.

I Am very loth to come to extremities with the young gentlemen mentioned in the following letter, and do not care to chastise them with my own hand, until I am forced by provocations too great to be suffered without the absolute destruction of my spectatorial dignity. The crimes of these offenders are placed under the observation of one of my chief officers, who is posted just at the entrance of the pass between London and Westminster. As I have great confidence in the capacity, reso-

lution, and integrity, of the person deputed by me to give an account of enormities, I doubt not but I shall soon have before me all proper notices which are requisite for the amendment of manners in public, and the instruction of each individual of the human species in what is due from him, in respect to the whole body of mankind. The present paper shall consist only of the above-mentioned letter, and the copy of a denunciation which I have given to my trusty friend Mr. John Sly; wherein he is charged to

to me all that is necessary for my diversion upon the delinquents met by my correspondent, as well others described in the said drama.

THE SPECTATOR-GENERAL OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

It does look a little familiar, must call you

DEAR SIR,

When I got again to the farther end of the Widow's Coffee-house, I shall hence give you some account of the behaviour of our hackney-coachmen my last. These indefatigable gentlemen, without the least design, say, of self-interest or advantage to themselves, do still ply as volunteers all night for the good of their city. I will not trouble you with stating many particulars, but I mean to omit to inform you of an infant about six foot high, and near twenty and thirty years of age, as seen in the arms of a hackney-coachman driving by Will's Coffee-house in Covent Garden, between the hours of four and five in the afternoon every day wherein you published your moral against them. This impudent cur, though he could not hold a coach-box without holding, yet he ventures his neck to bid defiance to your Spectatorial authority, or anything that you countenanced. As I know not, but I heard of this morning from a gentleman who was an eye-witness of this his offence; and I was willing to take the opportunity to inform you of it, holding it extremely requisite that you should nip him in the bud. I am myself most concerned for our fellow-templars, fellow-students, and labourers in the law; I mean of them as are dignified and distinguished under the denomination of hack-coachmen. Such aspiring minds are these ambitious young men, that cannot enjoy themselves out of a box. It is however an unspeakable misfortune to me, that I can now tell of some of them are grown so idle as to study only in the night in the country. The other night one of our young gentlemen diligent at his lucubrations in

Fleet Street; and by the way, I should be under some concern, lest this hard student should one time or other crack his brain with studying, but that I am in hopes Nature has taken care to fortify him in proportion to the great undertakings he was designed for. Another of my fellow-templars on Thursday last, was getting up into his study at the bottom of Gray's Inn Lane, in order, I suppose, to contemplate in the fresh air. Now, Sir, my request is, that the great modesty of these two gentlemen may be recorded as a pattern to the rest; and if you would but give them two or three touches with your own pen, though you might not perhaps prevail with them to desist entirely from their meditations, yet I doubt not but you would at least preserve them from being public spectacles of folly in our streets. I say, two or three touches with your own pen; for I have really observed, Mr. Spec, that those Spectators which are so prettily laced down the sides with little c's, how instructive soever they may be, do not carry with them that authority as the others. I do again therefore desire, that for the sake of their dear necks, you would bestow one penful of your own ink upon them: I know you are loth to expose them; and it is, I must confess, a thousand pities that any young gentleman, who is come of honest parents, should be brought to public shame: and indeed I should be glad to have them handled a little tenderly at the first; but if fair means will not prevail, there is then no other way to reclaim them, but by making use of some wholesome severities; and I think it is better that a dozen or two of such good-for-nothing fellows should be made examples of, than that the reputation of some hundreds of as hopeful young gentlemen as myself should suffer through their folly. It is not, however, for me to direct you what to do; but, in short, if our coachmen will drive on this trade, the very first of them that I do find meditating in the streets, I shall make bold to take the number of his chambers, together with a note of his name, and dispatch them to you, that you may chastise him at your own discretion. I am, dear Spec, for ever yours,

MOSES GREENBAG,  
Esq. if you please.



P. S. Tom Hammercloth, one of our coachmen, is now pleading at the bar at the other end of the room, but has a little too much vehemence, and throws out his arms too much to take his audience with a good grace. T

TOMY LOVING AND WELL-BELOVED  
JOHN SLY, HABERDASHER OF  
HATS, AND TOBACCONIST, BE-  
TWEEN THE CITIES OF LONDON  
AND WESTMINSTER.

WHEREAS frequent disorders, affronts, and indignities, omissions, and trespasses, for which there are no remedies by any form of law, but which apparently disturb and disquiet the minds of men, happen near the place of your residence; and that you are, as well by your commodious situation, as the good parts with which you are endowed, properly qualified for the observation of the said offences; I do hereby authorize and depute you, from the hours of nine in the morning, until four in the afternoon, to keep a strict eye upon all persons and things that are conveyed in coaches, carried in carts, or walk on foot from the city of London to the city of Westminster, or from the city of Westminster to the city of London, within the said hours. You are therefore not to depart from your observatory at the end of Devereux Court during the said space of each day, but to observe the behaviour of all persons who are suddenly transported from stamping on pebbles to sit at ease in chariots, what notice they take of their foot-acquaintance, and send me the speediest advice, when they are guilty of overlooking,

turning from, or appearing grave and distant to their old friends. When man and wife are in the same coach, you are to see whether they appear pleased or tired with each other, and whether they carry the due mean in the eye of the world, between fondness and coldness. You are carefully to behold all such as shall have addition of honour or riches, and report whether they preserve the countenance they had before such addition. As to persons on foot, you are to be attentive whether they are pleased with their condition, and are dressed suitable to it; but especially to distinguish such as appear discreet, by a low-heel shoe, with the decent ornament of a leather-garter: to write down the names of such country gentlemen as, upon the approach of peace, have left the hunting for the military cock of the hat: of all who strut, make a noise, and swear at the drivers of coaches to make haste, when they see it is impossible they should pass: of all young gentlemen in coach-hoxes, who labour at a perfection in what they are sure to be excelled by the meanest of the people. You are to do all that in you lies that coaches and passengers give way according to the course of business, all the morning in term-time towards Westminster, the rest of the year towards the Exchange. Upon these directions, together with other secret articles herein inclosed, you are to govern yourself, and give advertisement thereof to me at all convenient and spectatorial hours, when men of business are to be seen. Hereof you are not to fail. Given under my seal of office.

T

THE SPECTATOR.

N<sup>o</sup> DXXVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

VACILE INVENIES ET PEJOREM, ET PEJUS MORATAM;  
MELIOREM NEQUE TU REPERIES, NEQUE SOL VIDET.

PLAUTUS IN STICHO.

YOU WILL EASILY FIND A WORSE WOMAN; A BETTER THE SUN NEVER SHINE UPON.

I Am so tender of my women-readers, that I cannot defer the publication of any thing which concerns their happiness or quiet. The repose of a married woman is consulted in the first of the following letters, and the felicity of a maiden lady in the second. I call it a felicity to have the addresses of an agree-

able man: and I think I have not any where seen a prettier application of a poetical story than that of him, in making the tale of Cephalus and Procris the history picture of a fan in so gallant a manner as he addresses it. But see the letters.

SPECTATOR,

twelve almost three months since I came to a town about some business; in a hurry of it being over, took leave this afternoon, and drove to see a friend who married about six years ago a wealthy citizen. I found her at home, her husband gone to the Exchange, and expected back within an hour. After the usual expressions of kindness, and a hundred inquiries about friends in the country, she turned to piquet, played two or three times, and drank tea. I should have told you that this was my second meeting with her since marriage; but she lived at the same town where I had a school, so that the plea of a distance added to the innocence of my intrusion prevailed upon her good-humour to give me a freedom of conversation, often, and oftener, than the discipline of the school would allow.

You may easily imagine after this acquaintance we might be intimate without any offence, as I was to mind how many inventions were put to in deluding the many hands forged for exchange; many times been sick in peripneumony, for I was then never sick but in peripneumony, and only then because out of company. We had whiled away our time after this manner, when I came to part five: and not expecting to see her and would return until late, she told her I should go early next morning for the country: she kindly told me she was afraid it would be so, for she saw me again; so I took leave and parted. Now, Sir, I had not got home a fortnight, when I received a letter from a neighbour of mine that ever since that fatal accident my lady had been most inhumanly treated, and the husband publicly stoned, as made a member of too numerous a society. He had, it seems, lost most of the time my cousin and myself together. As jealous ears are always double, so he heard enough of him mad; and as jealous eyes are always through magnifying glasses, he was certain it could not be I whom he saw, a beardless stripling, but he saw a gay gentleman of the last years older than myself; that reason, I presume, doubtless, nor take any notice when it is said. He is perpetually asking

his wife if she does not think the time long (as she said she should) until she see her cousin again. Pray, Sir, what can be done in this case? I have written to him to assure him I was at his house all that afternoon expecting to see him; his answer is, it is only a trick of her's, and that he neither can nor will believe me. The parting kiss I find mightily nettles him, and confirms him in all his errors. Ben Johnson, as I remember, makes a foreigner, in one of his comedies, admire the desperate valour of the bold English, who 'let out their wives to all encounters.' The general custom of salutation should excuse the favour done me, or you should lay down rules when such distinctions are to be given or omitted. You cannot imagine, Sir, how troubled I am for this unhappy lady's misfortune, and how you would infer this letter, that the husband may reflect upon this accident coolly. It is no small matter, the ease of a virtuous woman for her whole life: I know she will conform to any regularities (though more strict than the common rules of our country require) to which his particular temper shall incline him to oblige her. This accident puts me in mind how generously Pissistratus the Athenian tyrant behaved himself on a like occasion, when he was instigated by his wife to put to death a young gentleman, because being passionately fond of his daughter, he kissed her in public as he met her in the street. 'What,' said he, 'shall we do to those who are our enemies, if we do thus to those who are our friends?' I will not trouble you much longer, but am exceedingly concerned lest this accident may cause a virtuous lady to lead a miserable life with a husband who has no grounds for his jealousy but what I have faithfully related, and ought to be reckoned none. It is to be feared too, if at last he sees his mistake, yet people will be as slow and unwilling in disbelieving scandal as they are quick and forward in believing it. I shall endeavour to enliven this plain and honest letter with Ovid's relation about Cybele's image. The ship wherein it was aboard was stranded at the mouth of the Tiber, and the men were unable to move it, until Claudia, a virgin, but suspected of unchastity, by a slight pull hauled it in. The story is told in the fourth book of the Fæstus.

'Parent of gods,' begin the wedding fair,  
 'Reward or punish, but don't hear my prayer.'  
 'It lewdness o'er deserv'd my virgin bloom,  
 'From heav'n with justice I receive my  
 'doom;  
 'But if my honour yet has known no stain,  
 'Thou, goddess, thou my innocence main-  
 'tain;  
 'Thou, whom the nicest rules of goodness  
 'sway'd,  
 'Vouchsafe to follow an unblemish'd maid.'  
 She spoke, and touch'd the cord with glad  
 surprize,  
 (The truth was witness'd by ten thousand  
 eyes)  
 The pitying goddess easily comply'd,  
 Follow'd in triumph, and adorn'd her guide;  
 While Claudia, blushing still for past disgrace,  
 March'd silent on with a slow solemn pace:  
 Nor yet from thence was all distrust remov'd,  
 Tho' heav'n such virtue by such wonders  
 prov'd.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,  
 PHILAGNOTES.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU will oblige a languishing lover,  
 if you will please to print the in-  
 closed verses in your next paper. If  
 you remember the *Metamorphosis*, you  
 know Procris, the fond wife of Cepha-  
 lus, is said to have made her husband,  
 who delighted in the sports of the wood,  
 a present of an unerring javelin. In  
 process of time he was so much in the

forest, that his lady suspected he was  
 pursuing some nymph, under the pre-  
 tence of following a chace more inno-  
 cent. Under this suspicion she hid her-  
 self among the trees, to observe his  
 motions. While she lay concealed, her  
 husband, tired with the labour of hunt-  
 ing, came within her hearing. As he  
 was fainting with heat, he cried out—  
 'Aura veni—Oh charming air ap-  
 'proach.'

The unfortunate wife, taking the  
 word Air to be the name of a woman,  
 began to move among the bushes; and  
 the husband believing it a deer, threw  
 his javelin and killed her. This history  
 painted on a fan, which I presented to  
 a lady, gave occasion to my growing  
 poetical.

'Come, gentle air!' th' *Æolian* shepherd  
 said,

While Procris pant'd in the secret shade;  
 'Come, gentle air!' the fairer Delia cries,  
 While at her feet her swain expiring lies.  
 Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,  
 Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play.  
 In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,  
 Nor did that fabled dart more surely wound.  
 Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,  
 Alike both lovers fall by those they love:  
 Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,  
 At random wounds, nor knows the wound he  
 gives:

She views the story with attentive eyes,  
 And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

## Nº DXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

DUM POTUIT, SOLITA GEMITUM VIRTUTE REPRESSIT.

OID. MET. L. 9. VER. 163.

WITH WONTED FORTITUDE SHE BORE THE SMART,  
 AND NOT A GROAN CONFESS'D HER BURNING HEART.

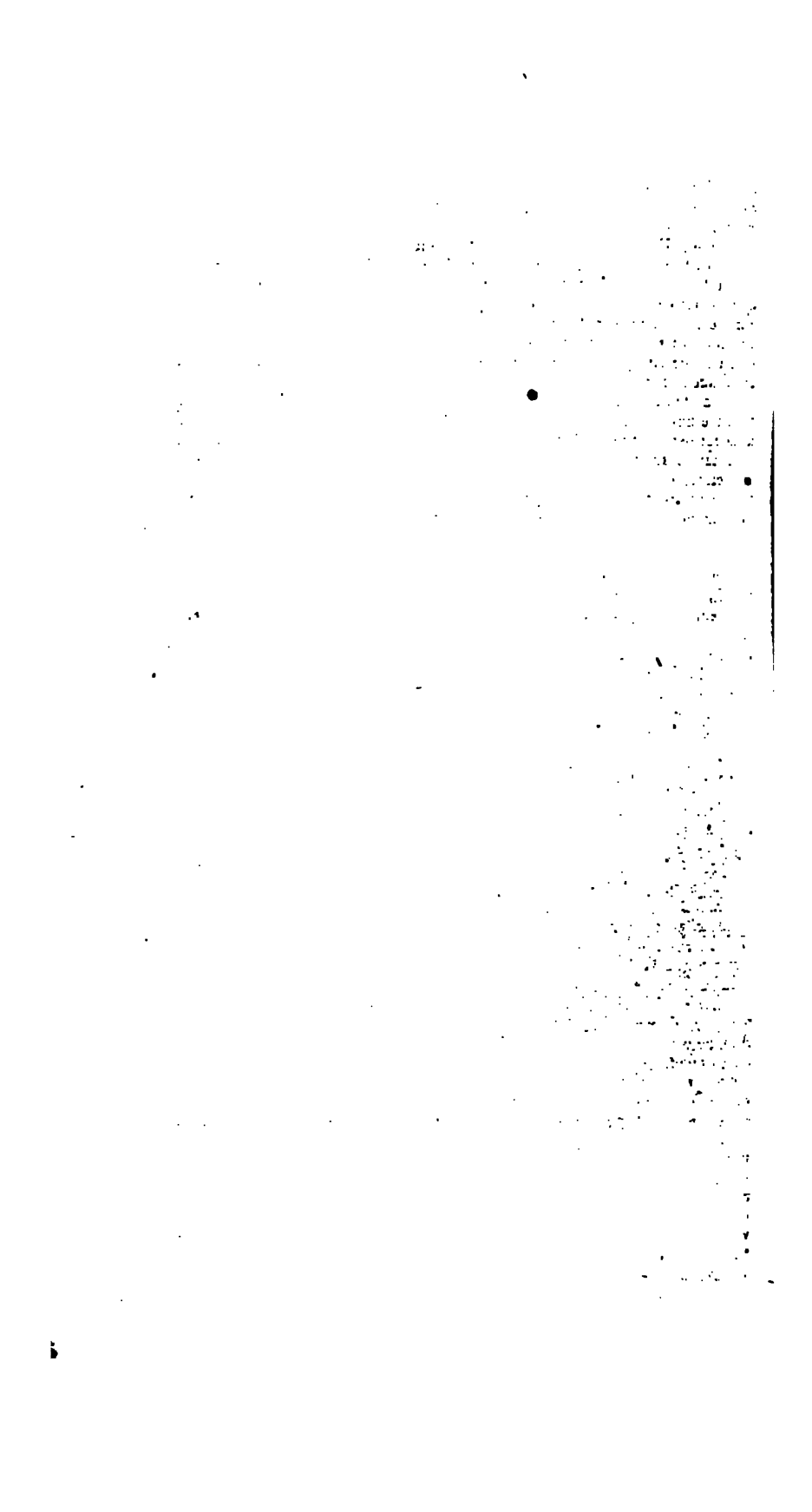
GAY.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Who now write to you, am a wo-  
 man loaded with injuries; and the  
 aggravation of my misfortune is, that  
 they are such which are overlooked by the  
 generality of mankind, and though the  
 most afflictive imaginable, not regarded  
 as such in the general sense of the world.  
 I have hid my vexation from all man-  
 kind; but have now taken pen, ink,  
 and paper, and am resolv'd to unbolom  
 myself to you, and lay before you what  
 grieves me and all the sex. You have  
 very often mentioned particular hardships

done to this or that lady; but, as  
 thinks, you have not in any one specu-  
 lation directly pointed at the partial free-  
 dom men take, the unreasonable con-  
 finement women are obliged to, in the  
 only circumstance in which we are ne-  
 cessarily to have a commerce with them,  
 that of love. The case of celibacy is  
 the great evil of our nation; and the in-  
 dulgence of the vicious conduct of men  
 in that state, with the ridicule to which  
 women are exposed, though ever so vir-  
 tuous, if long unmarried, is the root of  
 the greatest irregularities of this nation.





To shew you, Sir, that though you never have given us the catalogue of a lady's library as you promised, we read good books of our own chusing; I shall insert on this occasion a paragraph or two out of Echard's Roman History. In the 44th page of the second volume the author observes, that Augustus, upon his return to Rome at the end of a war, received complaints that too great a number of the young men of quality were unmarried. The Emperor thereupon assembled the whole Equestrian order; and having separated the married from the single, did particular honours to the former, but he told the latter, that it is to say, Mr. Spectator, he told the watchelors, that their lives and actions had been so peculiar, that he knew not by what name to call them; not by that of men, for they performed nothing that was manly; not by that of citizens, for the city might perish notwithstanding their care; nor by that of Romans, for they designed to extirpate the Roman name. Then proceeding to shew his tender care and hearty affection for his people, he further told them, that their course of life was of such pernicious consequence to the glory and grandeur of the Roman nation, that he could not chuse but tell them, that all other crimes put together could not equalize theirs: for they were guilty of murder, in not suffering those to be born which should proceed from them; of impiety, in causing the names and honours of their ancestors to cease; and sacrilege, in destroying their kind, which proceed from the immortal gods, and human nature, the principal thing consecrated to them: therefore in this respect, they dissolved the government, in disobeying it's laws; betrayed their country, by making it barren and waste; nay, and demolished their city, in depriving it of inhabitants. And he was sensible that all this proceeded not from any kind of virtue or abstinence, but from a looseness and wantonness, which ought never to be encouraged in any civil government. There are no particulars dwelt upon that let us into the conduct of these young worthies, whom this great emperor treated with so much justice and indignation; but any one who observes what passes in this town, may very well frame to himself a notion of their riots and debaucheries all night, and their

apparent preparations for them all day. It is not to be doubted but these Romans never passed any of their time innocently but when they were asleep, and never slept but when they were weary and heavy with excesses, and slept only to prepare themselves for the repetition of them. If you did your duty as a Spectator, you would carefully examine into the number of births, marriages, and burials; and when you had deducted out of your deaths all such as went out of the world without marrying, then cast up the number of both sexes born within such a term of years last past, you might from the single people departed make some useful inferences or guesses how many there are left unmarried, and raise some useful scheme for the amendment of the age in that particular. I have not patience to proceed gravely on this abominable libertinism; for I cannot but reflect, as I am writing to you, upon a certain lascivious manner which all our young gentlemen use in public, and examine our eyes with a petulancy in their own, which is a downright affront to modesty. A disdainful look on such an occasion is returned with a countenance rebuked, but by averting their eyes from the woman of honour and decency to some flippant creature, who will, as the phrase is, be kinder. I must set down things as they come into my head, without standing upon order. Ten thousand to one but the gay gentleman who stared, at the same time is an house-keeper; for you must know they have got into a humour of late of being very regular in their sins, and a young fellow shall keep his four maids and three footmen with the greatest gravity imaginable. There are no less than six of these venerable house-keepers of my acquaintance. This humour among young men of condition is imitated by all the world below them, and a general dissolution of manners arises from this one source of libertinism, without shame or reprehension in the male youth. It is from this one fountain that so many beautiful helpless young women are sacrificed and given up to lewdness, shame, poverty, and disease. It is to this also that so many excellent young women, who might be patterns of conjugal affection and parents of a worthy race, pine under unhappy passions for such as have not attention enough to observe,

or virtue enough to prefer them to their common wenchies. Now, Mr. Spectator, I must be free to own to you, that I myself suffer a tasteless insipid being, from a consideration I have for a man who would not, as he has said in my hearing, resign his liberty, as he calls it, for all the beauty and wealth the whole sex is possessed of. Such calamities as these would not happen, if it could possibly be brought about, that by fining batchelors as papists convict, or the like, they were distinguished to their disadvantage from the rest of the world, who fall in with the measures of civil societies. Lest you should think I speak this as being, according to the senseless rude phrase, a malicious old maid, I shall acquaint you I am a woman of condition not now three and twenty, and have had proposals from at least ten different men, and the greater number of them

have upon the upshot refused me. Something or other is always amiss when the lover takes to some new wench: a settlement is easily excepted against; and there is very little recourse to avoid the vicious part of our youth, but throwing one's self away upon some lifeless blockhead, who, though he is without vice, is also without virtue. Now-a-days we must be contented if we can get creatures which are not bad, good are not to be expected. Mr. Spectator, I sit near you the other day, and think I did not displease your spectatorial eye-sight, which I shall be a better judge of when I see whether you take notice of these evils your own way, or print this memorial dictated from the disdainful heavy heart of, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

RACHEL WELLADAY.

## Nº DXXIX. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

SINGULA QUÆQUE LOCUM TENEANT SORTITA DECENTER.

HOR. AGR. PORT. VER. 92.

LET EVERY THING HAVE IT'S DUE PLACE.

ROSCOMMON.

UPON the hearing of several late disputes concerning rank and precedence, I could not forbear amusing myself with some observations, which I have made upon the learned world, as to this great particular. By the learned world I here mean at large all those who are any way concerned in works of literature, whether in the writing, printing, or repeating part. To begin with the writers; I have observed that the author of a Folio, in all companies and conversations, sets himself above the author of a Quarto; the author of a Quarto above the author of an Octavo; and so on, by a gradual descent and subordination, to an author in Twenty-Fours. This distinction is so well observed, that in an assembly of the learned, I have seen a Folio writer place himself in an elbow-chair, when the author of a Duodecimo has, out of a just deference to his superior quality, seated himself upon a squab. In a word, authors are usually ranged in company after the same manner as their works are upon a shelf.

The most minute pocket-author hath beneath him the writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only stitched. As for the pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the authors of single sheets, and of that fraternity who published their labours on certain days, or on every day of the week. I do not find that the precedence among the individuals, in this latter class of writers, is yet settled.

For my own part, I have had so strict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the learned world, that I never presumed to take place of a pamphleteer until my daily papers were gathered into those two first volumes, which have already appeared. After which, I naturally jumped over the heads not only of all pamphleteers, but of every Octavo writer in Great Britain, that had written but one book. I am also informed by my bookseller, that six Octavos have at all times been looked upon as an equivalent to a Folio, which I take notice of the rather, because I would not have the learned world surprised, if after the publication

of half a dozen volumes I place accordingly. When my forces are thus rallied, and no regular bodies, I flatter myself I shall make no despicable figure as head of them.

Under these rules, which have been some out of mind in the world of letters, were not originally published with an eye to our manufacture, I shall leave to the rest of others; and shall only remark in this place, that all printers and book-sellers take the wall of the author, according to the above-mentioned merits of the authors to whom they respectively belong.

Now to that point of precedence which is settled among the three professions, by the wisdom of the world. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every one of these professions, who are, in the eyes of the world, though not so high as the nobles, yet a degree above squires; and the order of men being the illiterate and the vulgar, are consequently put together into a class below the learned professions. I mention this to the sake of several rural squires, who, in the present state of England, and who are apt to usurp that precedency which the laws of their country is due to them. Their want of learning has planted them in this station in some measure to extenuate their meanness; and our professors pardon them when they offend particularly, considering that they are in the state of ignorance, or, as we say, do not know their right in their left.

There is another tribe of persons who

are retainers to the learned world, and who regulate themselves upon all occasions by several laws peculiar to their body: I mean the players or actors of both sexes. Among these it is a standing and uncontroverted principle, that a tragedian always takes place of a comedian; and it is very well-known that the merry drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment give way to the dignity of the buskin. It is a stage maxim—Once a king, and always a king. For this reason it would be thought very absurd in Mr. Bullock, notwithstanding the height and gracefulness of his person, to sit at the right-hand of an hero, though he were but five foot high. The same distinction is observed among the ladies of the theatre. Queens and heroines preserve their rank in private conversation, while those who are waiting-women and maids of honour upon the stage, keep their distance also behind the scenes.

I shall only add, that by a parity of reason, all writers of tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated, served, or saluted before comic writers: those who deal in tragi-comedy usually taking their seats between the authors of either side. There has been a long dispute for precedency between the tragic and heroic poets. Aristotle would have the latter yield the Pass to the former; but Mr. Dryden, and many others, would never submit to this decision. Burlesque writers pay the same deference to the heroic, as comic writers to their serious brothers in the drama.

By this short table of laws, order is kept up, and distinction preserved in the whole republic of letters.



N<sup>o</sup> DXXX. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

SIC VISUM VENERI; CUI PLACET IMPARES  
FORMAS ATQUE ANIMOS SUB JUGA AZENEA  
SÆVO MITTERE CUM JOCO.

HOR. QD. XXXIII. L. I. VER. 10

THUS VENUS SPORTS: THE RICH, THE BASE,  
UNLIKE IN FORTUNE, AND IN FACE,  
TO DISAGREEING LOVE PROVOKES;  
WHEN CRUELLY TO JOSE,  
SHE TIES THE SABLE NOOSE,  
AND BINDS UNEQUALS TO THE BRAZEN YOKE.

CREECH

**I**T is very usual for those who have been severally upon marriage, in some part or other of their lives, to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their raillery return upon their own heads. I scarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not sooner, or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a blessing to another man, falls upon such an one as a judgment. Mr. Congreve's Old Bachelor is set forth to us with much wit and humour, as an example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railing at the sex in general, very often make an honourable amends, by chusing one of the most worthless persons of it for a companion and yoke-fellow. Hymen takes his revenge in kind on those who turn his mysteries into ridicule.

My friend Will Honeycomb, who was so unmercifully witty upon the women, in a couple of letters, which I lately communicated to the public, has given the ladies ample satisfaction by marrying a farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our club by the last post. The Templar is very positive that he has married a dairy-maid: but Will, in his letter to me on this occasion, sets the best face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the letter I found that Will was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed—'Dear Spec,' which was his usual salute at the beginning of the letter, into—'My worthy friend,' and subscribed himself in the latter end of it at full length, 'William Honeycomb.' In short, the gay, the loud, the vain Will Honey-

comb, who had made love to a fortune that has appeared in above thirty years together, and of favours from ladies who never seen, is at length wedded to a country girl.

His letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober of the husband is dashed with man of the town, and enlivens those little cant phrases which my friend Will often thought very company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

**I** Question not but you and I, my acquaintance, wonder to have lived in the smoke and g of the town for thirty years should all on a sudden grow to country life. Had not my steward run away as he did, making up his accounts, I had immersed in sin and sea-coal. my late forced visit to my estate so pleased with it, that I am to live and die upon it. I am abroad among my acres, and forbear filling my letter with shades, flowers, meadows, and streams. The simplicity of which I have heard you so often of, and which appears here in person charms me wonderfully. A chance of it, I must acquaint you by your means the whole club have lately married one of my daughters. She is horn of plenty, and though she has no she has a great deal of virtue. natural sweetness and innocence of behaviour, the freshness of her eyes





affected turn of her shape and per-  
 at me through and through every  
 saw her, and did more execution  
 in program, than the greatest  
 in town or court had ever done  
 ade. In short, she is such an  
 promises me a good heir to my  
 and if by her means I cannot  
 my children what are falsely call-  
 ists of birth, high titles and alli-  
 I hope to convey to them the  
 al and valuable gifts of birth,  
 odies and healthy constitutions.  
 your fine women, I need not tell  
 I know them. I have had my  
 their graces, but no more of  
 it shall be my business hereafter  
 he life of an honest man, and to  
 becomes the master of a family.  
 as not but I shall draw upon me  
 ery of the town, and be treated  
 one of 'The Marriage-hater  
 ed;' but I am prepared for it.  
 een as witty upon others in my

time. To tell thee truly, I saw such a  
 tribe of fashionable young fluttering  
 coxtombs shut up, that I did not think  
 my post of an *Homme de ruelle* any  
 longer tenable. I felt a certain stiffness  
 in my limbs, which intirely destroyed  
 that jantiness of air I was once master  
 of. Besides, for I may now confess  
 my age to thee, I have been eight and  
 forty above these twelve years. Since  
 my retirement into the country will  
 make a vacancy in the club, I could  
 wish you would fill up my place with  
 my friend Tom Dapperwit. He has  
 an infinite deal of fire, and knows the  
 town. For my own part, as I have  
 said before, I shall endeavour to live  
 hereafter suitable to a man in my station,  
 as a prudent head of a family, a good  
 huiband, a careful father, (when it shall  
 so happen) and as your most sincere  
 friend, and humble servant,

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.

O

## 2 DXXXI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

QUI MARE ET TERRAS VARIISQUE MUNDUM

TEMPERAT MORIS:

UNDE NIL MAJUS GENERATUR IPSO,

NEC VIGET QUICQUAM SIMILE AUT SECUNDUM.

HOR. OD. XII. L. 2. VER. 13.

WHO GUIDES BELOW, AND RULES ABOVE,  
 THE GREAT DISPOSER, AND THE MIGHTY KING:  
 THAN HE NONE GREATER, NEXT HIM NONE,  
 THAT CAN BE, IS, OR WAS;  
 SUPREME HE SINGLY FILLS THE THRONE.

CARECH.

ONIDES being asked by Dio-  
 is the tyrant what God was, de-  
 ay's time to consider of it be-  
 caude his reply. When the day  
 red, he desired two days; and  
 is, instead of returning his an-  
 manded still double the time to  
 of it. This great poet and phi-  
 the more he contemplated the  
 of the Deity, found that he  
 at the more out of his depth;  
 he lost himself in the thought,  
 finding an end of it.

consider the idea which wife  
 the light of reason, have framed  
 ivine Being, it amounts to this:  
 as in him all the perfection of  
 d nature; and since we have no  
 f any kind of spiritual perfec-  
 what we discover in our own  
 join infinitude to each kind of

these perfections, and what is a faculty  
 in an human soul, becomes an attribute  
 in God. We exist in place and time,  
 the Divine Being fills the immensity of  
 space with his presence, and inhabits  
 eternity. We are possessed of a little  
 power and a little knowledge, the Di-  
 vine Being is almighty and omniscient.  
 In short, by adding infinity to any kind  
 of perfection we enjoy, and by joining  
 all these different kinds of perfections in  
 one Being, we form our idea of the  
 great Sovereign of nature.

Though every one who thinks must  
 have made this observation, I shall pro-  
 duce Mr. Locke's authority to the same  
 purpose, out of his Essay on Human  
 Understanding. 'If we examine the  
 ' idea we have of the incomprehensible  
 ' Supreme Being, we shall find, that  
 ' we come by it the same way; and that

the complex ideas we have both of God and separate spirits, are made up of the simple ideas we receive from reflection: v. g. having, from what we experiment in ourselves, got the ideas of existence and duration, of knowledge and power, of pleasure and happiness, and of several other qualities and powers, which it is better to have than to be without; when we would frame an idea the most suitable we can to the Supreme Being, we enlarge every one of these with our idea of infinity; and so putting them together, make our complex idea of God.

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of spiritual perfection, besides those which are lodged in a human soul; but it is impossible that we should have the ideas of any kinds of perfection, except those of which we have some small rays and short imperfect strokes in ourselves. It would be therefore a very high presumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more attributes than those which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of spiritual perfection which is not marked out in a human soul, it belongs in it's fulness to the divine nature.

Several eminent philosophers have imagined that the soul, in her separate state, may have new faculties springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present union with the body; and whether these faculties may not correspond with other attributes in the divine nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of nature, has in him all possible perfection, as well in kind as in degree; to speak according to our method of conceiving, I shall only add, under this head, that when we have raised our notion of this Infinite Being as high as it is possible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what he really is. 'There is no end of his greatness;' the most exalted creature he has made is only capable of a homage it, none but himself can comprehend it.

The advice of the son of Sirach is very just and sublime in this light. 'By

his word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short; wherefore in sum, he is all. How shall we be able to magnify him? For he is great above all his works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can: for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? and who can magnify him as he is? there are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his works.'

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the light of reason and philosophy. If we would see him in all the wonders of his mercy, we must have recourse to revelation, which represents him to us, not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and just in his dispensations towards man. But as this is a theory which falls under every one's consideration, though indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual worship and veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our minds with the thought of him, and annihilate ourselves before him, in the contemplation of our own worthlessness, and of his transcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds such a constant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant prayer, and reasonable humiliation of the soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little seeds of pride, vanity, and self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up into minds of such whose thoughts run more on those comparative advantages which they enjoy over some of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite distance which is placed between them and the supreme Model of all perfection. It would likewise quicken our desires and endeavours of uniting ourselves to him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the Supreme Being would, in a particular manner, banish from among us that prevailing impurity in things has some of the most trivial occasions. By the

of the following passage in an ex-  
 sermon, preached at the funeral  
 of a man who was an honour to  
 the country, and a more diligent as well  
 as a more inquisitive into the works of  
 nature than any other our nation has  
 produced: 'He had the profoundest  
 notion for the great God of heaven  
 in earth that I have ever observed in  
 creation. The very name of God  
 never mentioned by him without  
 awe and a visible stop in his dis-  
 course in which, one that knew him  
 particularly above twenty years,  
 told me, that he was so exact,  
 he does not remember to have ob-  
 livened him once to fail in it.'

One knows the veneration which

was paid by the Jews to a name so great,  
 wonderful, and holy. They would not  
 let it enter even into their religious dis-  
 courses. What can we then think of  
 those who make use of so tremendous a  
 name in the ordinary expressions of their  
 anger, mirth, and most impertinent pas-  
 sions? Of those who admit it into the  
 most familiar questions and assertions,  
 ludicrous phrases and works of humour?  
 not to mention those who violate it by  
 solemn perjuries? It would be an affront  
 to reason to endeavour to set forth the  
 horror and profaneness of such a prac-  
 tice. The very mention of it exposes it  
 sufficiently to those in whom the light of  
 nature, not to say religion, is not utterly  
 extinguished.

## Nº DXXXII. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

—FUNGOR VICE COTIS, ACUTUM

REDDERE QUÆ FERRUM VALET, EXORS IPSA SECUNDI.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 304.

I PLAY THE WHETSTONE: USELESS AND UNFIT  
 TO CUT MYSELF, I SHARPEN OTHERS WIT.

CREECH.

a very honest action to be stu-  
 idious to produce other men's me-  
 rit. I make no scruple of saying I  
 have much of this temper as any man  
 in the world. It would not be a thing  
 to be ragged of, but that it is what any  
 man may be matter of who will take  
 enough for it. Much observation  
 of unworthiness in being pained at  
 the excellence of another, will bring  
 a scorn of yourself for that un-  
 worthiness: and when you have got so  
 you will find it a greater pleasure  
 than ever before knew, to be zealous  
 in promoting the fame and welfare  
 of a praise-worthy. I do not speak  
 pretending to be a mortified self-  
 denier, but as one who has turn-  
 ed ambition into a right channel. I  
 do myself the merit of having  
 excellent productions from a  
 man of the greatest abilities, who would  
 else let them appear by any other  
 way to have animated a few young  
 men into worthy pursuits, who  
 are a glory to our age; and at all  
 times by all possible means in my  
 undiminished interests of ig-  
 norance, vice, and folly, and attempt-  
 ing to *obscure in their stead, learning,*  
*and good sense. It is from this*

honest heart that I find myself honoured  
 as a gentleman-usher to the arts and  
 sciences. Mr. Tickell and Mr. Pope  
 have, it seems, this idea of me. The  
 former has writ me an excellent paper  
 of verses in praise, forsooth, of myself;  
 and the other inclosed for my perusal an  
 admirable poem, which, I hope, will  
 shortly see the light. In the mean time  
 I cannot suppress any thought of his,  
 but insert this sentiment about the dying  
 words of Adrian. I will not determine  
 in the case he mentions; but have thus  
 much to say in favour of his argument,  
 that many of his own works which I  
 have seen, convince me that very pretty  
 and very sublime sentiments may be  
 lodged in the same bosom without dimi-  
 nution to its greatness.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Was the other day in company with  
 five or six men of some learning;  
 where chancing to mention the famous  
 verses which the Emperor Adrian spoke  
 on his death-bed, they were all agreed  
 that it was a piece of gaiety unworthy  
 that prince in those circumstances. I  
 could not but dissent from this opinion:  
 methinks it was by no means a gaiety,  
 but a very serious soliloquy to his soul

at the point of his departure : in which sense I naturally took the verses at my first reading them when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them :

*Animula vagula, blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Qua nunc abibis in lea,  
Fœdula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec (ut soles) dabis jocus!*

Alas, my soul ! thou pleasing companion of this body, thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it ! whither art thou flying ? To what unknown region ? Thou art all trembling, fearful, and pensive. Now what is become of thy former wit and humour ? Thou shalt jest and be gay no more.

I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this ; it is the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man : and if we consider the emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future state of his soul will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that it was scarce reasonable he should think otherwise ; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in it's immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the rest, appear not to me as expressions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern : such as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Hendeca-syllabi* after him, where they are used to express the utmost love and tenderness for their mistresses.—If you think me right in my notion of the last words of Adrian, be pleas'd to insert this in the Spectator ; if not, to suppress it.

I am, &c.

#### TO THE SUPPOSED AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

IN courts licentious, and a shameless stage,  
How long the war shall wit with virtue wage ?

Inchanted by this prostituted fair,  
Our youth run headlong in the fatal snare ;  
In height of rapture clasp unherd pains,  
And suck pollution thro' the tingling veins.

Thy spotless thoughts unshock'd the priest  
may hear,

And the pure vestal in her bosom wear.  
To conscious blushes and diminish'd pride,  
Thy glass betrays what treach'rous love would  
hide ;

Nor harsh thy precepts, but insus'd by stealth,

Please while they cure, and cheat  
health.

Thy works in Chino's toilet gain a p  
And with his tailor share the toppling ;  
Lash'd in thy satire, the penurious ci  
Laughs at himself and finds no harm  
From felon gamesters the raw squire  
And Britain owes her rescu'd oaks to  
His mis the frolic viscount dreads to  
Or his third cure the shallow temple  
And the rash fool who scorn'd the beat  
Dares quake at thunder, and confess

The brainless stripling, who, expe  
town,  
Damn'd the stiff college and pedantic  
Aw'd by thy name, is dumb, and thrice  
Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to  
A (antring tribe ! such born to wide e  
With Yea and No in senates hold del  
At length despis'd, each to his field  
First with the dogs, and king ami  
squires ;

From pert to stupid sinks supinely de  
In youth a coxcomb, and in age a cl

Such readers scorn'd, thou wing  
daring flight  
Above the stars, and tread'st the fields  
Fame, Heav'n and Hell, are thy exalted  
And visions such as Jove himself might  
Man sunk to slav'ry, tho' to glory be  
Heav'n's pride when upright, and d  
his scorn.

Such hints alone could British Virg  
And thou alone deserve from such a  
A debt so borrow'd, is illustrious the  
And fame when shar'd with him is  
same.

So flush'd with sweets, by beauty's  
bestow'd,  
With more than mortal charms  
glow'd.  
Such gen'rous stripes Eugene and Marl  
And as in glory, so in friendship vie.

Permit these lines by thee to li  
blame

A muse that pants and languishes fo  
That fears to sink when humbler the  
sings,

Lost in the mass of mean forgotten t  
Receiv'd by thee, I prophesy, my th  
The praise of virgins in succeeding ti  
Mix'd with thy works, their life no  
shall see.

But stand protected, as inspir'd, by d

So some weak shoot, which else  
poorly rise,  
Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to th  
Thro' the new pupil soft ring fulcra  
Thrust forth the gems, and give the  
to blow

Aloft ; immortal reigns the plant and  
With borrow'd life, and stamp, not

TO THE SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

MR. JOHN SLY HUMBLY SNEWETH,

THAT upon reading the deputation given to the said Mr. John Sly, all persons passing by his observatory behaved themselves with the same decorum, as if your honour yourself had been present.

That your said officer is preparing, according to your honour's secret instructions, hats for the several kind of heads that make figures in the realms of Great Britain, with cocks significant of their powers and faculties.

That your said officer has taken due notice of your instructions and admonitions concerning the internals of the head from the outward form of the same.

His hats for men of the faculties of law and physic do but just turn up; to give a little life to their sagacity; his military hats glare full in the face; and he has prepared a familiar easy cock for all good companions between the above-mentioned extremes. For this end he has consulted the most learned of his acquaintance for the true forms and dimensions of the *Lepidum Caput*, and made a hat fit for it.

Your said officer does further represent, that the young divines about town are many of them got into the cock military, and desires your instructions therein.

That the town has been for several days very well behaved, and further your said officer saith not.

## Nº DXXXIII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

IMMO DUAS DABO, INQUIT ILLE. UNA SI PARUM EST:  
ET SI DUARUM POENITEBIT, ADDENTUR DUM.

PLAUT.

'NAY,' SAYS HE, 'IF ONE IS TOO LITTLE, I WILL GIVE YOU TWO; AND IF TWO  
'WILL NOT SATISFY YOU, I WILL ADD TWO MORE.'

TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,

YOU have often given us very excellent discourses against that unnatural custom of parents, in forcing their children to marry contrary to their inclinations. My own case, without farther preface, I will lay before you, and leave you to judge of it. My father and mother both being in declining years, would fain see me, their eldest son, as they call it, settled. I am as much for that as they can be; but I must be settled, it seems, not according to my own, but their liking. Upon this account, I am teased every day, because I have not yet fallen in love, in spite of nature, with one of a neighbouring gentleman's daughters; for out of their abundant generosity, they give me the choice of four. 'Jack,' begins my father, 'Mrs. Catharine is a fine woman.'—'Yes, Sir, but she is rather too old.'—'She will make the more discreet manager, boy.' Then my mother plays her part. 'Is not Mrs. Betty exceeding fair?'—'Yes, Madam, but she is of no conversation; she has no fire, no agreeable vivacity; she neither speaks nor looks with spi-

rit.'—'True, son; but for those very reasons, she will be an easy, soft, obliging, tractable creature.'—'After all,' cries an old aunt, (who belongs to the class of those who read plays with spectacles on) 'what think you, nephew, of proper Mrs. Dorothy?'—'What do I think? why, I think, she cannot be above six feet two inches high.'—'Well, well, you may banter as long as you please, but height of stature is commanding and majestic.'—'Come, come,' says a cousin of mine in the family, 'I will fit him; Fidelia is yet behind—Pretty Miss Fiddly must please you.'—'Oh! your very humble servant, dear coz, she is as much too young as her eldest sister is too old.'—'Is it so indeed,' quoth she, 'good Mr. Pert? You who are but barely turned of twenty-two, and Miss Fiddly in half a year's time will be in her teens, and she is capable of learning any thing. Then she will be so observant; she will cry perhaps now and then, but never be angry.' Thus they will think for me in this matter, wherein I am more particularly concerned than any body else. If I name any woman in the world, one of these daughters has certainly the same qualities.



tics. You see by these few hints, Mr. Spectator, what a comfortable life I lead. To be still more open and free with you, I have been passionately fond of a young lady (whom give me leave to call Miranda) now for these three years. I have often urged the matter home to my parents with all the submission of a son, but the impatience of a lover. Pray, Sir, think of three years; what inexpressible scenes of iniquitude, what variety of misery, must I have gone through in three long whole years? Miranda's fortune is equal to those I have mentioned; but her relations are not intimates with mine. Ah! there's the rub, Miranda's person, wit, and humour, are what the nicest fancy could imagine; and though we know you to be so elegant a judge of beauty, yet there is none among all your various characters of fine women preferable to Miranda. In a word, she is never guilty of doing any thing but one amiss, (if she can be thought to do amiss by me) in being as blind to my faults, as she is to her own perfections. I am Sir, your very humble obedient servant,

DUSTHERASTUS,

MR. SPECTATOR,

**W**HEN you spent so much time as you did lately in censuring the ambitious young gentlemen who ride in triumph through town and country in coach-boxes, I wished you had employed those moments in consideration of what passes sometimes within side of those vehicles. I am sure I suffered sufficiently by the insolence and ill-breeding of some persons who travelled lately with me in a stage-coach out of Essex to London. I am sure, when you have heard what I have to say, you will think there are persons under the character of gentlemen that are fit to be no where else but in the coach-box. Sir, I am a young woman of a sober and religious education, and have preserved that character; but on Monday was fortnight it was my misfortune to come to London. I was no sooner clapt in the coach, but, to my great surprise, two persons in the habit of gentlemen attacked me with such indecent discourse as I cannot repeat to you, so you may conclude not fit for me to hear. I had no relief but the hopes of a speedy end of my short journey. Sir, form to yourself what a persecution this must needs be to a vir-

tuous and chaste mind; and in order to your proper handling such a subject, fancy your wife or daughter, if you had any, in such circumstances, and what treatment you would think them due to such dragoons. One of them was called a captain, and entertained me with nothing but filthy stupid questions, or lewd songs, all the way. Ready to burst with shame and indignation, I repined that nature had not allowed us as easily to shut our ears as our eyes. But was not this a kind of rape? Why should there be accessaries in ravishment any more than murder? Why should not every contributor to the abuse of chastity suffer death? I am sure these shameless hell-hounds deserved it highly. Can you exert yourself better than on such an occasion? If you do not do it effectually, I will read no more of your papers. Has every impertinent fellow a privilege to torment me, who pay my coach-hire as well as he? Sir, pray consider us in this respect as the weakest sex, and having nothing to defend ourselves; and I think it as gentleman-like to challenge a woman to fight, as to talk obscenely in her company, especially when she has not power to stir. Pray let me tell you a story which you can make fit for public view. I knew a gentleman, who having a very good opinion of the gentlemen of the army, invited ten or twelve of them to sup with him; and at the same time invited two or three friends, who were very severe against the manners and morals of gentlemen of that profession. It happened one of them brought two captains of his regiment newly come into the army, who at first onset engaged the company with very lewd healths and suitable discourse. You may easily imagine the confusion of the entertainers, who finding some of his friends very uneasy, desired to tell them the story of a great man, one Mr. Locke (whom I find you frequently mention) that being invited to dine with the then Lords Halifax, Anglesey, and Shaftsbury; immediately after dinner, instead of conversation, the cards were called for, where the bad or good success produced the usual passions of gaming; Mr. Locke retiring to a window, and writing, my Lord Anglesey desired to know what he was writing. My Lord Shaftsbury answered he, "I could not sleep last night for the pleasure and satisfaction I expected to receive from the success of my projects."

the greatest men of the  
so sensibly stung them,  
ly compounded to throw  
the fire if he would his  
a conversation ensued fit  
ms. This story prest so  
young captains, together  
urrence of their superior  
the young fellows left the  
confusion. Sir, I know  
things; but if you like it,  
raft it, or how you will;  
has a moral in it.  
am told you are a famous  
well as a looker-on, and  
bly propose you would in-  
lock, with full power un-  
l and seal, for all modest  
men or women, to clap  
this of all such impertinent  
ws: and I wish you would

publish a proclamation that no modest  
person that has a value for her counte-  
nance, and consequently would not be  
put out of it, presume to travel after such  
a day without one of them in their  
pockets. I fancy a smart Spectator  
upon this subject would serve for such a  
padlock, and that public notice may be  
given in your paper where they may be  
had with directions, price 2d. and that  
part of the directions may be, when any  
person presumes to be guilty of the  
above-mentioned crime, the party ag-  
grieved may produce it to his face, with  
a request to read it to the company. He  
must be very much hardened that could  
outface that rebuke; and his further pu-  
nishment I leave you to prescribe.

Your humble servant,

PENANCE CRUEL.

T

## XXIV. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

PARUS ENIM FERRE SENSUS COMMUNIS IN ILLA  
FORTUNA——

JUV. SAT. VIII. VER. 73.

WE SELDOM FIND.

MUCH SENSE WITH AN EXALTED FORTUNE JOIN'D.

STEPNEY.

CTOR,  
ing woman of nineteen,  
daughter of very wealthy  
have my whole life been  
adversities which did me no  
my education. I have  
common desire for know-  
is suitable to my sex and  
as far as I can remember,  
ute about me has been,  
thing was proper for the  
not? Or whether such or  
the more wholesome for  
to eat? This was ill for  
for my complexion, and  
my eyes. I am not extra-  
tell you, I do not know  
ed upon the very earth  
is ten years old: a coach  
obliged to for all my mo-  
e place to another ever  
member. All who had to  
me, have ever been bring-  
the notable things I have  
womanly manner of my  
lf upon such and such an  
is has been my state, un-  
ds years of womanhood;

and ever since I grew towards the age  
of fifteen, I have been abused after an-  
other manner. Now, forsooth, I am  
so killing, no one can safely speak to  
me. Our house is frequented by men  
of sense, and I love to ask questions  
when I fall into such conversation; but  
I am cut short with something or other  
about my bright eyes. There is, Sir, a  
language particular for talking to wo-  
men in; and none but those of the very  
first good-breeding (who are very few,  
and who seldom come into my way)  
can speak to us without regard to our  
sex. Among the generality of those  
they call gentlemen, it is impossible for  
me to speak upon any subject whatsoever,  
without provoking somebody to say—  
'Oh! to be sure fine Mrs. Such-a-one  
'must be very particularly acquainted  
'with all that; all the world would  
'contribute to her entertainment and  
'information.' Thus, Sir, I am so  
handsome that I murder all who approach  
me; so wise, that I want no new notice;  
and so well bred, that I am treated by  
all that know me like a fool, for no one  
will answer as if I were their friend.

or companion. Pray, Sir, be pleased to take the part of us beauties and fortunes into your consideration, and do not let us be thus flattered out of our senses. I have got an huffy of a maid, who is most craftily given to this ill quality. I was at first diverted with a certain absurdity the creature was guilty of in every thing she said: she is a country girl, and in the dialect of the shire she was born in, would tell me that every body reckoned her lady had the purest red and white in the world: then she would tell me, I was the most like one Sissy Dobson in their town, who made the miter make away with himself, and walk afterwards in the corn-field where they used to meet. With all this, the cunning huffy can lay letters in my way, and put a billet in my glove, and then stand in it she knows nothing of it. I do not know, from my birth to this day, that I have been ever treated by any one as I ought; and if it were not for a few books which I delight in, I should be at this hour a novice to all common sense. Would it not be worth your while to lay down rules for behaviour in this case, and tell people, that we fair ones expect honest plain answers as well as other people? Why must I, good Sir, because I have a good air, a fine complexion, and am in the bloom of my years, be misled in all my actions; and have the notions of good and ill confounded in my mind, for no other offence, but because I have the advantage of beauty and fortune? Indeed, Sir, what with the silly homage which is paid to us by the sort of people I have above spoken of, and the utter negligence which others have for us, the conversation of us young women of condition is no other than what must expose us to ignorance and vanity, if not vice. All this is humbly submitted to your spectatorial wisdom, by, Sir, your humble servant,

CHARLOT WEALTHY.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

PRAY, Sir, it will serve to fill up a paper, if you put in this; which is only to ask, whether that copy of verses, which is a paraphrase of Isaiah, in one of your speculations, is not written by Mr. Pope? Then you get on another line, by putting in, with proper dislan-

ces, as at the end of a letter, I am your humble servant,

ABRAHAM DAPPER.

MR. DAPPERWIT,

I Am glad to get another line from you by saying that excellent piece of Pope's; and so, with proper distance, Sir, your humble servant,  
THE SPECT.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Was a wealthy grocer in the city, and as fortunate as diligent; was a single man, and you know I was a woman. One in particular came to my shop, who I wished might, but I was afraid never would make a grocer of me. I thought, however, to take an unusual way of courting, and sold her my goods at less price than I bought, that I might sell at less price than I sold. She, you see, often came and helped me to serve my customers at the same rate, and I was obliged to her. You will think this was a good living trade; but my riches must be vastly improved, if I was nigh being declared bankrupt, when I declared myself her husband and she herself married. I was now in hopes of growing rich by my customers. Yours,

JEREMY CO.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am in the condition of the idle man who was once pleased to mention himself as bar-keeper of a coffee-house. It is needless to tell you the opportunities I must give, and the importunities I suffer. But there is one gentleman who besieges me as close as the did Bouchain. His gravity makes him work cautious, and his regular approaches denote a good engineer. I need not doubt of his oratory, as a lawyer; and especially since he has little use of it at Westminster, he spares the more for me.

What then can weak woman am willing to surrender, but he will have it at discretion, and I with discretion. In the mean time, whilst we pursue several interests are neglected: the siege grows stronger; my tea grows weaker; and while he pleads at my door, none come to him for counsel. *forma pauperis.* Dear Mr. Spectator, advise him not to insist upon the

nor by his irregular desires contravene the well-meaning lines of his counsel. If we were agreed, we might to something, as soon as we could find where we should get most by us, at the coffee-house, or at Westminster. Your humble servant,

LUCINDA PARLY.

SHUTE FROM MR. JOHN SLY.

The world is pretty regular for about thirty rods east, and ten west, of the rectory of the said Mr. Sly; but he is fully informed, that when they are beyond the pass into the Strand, or

those who move city-ward are got within Temple-Bar, they are just as they were before. It is therefore humbly proposed, that moving sentries may be appointed all the busy hours of the day between the Exchange and Westminster, and report what passes to your honour, or your subordinate officers, from time to time.

Ordered,

That Mr. Sly name the said officers, provided he will answer for their principles and morals.

T

NO DXXXV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

SPERM LONGAM RESECES

HOR. OD. II. L. I. VER. 7.

CUT SHORT VAIN HOPE.

Four hundred and seventy-first speculation turned upon the subject of hope in general. I design this as a speculation upon that vain selfish hope, which is misemployed upon mortal objects, and produces many miseries and calamities in human life.

It is a precept several times inculcated in Scripture, that we should not entertain a desire of any thing in life, which lies at great distance from us. The shortness and uncertainty of our time here, is such a kind of hope unreasonable and absurd. The grave lies unseen before us and the object which we reach where one man lives to enjoy the life he has in view, ten thousand are in the pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unluckily, that we are no sooner dies in us, but arises up in its stead. We are apt to say that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess ourselves of such such particular enjoyments; but by reason of their emptiness, or natural inquietude of the mind, we are no sooner gained one point, but end our hopes to another. We find new inviting scenes and landings behind those which at a distance terminated our view.

The natural consequences of such reasonings are these; that we should take care not to let our hopes run out into a length; that we should sufficiently weigh the objects of our hope,

whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what they propose in their fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our life extend itself so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by death in our progress towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

Many of the miseries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of consideration in one or all of these particulars. They are the rocks on which the sanguine tribe of lovers daily split, and on which the bankrupt, the politician, the alchemist, and projector, are cast away in every age. Men of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to condemn that good that lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life; presses forward to imaginary points of bliss.

bliss; and grasps at impossibilities; and consequently very often eninarks men into beggary, ruin, and dishonour.

What I have here said, may serve as a moral to an Arabian fable, which I find translated into French by Monsieur Galland. The fable has in it such a wild but natural simplicity, that I question not but my reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several amusements of hope which have sometimes passed in his mind, as a near relation to the Persian glassman.

Alnaschar, says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen ware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: 'This basket,' says he, 'cost me at the wholesale merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man, and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, eunuchs, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my traffic until I have got together a hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of a hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the foot of a prince,

and will demand the grand visier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage night. As soon as I have married the grand visier's daughter, I will buy her ten black eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit with a grand train and equipage. And when I am placed at his right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honour his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him, and afterwards, to his great surprise, will present him another purse of the same value, with some short speech: as, "Sir, you see I am a man of my word; I always give more than I promise." When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed her in a due respect to me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to care for her, and let her sit down by me: but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the first night. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favour: then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner, that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa.'

Alnaschar was intirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

N<sup>o</sup> DXXXVI. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

O! VERÆ PHRYGIÆ, NEQUE ENIM PHRYGÆ!

VIRG. ÆN. IX. VFR. 617.

O! LESS THAN WOMEN, IN THE SHAPES OF MEN!

DRYDEN.

I was the other day standing in my bookseller's shop, a pretty thing, about eighteen years of age, got out of her coach, and brushing me, beckoned the man of the farther end of his counter, she whispered something to him with an attentive look, and at the same time presented him with a letter: after pressing the end of her fan upon her nose, she delivered the remaining part of her message, and withdrew. I stood, in the midst of her discourse, a little flushed, and cast an eye upon her shoulder, having been informed by my bookseller, that I was the first with the short face whom she had ever read of. Upon her passing by, this pretty blooming creature smiled at me, and dropped me a courtesy. She gave me time to return her thanks, before she quitted the shop with a skuttle, and stepped again into her coach, giving the footmen directions to drive where they were bid. At her departure, my bookseller gave me a letter subscribed, 'To the ingenious Spectator,' which the young man desired him to deliver into my hands, and to tell me that the publication of it would not only be useful to myself, but a whole tea-table of readers. I opened it therefore, with attention to publish it, whatever it contained, and am sure if any of our readers will be so severely criticised, not to like it, they would have been well pleased with it as myself, and have seen the face of the pretty

gentlemen are not made for any manly employments, and for want of business are often as much in the vapours as the ladies. Now what I propose is this, since knotting is again in fashion, which has been found a very pretty amusement, that you will recommend it to these gentlemen as something that may make them useful to the ladies they admire. And since it is not inconsistent with any game, or other diversion, for it may be done in the playhouse, in their coaches, at the tea-table, and in short, in all places where they come for the sake of the ladies, (except at church, he pleased to forbid it there, to prevent mistakes) it will be easily complied with. It is besides an employment that allows, as we see by the fair sex, of many graces, which will make the beaux more readily come into it; it shews a white hand and a diamond ring to great advantage; it leaves the eyes at full liberty to be employed as before, as also the thoughts, and the tongue. In short, it seems in every respect so proper, that it is needless to urge it further, by speaking of the satisfaction these male knotters will find, when they see their work mixed up in a fringe, and worn by the fair lady for whom and with whom it was done. Truly, Mr. Spectator, I cannot but be pleased I have hit upon something that these gentlemen are capable of; for it is sad so considerable a part of the kingdom (I mean for numbers) should be of no manner of use. I shall not trouble you farther at this time, but only to say, that I am always your reader, and generally your admirer.

C. B.

LONDON, NOV. 1712.

SPECTATOR,

are always ready to receive any useful hint or proposal, and such, as you will think one that may put way to employ the most idle part of mankind; I mean that part of men who are known by the name of beaux, or, as you call them, *beaus*, &c. Mr. Spectator, are sensible these pretty gen-

P. S. The sooner these fine gentlemen are set to work the better; there being at this time several fine fringes that only stay for more hands.

I shall, in the next place, present my reader with the description of a set of men who are common enough in the world, though I do not remember that

I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the following letter.

MR. SPECTATOR,

SINCE you have lately, to so good purpose, enlarged upon conjugal love, it is to be hoped that you will discourage every practice that rather proceeds from a regard to interest, than to happiness. Now you cannot but observe, that most of our fine young ladies readily fall in with the direction of the graver sort, to retain in their service, by some small encouragement, as great a number as they can of supernumerary and insignificant fellows, which they use like whiffers, and commonly call Shoeing-horns. These are never designed to know the length of the foot, but only, when a good offer comes, to whet and spur him up to the point. Nay, it is the opinion of that grave lady, Madam Matchwell, that it is absolutely convenient for every prudent family to have several of these implements about the house, to clap on as occasion serves, and that every spark ought to produce a certificate of his being a shoeing-horn, before he be admitted as a shoe. A certain lady, whom I could name, if it was necessary, has at present more shoeing-horns of all sizes, countries, and colours, in her service, than ever she had new shoes in her life. I have known a woman make use of a shoeing-horn for several years, and finding him unsuccessful in that function, convert him at length into a shoe. I am mistaken if your friend Mr. William Honeycomb was not a cast-off shoeing-horn

before his late marriage. As for myself, I must frankly declare to you, that I have been an errant shoeing horn for above these twenty years. I served my first mistress in that capacity above five of the number, before she was shod. I confess, though she had many who made their application to her, I always thought myself the best shoe in her shop, and it was not until a month before her marriage that I discovered what I was. This had like to have broke my heart, and raised such suspicions in me, that I told the next I made love to, upon receiving some unkind usage from her, that I began to look upon myself as no more than her shoeing-horn. Upon which, my dear, who was a coquette in her nature, told me, I was hypochondriacal, and that I might as well look upon myself to be an egg or a pipkin. But in a very short time after she gave me to know that I was not mistaken in myself. It would be tedious to recount to you the life of an unfortunate shoeing-horn, or I might entertain you with a very long and melancholy relation of my sufferings. Upon the whole, I think, Sir, it would very well become a man in your post, to determine in what cases a woman may be allowed, with honour, to make use of a shoeing-horn, as also to declare whether a maid on this side five and twenty, or a widow who has not been three years in that state, may be granted such a privilege, with other difficulties which will naturally occur to you upon that subject. I am, Sir, with the most profound veneration,  
O Your's, &c.

## Nº DXXXVII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

Τὸ μὲν γὰρ γένος ἱερὸν.

ARAT.

FOR WE ARE HIS OFFSPRING.

ACTS XVII. 28.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,

IT has been usual to remind persons of rank, on great occasions in life, of their race and quality, and to what expectations they were born; that by considering what is worthy of them, they may be withdrawn from mean pursuits, and encouraged to laudable undertakings. This is turning nobility into a principle of virtue, and making it

productive of merit, as it is understood to have been originally a reward of it.

It is for the like reason, I imagine, that you have in some of your speculations asserted to your readers the dignity of human nature. But you cannot be insensible that this is a controverted doctrine; there are authors who consider human nature in a very different view, and books of maxims have been written to shew the falsity of all human virtues. The reflections which are made on this subject

usually take some tincture from vices and characters of those that form them. Politicians can resolve the various actions among men into two classes; and design; others, who are by discontent, repulses, or ill humours, are apt to mistake their spleen for philosophy; men of profligate lives, and who find themselves incapable of any distinction among their fellow-creatures, are for pulling down all instances of merit, which seem to offend them: and satirists describe no body but deformity. From all these we have such draughts of mankind as are represented in those burlesque comedies, which the Italians call *Caricature*; where the art consists in presenting, amidst distorted proportions and exaggerated features, some distinguishing quality of the person, but in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable into the most odious mon-

very dissimulating to level the scale of mankind with the worst, and for the sake of particulars to degrade the species. Such methods tend to remove a man's good opinions, but to destroy that respect for himself, which is a great source of innocence, and a spring of

true indeed that there are mixtures of beauty and deformity, wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, in human make; such a disparity is among numbers of the same kind, every individual, in some instances, more unequal to himself than man seems to be the most wandering inconstant being in the whole.

So that the question in motion concerning the dignity of our species may at first sight appear like difficult questions in natural philosophy, in which the arguments on each side seem to be of equal strength. I began with considering this; it relates to action, I shall here present an admirable reflection from Mr. Paschal, which I think sets it in proper light.

‘It is of dangerous consequence,’ says he, ‘to present to man how near he is to the level of beasts, without obliging him at the same time to his greatness.’

It is likewise dangerous to let him see his greatness, without his due. It is more dangerous yet

‘to leave him ignorant of either; but very beneficial that he should be made sensible of both.’ Whatever imperfections we may have in our nature, it is the business of religion and virtue to rectify them, as far as is consistent with our present state. In the mean time, it is no small encouragement to generous minds to consider that we shall put them all off with our mortality. That sublime manner of salutation with which the Jews approached their kings,

‘O king, live for ever!’

may be addressed to the lowest and most despised mortal among us, under all the infirmities and distresses with which we see him surrounded. And whoever believes the immortality of the soul, will not need a better argument for the dignity of his nature, nor a stronger incitement to actions suitable to it.

I am naturally led by this reflection to a subject I have already touched upon in a former letter, and cannot without pleasure call to mind the thoughts of Cicero to this purpose, in the close of his book concerning old age. Every one who is acquainted with his writings, will remember that the elder Cato is introduced in that discourse as the speaker, and Scipio and Lelius as his auditors. This venerable person is represented looking forward as it were from the verge of extreme old age into a future state, and rising into a contemplation on the unperishable part of his nature, and its existence after death. I shall collect part of his discourse. And as you have formerly offered some arguments for the soul's immortality, agreeable both to reason and the Christian doctrine, I believe your readers will not be displeased to see how the same great truth shines in the pomp of the Roman eloquence.

‘This,’ says Cato, ‘is my firm persuasion, that since the human soul exerts itself with so great activity, since it has such a remembrance of the past, such a concern for the future, since it is enriched with so many arts, sciences, and discoveries, it is impossible but the being which contains all these must be immortal.’

‘The elder Cyrus, just before his death, is represented by Xenophon speaking after this manner.’

‘Think not, my dearest children, that when I depart from you, I shall  
“be”



"he no more, but remember, that my soul, even while I lived among you, was invisible to you; yet by my actions you were sensible it existed in this body. Believe it therefore existing still, though it be still unseen. How quickly would the honours of illustrious men perish after death, if their souls performed nothing to preserve their fame? For my own part, I never could think that the soul while in a mortal body, lives, but when departed out of it, dies; or that it's consciousness is lost, when it is discharged out of an unconscious habitation. But when it is freed from all corporeal alliance, then it truly exists. Farther, since the human frame is broken by death, tell us what becomes of it's parts? It is visible whether the materials of other beings are translated, namely, to the source from whence they had their birth. The soul alone, neither present nor departed, is the object of our eyes."

"Thus Cyrus. But to proceed. No one shall persuade me, Scipio, that your worthy father, or your grandfather Paulus and Africanus, or Africanus his father or uncle, or many other excellent men whom I need not name, performed so many actions to be remembered by posterity, without being sensible that futurity was their right. And if I may be allowed an old man's privilege, to speak of myself, do you think I would have endured the fatigue of so many wearisome days and nights, both at home and abroad, if I imagined that the same boundary which is set to my life must terminate my glory? Were it not more desirable to have worn out my days in ease and tranquillity, free from labour and without emulation? But I know not how, my soul has always raised itself, and looked forward on futurity, in this view and expectation, that when it shall depart out of life, it shall then live for ever; and if this were not true, that the mind is immortal, the souls of the most worthy would not, above all

others, have the strongest impulse to glory."

"What besides this is the cause that the wisest men die with the greatest equanimity, the ignorant with the greatest concern? Does it not seem that those minds which have the most extensive views, foresee they are removing to a happier condition, which those of a narrow sight do not perceive? I, for my part, am transported with the hope of seeing your ancestors whom I have honoured and loved, and am earnestly desirous of meeting not only those excellent persons whom I have known, but those too of whom I have heard and read, and of whom I myself have written; nor would I be detained from so pleasing a journey. O happy day, when I shall escape from this crowd, this heap of pollution, and be admitted to that divine assembly of exalted spirits! When I shall go not only to those great persons I have named, but to my Cato, my son, than whom a better man was never born, and whose funeral rites I myself performed, whereas he ought rather to have attended mine. Yet has not his soul deserted me, but seeming to cast back a look on me, is gone before to those habitations to which it was sensible I should follow him. And though I might appear to have borne my loss with courage, I was not unaffected with it, but I comforted myself in the assurance that it would not be long before we should meet again, and be divorced no more."

I am, Sir, &c.

I question not but my reader will be very much pleased to hear that the gentleman who has obliged the world with the foregoing letter, and who was the author of the 210th speculation on the immortality of the soul, the 375th on virtue in distress, the 525th on conjugal love, and two or three other very fine ones among those which are not lettered at the end, will soon publish a noble poem, intitled, 'An Ode to the Creator of the World, occasioned by the fragments of Orpheus.'

DXXXVIII. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

—ULTRA  
FINEM TENDERE OPUS.

HOR. SAT. I. L. 2. VER. 1.

TO LAUNCH BEYOND ALL BOUNDS.

RIZE is so much the life of us, that every one aims at it, labours to please by telling smooth delivery, an elegant words, and a sweet arrangement all beautifying graces, but particulars in this point of contention, which either long command, or strike with the violence of passion, or occasion the burst which accompanies humour. Sometimes fancied that the mind is like a traveller who sees a man in haste; he acknowledges the shyness of a walk set with regret would be uneasy if he were to pass it over, when the first glimpse let him into all its beauties, and end to the other.

But, a knowledge of the success stories will have when they are told with a turn of surprize, as it easily made the characters of some, and also been the ruin of the character of others. There is a set of men who, in a rage of truth, instead of affecting a manner in telling it; who, in the line of probability, that they seem to move out of the common endeavour only to make their story stare by imposing upon them, and of resolution against the philosophy of nature, or such a heap of falsehood told upon their own knowledge, not likely one man should ever tell with.

It has been led to this observation in company into which I fell accidentally. The subject of antipathies is a proper field wherein such false notions might expatiate, and therefore of late present who appeared very shrewd in it's full extent of truth and history. Some of them, in a manner, offered to our consideration the miraculous powers which vintners of cheese have over those pores are disposed to receive in a noxious manner; others gave an account of such who could indeed see the light of cheese, but not the

taste; for which they brought a reason from the milk of their nurseries. Others again discoursed, without endeavouring at reasons, concerning an unconquerable aversion which some stomachs have against a joint of meat when it is whole, and the eager inclination they have for it, when by it's being cut up, the shape which had affected them is altered. From hence they passed to eels, then to parsnips, and so from one aversion to another, until we had worked up ourselves to such a pitch of complaisance, that when the dinner was to come in, we enquired the name of every dish, and hoped it would be no offence to any in company, before it was admitted. When we had sat down, this civility among us turned the discourse from eatables to other sorts of aversions; and the eternal cat, which plagues every conversation of this nature, began then to engross the subject. One had sweated at the sight of it, another had smelled it out as it lay concealed in a very distant cupboard; and he who crowned the whole set of these stories, reckoned up the number of times in which it had occasioned him to swoon away. 'At last,' says he, 'that you may all be satisfied of my invincible aversion to a cat, I shall give you an unanswerable instance: as I was going through a street of London, where I had never been until then, I felt a general damp and faintness all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, until I chanced to cast my eyes upwards, and found that I was passing under a sign-post on which the picture of a cat was hung.'

The extravagance of this turn in the way of surprize, gave a stop to the talk we had been carrying on: some were silent because they doubted, and others because they were conquered in their own way; so that the gentleman had an opportunity to press the belief of it upon us, and let us see that he was rather exposing himself than ridiculing others.

I must freely own that I did not all this while disbelieve every thing that was said;

said; but yet I thought some in the company had been endeavouring who should pitch the bar furthest; that it had for some time been measuring cast, and at last my friend of the Cat and Sign-post had thrown beyond them all.

I then considered the manner in which this story had been received, and the possibility that it might have passed for a jest upon others, if he had not laboured against himself. From hence, thought I, there are two ways which the well-bred world generally takes to correct such a practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The first of these is a general silence, which I would not advise any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the effect of prudence in avoiding a quarrel, when they see another drive so fast that there is no stopping him without being run against; and but very seldom the effect of weakness in believing suddenly. The generality of mankind are not so grossly ignorant, as some overbearing spirits would persuade themselves; and if the authority of a character or a caution against danger make us suppress our opinions, yet neither of these are of force enough to suppress our thoughts of them. If a man who has endeavoured to amuse his company with improbabilities could but look into their minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly esteems of their sense when he thinks to impose upon them, and that he is less esteemed by them for his attempt in doing so. His endeavour to glory at their expence becomes a ground of quarrel, and the scorn and indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate punishment; and indeed, (if we should even go no farther) silence, or a negligent indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than opposition, because opposition proceeds from an anger that has a sort of generous sentiment for the adversary mingling along with it, while it shews that there is some esteem in your mind for him; in short, that you think him worth while to contest with; but silence, or a negligent indifference, proceeds from anger, mixed with a scorn that shews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other method which the world has taken for correcting this practice of

false surprize, is to overshooters in their own bow; and tell a story with further degrees of lry, and set up for a voucher in such a manner as must be they stand detected. Thus, a discourse was once managed effects of fear. One of them had given an account how it his friend's hair grey in a night the terrors of a suppreck er him. Another taking the hence, began, upon his own k to enlarge his assurance of the to such a number, that it was bable he could ever have met; and as he still grounded these ferent causes for the sake of might seem at last, from his conversation, almost impossible one who can feel the passion should all his life escape the effect of it. By this time so company grew negligent, or contradict him; but one set rest with an appearance of ferv with the known old story in assured them they need not believe that the fear of any make a man's hair grey, since one whose periwig had fallen. Thus he stopped the talk, them easy. Thus is the fact taken to bring us to shame, fondly take to increase our. It is indeed a kind of mimicry, another puts on our air of con to shew us to ourselves; he shes ridiculous before you, that you remember how near a resemblance to him, or that you may he will not lie under the impression believing you. Then it is the struck dumb immediately with conscientious shame for what you saying. Then it is that you wardly grieved at the sentiment you cannot but perceive others concerning you. In short, against yourself; the laugh of pany runs against you; the world is obliged to you for that which you have allowed them own expence; and truth which injured has a near way of being ed on you, when by the bare of your story you become a version for the public.

SPECTATOR,

Other day, walking in Pancras church-yard, I thought of your sermon you mention epitaphs, for opinion this has a thought in being communicated to your

HERE innocence and beauty lies, whose  
breath

Was snatch'd by early, not untimely death.  
Hence did she go, just as she did begin  
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.  
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,  
Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

I am, Sir, your servant.

## DXXXIX. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

HETEROCLITA SUNTO.

QUÆ GENUS.

DE TRIBUS HETEROCLITIS.

SPECTATOR,

young widow of good fortune family, and just come to town; and I have clusters of pretty ones already to visit me, some which hopes, others with fears, they never saw me. Now what regret of you would be to know may venture to use these pretty with the same freedom as I did my acquaintance. I desire your use them as to me shall seem without imputation of a jilt; for like declaration that not one of I have me, I think I ought to have the liberty of insulting those: the vanity to believe it is in order to make me break that re-

There are schools for learning foils, frequented by those who design to fight, and this useful aiming at the heart without wound it on either side, is the which I am resolv'd to divert the man who pretends to win, like him who comes into a school to pick a quarrel. I hope, foundation, you will give me use of the natural and artificial my eyes, looks, and gestures. verbal promises, I will make shall have no mercy on the interpreters of glances and

I am particularly skilled in make eye, and the recovery into full aspect, and away again, say have seen sometimes practice country beauties beyond all have observed in courts and add to this, Sir, that I have a dress look, which covers artifice of any thing. Though I very well, I affect a tottering

untaught way of walking, by which I appear an easy prey; and never exert my instructed charms until I find I have engaged a pursuer. Be pleas'd, Sir, to print this letter; which will certainly begin the chase of a rich widow: the many foldings, escapes, returns, and doublings, which I make, I shall from time to time communicate to you, for the better instruction of all females who set up, like me, for reducing the present exorbitant power and insolence of man. I am, Sir, your faithful correspondent,

RELICTA LOVELY.

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

I Depend upon your profess'd respect for virtuous love, for your immediately answering the design of this letter; which is no other than to lay before the world the severity of certain parents who desire to suspend the marriage of a discreet young woman of eighteen, three years longer, for no other reason but that of her being too young to enter into that state. As to the consideration of riches, my circumstances are such, that I cannot be suspected to make my addresses to her on such low motives as avarice or ambition. If ever innocence, wit, and beauty, united their utmost charms, they have in her. I wish you would expatiate a little on this subject, and admonish her parents that it may be from the very imperfection of human nature itself, and not any personal frailty of her or me, that our inclinations baffled at present may alter; and while we are arguing with ourselves to put off the enjoyment of our present passions, our affections may change their objects in the operation. It is a very delicate

said; but yet I thought some in the company had been endeavouring who should pitch the bar furthest; that it had for some time been a measuring cast, and at last my friend of the Cat and Sign-post had thrown beyond them all.

I then considered the manner in which this story had been received, and the possibility that it might have passed for a jest upon others, if he had not laboured against himself. From hence, thought I, there are two ways which the well-bred world generally takes to correct such a practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The first of these is a general silence, which I would not advise any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the effect of prudence in avoiding a quarrel, when they see another drive so fast that there is no stopping him without being run against; and but very seldom the effect of weakness in believing suddenly. The generality of mankind are not so grossly ignorant, as some overbearing spirits would persuade themselves; and if the authority of a character or a caution against danger make up for the force enough to suppress our thoughts of them. If a man who has endeavoured to amuse his company with improbabilities could but look into their minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly esteems of their sense when he thinks to impose upon them, and that he is less esteemed by them for his attempt in doing so. His endeavour to glory at their expence becomes a ground of quarrel, and the scorn and indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate punishment; and indeed, (if we should even go no farther) silence, or a negligent indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than opposition, because opposition proceeds from an anger that has a sort of generous sentiment for the adversary mingling along with it, while it shews that there is some esteem in your mind for him; in short, that you think him worth while to contest with: but silence, or a negligent indifference, proceeds from anger, mixed with a scorn that shews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other method which the world has taken for correcting this practice of

false surprize, is to overshoot such talkers in their own bow, or to raise the story with further degrees of improbability, and set up for a voucher, to them in such a manner as must let them for they stand detected. Thus I have heard a discourse was once managed upon the effects of fear. One of the company had given an account how it had turned his friend's hair grey in a night, while the terror of a shipwreck encompassed him. Another taking the hint from hence, began, upon his own knowledge, to enlarge his instances of the like nature to such a number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them: and as he still grounded these upon different causes for the sake of variety, it might seem at last, from his share of the conversation, almost impossible that any one who can feel the passion of fear should all his life escape its common effect of it. By this time some of the company grew negligent, or desirous to contradict him: but one rebuked the rest with an appearance of severity, and with the known old story in his hand, assured them they need not scruple to believe that the fear of any thing can make a man's hair grey, since he knew one whose periwig had fallen so by it. Thus he stopped the talk, and made them easy. Thus is the same method taken to bring us to shame, which we fondly take to increase our character. It is indeed a kind of mimicry, by which another puts on our air of conversation to shew us to ourselves: he seems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a resemblance you bear to him, or that yet may know that he will not lie under the imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are struck dumb immediately with an unconscious shame for what you have been saying. Then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the sentiment which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In short, you are against yourself; the laugh of the company turns against you: the conscious world is obliged to you for that which you have allowed them to see in your own expence; and truth which you have injured has a near way of being revenged on you, when by the bare repetition of your story you become a frequent victim for the publick ridicule.

SPECTATOR,

other day, walking in Paneras arch-yard, I thought of your herein you mention epitaphs, of opinion this has a thought in being communicated to your

HERE innocence and beauty lies, whose  
breath

Was snatch'd by early, not untimely death.  
Hence did she go, just as she did begin  
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.  
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,  
Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

I am, Sir, your servant.

2 DXXXIX. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

HETEROCLITA SUNTO.

QUÆ GENUS.

RE TRY HETEROCLITES.

SPECTATOR,

A young widow of good fortune family, and just come to town; find I have clusters of pretty some already to visit me, some with hopes, others with fears, hey never saw me. Now what beg of you would be to know I may venture to use the pretty with the same freedom as I did try acquaintance. I desire your use them as to me shall seem thout imputation of a jilt; for sake declaration that not one of ll have me, I think I ought to d the liberty of insulting those e the vanity to believe it is in er to make me break that re-

There are schools for learning foils, frequented by those a deliqu to fight, and this use of aiming at the heart without wound it on either side, is the which I am resolv'd to divert the man who pretends to win, e like him who comes into a school to pick a quarrel. I hope, foundation, you will give me use of the natural and artificial my eyes, looks, and gestures. verbal promises, I will make t shall have no mercy on the interpreters of glances and

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subject to talk upon; but if it were but hinted, I am in hopes it would give the parties concerned some reflection that might expedite our happiness. There is a possibility, and I hope I may say it without imputation of immodesty to her, I love with the highest honour. I say: there is a possibility this delay may be as painful to her as it is to me. If it be as much, it must be more, by reason of the severe rules the sex are under in being denied even the relief of complaint. If you oblige me in this, and I succeed, I promise you a place at my wedding, and a treatment suitable to your spectral dignity. Your most humble servant,

EUSTACE.

SIR,

I Yesterday heard a young gentleman, that looked as if he was just come to the town and a scarf, upon evil speaking; which subject, you know, Archbishop Tillotson has so nobly handled in a sermon in his Folio. As soon as ever he had named his text, and had opened a little the drift of his discourse, I was in great hopes he had been one of our Roger's chaplains. I have conceived so great an idea of the charming discourse above, that I should have thought one part of my Sabbath very well spent in hearing a repetition of it. But alas!

Mr. Spectator, this reverend divine gave us his Grace's sermon, and yet I do not know how; even I, that am sure have read it at least twenty times, could not tell what to make of it, and was at a loss sometimes to guess what the man aimed at. He was so just, indeed, as to give us all the heads and the subdivisions of the sermon; and farther I think there was not one beautiful thought in it but what we had. But then, Sir, this gentleman made so many pretty additions; and he could never give us a paragraph of the sermon, but he introduced it with something which, methought, looked more like a design to shew his own ingenuity, than to instruct the people. In short, he adied and curtailed in such a manner, that he vexed me; insomuch that I could not forbear thinking (what, I confess, I ought not to have thought of in so holy a place) that this young spark was as justly blamable as Bullock or Penckethman when they mend a noble play of Shakspeare or Jonson. Pray, Sir, take this into your consideration; and if we may be entertained with the works of any of those great men, desire these gentlemen to give them us as they find them, that so when we read them to our families at home, they may the better remember they have heard them at church. Sir,

Your humble servant,

N<sup>o</sup> DXL. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

—NON DEFICIT ALITER.

VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER. 243.

A SECOND IS NOT WANTING.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THERE is no part of your writings which I have in more esteem than your Criticism upon Milton. It is an honourable and candid endeavour to set the works of our noble writers in the graceful light which they deserve. You will lose much of my kind inclination towards you, if you do not attempt the encomium of Spenser also, or at least indulge my passion for that charming author so far as to print the loose hints I now give you on that subject.

Spenser's general plan is the representation of six virtues, Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy, in six legends by six per-

sons. The six personages are supposed, under proper allegories suitable to their respective characters, to do all that is necessary for the full manifestation of the respective virtues which they are to exert.

These, one might undertake to suppose under the several heads, are admirably drawn; no images improper; and most surprisingly beautiful. The Red-cross Knight runs through the whole steps of the Christian life; Guyon does all that temperance can possibly require; Britomartus (a woman) observes the true rules of unaltered chastity; Arthur, in every respect of life strictly and exactly just; Calidore is rightly courteous.

in Fairy-land, where knights-  
ve a full scope to range, and to  
that Ariostos or Orlandos could  
the world without breaking  
ibility, Spenser's Knights have,  
ese six heads, given a full and  
treat system of christian, public,  
life.

Legend of friendship is more dif-  
d yet even there the allegory is  
awn, only the heads various,  
ht could not there support all

honour to his country, Prince  
is an universal hero; in holi-  
nperance, chastity, and justice,  
cellent. For the same reason,  
compliment Queen Elizabeth,  
a Queen of Fairies, whose court  
asylum of the oppressed, repre-  
t glorious queen. At her com-  
all these knights set forth, and  
her's the Red cross Knight de-  
dragon, Guyon overturns the  
Philsa, Arthegal (i. e. Justice)  
own Geryonue (i. e. Philip II.  
Spain) to rescue Belge (i. e.  
) and he beats the Grantorto  
ne Philip in another light) to  
reana (i. e. Peace to Europe.)  
iry, being the first female vir-  
tomartis is a Briton; her part  
though it requires explication.  
is very poetical; no puns, af-  
is of wit, forced antitheses, or  
hat low tribe.

old words are all true English,  
mbers exquisite; and since of  
there is the *multa renascentur*,  
ey are all proper, such a poem  
not (any more than Milton's)  
all of it of common ordinary  
See instances of descriptions.

less jealousy in Britomartis, V.  
n all's selfishness.

wayward child, whose fonder sleep  
s with some fearful dream's affright,  
ward will doth set himself to weep,  
e'll'd for all his nurse's might,  
re and squalls, and shrieks for fell  
espite;

atching her, and her loose locks mis-  
sing.

ing darkness, and now seeking light;  
aving suck, and then the suck re-  
sings;

s this lady's fit in her love's fond ac-  
ubing.

Curiosity occasioned by jealousy, upon  
occasion of her lover's absence. Ibid.  
Stann. 8, 9.

There as she looked long, at last the spy'd  
One coming towards her with hasty speed,  
Well woen'd she then, ere him the plain  
descri'd,

That it was one sent from her love indeed;  
Whereat her heart was fill'd with hope and  
dread,

Ne would she stay 'till he in place could come,  
But ran to meet him forth to know his tid-  
ings some;

Even in the door him meeting, she begun—  
' And where is he, thy lord, and how far  
' hence?

' Declare at once; and hath he lost or won?'

Care and his house are described thus,  
V. 6. 33, 34, 35.

Not far away, not meet for any guest,  
They spy'd a little cottage, like some poor  
man's nest.

34.  
There entering in, they found the good man's  
self,

Fall busily unto his work ybent,  
Who was to meet a wretched wearish elf,  
With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks for-  
spent,

As if he had in prison long been pent;  
Full black and grisly did his face appear.  
Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-  
sight blent,

With rugged beard and hoary shaggy hair,  
The which he never wont to comb, or come-  
ly shear.

35.  
Rude was his garment, and to rag all rent,  
Ne better had he, ne for better car'd;  
With blistred hands amongst the cinders brent,  
And fingers filthy, with long nails unpard,  
Rght fit to rend the foud on which he far'd.  
His name was Care; a blacksmith by his  
trade,

That neither day nor night for working spar'd,  
But to small purpose iron wedges made;  
Those be unquiet thoughts that careful minds  
invade.

Homer's epithets were much admired  
by antiquity: for what great justness  
and variety there is in these epithets of  
the trees in the forest where the Red-  
cross Knight lost Truth, B. 2. Cant. 1.  
Stan. 8, 9.

The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,  
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,  
The builder-oak, sole king of forests all,  
The aspine good for staves, the cypress funeral



9.  
The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,  
And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still,  
The willow worn of forlorn paramours,  
The yew obedient to the bender's will,  
The birch for shafts, the fallow for the mill;  
The myrrhe sweet bleeding in the bitter  
wound,  
The warlike beech, the ash, for nothing ill,  
The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,  
The carver holm, the maple seldom inward  
found.

I shall trouble you no more, but de-  
sire you to let me conclude with these

verses, though I think they have already  
been quoted by you: they are directions  
to young ladies oppressed with calumny.  
V. 6, 14.

‘The best,’ said he, ‘that I can you advise,  
Is to avoid the occasion of the ill;  
For, when the cause whence evil doth arise  
Removed is, the effect surceaseth still.  
Abstain from picaresque and restrain your will,  
Subdue desire and bridle loose delight,  
Usc scanty dirt, and forbear your fill,  
Shun secrecy, and talk in open sight;  
So shall you soon repair your present evil  
‘plight.’ T

## Nº DXLI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

FORMAT ENIM NATURA PRIUS NOS INTUS AD OMNEM  
FORTUNARUM HABITUM: JUVAT, AUT IMPELLIT AD IRAM;  
AUT AD HUMUM MORRORE GRAVI DEDUCIT ET ANGIT:  
POST EFFERT ANIMI MOTUS INTERPRETE LINGUA.

HOR. ART. POET. VER. 308.

FOR NATURE FORMS AND SOFTENS US WITHIN,  
AND WRITES OUR FORTUNE'S CHANGES IN OUR FACE;  
PLEASURE ENCHANTS, IMPETUOUS RAGE TRANSPORTS,  
AND GRIEF DEJECTS, AND WRINGS THE TORTUR'D SOUL;  
AND THESE ARE ALL INTERPRETED BY SPEECH.

ROSCOMMON.

MY friend the Templar, whom I  
have so often mentioned in their  
writings, having determined to lay aside  
his poetical studies, in order to a closer  
pursuit of the law, has put together, as  
a farewell essay, some thoughts concern-  
ing pronunciation, and action, which  
he has given me leave to communicate  
to the public. They are chiefly collect-  
ed from his favourite author, Cicero,  
who is known to be an intimate friend  
of Relecius the actor, and a good judge  
of dramatic performances, as well as the  
most eloquent pleader of the time in  
which he lived.

Cicero concludes his celebrated books  
*de Oratore* with some precepts for pro-  
nunciation and action, without which  
part he affirms that the best orator in  
the world can never succeed; and an  
indifferent one, who is master of this,  
shall gain much greater applause.

‘What could make a stronger impres-  
sion,’ says he, ‘than those exclama-  
tions of Græchus—“Whither shall

“I turn? Wretch that I am! to what  
place betake myself? Shall I go to

“the Capitol?—Alas! it is overflowed  
“with my brother's blood. Or shall

“I retire to my house? Yet there I be-  
“hold my mother plunged in misery,  
“weeping and despairing!” These  
breaks and turns of passion, it seems,  
were so enforced by the eyes, voice,  
and gesture of the speaker, that his very  
enemies could not refrain from tears.  
‘I insist,’ says Tully, ‘upon this the  
‘rather, because our orators, who are  
‘as it were actors of the truth itself,  
‘have quitted this manner of speaking;  
‘and the players, who are but the imi-  
‘tators of truth, have taken it up.’

I shall therefore pursue the hints he has  
here given me, and for the service of the  
British stage, I shall copy some of the  
rules which this great Roman master  
has laid down; yet, without confining  
myself wholly to his thoughts or words:  
and to adapt this essay the more to the  
purpose for which I intend it, instead of  
the examples he has inserted in his dis-  
course, out of the ancient tragedies, I  
shall make use of parallel passages out  
of the most celebrated of our own.

The design of art is to assist nature as  
much as possible in the representation of  
nature; for the appearance of reality is  
that which moves us in all representa-  
tions.

and these have always the greater  
re nearer they approach to, and  
d the less they shew of imita-

herself has assigned to every  
of the soul it's peculiar cast of  
tenance, tone of voice, and  
of gesture; and the whole per-  
the features of the face and tones  
voice, answer, like strings upon  
instruments, to the impressions  
them by the mind. Thus the  
of the voice, according to the  
touches which raise them, form  
into an acute or grave, quick  
loud or soft tone. These too  
subdivided into various kinds of  
as the gentle, the rough, the  
ed, the diffuse, the continued,  
ermitted, the broken, abrupt,  
s, softened, or elevated. Every  
these may be employed with art  
gment; and all supply the actor,  
urs do the painter, with an ex-  
variety.

er exerts it's peculiar voice in an  
aised, and hurrying sound. The  
ite character of King Lear, as it  
irably drawn by Shakespeare,  
s with the strongest instances of  
id.

ath! Confusion!

—What quality?—Why, Gloster!  
Gloster!  
k with the Duke of Cornwall and  
his wife.  
y inform'd of this? My breath and  
blood!  
the fiery duke?—&c.

ow and complaint demand a voice  
ffluent, flexible, slow, interrupt-  
d modulated in a mournful tone;  
at pathetical soliloquy of Cardinal  
on his fall.

!—a long farewell to all my greatness!  
the state of man!—to-day he puts  
forth  
der leaves of hopes; to-morrow blis-  
soms,  
ars his blushing honours thick upon  
him;  
nd day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
en he thinks, good easy man, full  
surely  
atnel, is a ripening, nips his root,  
en he falls as I do.

have likewise a fine example of  
the whole part of Andromache

in the Distress Mother, particularly in  
these lines—

I'll go, and in the anguish of my heart,  
Weep o'er my child—If he must die, my  
life  
Is wrapt in his, I shall not long survive.  
'Twas for his sake, that I have suffer'd life,  
Groom'd in captivity, and out-liv'd Hector.  
Yes, my Astyanax, we'll go together!  
Together to the realms of night we'll go;  
There to thy ravish'd eyes thy fire I'll show,  
And point him out among the shades below.

Fear expresses itself in a low, hesitat-  
ing, and abject sound. If the reader  
considers the following speech of Lady  
Macbeth, while her husband is about  
the murder of Duncan and his grooms,  
he will imagine her even affrighted with  
the sound of her own voice while she is  
speaking it.

Alas! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the  
deed,  
Confounds us. Hark!—I laid the daggers  
ready,  
He could not miss them. Had he not re-  
sembled  
My father as he slept, I had done it.

Courage assumes a louder tone, as in  
that speech of Don Sebastian.

Here satiate all your fury;  
Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me,  
I have a soul that like an ample shield  
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.

Pleasure dissolves into a luxurious,  
mild, tender, and joyous modulation;  
as in the following lines in Caius Ma-  
rius:

Lavinia! O there's music in the name,  
That softening me to infant tenderness,  
Makes my heart spring like the first leaps of  
life.

And perplexity is different from all  
these; grave, but not bemoaning, with  
an earnest uniform sound of voice; as in  
that celebrated speech of Hamlet,

To be, or not to be?—that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles;  
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep;  
No more; and by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ach, and a thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep—

To sleep; perchance to dream! Ah, there's the rub.

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause—There's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life;

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

Th' oppressors wrongs, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of th' unworthy take,

When he himself might his *quætus* make

With a bare bodkin? Who would bear,

To groan and sweat under a weary life?

But that the dread of something after death,

The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn

No traveller returns, puzzles the will,

And makes us rather choose those evils we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of.

As all these varieties of voice are to be directed by the sense, so the action is to be directed by the voice, and with a beautiful propriety, as it were to enforce it. The arm, which by a strong figure Tully calls the Orator's Weapon, is to be sometimes raised and extended; and the hand, by it's motion, sometimes to lead, and sometimes to follow the words as they are uttered. The stamping of the foot too has it's proper expression in contention, anger, or absolute command. But the face is the epitome of the whole man, and the eyes are as it were the epitome of the face; for which reason, he says, the best judges among the Romans were not extremely pleased, even with Roscius himself in his mask. No part of the body, besides the face, is capable of as many changes as there are different emotions in the mind, and of expressing them all by those changes. Nor is this to be done without the freedom of the eyes; therefore Theophrastus called one, who merely rehearsed his speech with his eyes bent, an absent actor.

As the countenance admits of so great variety, it requires also great judgment to govern it. Not that the form of the face is to be shifted on every occasion, but it turns to face and disfigurement; but

it is certain, that the eyes have a wonderful power of marking the emotions of the mind, sometimes by a fixed look, sometimes by a careless one, now by a sudden regard, then by a joyful sparkling, as the sense of the words is diversified: for action is, as it were, the speech of the features and limbs, and must therefore conform itself always to the sentiments of the soul. And it may be observed, that in all which relates to the gesture, there is a wonderful force implanted by nature; since the vulgar, the unskilful, and even the most barbarous, are chiefly affected by this. Nuns are moved by the sound of words, but those who understand the language; and the sense of many things is lost upon men of a dull apprehension: but action is a kind of universal tongue; all men are subject to the same passions, and consequently know the same marks of them in others, by which they themselves express them.

Perhaps some of my readers may be of opinion, that the hints I have here made use of, out of Cicero, are somewhat too refined for the players on our theatre: in answer to which, I venture to lay it down as a maxim, that without good sense no one can be a good player, and that he is very unfit to personate the dignity of a Roman hero, who cannot enter into the rules for pronunciation and gesture delivered by a Roman orator.

There is another thing which my author does not think too minute to insist on, though it is purely mechanical; and that is the right pitching of the voice. On this occasion he tells the story of Gracchus, who employed a servant with a little ivory pipe to stand behind him, and give him the right pitch, as often as he wandered too far from the proper modulation. 'Every voice,' says Tully, 'has it's particular medium and compass; and the sweetness of speech consists in leading it through all the variety of tones naturally, and without touching any extreme. Therefore,' says he, 'leave the pipe at home, but carry the sense of this custom with you.'

N<sup>o</sup> DXLII. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

ET SIBI PRÆFERRI SE GAUDET

OVID. MET. L. II. VER. 430.

HE HEARD,  
WELL PLEAS'D, HIMSELF BEFORE HIMSELF PREFER'D.

ADDITION.

WHEN I have been present in assemblies where my paper has liked of, I have been very well to hear those who would detract from the author of it observe, that the pieces are sent to the Spectator are, if not better than any of his.

Upon this occasion, many jests and mirth are usually mentioned, and some think the Spectator writes to and which others commend because they fancy he received them from his correspondents: such are those from the rustic; the inspector of the theatre; the maker of the fan-exercises; that of the hooped petticoat; Nicholas Hart the annual sleep; from Sir John Envill; that upon London cross; with multitudes of the same nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the ill-natured, and may do it effectually, I must acknowledge they have very often praised what they did not design it, and that they approved my writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard several of these ungentlemen proving, by undenied facts, that I was not able to utter which I had written the day before.

Nay, I have heard some of them rowing out ambiguous expressions and giving the company reason to think that they themselves did me wrong to send me such and such a bad epistle, which happened to be sent to me with the esteem or approbation of those who were present. The rigid are so afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that I not be positive whether the lion, the d-bag, and the flower-pots in my house, did not actually write the letters which came to me in their names.

I must therefore inform these gentlemen, that I often choose this way of sending my thoughts into a letter, for the following reasons: first, out of the hands of those who try their skill upon

another, before they own it themselves. Secondly, because I would extort a little praise from such who will never applaud any thing whose author is known and certain. Thirdly, because it gave me an opportunity of introducing a great variety of characters into my work, which could not have been done had I always written in the person of the Spectator. Fourthly, because the dignity of the Spectatorial would have suffered, had I published as from myself those several ludicrous compositions which I have ascribed to fictitious names and characters. And, lastly, because they often serve to bring in more naturally such additional reflections as have been placed at the end of them.

There are others who have likewise done me a very particular honour, though undesignedly. These are such who will needs have it, that I have translated or borrowed many of my thoughts out of books which are written in other languages. I have heard of a person who is more famous for his library than his learning, that has asserted this more than once in his private conversation. Were it true, I am sure he could not speak it from his own knowledge; but had he read the books which he has collected, he would find this accusation to be wholly groundless. Those who are truly learned will acquit me in this point, in which I have been so far from offending, that I have been scrupulous perhaps to a fault in quoting the authors of several passages which I might have made my own. But as this assertion is in reality an encomium on what I have published, I ought rather to glory in it, than endeavour to confute it.

Some are so very willing to alienate from me that small reputation which might accrue to me from any of my speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to these imaginary wretches with which I have introduced them.

them. There are others, I must confess, whose objections have given me a greater concern, as they seem to reflect, under this head, rather on my morality, than on my invention. These are they who say an author is guilty of falsehood, when he talks to the public of manuscripts which he never saw, or describes scenes of action or discourse in which he was never engaged. But these gentlemen would do well to consider, there is not a fable or parable which ever was made use of, that is not liable to this exception; since nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently, which was not once matter of fact. Besides, I think the most ordinary reader may be able to discover by my way of writing, what I deliver in these occurrences as truth, and what as fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in answering the several objections which have been made against these my works, I must take notice that there are some who affirm a paper of this nature should always turn upon diverting subjects, and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate tendency to the advancement of religion or learning. I shall leave these gentlemen to dispute it out among themselves; since I see one half of my conduct patronized by each side. Were I serious on an improper subject, or trifling in a serious one, I should deservedly draw upon me the censure of my readers; or were I conscious of any thing in my writings that is not innocent at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance vice and ignorance, and support the interest of true wisdom and virtue, I should be more

severe upon myself than the disposed to be. In the mean while I desire my reader to consider every paper or discourse as a diffy by itself, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I shall end this paper with this ing letter, which was really sent some others have been which I have listed, and for which I must owe indebted to their respective writers.

STYL

I Was this morning in a conversation with your well-wishers, when over with great satisfaction I received your observations on action adapted to the theatre: though, by the way, were very sorry to find that you were disposed of another member of the club. Poor Sir Roger is dead, a worthy clergyman dying. Capt. Try has taken possession of a fine estate. Will Honeycomb has married a daughter; and the Templar has taken possession of his estate. What will all this end to? are afraid it portends no good to the public. Unless you very speedily day for the election of new members we are under apprehensions of the British Spectator. I hear of a lady who intend to address you on this subject; and question not, if you give us the slip very suddenly, I will receive addresses from all parts of the kingdom to continue so long. Pray deliver us out of this perplexity, and among the multitude of your readers you will particularly your most sincere friend and servant

PALL

## Nº DXLIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2

—FACIES NON OMNIBUS UNA,  
NEC DIVERSA TAMEN— OVID. MET. L. IV. VER

THO' NOT ALIKE, CONSENTING PARTS AGREE,  
FASHION'D WITH SIMILAR VARIETY.

THOSE who were skilful in anatomy among the ancients, concluded from the outward and inward make of an human body, that it was the work of a Being transcendently wise and powerful. As the world grew more enlightened in this art, their discoveries gave them such opportunities of admir-

ing the conduct of Providence in the formation of an human body. was converted by his disciples could not but owe a Supreme Being upon a survey of this his hand. There are, indeed, many passages in the old anatomists did not know the use; but as they say, the

which they examined were adapted to their several uses, they did not question but whose uses they could not determine were contrived with the same view for respective ends and purposes. Since the circulation of the blood is found out, and many other discoveries have been made by our anatomists, we see new wonders in human frame, and discern several new uses for those parts, which the ancients knew nothing of. In the body of man is such a substance the utmost test of examination.

Though it appears formed with great wisdom, upon the most survey of it, it still mends upon research, and produces our surprise and amazement in proportion as we pry into it.

What I have here said of a body, may be applied to the body of every animal which has been the subject of anatomical observations.

The body of an animal is an object new to our senses. It is a particular of Providence that lies in a compass. The eye is able to comprehend it, and by successive inquiries reach into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole universe, be thus submitted to examination of our senses, were too big and disproportioned for our inquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand; there is no objection but it would appear to us as a body well contrived, a frame as perfect as a human body. We should see the same concatenation and subsistence, the same necessity and usefulness, the same beauty and harmony in every of its parts, as what we see in the body of every single animal.

The more extended our reason is, and the more able to grapple with immensity, the greater still are those discoveries which it makes of wisdom and order in the works of the creation. Isaac Newton, who stands up as a leader of the present age, can look into the whole planetary system; consider its weight, number, and measure; draw from it as many demonstrations of infinite power and wisdom, as we confined understanding is able to draw from the system of an human body.

To return to our speculations on

anatomy, I shall here consider the fabric and texture of the bodies of animals in one particular view; which, in my opinion, shews the hand of a thinking and all-wise Being in their formation, with the evidence of a thousand demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an uncontested principle, that chance never acts in a perpetual uniformity and consistence with itself. If one should always sling the same number with ten thousand dice, or see every throw just five times less, or five times more in number than the throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is some invisible power which directs the cast? This is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature. Every kind of animal is diversified by different magnitudes, each of which gives rise to a different species. Let a man trace the dog or lion kind, and he will observe how many of the works of nature are published, if I may use the expression, in a variety of editions. If we look into the reptile world, or into those different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the same repetitions among several species, that differ very little from one another, but in size and bulk. You find the same creature that is drawn at large, copied out in several proportions and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce instances of this regular conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural history of animals. The magnificent harmony of the universe is such that we may observe innumerable divisions running upon the same ground. I might also extend this speculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter disposed into many similar systems, as well in our survey of stars and planets, as of stones, vegetable, and other fishy parts of the creation. In a word, Providence has shewn the richness of its goodness and wisdom, not only in the production of many original species, but in the multiplicity of descendants, which it has made on every original species in particular.

But to pursue this thought still further: every living creature considered in itself, has many very complicated parts that are exact copies of some other parts which it possesses, and which are communicated in the same manner. One eye would

would have been sufficient for the subsistence and preservation of an animal; but, in order to better his condition, we see another placed with a mathematical exactness in the same most advantageous situation, and in every particular of the same size and texture. Is it possible for chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the same number, the wonder would be nothing in comparison with this. But when we see this similitude and resemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we see one half of the body entirely correspond with the other in all those minute strokes, without which a man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single part repeated an hundred times in the same body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless fibres, and these parts differing still in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular situation requires; sure a man must have a strange sort of understanding, who does not discover the finger of God in so wonderful a work. These duplicates in those parts of the body, without which a man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain demonstration of an all-wise Contriver; as those more numerous copyings which are found among the vessels of the same body, are evident demonstrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives additional strength, if we apply

it to every animal and insect within our knowledge, as well as to those numberless living creatures that are objects too minute for an human eye; and if we consider how the several species in this whole world of life resemble one another in very many particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective states of existence; it is much more probable that an hundred million of dice should be casually thrown an hundred million of times in the same number, than that the body of any single animal should be produced by the fortuitous concurrence of matter. And that the like chance should arise in innumerable instances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common sense. We may carry this consideration yet further, if we reflect on the two sexes in every living species, with their resemblances to each other, and those particular distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up of this great world of life.

There are many more demonstrations of a Supreme Being, and of his transcendent wisdom, power, and goodness, in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the sixth book of the poem intitled *Creation*, where the anatomy of the human body is described with great perspicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others.

O

## Nº DXLIV. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

NUNQUAM ITA QUISQUAM BENE SUBDUCTA RATIONE AD VITAM FUIT,  
QUI REI, ETIAS, USUS, SEMPER ALIQUID APPORTET NOVI,  
ALICQUID MONSTRAT; UT ILLA, QUAE TE SCIRE CREPAS, NESCIAS;  
AT, QUAE TIBI PUTARIS PRIMA, IN EXPERIENDO UT REFUDIS.

TER. ADELPH. ACT. V. SC. 4.

NO MAN WAS EVER SO COMPLETELY SKILLED IN THE CONDUCT OF LIFE, AS NOT TO RECEIVE NEW INFORMATION FROM AGE AND EXPERIENCE; INASMUCH THAT WE FIND OURSELVES REALLY IGNORANT OF WHAT WE THOUGHT WE UNDERSTOOD, AND SEE CAUSE TO REFLECT WHAT WE FANCIED OUR TRUEST INTEREST.

THESE are, I think, sentiments in the following letter from my friend Captain Sentry, which discover a rational and equal frame of mind, as well prepared for an advantageous as an unfortunate change of condition.

COVERLEY-HALL, NOV. 15, WORCESTERSHIRE.

SIR,

I Am come to the succession of the estate of my honoured kinsman Sir Roger de Coverley; and I assure you, I

am

no easy task to keep up the figure of the fortune which was so much enjoyed by that honest plain

I cannot, with respect to the obligations I have been spoken, upon his character, but I am convinced in the truth which I have, I heard spoken at the club, to wit, man of a warm and well disposed with a very small capacity, is high prior in human society to him who is greatest talents is cold and lacks his affections. But, alas! why make a difficulty in speaking of my ancestor's failings? His little ities and incapacity for the com on of the politest men are dead im, and his greater qualities are ow useful to him. I know not r by naming those disabilities I enhance his merit, since he has hind him a reputation in his coun- hich would be worth the pains of lest man's whole life to arrive at. : way I must observe to you, that of your readers have mistook assage in your writings, wherein ger is reported to have enquired e private character of the young r at the tavern. I know you men- that circumstance as an instance

simplicity and innocence of his which made him imagine it a very ung to reclaim one of those crimi- and not as an inclination in him guilty with her. The less discern-

your readers cannot enter into diercy of description in the cha- : but indeed my chief business at me is to represent to you my pre- e of mind, and the satisfaction I e to myself in the possession of my fortune. I have continued all Sir 's servants, except such as it was f to dismiss into little beings with-

manour: those who are in a list good knight's own hand to be cure of by me, I have quartered uch as have taken new leases of nd added so many advantages ; the lives of the persons so ques- that it is the interest of those they are joined with, to cherish friend them upon all occasions : a considerable sum of ready-m- which I am laying out upon my lents at the common interest. I e a design to lend it according to *merit*, rather than according to *utility*. I shall lay a tax upon

such as I have highly obliged, to be- come liberality to me for such of their own poor youth, whether male or fe- male, as want help towards setting into some being in the world. I hope I shall be able to manage my affairs so, as to improve my fortune every year, by doing acts of kindness. I will lend my money to the use of none but indig- ent men, secured by such as have ceased to be indigent by the favour of my family or myself. What makes this the more practicable, is, that if they will do any one good with my money, they are welcome to it upon their own security: and I make no exceptions against it, because the persons who enter into the obligations, do it for their own family. I have laid out four thousand pounds this way, and it is not to be imagined what a crowd of people are obliged by it. In cases where Sir Ro- ger has recommended, I have lent mo- ney to put out children, with a clause which makes void the obligation, in case the infant dies before he is out of his apprenticeship; by which means the kindred and masters are extremely care- ful of breeding him to industry, that he may repay it himself by his labour, in three years journey-work after his time is out, for the use of his security. Op- portunities of this kind are all that have occurred since I came to my estate, but I assure you I will preserve a constant disposition to catch at all the occasions I can to promote the good and happiness of my neighbourhood.

But give me leave to live before you a little estate which has grown out of my past life, that I don't not, will administer great satisfaction to me in that part of it, whatever that is, which is to come.

There is a prodigious in favour of the way of life to which a man has been educated, which I cannot say whether it would not be the same, or whether it is like a partiality for the natives of one's own country, but that of my own na- tion. It is from an habit of think- ing, grown upon me from my youth spent in arms, that I have a great con- sideration, who have passed through great labour, justice, and blood, in a soldier's life, to be the support of a civil and worthy person of the same nation. To pass through such an hard, fatig- ing, painful watchfulness, to be able to bear and laborious marches, for the good



part of a man's time, and pass the rest in solitudo conformable to the rules of the most virtuous civil life, is a merit too great to deserve the treatment it usually meets with among the other part of the world. But I assure you, Sir, were there not very many who have this worth, we could never have seen the glorious events which we have in our days. I need not say more to illustrate the character of a soldier, than to tell you he is the very contrary to him you observe lean, fussy, and overbearing, in a red coat about town. But I was going to tell you, that in honour of the pacification of arms, I have set apart a certain sum of money for a table for such gentlemen as have served their country in the army, and will please from time to time to sojourn all, or any part of the year, at Coverley. Such of them as will do me that honour, shall find horses, servants, and all things necessary for their accommodation, and enjoyment of all the conveniences of life in a pleasant various country. If Colonel Campy felt he in town, and his abilities not employed another way in the service, there is no man who would be more welcome here. That gentleman's thorough knowledge in his profession, together with the sim-

licity of his manners and goodness of his heart, would induce others like him to honour my abode; and I should be glad my acquaintance would take themselves to be invited or not, as their characters have an affinity to his.

I would have all my friends know, that they need not fear, though I am become a country gentleman, I will not part against their temperance and sobriety. No, Sir, I shall return to much of the good sentiments for the conduct of life, which we cultivated in each other at our club, as to condemn all inordinate pleasures: but particularly remember, with our beloved Tully, that the delight in food consists in desire, not satiety. They who most passionately pursue pleasure, let it melt arrive at it. Now I am writing to a philosopher, I cannot forbear mentioning the satisfaction I took in the passage I read yesterday in the first Tully. A nobleman of Athens made a compliment to Plato the morning after he had supped at his house:—'Your entertainments do not only please when you give them, but also the day after.' I am, my worthy friend, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM SENTRY,

T

## Nº DXLV. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

QUIN POTIUS PACEM ÆTERNAM FACTORQUE HYMNÆOS  
EXERCIMUS

VIRG. ÆN. IV. VER. 59.

LET US IN BONDS OF LASTING PEACE UNITE,  
AND CELEBRATE THE HYMENEAL RITE.

I Cannot but think the following letter from the Emperor of China to the Pope of Rome, proposing a coalition of the Chinese and Roman churches, will be acceptable to the curious. I must confess I myself being of opinion, that the Emperor has as much authority to be interpreter to him he pretends to expound, as the Pope has to be a vicar or the sacred person he takes upon him to represent, I was not a little pleased with their treaty of alliance. What progress the negotiation between his Majesty of Rome, and his Holiness of China makes, as we daily writers say upon subjects where we are at a loss, time will let us know. In the mean time, since they agree in the funda-

mentals of power and authority, and differ only in matters of faith, we may expect the matter will go on without difficulty.

COPIA DI LITTERA DEL RE DELLA  
CHINA AL PAPA, INTERPRETATA  
DAL PADRE SEGRETARIO DILL'  
INDIA DELLA COMPAGNA DI  
GIESU.

A VOI BENEDETTO SOFRA I BENE-  
DETTI PP, ED INTERPRETATORE  
GRANDE DE PONTIFICI E PASTORE  
XNUM, DISPENSATORE DELL' OGILIO  
DE IRE D' EUROPA, CLEMENTE XI.

Il favorito amico di Dio Gionata set-  
timo, potentissimo sopra tutti i po-  
tentissimi della terra, altissima sopra tutti

fimi sotto il sole e la luna, che sia sede di funerali della China cento stallini d'oro, ad interpretare lingua di Dio a tutti i discendenti d'Abramo, che de la vita e la a cento quindici regni, ed a cento a ibole, scrive con la penna dello vergine, e manda salute ed acento di vecchiezza.

ndo arrivato il tempo in cui il ella reale nostro gioventù deve re i frutti della nostra vestuezza, rtare con quell' i desiderii de i nostri divoti, e propagare il seme la pianta che deve proteggerli, mo stabilito d'accompagnarci con gine eccelsa ad amorosa allattata ummella della leonessa forte e dell' :manlueta. Percio essendo ci stato o sempre il vostro popolo Europeo to per paese di donne invitte, i forte; allongiamo la nostra mano po a stringere una di loro, e questa ra vostro nipote, o nipote di qualrograi Sacerdote Latino, che sia ra dall' occhio dritto di Dio, rinata in lei l'autorità di Sara, la d'Elther, e la sapienza di Abba; iamo con l'occhio che guarda il e la terra, e con la bocca dello gla che si prisce della ruggiada tino. La sua età non passi ducersi della Luna, la sua statura sia tanto la spicca dritta del grano e la sua grossezza quanto un madi grano secco. Noi la mandata a vestire per li nostri Mandatieri sciatori, e chi la condurranno a noi incontreremo alla riva del grande facendola salire suo nostro o. Ella potrà adorare apresso di suo Dio, con venti quattro altre a ezione, e potrà cantare con loro a tortora alla primavera.

isfando noi Padre a amico nostro nostra brama, sarete caggione di in perpetua amicitia costelli vostri l'Europa al nostro dominante im- e si abbracceranno le nostri leggi ledere abbraccia la pianta, e noi mi spargeremo del nostro seme in costelle provincie, riscaldando li vostri Principi con il fuoco amole nostre Amazoni, d'alcune delle i nostri Mandatieri Ambasciatori teranno le somiglianze depinte. nfirmiamo di tenere in pace le due religiose famiglie degli Missionarii, ri figlioli d'Ignazio, e li bianchi iglioli di Dominico, il cui con-

figlio degli uni e degli altri ci serve di scorta del nostro regimento e di lume ad interpretare le divine legge come appunto fa lume l'eglio che si getta in mare. In tanto alxandoci dal nostro trono per abbracciarvi, vi dichiariamo nostro congiunto e confederato, ed ordiniamo che questo foglio sia segnato col nostro segno imperiale della nostra città, capo del mondo, il quinto giorno della terza Lunatione, l'anno quarto del nostro imperio.

Sigillo e un sole nelle cui faccia e anche quella della Luna ed intorno tra i Raggi vi sono traposti alcune Spada.

Dico il Traduttore che secondo il ceremonial di questo Lettere e recedentissimo specialmente fessere scritto con la penna dello Struzza vergine con la quelle non sogliosi scrivere quei Re che le pregiera a Dio, e scrivendo a qualche altro a Principe del Mondo, la maggior Finenza che usino, e scriver gli con la penna del pavone.

A LETTER FROM THE EMPEROR OF CHINA TO THE POPE, INTERPRETED BY A FATHER JESUIT, SECRETARY TO THE INDIES.

TO YOU BLESSED ABOVE THE BLESSED, GREAT EMPEROR OF BISHOPS, AND PASTOR OF CHRISTIANS, DISPENSER OF THE OIL OF THE KINGS OF EUROPE, CLEMENT XI.

THE favourite friend of God Giotta the Seventh, most powerful above the most powerful of the earth, highest above the highest under the sun and moon, who sits on a throne of emerald of China, above one hundred steps of gold, to interpret the language of God to the faithful, and who gives life and death to one hundred and fifteen kingdoms, and one hundred and seventy islands; he writes with the quill of a virgin ostrich, and sends health and increase of old age.

Being arrived at the time of our age in which the flower of our royal youth ought to ripen into fruit towards old age, to comfort therewith the desire of our devoted people, and to propagate the seed of that plant which must protect them; we have determined to accompany ourselves with an high amorous virgin, suckled at the breast of a wild lioness, and a meek lamb; and imagining with ourselves that your European Roman people is the father of many

many unconquerable and chaste ladies; we stretch out our powerful arm to embrace one of them, and she shall be one of your nieces, or the niece of some other great Latin priest, the darling of God's right-eye. Let the authority of Sarah be shown in her, the fidelity of Esther, and the wisdom of Abba. We would have her eye like that of a dove, which may look upon heaven on earth, with the mouth of a shell-fish to feed upon the dew of the morning; her age must not exceed two hundred courses of the moon; let her stature be equal to that of an ear of green corn, and her girth a handful.

We will find our Mandarines ambassadors to cloath her, and to conduct her to us, and we will meet her on the bank of the great river, making her to leap up into our chaise. She may with us worship her own God; together with twenty-four virgins of her own choosing; and she may live with them as the turtle in the spring. You, O father and friend, complying with this our desire, may be an occasion of uniting in perpetual friendship our high empire with your European kingdoms, and we may embrace your laws as the ivy embraces the tree; and we ourselves may scatter our royal blood into your provinces, warning the chief of your princes with the amorous fire of our Amazons, the resembling pictures of some of which our good Mandarines ambassadors shall convey to you.

We exhort you to keep in peace two good religious families of missionaries, the black sons of Ignatius, and the white and black sons of Dominicus; that the council, both of the one and the other, may serve as a guide to us in our government, and a light to interpret the divine law, as the oil cast into the sea produces light.

To conclude, we rising up in our throne to embrace you, we declare you our ally and confederate; and have ordered this leaf to be sealed with our imperial signet, in our royal city the head of the world, the eighth day of the third lunation, and the fourth year of our reign.

Letters from Rome say, the whole conversation hath among gentlemen and ladies has turned upon the subject of this epistle ever since it arrived. The Jesuit who translated it says, it loses much of the majesty of the original in the Italian. It seems there was an offer of the same nature made by a predecessor of the present emperor to Lewis the Thirteenth of France, but no lady of that court would take the voyage, that for not being at that time so much used in politic negotiations. The manner of treating the pope is, according to the Chinese ceremonial, very respectful: for the emperor writes to him with the quill of a virgin's feather, which was never used before but in writing prayers. Instructions are preparing for the lady who shall have so much zeal as to undertake this pilgrimage, and be an empress for the sake of her religion. The principal of the Indian missionaries has given in a list of the reigning sirs in China, in order to prepare indulgences necessary to this lady and her retinue, in advancing the interests of the Roman Catholic religion in those kingdoms.

TO THE SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR,

I Have of late seen French hats of a prodigious magnitude pass by my observatory.

T

JOHN SLT.

N<sup>o</sup> DXLVI. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

OMNIA FATEFACIENDA, UT NE QUI OMNINO QUOD VENDITOR NORIT, EMPTOR IGNORET.

TELL.

EVERY THING SHOULD BE FAIRLY TOLD, THAT THE BUYER MAY NOT BE IGNORANT OF ANY THING WHICH THE SELLER KNOWS.

IT gives me very great scandal to observe, wherever I go, how much skill, in buying all manner of goods, there is

necessary to defend yourself from being cheated in whatever you see exposed to sale. My reading makes such a strong impression

on upon me, that I should think a cheat in my way, if I should say any thing from another tongue, acknowledge it to my readers. I stood from common report, that Cibber was introducing a French on our stage, and thought myself concerned to let the town know as his, and what was foreign. I came to the rehearsal, I found it to be partial to one of their own way, that they gave every thing as said with such grace, emphasis in their own action, that no easy matter to make any part of the performance. Mrs. I, who, it seems, is the heroine, had to just a conception of it, that her action made what the appear decent, just, and noble. I saw of terror and compassion, made me believe were very artfully and the whole conduct of the play and surprising. We authors much relish the endeavours of in this kind; but have the same as physicians and lawyers have attorneys and apothecaries give

Cibber himself took the liberty to me, that he expected I would do justice, and allow the play well for his spectators, whatever it did his readers. He added very particulars not uncurious concerning the manner of taking an audience and laying wait not only for perfunctory applause, but also for bringing into their affections and passing the artful management of the voice, and gesture of the speaker. I not but consent that the heroine appeared in the rehearsal as an entertainment wrought out of a good and exemplary virtue.

advantages of action, show, and in these occasions, are allowable, the merit consists in being careful of imposing upon us to our advantage and entertainment. All that I thought to say about the honesty of her in the sale of his ware, was thought to own all that he had learned from others, and lay in a right all that he gives his spectators their money, with an account first manufacturers. But I intended to give the lecture of this day he common and prostituted behaviour of traders in ordinary commerce. *Cibber made it a rule of trade,*

that your profit ought to be the common profit; and it is unjust to make any step towards gain, wherein the gain of even those to whom you sell is not also consulted. A man may deceive himself if he thinks fit, but he is no better than a cheat who tells any thing without telling the exceptions against it, as well as what is to be said to its advantage. The scandalous abuse of language and hardening of conscience, which may be observed every day in going from one place to another, is what makes a whole city to an unprejudiced eye a den of thieves. It was no small pleasure to me for this reason to remark, as I passed by Cornhill, that the shop of that worthy, honest, though lately unfortunate citizen, Mr. John Morton, so well known in the linen trade, is sitting up again. Since a man has been in a distressed condition, it ought to be a great satisfaction to have passed through it in such a manner as not to have lost the friendship of those who suffered with him, but to receive an honourable acknowledgment of his honesty from those very persons to whom the law had consigned his estate.

The misfortune of this citizen is like to prove of a very general advantage to those who shall deal with him hereafter: for the stock with which he now sets up being the loan of his friends, he cannot expect that to the hazard of giving credit, but enters into a ready-money trade, by which means he will both buy and sell the best and cheapest. He imposes upon himself a rule of affixing the value of each piece he sells to the piece itself; so that the most ignorant servant or child will be as good a buyer at his shop as the most skilful in the trade. For all which, you have all his hopes and fortune for your security. To encourage dealing after this way, there is not only the avoiding the most infamous guilt in ordinary bartering; but this observation, that he who buys with ready-money, saves as much to his family as the state exacts out of his land for the security and service of his country; that is to say, in plain English, sixteen will do as much as twenty shillings.

MR. SPECTATOR,

MY heart is so swelled with grateful sentiments on account of some favours which I have lately received, that I must

I must beg leave to give them utterance amongst the crowd of other anonymous correspondents; and writing, I hope, will be as great a relief to my forced silence, as it is to your natural taciturnity. My generous benefactor will not suffer me to speak to him in any terms of acknowledgement, but ever treats me as if he had the greatest obligations, and uses me with a distinction that is not to be expected from one so much my superior in fortune, years, and understanding. He insinuates, as if I had a certain right to his favours from some merit, which his particular indulgence to me has discovered; but that is only a beautiful artifice to lessen the pain an honest mind feels in receiving obligations, when there is no probability of returning them.

A gift is doubled when accompanied with such a delicacy of address; but what to me gives it an inexpressible value is its coming from the man I most esteem in the world. It pleases me indeed, as it is an advantage and addition to my fortune; but when I consider it as an instance of that good man's friendship, it overflows, it transports me; I look on it with a lover's eye, and no longer regard the gift, but the hand that gave it. For my friendship is so entirely void of any gainst views, that it

often gives me pain to think it should have been chargeable to him; and I cannot at some melancholy hours help doing his generosity the injury of fearing it should cool on this account, and that the last favour might be a sort of legacy of a departing friendship.

I confess these fears seem very groundless and unjust, but you must forgive them to the apprehension of one possessed of a great treasure, who is frightened at the most distant shadow of danger.

Since I have thus far opened my heart to you, I will not conceal the secret satisfaction I feel there of knowing the goodness of my friend will not be unrewarded. I am pleased with thinking the providence of the Almighty hath sufficient blessings in store for him, and will certainly discharge the debt, though I am not made the happy instrument of doing it.

However nothing in my power shall be wanting to shew my gratitude; I will make it the business of my life to thank him, and shall esteem (next to him) those my best friends, who give me the greatest assistance in this good work. Printing this letter would be some little instance of my gratitude; and your favour herein will very much oblige your most humble servant, &c.

N<sup>o</sup>. 24.

W. C.

T

## N<sup>o</sup> DXLVII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

SI VULNUS TIERI, MONSTRATA RADICE VEL HERBA,  
NON FIERET LEVIO. FUGERES RADICE VEL HERBA  
PROFICIENTE NIHIL CURARIS. HOR. EP. II. L. II. VER. 149.

SUPPOSE YOU HAD A WOUND, AND ONE HAD SHOW'D  
AN HERB WHICH YOU APPLY'D, BUT FOUND NO GOOD;  
WOULD YOU BE FOND OF THIS, INCREASE YOUR PAIN,  
AND USE THE FRUITLESS REMEDY AGAIN?

CREECH.

**I**T is very difficult to praise a man without putting him out of countenance. My following correspondent has found out this uncommon art, and, together with his friends, has celebrated some of my speculations after such a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my readers think I am to blame in publishing my own commendations, they will allow I should have deserved their censure as much, had I suppressed the *hamour* in which they are conveyed to me.

SIR,

**I** Am often in a private assembly of wits of both sexes, where we generally descant upon your speculations, or upon the subjects on which you have treated. We were last Tuesday talking of those two volumes which you have lately published. Some were commending one of your papers, and some another; and there was scarce a single person in the company that had not a favourite speculation. Upon this a man of wit and learning told us, he thought

ould not be amiss, if we paid the tator the same compliment that is made in our public prints to Sir iam Read, Doctor Grant, Mr. the apothecary, and other emiphysicians, where it is usual for stients to publish the cures which been made upon them, and the sedistempers under which they had. The proposal took, and the where we visited having the two alumes in large paper interleaved own private use, ordered them brought down, and laid in the w, whither every one in the com-etized, and writ down a particular isement in the stile and phrase of ce ingenious compositions which quently meet with at the end of ws-papers. When we had finish-work, we read them with a great mirth at the fire-side, and agreed, *contradictante*, to get them tran-l, and sent to the Spectator. The nan who made the proposal enter-following advertisement before e-page, after which the rest suc-in order.

*adum efficax et universum*; or, Qual remedy adapted to all ca-; shewing how any person may mself of ill-nature, pride, party-or any other distemper incident human system, with an easy way w when the infection is upon him. anacea is as innocent as bread, le to the taste, and requires no ment. It has not it's equal in verse, as abundance of the nobi-gentry throughout the kingdom perienced.

No family ought to be with-

ie two Spectators on Jealousy, the two first in the third volume.

WILLIAM CRAZY, aged three-d seven, having been for several lished with uneasy doubts, fears, ours, occasioned by the youth uly of Mary my wife, aged five, do hereby, for the benefit ublic, give notice, that I have eat relief from the two follow-; having taken them two morn-ther with a dish of chocolate. my hand, &c.

For the benefit of the poor.

IN charity to such as are troubled with the disease of levee-hunting, and are forced to seek their bread every morning at the chamber-doors of great men, I, A. B. do testify, that for many years past I laboured under this fashion-able distemper, but was cured of it by a remedy which I bought of Mrs. Baldwin, contained in a half-sheet of paper, marked N° CXCIII. where any one may be provided with the same remedy at the price of a single penny.

AN infallible cure for hypochondriac melancholy, N° CLXXIII. CLXXXIV. CXCI. CCII. CCIX. CCXI. CCXXXIII. CCXXXV. CCXXXIX. CCXLV. CCXLVII. CCLI.

*Probatum est.* CHARLES EASY.

I, CHRISTOPHER QUERY, having been troubled with a certain distemper in my tongue, which shewed itself in impertinent and superfluous interrogatories, have not asked one unnecessary question since my perusal of the prescription marked N° CCXXVIII.

THE Britannic Beautifier, being an Essay on Modesty, N° CCXXXI. which gives such a delightful blushing colour to the cheeks of those that are white or pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest friend: is nothing of paint, or in the least hurtful. It renders the face delightfully handsome; is not subject to be rubbed off, and cannot be paralleled by either wash, powder, cosmetic, &c. It is certainly the best beautifier in the world.

MARTHA GLOW-WORM.

I, SAMUEL SELF, of the parish of St. James's, having a constitution which naturally abounds with acids, made use of a paper of directions marked N° CLXXVII. recommending a healthful exercise called good-nature, and have found it a most excellent sweetener of the blood.

WHEREAS I, Elizabeth Rainbow, was troubled with that distemper in my head, which about a year ago was pretty epidemical among the ladies, and discovered itself in the colour of their hoods.

hoods, having made use of the Doctor's Cephalic Tincture, which he exhibited to the public in one of his last year's papers, I recovered in a very few days.

I, GEORGE GLOOM, having for a long time been troubled with the spleen, and being advised by my friends to put myself into a course of Steele, did for that end make use of remedies conveyed to me several mornings, in short letters, from the hands of the invisible doctor. They were marked at the bottom ' Nathaniel Henreoff, Alice Threelneedle, Rebecca Nettletop, Tom Loveless,

' Mary Meanwell, Thomas Smokey, ' Anthony Freeman, Tom Meggot, ' Rustic Sprightly.' &c. which have had so good an effect upon me, that I now find myself chearful, lightsome and easy; and therefore do recommend them to all such as labour under the same distemper.

Not having room to insert all the advertisements which were sent me, I have only picked out some few from the third volume, reserving the fourth for another opportunity.

## Nº DXLVIII. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

—VITIUS NEMO SINE NASCITUR, OPTIMUS ILLE  
QUI MINIMIS URGETUR.—

HOR. SAT. III. L. I. VER. 68.

THERE'S NONE BUT HAS SOME FAULT; AND HE'S THE BEST,  
MOST VIRTUOUS HE, THAT'S SPOTTED WITH THE LEAST.

CREECH.

NOV. 27, 1712.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have read this day's paper with a great deal of pleasure, and could send you an account of several elixirs and antidotes in your third volume, which your correspondents have not taken notice of in their advertisements; and at the same time must own to you, that I have seldom seen a shop furnished with such a variety of medicaments, and in which there are fewer soporifics. The several vehicles you have invented for conveying your unacceptable truths to us, are what I most particularly admire, as I am afraid they are secrets which will die with you. I do not find that any of your critical essays are taken notice of in this paper, notwithstanding I look upon them to be excellent cleansers of the brain, and could venture to superscribe them with an advertisement which I have lately seen in one of our news-papers, wherein there is an account given of a sovereign remedy for restoring the taste of all such persons whose palates have been vitiated by distempers, unwholesome food, or any the like occasions. But to let fall the allusion, notwithstanding your criticisms, and particularly the candour which you have discovered in them, are not the least taking part of your works, I find your

opinion concerning poetical justice, as it is expressed in the first part of your fortieth Spectator, is controverted by some eminent critics; and as you now seem, to our great grief of heart, to be winding up your bottoms, I hoped you would have enlarged a little upon that subject. It is indeed but a single paragraph in your works, and I believe those who have read it with the same attention I have done, will think there is nothing to be objected against it. I have, however, drawn up some additional arguments to strengthen the opinion which you have there delivered, having endeavoured to go to the bottom of that matter, which you may either publish or suppress as you think fit.

Horace, in my motto, says, that all men are vicious, and that they differ from one another, only as they are more or less so. Boileau has given the same account of our wisdom as Horace has of our virtue:

*' Tous les hommes sont fous, & malgré tous  
leur fous,  
Ne diffèrent entre eux, que du plus & du  
moins.'*

' All men,' says he, ' are fools, and in spite  
of their endeavours to the contrary, dif-  
fer from one another only as they are  
more or less so.'

Two or three of the old Greek poets have given the same turn to a sentence which describes the happiness of man in this life:

Τὸ ζῆν ἀλῶνως ἀδρὴς ἐστὶν εὐτυχία.

That man is most happy who is the least miserable.

It will not perhaps be unentertaining to the polite reader to observe how these three beautiful sentences are formed upon different subjects by the same way of thinking; but I shall return to the first of them.

Our goodness being of a comparative, and not an absolute nature, there is none who in strictness can be called a virtuous man. Every one has in him a natural alloy, though one may be fuller of dross than another: for this reason I cannot think it right to introduce a perfect or a faultless man upon the stage; not only because such a character is improper to move compassion, but because there is no such thing in nature. This might probably be one reason why the Spectator in one of his papers took notice of that late invented term called Poetical Justice, and the wrong notions into which it has led some tragic writers. The most perfect man has vices enough to draw down punishments upon his head, and to justify Providence in regard to any miseries that may befall him. For this reason I cannot think, but that the instruction and moral are much finer, where a man who is virtuous in the main of his character falls into distress, and sinks under the blows of fortune at the end of a tragedy, than when he is represented as happy and triumphant. Such an example corrects the insolence of human nature, softens the mind of the beholder with sentiments of pity and compassion, comforts him under his own private affliction, and teaches him not to judge of men's virtues by their successes. I cannot think of one real hero in all antiquity so far raised above human infirmities, that he might not be very naturally represented in a tragedy as plunged in misfortunes and calamities. The poet may still find out some prevailing passion or indiscretion in his character, and shew it in such a manner as will sufficiently acquit the gods of any injustice in his sufferings. For as Horace observes in my text, the best man is faulty, though not in so great a

degree as those whom we generally call vicious men.

If such a strict Poetical Justice, as some gentlemen insist upon, was to be observed in this art, there is no manner of reason why it should not extend to heroic poetry as well as tragedy. But we find it so little observed in Homer, that his Achilles is placed in the greatest point of glory and success, though his character is morally vicious, and only poetically good, if I may use the phrase of our modern critics. The *Æneid* is filled with innocent, unhappy persons. Nisus and Euryalus, Lausus and Pallas, come all to unfortunate ends. The poet takes notice in particular, that in the sacking of Troy, Rhipheus fell, who was the most just man among the Trojans.

—*Cadit et Rhipheus iustissimus unus,  
Qui fuit in Teucris, et iustissimus æquis  
D. is aliter visum est.*

ÆN. II. VER. 427.

And that Pantheus could neither be preserved by his transcendent piety, nor by the holy fillets of Apollo, whose priest he was.

—*Nec te tua plurima, Penthon,  
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infusa texit.*

ÆN. II. v. 429.

I might here mention the practice of ancient tragic poets, both Greek and Latin; but as this particular is touched upon in the paper above-mentioned, I shall pass it over in silence. I could produce passages out of Aristotle in favour of my opinion; and if in one place he says that an absolutely virtuous man should not be represented as unhappy, this does not justify any one who shall think fit to bring in an absolutely virtuous man upon the stage. Those who are acquainted with that author's way of writing, know very well, that to take the whole extent of his subject into his divisions of it, he often makes use of such cases as are imaginary, and not reducible to practice: he himself declares that such tragedies as ended unhappily bore away the prize in theatrical contentions, from those which ended happily; and for the fourth speculation, which I am now considering, as it has given reasons why these are more apt to please an audience, so it only proves that these are generally preferable to the other, though at the same time it affirms



that many excellent tragedies have and may be written in both kinds.

I shall conclude with observing, that though the Spectator above-mentioned is so far against the rule of poetical justice, as to affirm that good men may meet with an unhappy catastrophe in tragedy, it does not say that ill men may go off unpunished. The reason

for this distinction is very plain, namely, because the best of men are vicious enough to justify Providence for any misfortunes and afflictions which may befall them, but there are many men so criminal that they can have no claim or pretence to happiness. The best of men may deserve punishment, but the worst of men cannot deserve happiness.

## N<sup>o</sup> DXLIX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

QUAMVIS DIGRESSU VETERIS CONFUSUS AMICI,  
LAUDO TAMEN———

JUV. SAT. III. VER. 1.

THO' GRIEV'D AT THE DEPARTURE OF MY FRIEND,  
HIS PURPOSE OF RETIRING I COMMEND.

**I** Believe most people begin the world with a resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of solitude or retirement, when they have made themselves easy in it. Our unhappiness is, that we find out some excuse or other for deferring such our good resolutions until our intended retreat is cut off by death. But among all kinds of people there are none who are so hard to part with the world, as those who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are so warped with their constant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their souls another bent, and convert them towards those objects, which, though they are proper for every stage of life, are so more especially for the last. Horace describes an old usurer as so charmed with the pleasures of a country life, that in order to make a purchase he called in all his money; but what was the event of it? Why in a very few days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this series of thought by a discourse which I had last week with my worthy friend Sir Andrew Freeport, a man of so much natural eloquence, good sense, and probity of mind, that I always hear him with a particular pleasure. As we were sitting together, being the sole remaining members of our club, Sir Andrew gave me an account of the many busy scenes of life in which he had been engaged, and at the same time reckoned up to me abundance of those lucky hits, which at another time he would have called *pieces of good-fortune*; but in the temper of mind he was then, he termed them mercies, favours of Providence,

and blessings upon an honest industry. 'Now,' says he, 'you must know, my good friend, I am so used to consider myself as creditor and debtor, that I often state my accounts after the same manner with regard to Heaven and my own soul. In this case, when I look upon the debtor-side, I find such innumerable articles, that I want arithmetic to cast them up; but when I look upon the creditor-side, I find little more than blank paper. Now though I am very well satisfied that it is not in my power to balance accounts with my Maker, I am resolved however to turn all my future endeavours that way. You must not therefore be surprised, my friend, if you hear that I am betaking myself to a more thoughtful kind of life, and if I meet you no more in this place.'

I could not but approve of good a resolution, notwithstanding the loss I should suffer by it. Sir Andrew has since explained himself to me more at large in the following letter, which is just come to my hands.

GOOD MR. SPECTATOR,

**N**otwithstanding my friends at the club have always rallied me, when I have talked of retiring from business, and repeated to me one of my own sayings—'That a merchant has never enough until he has got a little more,' I can now inform you, that there is one in the world who thinks he has enough, and is determined to pass the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of what he has. You know me so well, that I need not tell you, I mean, by the enjoyment

affections, the making of them to the public. As the greatest my estate has been hitherto of a very and volatile nature, either a lease or fluctuating in funds; fixed and settled in substantial and tenements. I have removed the uncertainty of stocks, winds, seas, and disposed of it in a convenient purchase. This will give me opportunity of being charitable in that is, in setting my poor to work, and giving them a comfortable subsistence out of their own

My gardens, my fish-ponds, my fields and pasture grounds, shall be made into hospitals, or rather work-houses, in which I propose to maintain many indigent persons, who are living in my neighbourhood. I have a fine spread of improveable land in my own thoughts am allowing up some of them, fencing and planting woods, and draining. In fine, as I have my share of the surface of this island, I am resolved to make it as beautiful a spot as ever majesty's dominions; at least not an inch of it which shall not be rated to the best advantage, and almost for its owner. As in my humble employment I so disposed of my affairs, that from whatever corner the compass the wind blew, it bringing home one or other of my little hopes, as a husbandman, to it so, that not a shower of rain, nor a gleam of sunshine, shall fall upon me without bettering some part of contributing to the products of my estate. You know it has been my opinion of life, that it is a waste of time when it is not some way to others. But when I am riding

out by myself, in the fresh air on the open heath that lies by my house, I find several other thoughts growing up in me. I am now of opinion, that a man of my age may find business enough on himself, by setting his mind in order, preparing it for another world, and reconciling it to the thoughts of death. I must therefore acquaint you, that besides those usual methods of charity, of which I have before spoken, I am at this very instant finding out a convenient place where I may build an almshouse, which I intend to endow very handsomely for a dozen superannuated husbandmen. It will be a great pleasure to me to say my prayers twice a day with men of my own years, who all of them, as well as myself, may have their thoughts taken up how they shall die, rather than how they shall live. I remember an excellent saying that I learned at school—*'Finit coronat opus.'* You know best whether it be in Virgil or in Horace, it is my business to apply it. If your affairs will permit you to take the country air with me sometimes, you shall find an apartment fitted up for you, and shall be every day entertained with beef or mutton of my own feeding; fish out of my own ponds; and fruit out of my own gardens. You shall have free egrets and regrets about my house, without having any questions asked you; and in a word, such a hearty welcome as you may expect from your most sincere friend and humble servant,

ANDREW FREEPORT.

The club, of which I am a member, being entirely dispersed, I shall consult my reader next week upon a prospect relating to the institution of a new one.

## Nº DL. MONDAY, DECEMBER I.

QUID DIGNUM TANTO FERET NIC PROMISSOR HIATU?

HOR. AGR. PORT. VER. 138.

IN WHAT WILL ALL THIS OSTENTATION END?

ROSCOMMON.

THE late dissolution of the club, whereof I have often declared myself a member, there are very many who by letters, petitions, and representations, put up for the next year. At the same time I must com-

plain, that several indirect and underhand practices have been made use of upon this occasion. A certain country gentleman began to tap upon the first intimation he received of Sir Roger's death: when he sent me up word, that

if I would get him chosen in the place of the deceased, he would present me with a barrel of the best Ocloper I had ever drank in my life. The ladies are in great pain to know whom I intend to elect in the room of Will Honeycomb. Some of them indeed are of opinion that Mr. Honeycomb did not take sufficient care of their interest in the club, and are therefore desirous of having in it hereafter a representative of their own sex. A citizen who subscribes himself Y. Z. tells me that he has one and twenty shares in the African company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in case he may succeed Sir Andrew Froppert, which he thinks would raise the credit of that fund. I have several letters dated from Jenny Man's, by gentlemen who are candidates for Captain Sentry's place; and as many from a coffee-house in St. Paul's Church-yard of such who would fill up the vacancy occasioned by the death of my worthy friend the clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular respect.

Having maturely weighed these several particulars, with the many remonstrances that have been made to me on this subject, and considering how injudicious an office I shall take upon me if I make the whole election depend upon my single voice, and being unwilling to expose myself to those clamours, which on such an occasion will not fail to be raised against me for partiality, injustice, corruption, and other qualities which my nature abhors, I have formed to myself the project of a club as follows.

I have thought of issuing out writs to all and every of the clubs that are established in the cities of London and Westminster, requiring them to choose out of their respective bodies a person of the greatest merit, and to return his name to me before Lady-day, at which time I intend to sit upon business.

By this means I have reason to hope, that the club over which I shall preside will be the very flower and quintessence of all other clubs. I have communicated this my project to none but a particular friend of mine, whom I have ce-

lebrated twice or thrice for his happiness in that kind of wit which is commonly known by the name of a pun. The only objection he makes to it is, that I shall raise up enemies to myself if I act with so regal an air; and that my detractors, instead of giving me the usual title of Spectator, will be apt to call me the King of Clubs.

But to proceed on my intended project: it is very well known that I at first set forth in this work with the character of a silent man; and I think I have so well preserved my taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three sentences in the space of almost two years. As a monosyllable is my delight, I have made very few excursions in the conversations which I have related, beyond a Yes or a No. By this means my readers have lost many good things which I have had in my heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

Now, in order to diversify my character, and to shew the world how well I can talk if I have a mind, I have thoughts of being very loquacious in the club which I have now under consideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this affair, I design, upon the first meeting of the said club, to have my mouth opened in form; intending to regulate myself in this particular by a certain ritual which I have by me, that contains all the ceremonies which are practised at the opening of the mouth of a cardinal. I have likewise examined the forms which were used of old by Pythagoras, when any of his scholars, after an apprenticeship of silence, was made free of his speech. In the mean time, as I have of late found my name in foreign gazettes upon less occasions, I question not but in their next articles from Great Britain, they will inform the world, that the Spectator's mouth is to be opened on the twenty-fifth of March next. I may perhaps publish a very useful paper at that time of the proceedings in that solemnity, and of the persons who shall assist at it. But of this more hereafter.

N<sup>o</sup> DLI. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2.

SIC HONOR ET NOMEN DIVINIS VATIUS ATQUE  
CARMINIBUS VENIT. ——— HOR. ARS POET. VER. 400.

SO ANCIENT IS THE PEDIGREE OF VERSE,  
AND SO DIVINE A POET'S FUNCTION. ROSCOMMON.

SPECTATOR,

WHEN men of worthy and excellent geniuses have obliged the world with beautiful and instructive poems, it is in the nature of gratitude that should be returned them, as a proper consequent reward of their labours. Nor has mankind ever so degenerately sunk, but they have made this return, and even when I have not been wrought up by the poet's endeavour so as to receive the praises designed by it. This praise, which arises first in the mouth of participants, spreads and lasts according to the merit of authors; and when it meets with a full success, changes its denomination, and is called Fame. Those who have happily arrived at this, even while they live, inflamed by acknowledgments of others, and go on to new undertakings for the benefit of mankind, notwithstanding the attention which some abject tempers cast upon them: but when they feel, their characters being freed from the shadow which envy laid them, begin to shine out with greater lustre; their spirits survive in their poems; they are admitted into the high company, and they continue pleasing and instructing posterity from age to age. Some of the best gain a character, being able to shew that they are no strangers to them; and others obtain a warmth to labour for the happiness of mankind, from a reflection on those honours which are paid to memories.

I thought of this took me up as I did over those epigrams which are remains of several of the wits of Greece, and perceived many dedicated to the fame of those who had excelled in useful poetic performances. Wherein pursuit to my thought, I could do something along with them by putting their praises into a new light and language, for the encouragement of whose modest tempers may be de-

terred by the fear of envy or detraction from fair attempts, to which their parts might render them equal. You will perceive them as they follow to be conceived in the form of epitaphs, a sort of writing which is wholly set apart for a short-pointed method of praise.

## ON ORPHEUS, WRITTEN BY ANTI-PATER.

No longer, Orpheus, shall thy sacred strains  
Lead stones, and trees, and beasts, along the  
    plains;  
No longer sooth the boisterous winds to sleep,  
Or still the billows of the raging deep:  
For thou art gone, the muses mourn'd thy fall  
In solemn strains, thy mother most of all.  
Ye mortals, idly for your sons ye moan,  
If thus a goddess could not save her own.

Observe here, that if we take the fable for granted, as it was believed to be in that age when the epigram was written, the turn appears to have piety to the gods, and a resigning spirit in its application. But if we consider the point with respect to our present knowledge, it will be less esteemed; though the author himself, because he believed it, may still be more valued than any one who should now write with a point of the same nature.

## ON HOMER, BY ALPHEUS OF MYTILENE.

Still in our ears Andromache complains,  
And still in sight the fate of Troy remains;  
Still Ajax fights, still Hector's dragg'd along,  
Such strange enchantment dwells in Homer's  
    song;  
Whose birth could more than one poor realm  
    adorn,  
For all the world is proud that he was born.

The thought in the first part of this is natural, and depending upon the force of poetry: in the latter part it looks as if it would aim at the history of seven towns contending for the honour of Homer's birth-place; but when you expect

to meet with that common story, the poet slides by, and raises the whole world for a kind of arbiter which is to end the contention among it's several parts.

ON ANACREON, BY ANTIPATER.

This tomb be thine, Anacreon! all around  
Let ivy wreath, let flowrets deck the ground,  
And from it's earth, enrich'd with such a prize,  
Let wells of milk and streams of wine arise:  
So will the Muses yet a pleasure know,  
If any pleasure reach the shades below.

The poet here written upon, is an easy gay author, and he who writes upon him has filled his own head with the character of his subject. He seems to love his theme so much, that he thinks of nothing but pleasing him as if he were still alive, by entering into his libertine spirit; so that the humour is easy and gay, resembling Anacreon in it's air, raised by such images, and pointed with such a turn as he might have used. I gave it a place here, because the author may have designed it for his honour; and I take an opportunity from it to advise others, that when they would praise, they cautiously avoid every looser qualification, and fix only where there is a real foundation in merit.

ON EURIPIDES, BY ION.

Divine Euripides, this tomb we see  
So fair, is not a monument for thee,  
So much as thou for it, since all will own  
Thy name and lasting praise adorns the stone.

The thought here is fine, but it's fault is, that it is general, that it may belong to any great man, because it points out no particular character. It would be better, if when we light upon such a turn, we join it with something that circumscribes and bounds it to the qualities of our subject. He who gives his praise in gross, will often appear either to have been a stranger to those he writes upon, or not to have found any thing in them which is praise-worthy.

ON SOPHOCLES, BY SIMONIDES.

Winds, gentle ever-green, to form a shade  
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;  
Sweet ivy winds thy boughs, and interwine  
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine:  
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties  
hung,  
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung;

Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,  
Among the Muses and the Graces writ.

This epigram I have opened more than any one of the former: the thought towards the latter end seemed closer coupled, so as to require an explication. I fancied the poet aimed at the picture which is generally made of Apollo and the Muses, he sitting with his harp in the middle, and they around him. This looked beautiful to my thought, and because the image arose before me out of the words of the original as I was reading it, I ventured to explain them.

ON MENANDER, THE AUTHOR UN-  
NAMED.

The very bees, O sweet Menander, hang  
To taste the Muses spring upon thy tongue;  
The very Graces made the scenes you writ  
Their happy point of fine expression hit.  
Thus still you live, you make your Adm'rs  
shine,  
And raise it's glory to the skies in thine.

This epigram has a respect to the character of it's subject; for Menander is remarkably with a justness and purity of language. It has also told the country he was born in, without either a flat or a hidden manner, while it twists together the glory of the poet and his nation, so as to make the nation depend upon his for an increase of it's own.

I will offer no more instances at present to shew that they who deserve praise have it returned them from different ages. Let these which have been laid down, shew men that envy will never prevail. And to the end that writers may more successfully satiate the endeavours of one another, let them consider, in some such manner as I have attempted, what may be the justest spirit and art of praise. It is indeed very hard to come up to it. Our praise is misty when it depends upon fable; it is false when it depends upon wrong qualifications; it means nothing when it is general; it is extremely difficult to be when we propose to raise characters high while we keep to them justly. I therefore end this with transcribing that excellent epitaph of Mr. Cowley, wherein, with a kind of grave and philosophic humour, he very beautifully speaks of himself (withdrawn from the world, and dead to all the interests of it) as of a man really deceased. At the same time it is

rustion how to leave the public  
good grace.

## TAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS.

*O viator, sub lare parvulo  
uleius hic est conditus, hic jacet  
actus humani laboris  
supervacuæque vitæ  
decord pauperis nitens,  
inerti nobilis otio,  
æque dilectis popello  
irris animosus hostis.  
ut illum dicere mortuum,  
jam nunc quantula sufficit!  
mæta sit curis, viator,  
sit illa levis, precare.  
erge flores, sparge bræves rosas,  
tum gaudet mortua stribus,  
bisque odoratis corona  
adhibe cinerem calcantem.*

## LIVING AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

*My life's superfluous cares enlarg'd,  
debt of human toil discharg'd,  
lowly lies, beneath this shed,  
my worldly interest dead:  
pæcent poverty content;  
ere of ease not idly spent:  
tune's goods a foe profess'd,  
tiring wealth by all careles'd.  
so he's dead; for, lo! how small  
of earth is now his all!  
wish that earth may lightly lay,  
'ry sare be far away!  
low'ry, the short-liv'd roses bring,  
dew-drops'd fit offering!  
rests around the poet strow,  
yet with life his ashes glow.*

publication of these criticisms  
procured me the following letter  
very ingenious gentleman, I can-  
bear inserting it in the volume,  
it did not come soon enough to  
place in any of my single papers.

## SPECTATOR,

VING read over in your paper,  
NO. DLII. some of the epigrams  
by the Grecian wits, in commen-  
of their celebrated poets, I could  
hear sending you another, out of  
the collection; which I take to be  
as a compliment to Homer, as  
at has yet been paid him.

*Εἰς τὸν Τροίην ποταμὸν, &c.*

ist transcrib'd the famous Trojan war,  
wife Ulysses' acts, O Jove, make  
known:

For since 'tis certain thing those poems are,  
No more let Homer boast they are his own.

If you think it worthy of a place in  
your speculations, for aught I know,  
by that means, it may in time be printed  
as often in English, as it has already  
been in Greek. I am, like the rest of  
the world, Sir, your great admirer,  
4th Dec. G. R.

The reader may observe that the beau-  
ty of this epigram is different from that  
of any in the foregoing. An irony is  
looked upon as the finest palliative of  
praise; and very often conveys the no-  
blest panegyric under the appearance of  
satire. Homer is here seemingly accus-  
ed and treated as a plagiarist; but what  
is drawn up in the form of an accusation  
is certainly, as my correspondent ob-  
serves, the greatest compliment that  
could have been paid to that divine poet.

## DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a gentleman of a pretty good  
fortune, and of a temper impatient  
of any thing which I think an injury;  
however, I always quarrell'd according  
to law, and instead of attacking my ad-  
versary by the dangerous method of  
sword and pistol, I made my assaults by  
that more secure one of writ or warrant.  
I cannot help telling you, that either by  
the justice of my causes, or the superi-  
ority of my counsel, I have been gene-  
rally successful; and to my great satis-  
faction I can say it, that by three actions  
of slander, and half a dozen trespasses,  
I have for several years enjoyed a per-  
fect tranquillity in my reputation and  
estate. By these means also I have been  
made known to the judges; the sergeants  
of our circuit are my intimate friends,  
and the ornamental counsel pay a very  
profound respect to one who has made  
so great a figure in the law. Affairs of  
consequence having brought me to town,  
I had the curiosity the other day to visit  
Westminster Hall; and having plac'd  
myself in one of the courts, expected to  
be most agreeably entertained. After  
the court and counsel were, with due  
ceremony, seated, up stands a learned  
gentleman, and began—'When this  
' matter was last stirr'd before your  
' lordship,' the next humbly moved to  
quash an indictment; another complai-  
ned that his adversary had snapp'd a judg-  
ment; the next inform'd the court that  
his

his client was stripped of his possession; another begged leave to acquaint his lordship they had been saddled with costs. At last up got a grave serjeant, and told us his client had been hung up a whole term by a writ of error. At this I could bear it no longer, but came hither, and resolved to apply myself to your honour to interpose with these gentlemen, that they would leave off such low and unnatural expressions: for surely though the lawyers subscribe to hideous French and false Latin, yet they should let their

clients have a little decent and English for their money. What that has a value for a good name like to have it said in a public that Mr. Such-a-one was 'straddled, or hung up?' This what has escaped your spectatorial observation, be pleased to correct this illiberal cant among professed spectators, and you will infinitely oblige your humble servant,

PHILON

JOE'S COFFEE-HOUSE,  
Nov. 23.

## Nº DLII. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3.

QUI PRÆGRAVAT ARTES  
INFRA SE POSITAS, EXTINGTUS AMABITUR IDEM.

HOR. EP. 1. L. 9. VER. 13.

FOR THOSE ARE HATED THAT EXCEL THE REST,  
ALTHOUGH, WHEN DEAD, THEY ARE BELOV'D AND BLIST.

CRÆC.

AS I was tumbling about the town the other day in a hackney-coach, and delighting myself with busy scenes in the shops of each side of me, it came into my head, with no small remorse, that I had not been frequent enough, in the mention and recommendation of the industrious part of mankind. It very naturally, upon this occasion, touched my conscience in particular, that I had not acquitted myself to my friend Mr. Peter Motteux. That industrious man of trade, and formerly brother of the quill, has dedicated to me a poem upon tea. It would injure him, as a man of business, if I did not let the world know that the author of so good verses writ them before he was concerned in traffic. In order to expiate my negligence towards him, I immediately resolved to make him a visit. I found his spacious warehouses filled and adorned with tea, China and Indian ware. I could observe a beautiful ordonnance of the whole; and such different and considerable branches of trade carried on, in the same house, I exulted in seeing disposed by a poetical head. In one place were exposed to view silks of various shades and colours, rich brocades, and the wealthiest products of foreign looms. Here you might see the finest laces hekl up by the fairest hands; and there examined by the beauteous eyes of the buyers, the most delicate cambricks,

muslins, and linens. I could not congratulate my friend on the matter, but, I hope, beneficial use he had of his talents, and wished I could patron to his trade, as he had pleased to make me of his poetry. A honest man has, I know, that desire of gain which is peculiar to who understand better things than and I dare say he would be content with much less than what is called at that quarter of the town which habits, and will oblige all his customers with demands agreeable to the notion of his desires.

Among other omissions of which we have been also guilty, with relations of industry of a superior order must acknowledge my silence towards a proposal frequently inclosed to me by Mr. Renatus Harris, organ-builder. The ambition of this artificer is to be an organ in St. Paul's cathedral the west door, at the entrance of the body of the church, which in its magnificence shall transcend any of that kind ever before in the world. The proposal in perspicuous letters sets forth the honour and advantage a performance would be to the name, as well as that it would show the power of sounds, in a manner amazingly forcible than, perhaps yet been known, and I am sure end much more worthy. Had

which have been laid out upon without skill or conduct, and to no purpose but to suspend or vitiate understandings, been disposed, we should now perhaps have had one so formed as to strike the minds of the people at once in a place of public view, with a forgetfulness of present calamity, and a hope of endless joy, and hallelujah hereafter.

I am doing this justice, I am to forget the best mechanic of my acquaintance, that useful servant to civil knowledge, Mr. John Rowley. I think I lay a great obligation upon the public by acquainting them with the use of a pair of new globes. In this preamble, he promises in the proposals that,

In the Celestial Globe, shall be taken that the fixed stars be drawn according to the true longitude and latitude, from the many and correct observations of Hevelius, Cassini, Mr. Bradley, reg. astronomer, Dr. Halley, professor of geometry in Oxon; and whatever else can be procured for the globe more exact, instructive and useful.

All the constellations be drawn in a new, and particular manner, each star in so just, distinct, and various a proportion, that it's magnitude may be readily known by bare sight, according to the different distances and sizes of the stars. That the way of such comets as have been observed, but not hitherto expressed on any globe, be carefully delineated in this.

In the Terrestrial Globe,

by reason the descriptions formerly made, both in the English and French globe, are erroneous, Asia, and America, be drawn in a wholly new; by which means be noted that the undertakers are obliged to alter the latitude of places in 20 degrees, the longitude in 20 degrees; besides which the necessary alterations, there are many remarkable countries, cities, rivers, and lakes, omitted in former globes, inserted here according to discoveries made by our late na-

vigators. Lastly, that the course of the trade-winds, the monsoons, and other winds periodically shifting between the tropics, be visibly expressed.

Now in regard that this undertaking is of so universal use, as the advancement of the most necessary parts of the mathematics, as well as tending to the honour of the British nation, and that the charge of carrying it on is very expensive; it is desired that all gentlemen who are willing to promote so great a work, will be pleased to subscribe on the following conditions.

I. The undertakers engage to furnish each subscriber with a celestial and terrestrial globe, each of thirty inches diameter, in all respects curiously adorned, the stars gilded, the capital cities plainly distinguished, the frames, meridians, horizons, hour-circles and indexes, so exactly finished up, and accurately divided, that a pair of these globes will really appear, in the judgment of any disinterested and intelligent person, worth fifteen pounds more than will be demanded for them by the undertakers.

II. Whosoever will be pleased to subscribe, and pay twenty-five pounds in the manner following for a pair of these globes, either for their own use, or to present them to any college in the universities, or any public library or schools, shall have his coat of arms, name, title, seat, or place of residence, &c. inserted in some convenient place of the globe.

III. That every subscriber do at first pay down the sum of ten pounds, and fifteen pounds more upon the delivery of each pair of globes perfectly fitted up. And that the said globes be delivered within twelve months, after the number of thirty subscribers be completed; and that the subscribers be served with globes in the order in which they subscribed.

IV. That a pair of these globes shall not hereafter be sold to any person but the subscribers under thirty pounds.

V. That if there be not thirty subscribers within four months, after the first of December, 1712, the money paid shall be returned on demand by Mr. John Warner, goldsmith, near Temple Bar, who shall receive and pay the same according to the above-mentioned articles.



## Nº DLIII THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4.

NEC LUSIŒE PUDEL, SED NON INCIDERE LUDUM.

HOR. EP. XIV. L. I. VER.

ONCE TO BE WILD, IS NO SUCH FOUL DISGRACE;  
BUT 'TIS SO STILL TO RUN THE FRANTIC RACE.

CRÆCH.

THE project which I published on Monday last has brought me in several packets of letters. Among the rest I have received one from a certain projector, wherein after having represented, that in all probability the solemnity of opening my mouth will draw together a great confluence of beholders, he proposes to me the hiring of Stationers Hall for the more convenient exhibiting of that public ceremony. He undertakes to be at the charge of it himself, provided he may have the erecting of galleries on every side, and the letting of them out upon that occasion. I have a letter also from a bookseller, petitioning me in a very humble manner, that he may have the printing of the speech which I shall make to the assembly upon the first opening of my mouth. I am informed from all parts, that there are great canvassings in the several clubs about town, upon the chusing of a proper person to sit with me on those arduous affairs to which I have summoned them. Three clubs have already proceeded to election, whereof one has made a double return. If I find that my enemies shall take advantage of my silence to begin hostilities upon me, or if any other exigency of affairs may so require, since I see elections in so great a forwardness, we may possibly meet before the day appointed; or if matters go on to my satisfaction, I may perhaps put off the meeting to a further day: but of this public notice shall be given.

In the mean time, I must confess that I am not a little gratified and obliged by that concern which appears in this great city upon my present design of laying down this paper. It is likewise with much satisfaction, that I find some of the most outlying parts of the kingdom alarmed upon this occasion, having received letters to expostulate with me about it from several of my readers of the remotest boroughs of Great Britain.

Among these I am very well pleased a letter dated from Berwick upon Tyne wherein my correspondent complains of an office, which I have for some time cut in these realms, to the weed a great garden; which, says he, is not sufficient to weed once for all afterwards to give over, but the work must be continued daily, same spots of ground which are for a while, will in a little time be run as much as ever. Another man lays before me several ears that are already sprouting, and he believes will discover themselves immediately after my appearance. 'There is no doubt he, 'but the ladies heads will sh' as soon as they know they 'longer under the Spectator's eye 'I have already seen such mo' 'broad-brimmed hats under the 'of foreigners, that I question 'they will overshadow the island 'a month or two after the drop 'your paper.' But among all letters which are come to my hands is none so handsomely written following one, which I am much pleased with as it is sent me from gentlemen who belong to a body I shall always honour, and where not speak it without a secret private speculation have met with a very reception. It is usual for poets the publishing of their works, before them such copies of verses been made in their praise. Now you must imagine they are pleased their own commendations, but the elegant compositions of their should not be lost. I must make some apology for the publication ensuing letter, in which I have fed no part of those praises that to my speculations with too laudable good-natured a hand; though respondents can witness for me,

other times I have generally blotted out those parts in the letters which I have received from them: O

OXFORD, NOV. 25.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I**N spite of your invincible silence you have found out a method of being the most agreeable companion in the world; that kind of conversation which you hold with the town, has the good fortune of being always pleasing to the men of taste and leisure, and never offensive to those of hurry and business. You are never heard, but at what Horace calls *dextra tempestas*, and have the happiness to observe the politic rule, which the same discerning author gave his friend, when he enjoined him to deliver his book to Augustus—

*Si validus, si latus eris, si denique perfectus.*

EP. XIII. L. I. VER. 3.

—When vexing cares are fled,

When well, when merry, when he asks to read.

CREECH.

You never begin to talk, but when people are desirous to hear you; and I defy any one to be out of humour until you leave off. But I am led unawares into reflections foreign to the original design of this epistle; which was to let you know, that some unfeigned admirers of your inimitable papers, who could, without any flattery, greet you with the salutation used to the eastern monarch, viz. 'O Spec, live for ever!' have lately been under the same apprehensions with Mr. Philo-Spec; that the haste you have made to dispatch your best friends portends no long duration to your own short visage. We could not, indeed, find any just grounds for complaint in the method you took to dissolve that venerable body: no, the world was not worthy of your Divine. Will Honeycomb could not, with any reputation, live single any longer. It was high time for the Templar to turn himself to Coke; and Sir Roger's dying was the wisest thing he ever did in his life. It was, however, matter of great grief to us, to think that we were in danger of losing so elegant and valuable

an entertainment. And we could not, without sorrow, reflect that we were likely to have nothing to interrupt our sips in the morning, and to suspend our coffee in mid-air, between our lips and right-ear, but the ordinary trash of newspapers. We resolved, therefore, not to part with you so. But since, to make use of your own allusion, the cherries began now to croud the market, and their season was almost over, we consulted our future enjoyments, and endeavoured to make the exquisite pleasure that delicious fruit gave our taste as lasting as we could, and by drying them protract their stay beyond it's natural date. We own that thus they have not a flavour equal to that of their juicy bloom; but yet, under this disadvantage, they pique the palate, and become the savor better than any other fruit at it's first appearance. To speak plain, there are a number of us who have begun your works afresh, and meet two nights in the week in order to give you a re-hearing. We never come together without drinking your health, and as seldom part without general expressions of thanks to you for our night's improvement. This we conceive to be a more useful institution than any other club whatever, not excepting even that of Ugly Faces. We have one manifest advantage over that renowned society, with respect to Mr. Spectator's company. For though they may brag, that you sometimes make your personal appearance amongst them, it is impossible they should ever get a word from you, whereas you are with us the reverse of what Phædria would have his mistress be in his rival's company—'Present in your absence.' We make you talk as much and as long as we please; and let me tell you, you seldom hold your tongue for the whole evening. I promise myself you will look with an eye of favour upon a meeting which owes it's original to a mutual emulation among it's members, who shall shew the most profound respect for your paper; not but we have a very great value for your person: and I dare say you can no where find four more sincere admirers, and humble servants, than

T. F. G. S. J. T. E. T.

N<sup>o</sup> DLIV. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5.

TENTANDA VIA EST, QUAM ME QUOQUE POSSIM  
TOLLERE HUMO, VICTORQUE VIRUM VOLITARE PER ORA.

VIRG. GEORG. III. V. 9.

NEW WAYS I MUST ATTEMPT, MY GROVELING NAME  
TO RAISE ALOFT, AND WING MY FLIGHT TO FAME.

DRYDEN.

I Am obliged for the following essay, as well as for that which lays down the rules of Tully for pronunciation and action, to the ingenious author of a poem just published, intituled, 'An Ode to the Creator of the World, occasioned by the Fragments of Orpheus.'

IT is a remark made, as I remember, by a celebrated French author, that 'No man ever pushed his capacity so far as it was able to extend.' I shall not inquire whether this assertion be strictly true. It may suffice to say, that men of the greatest application and acquirements can look back upon many vacant spaces, and neglected parts of time, which have slipped away from them unemployed; and there is hardly any one considering person in the world, but is apt to fancy with himself, at some time or other, that if his life were to begin again, he could fill it up better.

The mind is most provoked to cast on itself this ingenuous reproach, when the examples of such men are presented to it, as have far outshot the generality of their species in learning, arts, or any valuable improvements.

One of the most extensive and improved geniuses we have had any instance of in our own nation, or in any other, was that of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. This great man, by an extraordinary force of nature, compass of thought, and indefatigable study, had amassed to himself such stores of knowledge as we cannot look upon without amazement. His capacity seems to have grasped all that was revealed in books before his time; and not satisfied with that, he began to strike out new tracks of science, too many to be travelled over by any one man, in the compass of the longest life. These, therefore, he could only mark down, like imperfect coastings in maps, or supposed points of land, to be further discovered and ascertained by the in-

dustry of after-ages, who should proceed upon his notices or conjectures.

The excellent Mr. Boyle was the person who seems to have been designed by nature to succeed to the labours and inquiries of that extraordinary genius I have just mentioned. By innumerable experiments he, in a great measure, filled up those plans and outlines of science, which his predecessor had sketched out. His life was spent in the pursuit of nature, through a great variety of forms and changes, and in the most rational, as well as devout adoration of it's Divine Author.

It would be impossible to name many persons who have extended their capacities as far as these two, in the studies they pursued; but my learned readers, on this occasion, will naturally turn their thoughts to a third, who is yet living, and is likewise the glory of our own nation. The improvements which others had made in natural and mathematical knowledge have so vastly increased in his hands, as to afford at once a wonderful instance how great the capacity is of a human soul, and how inexhaustible the subject of it's inquiries; so true is that remark in Holy Writ, that 'Though a wise man seek to find out the works of God from the beginning to the end, yet shall he not be able to do it.'

I cannot help mentioning here one character more, of a different kind indeed from these, yet such a one as may serve to shew the wonderful force of nature and of application, and is the most singular instance of an universal genius I have ever met with. The person I mean is Leonardo da Vinci, an Italian painter, descended from a noble family in Tuscany, about the beginning of the sixteenth century. In his profession of history-painting he was so great a master, that some have affirmed he excelled all who went before him. It is certain that he raised the envy of Michael An-



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who was his contemporary, and from the study of his works Raimond learned his best manner of writing. He was a master too in poetry and architecture, and skilful in astronomy, mathematics, and mechanics. The aqueduct from the river to Milan, is mentioned as a work of contrivance. He had learned several languages, and was acquainted with the studies of history, philosophy, and music. Though it is not necessary to my present purpose, I cannot take notice, that all who have known him mention likewise his perfect body. The instances of his body are almost incredible. He is said to have been of a well-formed and master of all genteel exercises. And lastly, we are told that his qualities were agreeable to his friends and intellectual endowments, that he was of an honest and generous mind, adorned with great sweetness of manners. I might break off the notice of him here, but I imagine it to be an entertainment to the curiosity of our readers, to find so remarkable a character distinguished by as remarkable a circumstance at his death. The success of his works having gained him universal esteem, he was invited to court of France, where, after some time he fell sick; and Francis the First, to see him, he raised himself in bed to acknowledge the honour that was done him by that visit. The king embraced him, and Leonardo died at the same instant, expired in the arms of that great monarch. It is impossible to attend to such instances as these, without being raised to contemplation on the wonderful power of an human mind, which is capable of such progressions in knowledge and can contain such a variety of knowledge without perplexity or confusion. Reasonable is it from hence to infer the original? And whilst we find a king matter endued with a power to last for ever, unless aided by Omnipotence, how absurd is it to be to imagine, that a being so superior to it should not have the privilege?

At the same time it is very surprising, we remove our thoughts from instances as I have mentioned, to those we so frequently meet in the accounts of barbarous na-

tions among the Indians; where we find numbers of people who scarce shew the first glimmerings of reason, and seem to have few ideas above those of sense and appetite. These, methinks, appear like large wilds, or vast uncultivated tracts of human nature; and when we compare them with men of the most exalted characters in arts and learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are creatures of the same species.

Some are of opinion that the souls of men are all naturally equal, and that the great disparity we so often observe arises from the different organization or structure of the bodies to which they are united. But whatever constitutes this first disparity, the next great difference which we find between men in their several acquirements is owing to accidental differences in their education, fortunes, or course of life. The soul is a kind of rough diamond, which requires art, labour, and time to polish it. For want of which, many a good natural genius is lost, or lies unfashioned, like a jewel in the mine.

One of the strongest incitements to excel in such arts and accomplishments as are in the highest esteem among men, is the natural passion which the mind of man has for glory; which, though it may be faulty in the excess of it, ought by no means to be discouraged. Perhaps some moralists are too severe in beating down this principle, which seems to be a spring implanted by nature to give motion to all the latent powers of the soul, and is always observed to exert itself with the greatest force in the most generous dispositions. The men whose characters have shone the brightest among the ancient Romans, appear to have been strongly animated by this passion. Cicero, whose learning and services to his country are so well known, was inflamed by it to an extravagant degree, and warmly presses Luceius, who was composing a history of those times, to be very particular and zealous in relating the story of his consulship; and to execute it speedily, that he might have the pleasure of enjoying in his life-time some part of the honour which he foresaw would be paid to his memory. This was the ambition of a great mind; but he is faulty in the degree of it, and cannot refrain from soliciting the historian upon this occasion to neglect the strict laws of history, and in praising him.

E. EVER

'even to exceed the bounds of truth.' The younger Pliny appears to have had the same passion for fame, but accompanied with greater chasteness and modesty. His ingenuous manner of owning it to a friend, who had prompted him to undertake some great work, is exquisitely beautiful, and raises him to a certain grandeur above the imputation of vanity. 'I must confess,' says he, 'that nothing employs my thoughts more than the desire I have of perpetuating my name; which in my opinion is a design worthy of a man, at least of such a one, who being con-

'scious of no guile, is not afraid to be remembered by posterity.'

I think I ought not to conclude, without interesting all my readers in the subject of this discourse: I shall therefore lay it down as a maxim, that though all are not capable of shining in learning or the politer arts; yet 'every one is capable of excelling in something.' The soul has in this respect a certain vegetative power which cannot lie wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a regular and beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wilder growth.

## Nº DLV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6.

RESPICE QUID NON ES—

PERG. SAT. IV. VER. 31.

LAY THE FICTITIOUS CHARACTER ASIDE.

ALL the members of the imaginary society which were described in my first papers, having disappeared one after another, it is high time for the Spectator himself to go off the stage. But, now I am to take my leave, I am under much greater anxiety than I have known for the work of any day since I undertook this province. It is much more difficult to converse with the world in a real than a personated character. That might pass for humour in the Spectator, which would look like arrogance in a writer who sets his name to his work. The fictitious person might condemn those who disapproved him, and extol his own performances, without giving offence. He might assume a mock-authority, without being looked upon as vain and conceited. The praises or censures of himself fall only upon the creature of his imagination; and if any one finds fault with him, the author may reply with the philosopher of old—'Thou dost but beat the case of Anaxarchus.' When I speak in my own private sentiments, I cannot but address myself to my readers in a more submissive manner, and with a just gratitude, for the kind reception which they have given to these daily papers that have been published for almost the space of two years last past.

I hope the apology I have made as to the licence allowable to a feigned character, may excuse any thing which has been said in these discourses of the Spec-

tator and his works; but the imputation of the grossest vanity would still dwell upon me, if I did not give some account by what means I was enabled to keep up the spirit of so long and approved a performance. All the papers marked with a C, an L, an I, or an O, that is to say, all the papers which I have distinguished by any letter in the name of the muse CLIO, were given me by the gentleman of whose assistance I formerly boasted in the preface and concluding leaf of my Tatlers. I am indeed much more proud of his long continued friendship, than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished the Tender Husband, I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time or other publish a work written by us both, which should bear the name of the Monument, in memory of our friendship. I heartily wish what I have done him, was as honorary to that sacred name, as learning, wit, and humanity, render those pieces which I have taught the reader how to distinguish for his. When the play above-mentioned was last acted, there were so many applauded strokes in it which I had from the same hand, that I thought very meanly of myself that I have never publicly acknowledged them. After I have put other friends upon importuning him to publish dramatic, as well as other writings, he has by kind

and what I think I am obliged to this head, by giving my reader it for the better judging of my fictions, that the best comment on them would be an account when I return to the Tender Husband was at land, or abroad.

My reader will also find some papers are marked with the letter X, for which he is obliged to the ingenious man who diverted the town with his dialogue to the Distressed Mother. I have owned these several papers with the free consent of these gentlemen, and did not write them with a design to be known for the authors. But my candid and sincere behaviour ought to be referred to all other considerations, and would not let my heart reproach me for the consciousness of having accepted a praise which is not my right.

My other assistances which I have received have been conveyed by letter, some by whole papers, and other times by hints from unknown hands. I have not been able to trace favours of this kind with any certainty, but to give names, which I place in the paper wherein I received the obligation, though the first I am going to mention hardly be mentioned in a list in which he would not deserve the preference. The persons to whom I am indebted for these acknowledgments are, Henry Martin, Mr. Pope, Mr. Carey of New College in Oxford, Mr. Tickell of Queen's in Cambridge, Mr. Parnelle, and Mr. Wren of Trinity in Cambridge. I speak in the language of my friend Sir Andrew Freeport, I have laid my accounts with all my creditors, wit and learning. But as my excellent performances would not shine in the light without the means of publication, I may still arrogate to myself the merit of their being communicated to the public.

I have nothing more to add, but having dedicated this work to five hundred and fifty-five papers, they will be distributed in seven volumes, four of which are already published, and the three are in the press. It will not be difficult for me why I now leave off, I must own myself obliged to account to the town of my time; since I retire when their patronage is so great, that an edition of under volumes of Spectators of

above nine thousand each book is already sold off, and the tax on each half-sheet has brought into the Stamp-office, one week with another, above twenty pounds a week arising from this single paper, notwithstanding it at first reduced it to less than half the number that was usually printed before this tax was laid.

I humbly beseech the continuance of this inclination to favour what I may hereafter produce, and hope I have in my occurrences of life tasted so deeply of pain and sorrow, that I am proof against much more prosperous circumstances than any advantages to which my own industry can possibly exalt me. I am, my good-natured reader, your most obedient, most obliged humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

*Vos valde et plaudite.* TER.

The following letter regards an ingenious set of gentlemen, who have done me the honour to make me one of their society.

DEC. 4, 1712.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE academy of painting, lately established in London, having done you and themselves the honour to chuse you one of their directors; that noble and lively art, which before was intitled to your regard as a Spectator, has an additional claim to you, and you seem to be under a double obligation to take some care of her interests.

The honour of our country is also concerned in the matter I am going to lay before you: we, and perhaps other nations as well as we, have a national false humility as well as a national vain glory; and though we boast ourselves to excel all the world in things wherein we are outdone abroad, in other things we attribute to others a superiority which we ourselves possess. This is what is done, particularly in the art of portrait or face-painting.

Painting is an art of a vast extent, too great by much for any mortal man to be in full possession of, in all its parts; it is enough if any one succeed in painting faces, history, battles, landscapes, sea-pieces, fruit, flowers, or drolls, &c. Noy, no man ever was excellent in all the branches, though many in number, of these several arts, for a distinct art I take upon me to call every one of those several kinds of painting.



And as one may be a good landscape painter, but unable to paint a face or a history tolerably well, and so of the rest; one nation may excel in some kinds of painting, and other kinds may thrive better in other climates.

Italy may have the preference of all other nations for history-painting; Holland for drolls, and a neat finished manner of working; France for gay, janty, fluttering pictures; and England for portraits: but to give the honour of every one of these kinds of painting to any one of those nations on account of their excellence in any of these parts of it, is like adjudging the prize of heroic, dramatic, lyric, or burlesque poetry, to him who has done well in any one of them.

Where there are the greatest geniuses, and most helps and encouragements, it is reasonable to suppose an art will arrive to the greatest perfection: by this rule let us consider our own country with respect to face-painting. No nation in the world delights so much in having their own, or friends, or relations pictures; whether from their national good-nature, or having a love to painting, and not being encouraged in the great article of religious pictures, which the purity of our worship refuses the free use of, or from whatever other cause. Our helps are not inferior to those of any other people, but rather they are greater; for what the antique statues and bas-reliefs which Italy enjoys are to the history-painters, the beautiful and noble faces with which England is confest to abound, are to face-painters; and besides we have the greatest number of the works of the best masters in that kind of any people, not without a competent number of those of the most excellent in every other part of painting. And for encouragement, the wealth and generosity of the English nation affords that in such a degree, as artists have no reason to complain.

And accordingly in fact, face-painting is no where so well performed as in England: I know not whether it has lain in your way to observe it, but I have,

and pretend to be a tolerable judge, have seen what is done abroad, assure you, that the honour of this branch of painting is justly due to the English. I appeal to the judicious observer the truth of what I assert. If so have oftentimes, or even for a part, excelled our natives, it can be imputed to the advantages they met with here, joined to their genuity and industry; nor has any nation distinguished themselves to raise an argument in favour of any country; but it is to be observed neither French nor Italians, one of either nation, notwithstanding our prejudices in their favour, I ever had, for any considerable time, character among us as face-painter.

This honour is due to our country; and has been so for near so that instead of going to Italy where, one that designs for painting ought to study in Italy. Hither such should come from France, Italy, Germany, &c. that intends to practise any other art of painting, should go to the place where it is in greatest perfection. I said the blessed Virgin descended from heaven, to sit to St. Luke; I intend to affirm, that if she showed another Madonna to be painted in life, she would come to England. I am of opinion that your present, Sir Godfrey Kneller, an improvement since he arrived in this kingdom, would perform this better than any foreigner living with all possible respect, Sir, your humble, and most obedient servant.

The ingenious letters signed 'Weather Glass,' with several were received, but came too late.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

It had not come to my knowledge when I left off the Spectator, of several excellent sentiments and able pieces in this work to Mr Gray's Inn.

R. S.

TO

## WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, Esq.

**T**HE seven former volumes of the Spectator having been dedicated to some of the most celebrated persons of the age, I take leave to inscribe this eighth and last to you, as to a gentleman who hath ever been ambitious of appearing in the best company.

You are now wholly retired from the busy part of mankind, and at leisure to reflect upon your past achievements; for which reason I look upon you as a person very well qualified for a Dedication.

I may possibly disappoint my readers, and yourself too, if I do not endeavour on this occasion to make the world acquainted with your virtues. And here, Sir, I shall not compliment you upon your birth, person, or fortune; nor any other the like perfections, which you possess whether you will or no: but shall only touch upon those which are of your own acquiring, and in which every one must allow you have a real merit.

Your janty air and easy motion, the volubility of your discourse, the suddenness of your laugh, the management of your snuff-box, with the whiteness of your hands and teeth, (which have justly gained you the envy of the most polite part of the male world, and the love of the greatest beauties in the female) are entirely to be ascribed to your own personal genius and application.

You are formed for these accomplishments by a happy turn of nature, and have finished yourself in them by the utmost improvements of art. A man that is defective in either of these qualifications (whatever may be the secret ambition of his heart) must never hope to make the figure you have done, among the fashionable part of his species. It is therefore no wonder, we see such multitudes of aspiring young men fall short of you in all these beauties of your character, notwithstanding the study and practice of them is the whole business of their lives. But I need not tell you that the free and disengaged behaviour of a fine gentleman makes as many awkward beaux, as the easiness of your favourite Waller hath made insipid poets.

At present you are content to aim all your charms at your own spouse, without farther thought of mischief to any others of the sex. I know you had formerly a very great contempt for that pedantic race of mortals, who call themselves philosophers; and yet, to your honour be it spoken, there is not a sage of them all could have better acted up to their precepts in one of the most important points of life: I mean in that generous disregard of popular opinion which you shewed some years ago, when you chose for your wife an obscure  
6 Z 2 young

young woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an ancient family, but has certainly as many forefathers as any lady in the land, if she could but reckon up their names.

I must own I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the moment that you confessed your age, and from eight and forty, (where you had stuck so many years) very ingeniously stepped into your grand climacteric. Your deportment has since been very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly informed, you make a regular appearance every quarter-sessions among your brothers of the *quorum*; and if things go on as they do, stand fair for being a colonel of the militia. I am told that your time passes away as agreeably in the amusements of a country life, as it ever did in the gallantries of the town: and that you now take as much pleasure in the planting of young trees, as you did formerly in the cutting down of your old ones. In short, we hear from all hands that you are thoroughly reconciled to your dirty acres, and have not too much wit to look into your own estate,

After having spoken thus much of my patron, I must take the privilege of an author in saying something of myself. I shall therefore beg leave to add, that I have purposely omitted setting those marks to the end of every paper, which appeared in my former volumes, that you may have an opportunity of shewing Mrs. Honeycomb the shrewdness of your conjectures, by ascribing every speculation to it's proper author: though you know how often many profound critics in style and sentiments have very judiciously erred in this particular, before they were let into the secret.

I am, Sir,

Your most faithful

Humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

THE

THE  
S P E C T A T O R;

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

Nº DLVI. FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1714.

QUALIS UBI IN LUCEM COLUBER MALA GRAMINA PASTUS,  
FRIGIDA SUB TERRA TUMIDUM QUEM BRUMA TEGEBAT;  
NUNC POSITIS NOVUS EXUVIIS, NITIDUSQUE JUVENTA,  
LUBRICA CONVOLVIT SUBLATO PECTORE TERGA  
ARDEUS AD SOLEM, ET LINGUIS MICAT ORE TRISULCIS.

VIRG. ÆN. II. VER. 474.

SO SHINES, RENEW'D IN YOUTH, THE CRESTED SNAKE,  
WHO SLEPT THE WINTER IN A THORNY BRAKE:  
AND CASTING OFF HIS SLOUGH, WHEN SPRING RETURNS,  
NOW LOOKS ALOFT, AND WITH NEW GLORY BURNS:  
RESTOR'D WITH POIS'NOUS HERBS, HIS ARDENT SIDES  
REFLECT THE SUN, AND RAIS'D ON SPIRES HE RIDES;  
HIGH O'ER THE GRASS HISSING HE ROLLS ALONG,  
AND BRANDISHES BY FITS HIS FORKY TONGUE.

DAYDEN.

UPON laying down the office of Spectator, I acquainted the world with my design of electing a new club, and of opening my mouth in it after a most solemn manner. Both the election and the ceremony are now past; but not finding it so easy, as I at first imagined, to break through a fifty years silence, I would not venture into the world under the character of a man who pretends to talk like other people, until I had arrived at a full freedom of speech.

I shall reserve for another time the history of such club or clubs of which I am now a talkative, but unworthy member; and shall here give an account of this surprising change which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an accident as any recorded in history, since that which happened to the son of Cæsus, after having been many years as much tongue-tied as myself.

Upon the first opening of my mouth, I made a speech, consisting of about half a dozen well turned periods; but

grew so very hoarse upon it, that for three days together, instead of finding the use of my tongue, I was afraid that I had quite lost it. Besides, the unusual extension of my muscles, on this occasion, made my face ake on both sides to such a degree, that nothing but an invincible resolution and perseverance could have prevented me from falling back to my monosyllables.

I afterwards made several essays towards speaking; and that I might not be startled at my own voice, which has happened to me more than once, I used to read aloud in my chamber, and have often stood in the middle of the street to call a coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

When I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own voice, I laid hold of all opportunities to exert it. Not caring however to speak much by myself, and to draw upon me the whole attention of those I conversed with, I used, for some time, to walk every morn- in the Mall, and talk in chorus with a  
..pared

parcel of Frenchmen. I found my modesty greatly relieved by the communicative temper of this nation, who are so very sociable, as to think they are never better company, than when they are all opening at the same time.

I then fancied I might receive great benefit from female conversation, and that I should have a convenience of talking with the greater freedom, when I was not under any impediment of thinking: I therefore threw myself into an assembly of ladies, but could not for my life get in a word among them; and found that if I did not change my company, I was in danger of being reduced to my primitive taciturnity.

The coffee-houses have ever since been my chief places of resort, where I have made the greatest improvements; in order to which I have taken a particular care never to be of the same opinion with the man I conversed with. I was a Tory at Button's, and a Whig at Child's; a friend to the Englishman, or an advocate for the Examiner, as it best served my turn. Some fancy me a great enemy to the French king, though in reality, I only make use of him for a help to discourse. In short, I wrangle and dispute for exercise; and have carried this point so far, that I was once like to have been run through the body for making a little too free with my betters.

In a word, I am quite another man to what I was.

*Nil fuit unquam*

*Tam dispar sibi*

HOR. SAT. III. LIB. I. VERS. 18.

Nothing was ever so unlike itself:

My old acquaintance scarce know me; say, I was asked the other day by a Jew at Jonathan's, whether I was not related to a dumb gentleman, who used to come to that coffee-house? But I think I never was better pleased in my life than about a week ago, when, as I was battling it across the table with a young Templar, his companion gave him a pull by the sleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old prig would talk him to death.

Being now a very good proficient in discourse, I shall appear in the world with this addition to my character. that my countrymen may reap the fruits of my new-acquired loquacity.

Those who have been present at pub-

lic disputes in the university know that it is usual to maintain heresies for argument sake. I have heard a man a most impudent Socinian for half an hour, who has been an orthodox divine all his life after. I have taken the same method to accomplish myself in the gift of utterance, having talked above a twelvemonth, not so much for the benefit of my hearers, as of myself. But since I have now gained the faculty I have been so long endeavouring after, I intend to make a right use of it, and shall think myself obliged, for the future, to speak always in truth and sincerity of heart. While a man is learning to fence, he practises both on friend and foe; but when he is a master in the art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right side.

That this last allusion may not give my reader a wrong idea of my design in this paper, I must here inform him, that the author of it is of no faction, that he is a friend to no interests but those of truth and virtue, nor a foe to any but those of vice and folly. Though I make more noise in the world than I used to do, I am still resolved to act in it as an indifferent Spectator. It is not my ambition to increase the number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wise and good men, and I could heartily wish there were not faults common to both parties, which afford me sufficient matter to work upon, without descending to those which are peculiar to either.

If in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, we ought to think ourselves the securest nation in the world. Most of our garrets are inhabited by statesmen, who watch over the liberties of their country, and make a shift to keep themselves from starving by taking into their care the properties of their fellow-subjects.

As these politicians of both sides have already worked the nation into a most unnatural ferment, I shall be so far from endeavouring to raise it to a greater height, that, on the contrary, it shall be the chief tendency of my papers to inspire my countrymen with a mutual good-will and benevolence. Whatever faults either party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by those reproaches which they cast upon one another. The most likely method of rectifying any man's conduct, is, by recommending to him the principles of

and honour, religion and virtue; and as he acts with an eye to principles, whatever party he is of, without fail of being a good Englishman and a lover of his country.

For the persons concerned in this he names all of them, or at such as desire it, shall be published hereafter: until which time I must leave the courteous reader to suspend

his curiosity, and rather to consider what is written, than who they are that write it.

Having thus adjusted all necessary preliminaries with my reader, I shall not trouble him with any more prefatory discourses, but proceed in my old method, and entertain him with speculations on every useful subject that falls in my way. C

## Nº DLVII. MONDAY, JUNE 21.

SIPPE DOMUM TIMET AMBIGUAM, TYRIOSQUE BILINGUES.

VING. ÆN. I. VER. 665.

2 FEARS TH' AMBIGUOUS RACE, AND TYRIANS DOUBLE-TONGU'D.

HERE is nothing,' says Plato, 'so delightful, as the hearing speaking of truth.' For this here is no conversation so agreeable to the man of integrity, who without any intention to betray, speaks without any intention to de-

ceiving all the accounts which are of Cato, I do not remember one more redounds to his honour than the following passage related by Plutarch.

As an advocate was pleading in the name of his client before one of the judges, he could only produce a single witness in a point where the law required the testimony of two persons; upon which the advocate insisted on the integrity of that person whom he had produced, but the prætor told him, that the law required two witnesses he would not accept of one, though it were himself. Such a speech from a man who sat at the head of a court of justice while Cato was still living, shews more than a thousand examples, the reputation this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the testimony of his sincerity.

In such an inflexible integrity is softened and qualified by the freedom of conversation and good-breeding, there is not a more shining virtue than the whole catalogue of social duties. He however ought to take great care to polish himself out of his veracity, refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

This subject is exquisitely treated in that elegant sermon of the great

British preacher. I shall beg leave to transcribe out of it two or three sentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I shall make the chief entertainment of this speculation.

'The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost among us.

'The dialect of conversation is now a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion; and would hardly, at first, believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good countenance, and a good conscience, to converse with men upon equal terms and in their own way.'

I have by me a letter which I look upon as a great curiosity, and which may serve as an exemplification to the foregoing passage, cited out of this most excellent prelate. It is said to have been written in King Charles the Second's reign by the ambassador of Bantam, a little after his arrival in England.

MASTER,

MASTER,

THE people, where I now am, have tongues further from their hearts than from London to Bantam, and thou knowest the inhabitants of one of these places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy subjects barbarians, because we speak what we mean; and account themselves a civilized people, because they speak one thing and mean another: truth they call barbarity, and falshood politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the king of this place to meet me, told me, that he was extremely sorry for the storm I had met with just before my arrival. I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my account; but in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him, told me by my interpreter, he should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power. Upon which I desired him to carry one of my portmanteaus for me; but instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged, the first week, at the house of one who desired me to think myself at home, and to consider his house as my own. Accordingly, I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls of it, in order to let in the fresh air, and had packed up some of the household-goods, of which I intended to have made thee a present; but the false varlet no sooner saw me falling to work, but he sent word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such doings in his house. I had not been long in this nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain favour from the chief of the king's servants, whom they here call the lord-treasurer, that I had eternally obliged him. I was so surprised at his grati-

tude, that I could not forbear saying, 'What service is there which one man can do for another, that can oblige him to all eternity!' However I only asked him for my reward, that he would lend me his eldest daughter during my stay in this country; but I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest of his countrymen.

At my first going to court, one of the great men almost put me out of countenance, by asking ten thousand pardons of me for only treading by accident upon my toe. They call this kind of a lye a compliment; for when they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths, for which thou wouldst order any of thy officers of state to receive a hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how I shall negotiate any thing with this people, since there is so little credit to be given to them. When I go to see the king's scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, though perhaps I saw him go into his house almost the very moment before. Thou wouldst fancy that the whole nation are physicians, for the first question they always ask me, is, how I do: I have this question put to me above a hundred times a day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my health, but wish it in a more solemn manner, with a full glass in their hands, every time I sit with them at table, though at the same time they would persuade me to drink their liquors in such quantities as I have found by experience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy health also in the same manner; but I have more reason to expect it from the goodness of thy constitution, than the sincerity of their wishes. May thy slave escape in safety from this double-tongued race of men, and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in the royal city of Bantam.

N<sup>o</sup> DLVIII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23.

QUI FIT, MÆCENAS, UT NEMO, QUAM SIBI SORTEM  
 SEU RATIO DEDERIT, SEU FORS OBJECERIT, ILLA  
 CONTENTUS VIVAT: LAUDET DIVERSA SEQUENTES?  
 O FORTUNATI MERCATORES, GRAVIS ANNIS  
 MILES AIT, MULTO JAM FRÆCTUS MEMBRA LABORE!  
 CONTRA MERCATOR, NAVIM JACTANTIEUS AUSTRIS,  
 MILITIA EST POTIOR. QUID ENIM? CONCURRITUR: NORA  
 MOMENTO CITA MORS VENIT, AUT VICTORIA LÆTA.  
 AGRICOLAM LAUDAT JURIS LEGUMQUE PERITUS,  
 SUB GALLI CANTUM CONSULTOR UBI OSTIA PULSAT.  
 ILLE, DATIS VADIBUS, QUI RURÆ EXTRACTUS IN URBE EST,  
 SOLOS FELICES VIVENTES CLAMAT IN URBE.  
 CÆTERA DE GENERE HOC (ADEO SUNT MULTA) LOQUACEM  
 DELASSARE VALENT FABIUM. NE TE MORER, AUDI  
 QUO REM DEDUCAM. SI QVIS DEUS, EN EGO, DICAT,  
 JAM FACIAM QUOD VULTIS: ERIS TU, QUI MODO, MILES,  
 MERCATOR: TU CONSULTUS MODO, RUSTICUS. HINC VOS,  
 VOS HINC MUTATIS DISCEDITE PARTIBUS. EJA,  
 QUID STATIS? NOLINT. ATQUI LICET ESSE BEATIS.  
 HOR. SAT. I. LIB. I. VER. 20

WHENCE IS'T, MÆCENAS, THAT SO FEW APPROVE  
 THE STATE THEY'RE PLAC'D IN, AND INCLINE TO ROVE;  
 WHETHER AGAINST THEIR WILL BY FATE IMPOS'D,  
 OR BY CONSENT AND PRUDENT CHOICE ESPOUS'D?  
 HAPPY THE MERCHANT! THE OLD SOLDIER CRIES,  
 BROKE WITH FATIGUES AND WARLIKE ENTERPRISE.  
 THE MERCHANT WHEN THE DREADED HURRICANE  
 TOSSES HIS WEALTHY CARGO ON THE MAIN,  
 APPLAUDS THE WARS AND TOILS OF A CAMPAIGN:  
 THERE AN ENGAGEMENT SOON DECIDES YOUR DOOM,  
 BRAVELY TO DIE, OR COME VICTORIOUS HOME.  
 THE LAWYER VOWS THE FARMER'S LIFE IS BEST,  
 WHEN, AT THE DAWN, THE CLIENTS BREAK HIS REST.  
 THE FARMER, HAVING PUT IN BAIL T'APPEAR,  
 AND FORC'D TO TOWN, CRIES, THEY ARE HAPPIEST THERE:  
 WITH THOUSANDS MORE OF THIS INCONSTANT RACE,  
 WOULD TIRE E'EN FABIUS TO RELATE EACH CASE.  
 NOT TO DETAIN YOU LONGER, PRAY ATTEND  
 THE ISSUE OF ALL THIS; SHOULD JOVE DESCEND,  
 AND GRANT TO EVERY MAN HIS RASH DEMAND,  
 TO RUN HIS LENGTHS WITH A NEGLECTFUL HAND;  
 FIRST, GRANT THE HARRASS'D WARRIOR A RELEASE,  
 BID HIM GO TRADE, AND TRY THE FAITHLESS SEAS,  
 TO PURCHASE TREASURE AND DECLINING EASE;  
 NEXT CALL THE PLEADER FROM HIS LEARNED STRIFE,  
 TO THE CALM BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE:  
 AND, WITH THESE SEPARATE DEMANDS DISMISS  
 EACH SUPPLIANT TO ENJOY THE PROMIS'D BLISS:  
 DON'T YOU BELIEVE THEY'D RUN? NOT ONE WILL MOVE,  
 THO' PROFFER'D TO BE HAPPY FROM ABOVE.

HORNECK.

is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of man were cast into a public stock, in to be equally distributed among whole species, those who now think selves the most unhappy, would r the share they are already pos-

seffed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal farther in the motto of my paper, which implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case



case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when on a sudden, methought, there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groining under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were however several persons who gave me great diversion upon this confusion. I observed one bringing in a bundle very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames: but what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away, as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women

throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaded with his crimes: but upon searching into his bundle, I found that instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in it's utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was

modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange

his misfortunes for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper.

O

N<sup>o</sup> DLIX. FRIDAY, JUNE 25.

QUID CAUSÆ EST, MERITO QUIN ILLIS JUPITER AMBAS  
IRATUS BUCCAS INFLET, NEQUE SE FORE POSTHAC  
TAM FACILEM DICAT, VOTIS UT PRÆBEAT AURIFM?

HOR. SAT. I. L. I. VER. 20.

WERE IT NOT JUST THAT JOVE, PROVOK'D TO FEAT,  
SHOULD DRIVE THESE TRIFLERS FROM THE HALLW'D SEAT,  
AND UNRELENTING STAND WHEN THEY INTREAT?

HORNECK.

IN my last paper, I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of miseries, which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from it's sorrows; though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and survey'd the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal, in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, Fancy began again to be-  
fir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packer. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations, which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable grey-headed man, who had laid down the cholick, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he

begged him to take his son again, and give him back his cholick; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of grey hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with: whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustom'd to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to

admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, inasmuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick handy legs, and two long trap-sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward circles as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several

burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so high as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion,

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## Nº DLX. MONDAY, JUNE 28.

VERBA INTERMISSA RETENTAT. OVID. MET. L. I. V. 746.

HE TRIES HIS TONGUE, HIS SILENCE SOFTLY BREAKS. DRYDEN.

EVERY one has heard of the famous conjurer, who, according to the opinion of the vulgar, has studied himself dumb; for which reason, as it is believed, he delivers out his oracles in writing. Be that as it will, the blind Tiresias was not more famous in Greece, than this dumb artist has been, for some years last past, in the cities of London

and Westminster. Thus much for the profound gentleman who honours us with the following epistle.

FROM MY CELL, JUNE 24, 1714

BEING informed that you have lately got the use of your tongue, I have some thoughts of following you

example, that I may be a fortune-teller properly speaking. I am grown weary of my taciturnity, and having served my country many years under the title of The Dumb Doctor, I shall now prophesy by word of mouth, and (as Mr. Lee says of the magpy, who you know was a great fortune-teller among the ancients) chatter futurity. I have hitherto chosen to receive questions and return answers in writing, that I might avoid the tediousness and trouble of debates; my querists being generally of a humour to think, that they have never predictions enough for their money. In short, Sir, my case has been something like that of those discreet animals the monkeys, who, as the Indians tell us, can speak if they would, but purposely avoid it that they may not be made to work. I have hitherto gained a livelihood by holding my tongue, but shall now open my mouth in order to fill it. If I appear a little word-bound in my first solutions and responses, I hope it will not be imputed to any want of foresight, but to the long disuse of speech. I doubt not by this invention to have all my former customers over again; for if I have promised any of them lovers or husbands, riches or good luck, it is my design to confirm to them *viva voce*, what I have already given them under my hand. If you will honour me with a visit, I will compliment you with the first opening of my mouth, and if you please you may make an entertaining dialogue out of the conversation of two dumb men. Excuse this trouble, worthy Sir, from one who has been a long time your silent admirer,

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

I have received the following letter, or rather *billet-doux*, from a pert young baggage, who congratulates with me upon the same occasion.

JUNE 23, 1714.

DEAR MR. PRATE-APACE,

I Am a member of a female society who call ourselves the Chit-chat Club, and am ordered by the whole sisterhood to congratulate you upon the use of your tongue. We have all of us a mighty mind to hear you talk, and if you will take your place among us for an evening, we have unanimously agreed to allow you one minute in ten,

without interruption. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

S. T.

P. S. You may find us at my Lady Betty Clack's, who will leave orders with her porter, that if an elderly gentleman, with a short face, enquires for her, he shall be admitted and no questions asked.

As this particular paper shall consist wholly of what I have received from my correspondents, I shall fill up the remaining part of it with other congratulatory letters of the same nature.

OXFORD, JUNE 25, 1714.

SIR,

WE are here wonderfully pleased with the opening of your mouth, and very frequently open ours in approbation of your design; especially since we find you are resolved to preserve your taciturnity as to all party matters. We do not question but you are as great an orator as Sir Hudibras, of whom the poet sweetly sings—

———He could not open  
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

If you will send us down the half dozen well turned periods, that produced such dismal effects in your muscles, we will deposit them near an old manuscript of Tully's Orations, among the archive of the university; for we all agree with you, that there is not a more remarkable accident recorded in history, since that which happened to the son of Croesus; nay, I believe you might have gone higher, and have added Balaam's ass. We are impatient to see more of your productions, and expect what words will next fall from you, with as much attention as those who were set to watch the speaking head, which Friar Bacon formerly erected in this place. We are, worthy Sir, your most humble servants,

B. R. T. D. &c.

MIDDLE-TEMPLE, JUNE 24.

HONEST SPEC,

I Am very glad to hear that thou beginnest to prate; and find, by thy yesterday's vision, thou art so used to it, that thou canst not forbear talking in thy sleep. Let me only advise thee to speak like other men, for I am afraid thou wilt be very queer, if thou

thou dost not intend to use the phrases in fashion, as thou callest them in thy second paper. Hast thou a mind to put's for a Bantamite, or to make us all Quakers? I do assure thee, dear Spec,

I am not polished out of my reason when I subscribe myself thy constant admirer, and humble servant,

C

FRANK TOWNSHEND

N<sup>o</sup> DLXI. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30.

PAULATIM ABOLERE SICHÆUM  
INCIPIT, ET VIVO TENTAT PRÆVERTIRE AMORE  
JAMPRIDEM RESIDES ANIMOS DESUETAQUE CORDA.

VIRG. ÆN. I. VER. 74

BUT HE  
WORKS IN THE PLIANT BOSOM OF THE FAIR,  
AND MOULDS HER HEART ANEW, AND PLOTS HER FORMER CARE.  
THE DEAD IS TO THE LIVING LOVE RESIGN'D,  
AND ALL ÆNEAS ENTERS IN HER MIND.

DRYDEN.

SIR,

I Am a tall, broad-shouldered, impudent, black fellow, and, as I thought, every way qualified for a rich widow: but after having tried my fortune for above three years together, I have not been able to get one single relish in the mind. My first attacks were generally successful, but always broke off as soon as they came to the word Settlement. Though I have not improved my fortune this way, I have my experience, and have learnt several secrets which may be of use to these unhappy gentlemen, who are commonly distinguished by the name of Widow-hunters, and who do not know that this tribe of women are, generally speaking, as much upon the catch as themselves. I shall here communicate to you the mysteries of a certain female cabal of this order, who call themselves the Widow-club. This club consists of nine experienced dames, who take their places once a week round a large oval table.

I. Mrs. President is a person who has disposed of six husbands, and is now determined to take a seventh; being of opinion that there is as much virtue in the touch of a seventh husband as of a seventh son. Her comrades are as follows:

II. Mrs. Snapp, who has four jointures, by four different bedfellows, of four different shires. She is at present upon the point of marriage with a Middlesex man, and is said to have an ambition of extending her possessions through all the counties in England on this side the Trent.

III. Mrs. Medlar, who, after two

husbands and a gallant, is now wedded to an old gentleman of sixty. Upon her making her report to the club after a week's cohabitation, she is still allowed to sit as a widow, and accordingly takes her place at the board.

IV. The widow Quick, married within a fortnight after the death of her last husband. Her weeds have served her thrice, and are still as good as new.

V. Lady Catherine Swallow. She was a widow at eighteen, and has since buried a second husband and two coachmen.

VI. The Lady Waddle. She was married in the 15th year of her age to Sir Simon Waddle, knight, aged three-score and twelve, by whom she had twins nine months after his decease. In the 55th year of her age she was married to James Spindle, Esq. a youth of one and twenty, who did not outlive the honey-moon.

VII. Deborah Conquest. The cast of this lady is something particular. She is the relict of Sir Sampson Conquest, some time justice of the quorum. Sir Sampson was seven foot high, and two foot in breadth from the tip of one shoulder to the other. He had married three wives, who all of them died in child-bed. This terrified the whole sex, who none of them durst venture on Sir Sampson. At length Mrs. Deborah undertook him, and gave so good an account of him, that in three years time she very fairly laid him out, and measured his length upon the ground. This exploit has gained her so great a reputation in the club, that they have added Sir Sampson's three victories to her

and give her the merit of a fourth widowhood; and she takes her place accordingly.

VIII. The widow Wildfire, reliſt of Mr. John Wildfire, fox-hunter, who broke his neck over a fix bar gate. She took his death ſo much to heart, that it was thought it would have put an end to her life, had ſhe not diverted her ſorrow by receiving the addreſſes of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who made love to her in the ſecond month of her widowhood. The gentleman was diſcarded in a fortnight for the ſake of a young Templar, who had the poſſeſſion of her for ſix weeks after, till he was beaten out by a broken officer, who alſo gave up his place to a gentleman at court. The courtier was as ſhort-lived a favourite as his predeceſſor, but had the pleaſure to ſee himſelf ſucceeded by a long ſeries of lovers, who followed the Widow Wildfire to the 37th year of her age, at which time there enſued a ceſſation of ten years, when John Felt, haberdaiſher, took it in his head to be in love with her, and it is thought will very ſuddenly carry her off.

IX. The laſt is pretty Mrs. Runnet, who broke her firſt husband's heart before ſhe was ſixteen, at which time ſhe was entered of the club, but ſoon after left it upon account of a ſecond, who ſhe made ſo quick a diſpatch of, that ſhe returned to her ſeat in leſs than a twelve-month. This young matron is looked upon as the moſt riſing member of the ſociety, and will probably be in the preſident's chair before ſhe dies.

Theſe ladies, upon their firſt intitution, reſolved to give the pictures of their deceaſed husbands to the club-room, but two of them bringing in their dead at full length, they covered all the walls. Upon which they came to a ſecond reſolution, that every matron ſhould give her own picture, and ſet it round with her husbands in miniature.

As they have moſt of them the miſfortune to be troubled with the cholick, they have a noble cellar of cordials and ſtrong waters. When they grow inudlin, they are very apt to commemorate their former partners with a tear. But ſuch them which of their husbands they condole, they are not able to tell you, and diſcover plainly that they do not weep ſo much for the loſs of a husband as for the want of one.

The principal rule, by which the

whole ſociety are to govern themſelves, is this, to cry up the pleaſures of a ſingle life upon all occaſions, in order to deter the reſt of their ſex from marriage, and engroſs the whole male world to themſelves.

They are obliged, when any one makes love to a member of the ſociety, to communicate his name; at which time the whole aſſembly ſit upon his reputation, perſon, fortune, and good humour; and if they find him qualified for a ſitter of the club, they lay their heads together how to make him ſure. By this means they are acquainted with all the widow-hunters about town, who often afford them great diverſion. There is an honeſt Iriſh gentleman, it ſeems, who knows nothing of this ſociety, but at different times has made love to the whole club.

Their converſation often turns upon their former husbands; and it is very diverting to hear them relate their ſeveral arts and ſtratagems, with which they amused the jealous, pacified the choleric, or wheedled the good-natured man, till at laſt, to uſe the club phraſe—'They ſent him out of the houſe with his heels foremoſt.'

The politics which are moſt cultivated by this ſociety of She-Machiavels relate chiefly to theſe two points, how to treat a lover, and how to manage a husband. As for the firſt ſet of artifices, they are too numerous to come within the compaſs of your paper, and ſhall therefore be reſerved for a ſecond letter.

The management of a husband is built upon the following ſoftlines, which are univerſally aſſented to by the whole club. Not to give him his head at firſt. Not to allow him too great freedoms and familiarities. Not to be treated by him like a raw girl, but as a woman that knows the world. Not to leſſen any thing of her former figure. To celebrate the generoſity, or any other virtue, of a deceaſed husband, which ſhe would recommend to his ſucceſſor. To turn away all his old friends and ſervants, that ſhe may have the dear man to herſelf. To make him diſinherit the undutiful children of any former wife. Never to be thoroughly convinced of his affection, till he has made over to her all her goods and chattels.

After ſo long a letter, I am, without more ceremony, your humble ſervant, &c.

O

N<sup>o</sup> DLXII. FRIDAY, JULY 2.

—PRESENTS, ABSENS UT SIES.

TER. EUN. ACT. I. SC. 2.

BE PRESENT AS IF ABSENT.

‘IT is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself,’ says Cowley; ‘it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader’s ears to hear any thing of praise from him.’ Let the tenour of his discourse be what it will upon this subject, it generally proceeds from vanity. An ostentatious man will rather relate a blunder or an absurdity he has committed, than be debarred of talking of his own dear person.

Some very great writers have been guilty of this fault. It is observed of Tully in particular, that his works run very much in the first person, and that he takes all occasions of doing himself justice. ‘Does he think,’ says Brutus, ‘that his consulship deserves more applause than my putting Cæsar to death, because I am not perpetually talking of the Ides of March, as he is of the Nones of December?’ I need not acquaint my learned reader, that in the Ides of March, Brutus destroyed Cæsar, and that Cicero quashed the conspiracy of Catiline in the Calends of December. How shocking soever this great man’s talking of himself might have been to his contemporaries, I must confess I am never better pleased than when he is on this subject. Such openings of the heart give a man a thorough insight into his personal character, and illustrate several passages in the history of his life: besides that, there is some little pleasure in discovering the infirmity of a great man, and seeing how the opinion he has of himself agrees with what the world entertains of him.

The gentlemen of Port Royal, who were more eminent for their learning and for their humility than any other in France, banished the way of speaking in the first person out of all their works, as rising from vain-glory and self-conceit. To shew their particular aversion to it, they branded this form of writing with the name of an Egotism; a figure

not to be found among the ancient rhetoricians.

The most violent egotism which I have met with in the course of my reading, is that of Cardinal Wolfey—‘*Ego et Rex meus*—I and my King;’ it perhaps the most eminent egotist that ever appeared in the world, was Montaigne, the author of the celebrated essays. This lively old Gascon has woven all his bodily infirmities into his works; and after having spoken of the faults or virtues of any other men, immediately publishes to the world how it stands with himself in that particular. Had he kept his own counsel, he might have passed for a much better man, though perhaps he would not have been so diverting an author. The title of an essay promises perhaps a discourse upon Virgil or Julius Cæsar; but when you look into it, you are sure to meet with more upon Monsieur Montaigne, than of either of them. The younger Scaliger, who seems to have been no great friend to this author, after having acquainted the world that his father sold herrings, adds these words: ‘La grande sadoise de Montaigne, qui a écrit qu’il aimoit mieux le vin blanc.’—“Que diable a-t-on à faire de savoir ce qu’il aime!”—“For my part,” says Montaigne, ‘I am a great lover of your white wines.’—“What the devil signifies it to the public,” says Scaliger, “whether he is a lover of white wines or of red wines?”

I cannot here forbear mentioning a tribe of egotists, for whom I have always had a mortal aversion, I mean the authors of memoirs, who are never mentioned in any works but their own, and who raise all their productions out of this single figure of speech.

Most of our modern prefaces favour very strongly of the egotism. Every insignificant author fancies it of importance to the world, to know that he wrote his book in the country, that he did it

away some of his idle hours; that published at the importunity of us; or that his natural temper, flatterer conversations, directed him to the choice of his subject.

—*Id populus curat scilicet.*

Informations cannot but be highly interesting to the reader.

Works of humour, especially when written under a fictitious person, talking of one's self may give diversion to the public; but I would every other writer never to speak of himself, unless there be something considerable in his character: I am sensible this rule will be of use in the world, because there are many who fancy their thoughts publishing, that does not look upon himself as a considerable person. I will close this paper with a remark such as are egotisms in conversation: we are generally the vain or shallow of mankind, people being naturally fond of themselves when they have nothing else in them. There is one kind of egotism which is very common in the world, though I do not remember that any writer has taken notice of them; I mean those empty conceited fellows, who repeat as sayings of their own, or of their particular friends, several things which were made before they were

born, and which every one who has conversed in the world has heard a hundred times over. A forward young fellow of my acquaintance was very guilty of this absurdity: he would be always laying a new scene for some old piece of wit, and telling us, that as he and Jack Such-a-one were together, one or t'other of them had such a conceit on such an occasion; upon which he would laugh very heartily, and wonder the company did not join with him. When his mirth was over, I have often reprehended him out of Terence—*'Tamen, obsecro te; hoc dictum erat? vetus credidi.'* But finding him still incorrigible, and having a kindness for the young coxcomb, who was otherwise a good-natured fellow, I recommended to his perusal the Oxford and Cambridge Jest, with several little pieces of pleasantries of the same nature. Upon the reading of them, he was under no small confusion to find that all his jokes had passed through several editions, and that what he thought was a new conceit, and had appropriated to his own use, had appeared in print before he or his ingenious friends were ever heard of. This had so good an effect upon him, that he is content at present to pass for a man of plain sense in his ordinary conversation, and is never facetious but when he knows his company. D

## Nº DLXIII. MONDAY, JULY 5.

—MAGNI NOMINIS UMBRA.

LUCAN. L. I. VER. 135.

THE SHADOW OF A MIGHTY NAME.

I will entertain my reader with two very curious letters. The first of them comes from a chimerical person, who believes never writ to any body

descended from the ancient family of the Blanks, a name well known among all men of business. It is read in those little white spaces which want to be filled up, which for that reason are called blank spaces, as of right appertaining family: for I consider myself as lord of a manor, who lays his claim

to all wastes or spots of ground that are unappropriated. I am a near kinsman to John a Styles and John a Noakes; and they, I am told, came in with the Conqueror. I am mentioned oftener in both houses of parliament than any other person in Great Britain. My name is written, or, more properly speaking, not written thus: I am one that can turn my hand to every thing, and appear under any shape whatsoever. I can make myself man, woman, or child. I am sometimes metamorphosed into a year of our Lord, a day of the month, or an hour of the day. I very often represent a sum of

7 B money.



money, and am generally the first subsidy that is granted to the crown. I have now and then supplied the place of several thousands of land soldiers, and have as frequently been employed in the sea-service.

Now, Sir, my complaint is this, that I am only made use of to serve a turn, being always discarded as soon as a proper person is found out to fill up my place.

If you have ever been in the play-house before the curtain rises, you see the most of the front-boxes filled with men of my family, who forthwith turn out and resign their stations upon the appearance of those for whom they are retained.

But the most illustrious branch of the Blanks are those who are planted in high posts, till such time as persons of greater consequence can be found out to supply them. One of these Blanks is equally qualified for all offices; he can serve in time of need for a soldier, a politician, a lawyer, or what you please. I have known in my time many a brother Blank that has been born under a lucky planet, heap up great riches, and swell into a man of figure and importance, before the grandees of his party could agree among themselves which of them should step into his place. Nay, I have known a blank continue so long in one of these vacant posts, (for such it is to be reckoned all the time a Blank is in it) that he has grown too formidable and dangerous to be removed.

But to return to myself. Since I am so very commodious a person, and so very necessary in all well-regulated governments, I desire you will take my case into consideration, that I may be no longer made a tool of, and only employed to stop a gap. Such usage, without a pun, makes me look very blank. For all which reasons I humbly recommend myself to your protection, and am your most obedient servant,

BLANK.

P. S. I herewith send you a paper drawn up by a country-attorney, employed by two gentlemen, whose names he was not acquainted with, and who did not think fit to let him into the secret which they were transacting. I heard him call it a blank instrument, and read it after the following manner. You

may see by this single instance of what use I am to the busy world.

I, T. BLANK, Esquire, of Blank town, in the county of Blank do own myself indebted in the sum of Blank, to Goodman Blank, for the service he did me in procuring for me the goods following, Blank: and I do hereby promise the said Blank to pay unto him the said sum of Blank, on the Blank day of the month of Blank next ensuing, under the penalty and forfeiture of Blank.

I shall take time to consider the case of this my imaginary correspondent, and in the meanwhile shall present my reader with a letter which seems to come from a person that is made up of flesh and blood.

GOOD MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am married to a very honest gentleman that is exceeding good-natured, and at the same time very choleric. There is no standing before him when he is in a passion; but as soon as it is over he is the best-humoured creature in the world. When he is angry he breaks all my china ware that chances to lie in his way, and the next morning sends me in twice as much as he broke the day before. I may positively say, that he has broke me a child's fortune since we were first married together.

As soon as he begins to fret, down goes every thing that is within reach of his cane. I once prevailed upon him never to carry a stick in his hand, but this saved me nothing; for upon seeing me do something that did not please him, he kicked down a great jar, that cost him above ten pounds but the week before. I then laid the fragments together in a heap, and gave him his cane again, desiring him that if he chanced to be in anger, he would spend his passion upon the china that was broke to his hand; but the very next day, upon my giving a wrong message to one of the servants, he flew into such a rage, that he swept down a dozen tea-dishes, which, to my misfortune, stood very convenient for a side blow.

I then removed all my china into a room which he never frequents; but I got nothing by this neither, for my looking glasses immediately went to rack.

In short, Sir, whenever he is in a passion, he is angry at every thing that irritates; and if on such occasions he has nothing to vent his rage upon, I do not know whether my bones would be in safety. Let me beg of you, Sir, to let me know whether there be any cure

for this unaccountable distemper; or if not, that you will be pleased to publish this letter: for my husband having a great veneration for your writings, will by that means know you do not approve of his conduct. I am,

Your most humble servant, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> DLXIV. WEDNESDAY, JULY 7.

ADITT

REGULA, PECCATIS QUÆ POENAS IRROGET ÆQUAS:  
NE SCUTICA DIGNUM HORRIBILE SECTERE FLAGELLO.

HOR. SAT. III. L. 1. VER. 117.

LET RULES BE FIX'D THAT MAY OUR RAGE CONTAIN,  
AND PUNISH FAULTS WITH A PROPORTION'D PAIN;  
AND DO NOT FLAY HIM WHO DESERVES ALONE  
A WHIPPING FOR THE FAULT THAT HE HATH DONE.

CRITCH.

It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions, and to get rid of his prejudices. I endeavour at least to look upon men and their actions only as an impartial spectator, without any regard to them as they happen to advance or cross my own private interest. But while I am thus employed of myself, I cannot help observing how easily about me suffer themselves to be misled by prejudice and inclination, and readily they pronounce on every man's character, which they can give in two words, and make him either good for nothing, or qualified for every thing. On the contrary, those who look most thoroughly into human nature, find it much more difficult to determine the value of their fellow-creatures, that men's characters are not thus easily given in general words. There is indeed no such thing as a person entirely good or bad; virtue and vice are blended and mixed together, in a great variety of proportion, in every one; and if we would search for some particular quality in it's most eminent degree of perfection, you will often find it in a man where it is darkened and eclipsed by an hundred other irregular passions.

Men have either no character at all, as a celebrated author, 'or it is that being inconsistent with themselves.' You find it easier to join extremities, than to be uniform and of a piece. This is very ill illustrated in Xenophon's Life of the Great. That author tells us,

that Cyrus having taken a most beautiful lady named Panthea, the wife of Abradatas, committed her to the custody of Araspas, a young Persian nobleman, who had a little before maintained in discourse, that a mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful passion. The young gentleman had not long been in possession of his fair captive, when a complaint was made to Cyrus, that he not only solicited the Lady Panthea to receive him in the room of her absent husband, but that finding his intreaties had no effect, he was preparing to make use of force. Cyrus, who loved the young man, immediately sent for him, and in a gentle manner representing to him his fault, and putting him in mind of his former assertion, the unhappy youth, confounded with a quick sense of his guilt and shame, burst out into a flood of tears, and spoke as follows:

'Oh, Cyrus, I am convinced that I have two souls. Love has taught me this piece of philosophy. If I had but one soul, it could not at the same time pant after virtue and vice, with and abhor the same thing. It is certain, therefore, we have two souls: when the good soul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous actions; but when the bad soul predominates, I am forced to do evil. All I can say at present is, that I find my good soul, encouraged by your presence, has got the better of my bad.'

I know not whether my readers will allow

allow of this piece of philosophy; but if they will not, they must confess we meet with as different passions in one and the same soul, as can be supposed in two. We can hardly read the life of a great man who lived in former ages, or converse with any who is eminent among our contemporaries, that is not an instance of what I am saying.

But as I have hitherto only argued against the partiality and injustice of giving our judgment upon men in gross, who are such a composition of virtues and vices, of good and evil, I might carry this reflection still farther, and make it extend to most of their actions. If on the one hand we fairly weighed every circumstance, we should frequently find them obliged to do that action we at first sight condemn, in order to avoid another we should have been much more displeased with. If on the other hand we nicely examined such actions as appear most dazzling to the eye, we should find most of them either deficient and lame in several parts, produced by a bad ambition, or directed to an ill end. The very same action may sometimes be so oddly circumstanced, that it is difficult to determine whether it ought to be rewarded or punished. Those who compiled the laws of England were so sensible of this, that they have laid it down as one of their first maxims—'It is better suffering a mischief than an inconvenience,' which is as much as to say in other words, that since no law can take in or provide for all cases, it is better private men should have some injustice done them, than that a public grievance should not be redressed. This is usually pleaded in defence of all those hardships which fall on particular persons in particular occasions; which could not be foreseen when a law was made. To remedy this, however, as much as possible, the Court of Chancery was erected, which frequently mitigates, and breaks the teeth of the common law, in cases of men's properties, while in criminal cases there is a power of pardoning still lodged in the crown.

Notwithstanding this, it is perhaps impossible in a large government to distribute rewards and punishments strictly proportioned to the merits of every action. The Spartan commonwealth was indeed wonderfully exact in this particular; and I do not remember in all my reading to have met with so nice an example of justice as that recorded by Plutarch, with which I shall close my paper for this day.

The city of Sparta being unexpectedly attacked by a powerful army of Thebans, was in very great danger of falling into the hands of their enemies. The citizens suddenly gathering themselves into a body, fought with a resolution equal to the necessity of their affairs; yet no one so remarkably distinguished himself on this occasion, to the amusement of both armies, as Ifidas the son of Phœbidas, who was at that time in the bloom of his youth, and very remarkable for the comeliness of his person. He was coming out of the bath when the alarm was given, so that he had not time to put on his cloaths, much less his armour; however, transported with a desire to serve his country in so great an exigency, snatching up a spear in one hand and a sword in the other, he flung himself into the thickest ranks of his enemies. Nothing could withstand his fury: in what part soever he fought he put the enemies to flight without receiving a single wound. 'Whether,' says Plutarch, 'he was the particular care of some god, who rewarded his valour that day with an extraordinary protection; or that his enemies, struck with the unusualness of his dress, and beauty of his shape, supposed him something more than man; I shall not determine.'

The gallantry of this action was judged so great by the Spartans, that the Ephori, or chief magistrates, decreed he should be presented with a garland; but as soon as they had done so, fined him a thousand drachmas for going out to the battle unarmed.

N<sup>o</sup>. DLXV. FRIDAY, JULY 9.

DEUM NAMQUE IRE PER OMNES  
TERRASQUE, TRACTUSQUE MARIS, CŒLUMQUE PROFUNDUM.  
VIRG. GEORG. IV. V. 221.

FOR GOD THE WHOLE CREATED MASS INSPIRES;  
THRO' HEAV'N, AND EARTH, AND OCEAN'S DEPTHS HE THROWS  
HIS INFLUENCE ROUND, AND KINDLES AS HE GOES.

DAYDEN.

s yesterday about sun-set walk-  
in the open fields, until the night  
ly fell upon me. I at first amused  
with all the richness and variety  
urs, which appeared in the welt-  
ts of heaven: in proportion as  
ded away and went out, several  
d planets appeared one after an-  
until the whole firmament was in

The blueness of the Æther  
ceedingly heightened and enliven-  
he season of the year, and by the  
all those luminaries that passed  
it. The Galaxy appeared in  
a beautiful white. To compleat  
ie, the full-moon rose at length  
clouded majesty which Milton  
otice of, and opened to the eye a  
ture of nature, which was more  
haded, and disposed among softer  
than that which the sun had be-  
covered to us.

I was surveying the moon walk-  
her bright nets, and taking her  
s among the constellations, a  
t role in me which I believe  
ten perplexes and disturbs men  
ous and contemplative natures.  
himself felt into it in that reflec-

When I consider the heavens the  
of thy fingers, the moon and the  
which thou hast ordained; what  
n that thou art mindful of him,  
belon of man that thou regardest

In the same manner when I  
red the infinite host of stars, or, to  
more philosophically, of suns,  
were then shining upon me, with  
numerable sets of planets or  
which were moving round their  
ve suns; when I still enlarged  
I, and supposed another heaven  
and worlds rising still above this  
we discovered, and these still en-  
ed by a superior firmament of  
ies, which are planted at so great

a distance, that they may appear to the  
inhabitants of the former as the stars do  
to us; in short, while I pursued this  
thought, I could not but reflect on that  
little insignificant figure which I myself  
bore amidst the immensity of God's  
works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this  
part of the creation, with all the host of  
planetary worlds that move about him,  
utterly extinguished and annihilated,  
they would not be missed more than a  
grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The  
space they possess is so exceedingly little  
in comparison of the whole, that it would  
scarce make a blank in the creation.  
The chasm would be imperceptible to  
an eye that could take in the whole  
compass of nature, and pass from one  
end of the creation to the other; as it is  
possible there may be such a sense in our-  
selves hereafter, or in creatures which  
are at present more exalted than our-  
selves. We see many stars by the help  
of glasses, which we do not discover  
with our naked eyes; and the finer our  
telescopes are, the more still are our dis-  
coveries. Huygenius carries this thought  
so far, that he does not think it impot-  
sible there may be stars whose light is  
not yet travelled down to us since their  
first creation. There is no question but  
the universe has certain bounds set to it;  
but when we consider that it is the work  
of infinite power, prompted by infinite  
goodness, with an infinite space to exert  
itself in, how can our imagination set  
any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first  
thought; I could not but look upon my-  
self with secret horror, as a being that  
was not worth the smallest regard of  
one who had so great a work under his  
care and superintendency. I was afraid  
of being overlooked amidst the immen-  
sity of nature, and lost among that in-  
finite.

finite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection, which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection, that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is limited to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to Him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are infinite; but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, until our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports, the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial; and as

intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, He is a Being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence; he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty; but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the Sensorium of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *Sensoria*, or little Sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation; should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. Whilst we are in the body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. 'O that I knew where I might find him!' says Job. 'Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.' In short, reason as well

relation assures us, that he cannot sent from us, notwithstanding he discovered by us.

this consideration of God Al-ly's omnipresence and omniscience, uncomfortable thought vanishes. not but regard every thing that eing, especially such of his crea-who fear they are not regarded by He is privy to all their thoughts,

and to that anxiety of heart in particu- lar which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endea- your to recommend themselves to his no- tice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them. *Q*

## N<sup>o</sup> DLXVI. MONDAY, JULY 12.

MILITIA SPECIES AMOR EST.—

OID. *ARS AM.* L. II. VER. 233.

LOVE IS A KIND OF WARFARE.

my correspondents begin to grow pretty numerous, I think myself d to take some notice of them, and herefore make this paper a miscel- f letters. I have since my re-assum- e office of Spectator, received abun- of epistles from gentlemen of lade, who, I find, have been so q action that they know not how ill. They seem generally to be nion, that the fair at home ought ard them for their services abroad; at, until the cause of their coun- ls them again into the field, they t sort of right to quarter themselves the ladies. In order to favour approaches, I am desired by some arge upon the accomplishments of profession, and by others to give my advice on the carrying on their s. But let us hear what the gen- a say for themselves.

SPECTATOR,

OUGH it may look somewhat erverser, amidst the arts of peace, to o much of war, it is but grati- o pay the last office to it's manes, ven peace itself is, in some mea- obliged to it for it's being.

a have, in your former papers, al- recommended the accomplished to our of the fair; and, I hope, you llow me to represent some part of ary life not altogether unnecessary : forming a gentleman. I need ll you, that in France, whose fa- we have been formerly so fond of, every one derives his pretences to from the sword; and that a man *rece the face to make his court to*

a lady, without some credentials from the service to recommend him. As the profession is very ancient, we have rea- son to think some of the greatest men among the old Romans derived many of their virtues from it, the commanders being frequently in other respects some of the most shining characters of the age.

The army not only gives a man op- portunities of exercising those two great virtues, patience and courage, but often produces them in minds where they had scarce any footing before. I must add, that it is one of the best schools in the world to receive a general notion of mankind in, and a certain freedom of behaviour, which is not so easily ac- quired in any other place. At the same time I must own, that some military airs are pretty extraordinary, and that a man who goes into the army a coxcomb will come out of it a sort of public nu- lance: but a man of sense, or one who before had not been sufficiently used to a mixed conversation, generally takes the true turn. The court has in all ages been allowed to be the standard of good- breeding; and I believe there is not a juster observation in Monsieur Roche- foucault, than that 'a man who has been ' bled up wholly to business, can never ' get the air of a courtier at court, but ' will immediately catch it in the camp.' The reason of this must certainly is, that the very essence of good-breeding and politeness consists in several niceties, which are so minute that they escape his observation, and he falls short of the original he would copy after; but when he sees the same things charged and ag- *gravated*

gravated to a fault, he no sooner endeavours to come up to the pattern which is set before him, than, though he stops somewhat short of that, he naturally retires where in reality he ought. I was, two or three days ago, mightily pleased with the observation of an humorous gentleman upon one of his friends, who was in other respects every way an accomplished person, that 'he wanted no thing but a dash of the coxcomb in 'him,' by which he understood a little of that alertness and unconcern in the common actions of life, which is usually so visible among gentlemen of the army, and which a campaign or two would infallibly have given him.

You will easily guess, Sir, by this my panegyric upon a military education, that I am myself a soldier, and indeed I am so. I remember, within three years after I had been in the army, I was ordered into the country a recruiting. I had very particular success in this part of the service, and was over and above assured, at my going away, that I might have taken a young lady, who was the most considerable fortune in the country, along with me. I preferred the pursuit of fame at that time to all other considerations; and though I was not absolutely bent on a wooden leg, resolved at least to get a scar or two for the good of Europe. I have at present as much as I desire of this sort of honour; and if you could recommend me effectually, should be well enough contented to pass the remainder of my days in the arms of some dear kind creature, and upon a pretty estate in the country. This, as I take it, would be following the example of Lucius Cincinnatus, the old Roman dictator, who at the end of a war left the camp to follow the plough. I am, Sir, with all imaginable respect, your most obedient humble servant,

WILL WARLEY.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am an half-pay officer, and am at present with a friend in the country. Here is a rich widow in the neighbourhood, who has made fools of all the fox-hunters within fifty miles of her. She declares she intends to marry, but has not yet been asked by the man she could like. She usually admits but humble admirers to an audience or two; but, after she has once given them denial, will never see them more. I am assured by a female relation, that I shall have fair play at her; but as my whole success depends on my first approach, I desire your advice, whether I had best storm, or proceed by way of sap. I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

P. S. I had forgot to tell you, that I have already carried one of her out-works, that is, secured her maid.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have assisted in several sieges in the Low-Countries; and being still willing to employ my talents as a soldier and engineer, lay down this morning at seven o'clock before the door of an obstinate female, who had for some time refused me admittance. I made a lodgment in an outer parlour about twelve: the enemy retired to her bed-chamber, yet I still pursued, and about two o'clock this afternoon she thought fit to capitulate. Her demands are indeed somewhat high, in relation to the settlement of her fortune. But being in possession of the house, I intend to insist upon *Carte Blanche*; and am in hopes, by keeping off all other pretenders for the space of twenty-four hours, to starve her into a compliance. I beg your speedy advice, and am, Sir, yours,

PETER PUSH.

From my camp in Red Lion Square, Saturday four in the afternoon.

## Nº DLXVII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 14.

— INCEPTUS CLAMOR FRUSTRATUR NIANTES.

VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER. 493.

— THE WEAK VOICE RECEIVES THEIR GASPING THROATS.

DRYDEN.

I Have received private advice from some of my correspondents, that if I would give my paper a general run, I should

take care to season it with scandal. I have indeed observed of late that few writings tell which are not filled with

gna

names and illustrious titles. The generally casts his eye upon a book, and if he finds several letters separated from one another by a space, he buys it up, and peruses it with satisfaction. An M and an H, a L and an R, with a short line between has sold many insipid pamphlets. I have known a whole edition go for the virtue of two or three well written words.

The sprinkling of the words Faction, Heretic, Papist, Plunderer, and the significant terms, in an Italic character, have also a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaser; not to mention the ribbler, liar, rogue, rascal, knave, villain, without which it is impossible to carry on a modern controversy.

Party writers are so sensible of the great virtue of an innuendo to recommend their productions, that of late they ever mention the Queen or Princess, though they speak of them with honour, and with that deference which is due to them from every private person. It gives a secret satisfaction to the reader of these mysterious works, who is able to decypher them with help, and, by the strength of his natural parts, to fill up a blank or make out a word that has only a few letters left to it.

Some of our authors indeed, when they would be more satirical than ordinary, omit only the vowels of a great name, and fall most unmercifully upon all the consonants. This way of writing was first of all introduced by

Br—wn, of facetious memory, after having gutted a proper name of its intermediate vowels, used to do it in his works, and make as free with it as he pleased, without any danger to the statute.

If I may imitate these celebrated authors, and publish a paper which shall be more taking than ordinary, I have drawn up a very curious libel, in which a reader of penetration will find a deal of concealed satire; and, if acquainted with the present posture of the nation, will easily discover the meaning.

There are four persons in the nation who endeavour to bring all things

into confusion, and ruin their native country, I think every honest Englishman ought to be upon his guard. That there are such, every one will agree with me, who hears me name \*\*\* with his first friend and favourite \*\*\* not to mention \*\*\* nor \*\*\*. These people may cry Ch—rch, Ch—rch, as long as they please, but, to make use of a homely proverb, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." This I am sure of, that if a certain prince should concur with a certain prelate, (and we have Monsieur Z—n's word for it) our posterity would be in a sweet pickle. Must the British nation suffer forsooth, because my Lady Q—p—t—s has been disoblige'd? Or is it reasonable that our English fleet, which used to be the terror of the ocean, should lie wind-bound for the sake of a ———? I love to speak out and declare my mind clearly, when I am talking for the good of my country. I will not make my court to an ill man, though he were a B—y or a T—t. Nay, I would not stick to call so wretched a politician, a traitor, an enemy to his country, and a Bl—nd—rb—se, &c. &c.

The remaining part of this political treatise, which is written after the manner of the most celebrated authors in Great Britain, I may communicate to the public at a more convenient season. In the mean while I shall leave this with my curious reader, as some ingenious writers do their enigmas: and if any sagacious person can fairly unriddle it, I will print his explanation, and, if he pleases, acquaint the world with his name.

I hope this short essay will convince my readers, it is not for want of abilities that I avoid state-tracts; and that if I would apply my mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a master of the political scratch as any the most eminent writer of the age. I shall only add, that in order to outshine all this modern race of Sonnetists, and thoroughly content my English reader, I intend shortly to publish a Spectator, that shall not have a single vowel in it.



N<sup>o</sup> DLXVIII. FRIDAY, JULY 16.

—DUM SECTAS, INCIPIT ESSE TUIVS.

MART. EPIG. XXXIX. L. I.

RECITING MAKES IT THINE.

I Was yesterday in a coffee-house not far from the Royal Exchange, where I observed three persons in close conference over a pipe of tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little wax candle that stood before them; and after having thrown in two or three whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the company. I need not tell my reader, that lighting a man's pipe at the same candle, is looked upon among brother smokers as an overture to conversation and friendship. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being entrenched under a cloud of our own raising, I took up the last Spectator, and casting my eye over it—'The Spectator,' says I, 'is very witty to-day.' Upon which a lusty lethargic old gentleman, who sat at the upper end of the table, having gradually blown out of his mouth a great deal of smoke, which he had been collecting for some time before—'Aye,' says he, 'more witty than wife, I am afraid.' His neighbour, who sat at his right-hand, immediately coloured, and being an angry politician, laid down his pipe with so much wrath that he broke it in the middle, and by that means furnished me with a tobacco-stopper. I took it up very sedately, and looking him full in the face, made use of it from time to time all the while he was speaking: 'This fellow,' says he, 'can't for his lie keep out of politics. Do you see how he abuses your great man here?' I fixed my eye very attentively on the paper, and asked him if he meant those who were represented by asterisks. 'Asterisks,' says he, 'do you call them?' 'They are all of them stars. He might as well have put garters to them. Then pray do but mind the two or three next lines. Ch. rich and p-d-d-r-g in the same sentence! Our clergy are very much beholden to him.' Upon this the third gentleman, who was of a mild disposition, and, as I found, a Whig in his heart, desired him not to be too severe upon

the Spectator, neither; 'For,' says he, 'you find he is very cautious of giving offence, and has therefore put two dashes into his piddling.'—'A fig for his dash,' says the angry politician. In his next sentence he gives a plain innuendo, that our posterity will be in a sweet pickle. What does the fool mean by his pickle? Why does he not write it at length, if he means honestly?—'I have read over the whole sentence,' says I; 'but I look upon the parenthesis in the belly of it to be the most dangerous part, and as full of insinuations as it can hold.' 'But who,' says I, 'is my Lady Q-p-t-s?'—'Aye, answer that if you can, Sir,' says the furious statesman to the poor Whig that sat over against him. But without giving him time to reply—'I do assure you,' says he, 'were I my Lady Q-p-t-s, I would sue him for *scandalum magnatum*. What is the world come to? Must every body be allowed to—?' He had by this time filled a new pipe, and applying it to his lips, when we expected the last word of his sentence, put us off with a whiff of tobacco, which he redoubled with so much rage and trepidation, that he almost stifled the whole company. After a short pause, I owned that I thought the Spectator had gone too far in writing so many letters of my Lady Q-p-t-s's name; 'But however,' says I, 'he has made a little amends for it in his next sentence, where he leaves a blank space without so much as a consonant to direct us. I mean,' says I, 'after those words—"the fleet that used to be the terror of the ocean, should be wind-bound for the sake of a—"; after which ensues a chasm, that in my opinion looks modest enough.'—'Sir,' says my antagonist, 'you may easily know his meaning by his speaking; I suppose he designs his chasm, as you call it, for an hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly serve his turn. Who can endure to see the great officers of state, the B.'s and I.'s treated after so scurrilous a manner?

er?'—'I can't for my life,' says againe who they are the Spectator s?'—'No!' says he; 'your humervant, Sir!' Upon which he himself back in his chair after a ptuous manner, and smiled upon: lethargic gentleman on his left who I found was his great ad-

The Whig however had begun ceive a good-will towards me, ing my pipe out, very generously me the use of his box; but I d it with great civility, being to meet a friend about that time her quarter of the city.

my leaving the coffee-house, I not forbear reflecting with myself at gross tribe of fools who may ed the over-wise; and upon the y of writing any thing in this us age, which a weak head may stine into private satire and per- flection.

an who has a good nose at an in- smelis treason and sedition in it innocent words that can be put r, and never sees a vice or folly ized, but finds out one or other

of his acquaintance pointed at by the writer. I remember an empty pragmatical fellow in the country, who, upon reading over the *Whole Duty of Man*, had written the names of several persons in the village at the side of every sin which is mentioned by that excellent author; so that he had converted one of the best books in the world into a libel against the squire, churchwardens, overseers of the poor, and all other the most considerable persons in the parish. This book, with these extraordinary marginal notes, fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never seen it before; upon which there arose a current report that somebody had written a book against the squire and the whole parish. The minister of the place having at that time a controversy with some of his congregation upon the account of his tithes, was under some suspicion of being the author, until the good man set his people right, by shewing them that the satirical passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was writ against all the sinners in England. *G*

## Nº DLXIX. MONDAY, JULY 19.

REGES DICUNTUR MULTIS URGERE CULULLIS  
ET TORQUERE MERO, QUEM PERSPEXISSE LABORENT,  
AN SIT AMICITIA DIGNUS——— HOR. *ARS POET. VER. 434.*

WISE WERE THE KINGS, WHO NEVER CHOSE A FRIEND,  
TILL WITH FULL CUPS THEY HAD UNMASK'D HIS SOUL,  
AND SEEN THE BOTTOM OF HIS DEEPEST THOUGHTS.

ROSCOMMON.

vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in. I could wonder how drunkenness have the good luck to be of this. Anacharsis, being invited to h of drinking at Corinth, de- the prize very humourously, be- was drunk before any of the the company; 'For,' says he, we run a race, he who arrives goal first is intitled to the re- on the contrary, in this thirty ion, the honour falls upon him ries off the greatest quantity of and knocks down the rest of the y. I was the other day with Will Funnell the West Saxon, s reckoning up how much liquor ed through him in the last twen-

ty years of his life, which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogheads of Otober, four ton of port, half a kilderkin of small-beer, nineteen barrels of cider, and three glasses of champagne; besides which, he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and whets without number. I question not but every reader's memory will suggest to him several ambitious young men, who are as vain in this particular as Will Funnell, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

Our modern philosophers observe, that there is a general decay of moisture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own sub-

stance many fluid bodies that never return again to their former nature: but, with submission, they ought to throw into their account those innumerable rational beings which fetch their nourishment chiefly out of liquids; especially when we consider that men, compared with their fellow creatures, drink much more than comes to their share.

But however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. Bonofus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon the tree before them, was not a man but a bottle.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers every flaw in it. The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but wine makes every latent feel sprout up in the soul, and shew itself; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philosopher that his wife was not handsome, 'Put less water in your wine,' says the philosopher, 'and you will quickly make her so.' Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into mad-

ness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in it's utmost deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and shew them in the most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of truth in a saying of Seneca, that drunkenness does not produce but discover faults. Common experience teaches the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind, which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with, after the third bottle, is not the same man who at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to Publius Syrus—'*Qui ebrium induit, ledit absentem*'—He who sets upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent.

Thus does drunkenness act in a direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavours to make it's entrance. But besides these ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under it's dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind even in it's sober moments, as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

I should now proceed to shew the ill effects which this vice has on the bodies and fortunes of men; but these I shall reserve for the subject of some future paper. ○

## Nº DLXX. WEDNESDAY, JULY 21.

—AUGAQUE CANORE.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 328.

CRIMING TRIFLES.

RUSCOMMON.

**T**HERE is scarce a man living who is not affected by ambition. When this principle meets with an honest mind

and great abilities, it does infinite service to the world; on the contrary, when a man only thinks of distinguishing himself,

myself, without being thus qualified for, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous creature. I shall here confine myself to that petty kind of ambition, by which some men grow eminent for odd accomplishments and trivial performances. How many are here whose whole reputation depends upon a pun or a quibble? You may often see an artist in the streets gain a circle of admirers by carrying a long pole upon his chin or forehead in a perpendicular posture. Ambition has taught some to write with their feet, and others to walk upon their hands. Some tumble into tangles, others grow immortal by throwing themselves through a hoop.

*Cetera de genere hoc adeo sunt multa, liquacem  
Delassare valent Fabium*——

HOR. SAT. I. L. I. VER. 13.

With thousands more of this ambitious race  
Would tire even Fabius to relate each case.

HORNBECK.

I am led into this train of thought by an adventure I lately met with.

I was the other day at a tavern, where the matter of the house accommodating us himself with every thing we wanted, I accidentally fell into a discourse with him; and talking of a certain great man, who shall be nameless, he told me, that he had sometimes the honour 'to treat him with a whistle;' (adding by the way of parenthesis) 'for you must know, gentlemen, that I whistle the best of any man in Europe.' This naturally put me upon desiring him to give us a sample of his art; upon which he called for a case-knife, and applying the edge of it to his mouth, converted it into a musical instrument, and entertained me with an Italian solo. Upon laying down the knife he took up a pair of clean tobacco-pipes; and after having slid the small end of them over the table in a most melodious trill, he fetched a tune out of them, whistling to them at the same time in concert. In short, the tobacco-pipes became musical pipes in the hands of our virtuoso, who confessed to me ingenuously, he had broke such quantities of them, that he had almost broke himself, before he had brought this piece of music to any tolerable perfection. I then told him I would bring a company of friends to dine with him next week, as an encouragement to his ingenuity; upon which

he thanked me, saying, that he would provide himself with a new frying-pan against that day. I replied, that it was no matter; roast and boiled would serve our turn. He smiled at my simplicity, and told me that it was his design to give us a tune upon it. As I was surprised at such a promise, he sent for an old frying-pan, and giving it upon the board, whistled to it in such a melodious manner, that you could scarce distinguish it from a bass-viol. He then took his seat with us at the table, and hearing my friend that was with me hum over a tune to himself, he told him if he would sing out, he would accompany his voice with a tobacco pipe. As my friend has an agreeable taste, he chose rather to sing to the frying-pan; and indeed between them they made up a most extraordinary concert. Finding our landlord so great a proficient in kitchen-music, I asked him if he was master of the tongs and key. He told me, that he had laid it down some years since, as a little unfashionable; but that if I pleased he would give me a lesson upon the gridiron. He then informed me that he had added two bars to the gridiron, in order to give it a greater compass of sound; and I perceived was as well pleased with the invention, as Sappho could have been upon adding two strings to the lute. To be short, I found that his whole kitchen was furnished with musical instruments; and could not but look upon this artist as a kind of burlesque musician.

He afterwards of his own accord fell into the imitation of several singing birds. My friend and I toasted our mistress to the nightingale, when all of a sudden we were surprised with the music of the thrush. He next proceeded to the sky-lark, mounting up by a proper scale of notes, and afterwards falling to the ground with a very easy and regular descent. He then contracted his whistle to the voice of several birds of the smaller size. As he is a man of a larger bulk and higher stature than ordinary, you would fancy him a giant when you looked upon him, and a mountain when you shut your eyes. I must not omit acquainting my reader, that this accomplished person was formerly the master of a toyshop near Temple Bar; and that the famous Charles Mathers was bred up under him. I am told that the misfortunes which he has met with in the world, are chiefly owing

owing to his great application to his music; and therefore cannot but recommend him to my readers as one who deserves their favour, and may afford them great diversion over wine, which he sells at the Arms, near the end of the Lane in Covent Garden.

## Nº DLXXI. FRIDAY, JULY 23.

—COELUM QUID QUÆRIMUS ULTRA?

WHAT SEEK WE BEYOND HEAVEN?

**A**S the work I have engaged in will not only consist of papers of humour and learning, but of several essays moral and divine, I shall publish the following one, which is founded on a former Spectator, and sent me by a particular friend, not questioning but it will please such of my readers as think it no disparagement to their understandings to give way sometimes to a serious thought.

1124,

**I**N your paper of Friday the 9th instant, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead; and at the same time to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of it's existence: or, in other words, that the omniscience and omnipresence are co-existent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the

same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence. Every particle of matter is by this Almighty Being wrought through it. The heavens and the stars and planets move and operate by virtue of this great power within them. All the dead nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made captering their respective qualities several instincts, in the brute do likewise operate and work the several ends which are assigned them, by this divine energy only, who does not co-operate with the Holy Spirit, and is inattentive to his presence, receives none of the advantages from it, which are perfect nature, and necessary to his work. The Divinity is with him, and every where about him, but he receives no advantage from it. It is the same to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is impossible for an infinite being to move himself from any of his parts, but though he cannot withdraw his presence from us, which would be an imperfection in him, he cannot draw from us all the joys and consolations. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence, but he may leave this our existence without regard to it's happiness or misery. For, in this sense, he may cast us from his presence, and take the Holy Spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to open our hearts to all those degrees of joy and gladness which are so hard, and ready to be poured upon us; especially when we consider, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation.

We may assure ourselves, that the Author of nature will not always be one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel in his love, will be sure at length feel him in his displeasure. And the dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only sensible of the being of his Creator by what he suffers in him! He is as essentially present to us in heaven; but the inhabitants of the former behold him only in his wrath, and shrink within the flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence inflicted.

But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, who in his life lies under the displeasure of him, at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to inquiet the soul, and vex it in all its altitudes. He can hinder any of the sweet comforts of life from refreshing it, and give an edge to every one of its bitter calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an outcast from his presence, that is, from the comforts to, or of feeling it only in its terrors! How pathetic is that exhortation of Job, when for the trial of his patience he was made to look upon himself in a deplorable condition! 'Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, to that I am become a burden to myself?' But, thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the sweet effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

The blessed in heaven behold him face to face; that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtless a faculty in us, by which they apprehend one another, as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our spirits, when they are disembodied, or freed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the Divine presence. We, who have this veil of standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know that the Spirit of God is present with us, by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and

see how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy, therefore, is an intellectual being, who, by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his Helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the litter-up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement he knows that he is in company with the greatest of beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition which stands betwixt his soul and the sight of that Being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fullness of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts, that, in the language of the Scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his Holy Spirit, and endeavour to unite the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Socrates to this doctrine, as a very remarkable passage among his Epistles:

Epistles: '*Sacer inest in nobis Spiritus  
• bonorum malorumque custos, et obser-  
• vator, et quemadmodum nos illum  
• tractamus, ita et ille nos.*—There is  
• a Holy Spirit residing in us, who  
• watches and observes both good and  
• evil men, and will treat us after the

• same manner that we treat him.' But  
I shall conclude this discourse with the  
more emphatical words in divine re-  
velation—'If a man love me, he will  
• keep my words; and my Father will  
• love him, and we will come unto him,  
• and make our abode with him.'

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## Nº DLXXII. MONDAY, JULY 26.

—QUOD MEDICORUM EST  
PROMITTUNT MEDICI—

HOR. EP. I. L. 24. VER. 115.

PHYSICIANS ONLY BOAST THE HEALING ART.

**I** Am the more pleased with these my papers, since I find they have encouraged several men of learning and wit to become my correspondents. I yesterday received the following essay against quacks, which I shall here communicate to my readers for the good of the public, begging the writer's pardon for those additions and retrenchments which I have made in it.

**T**HE desire of life is so natural and strong a passion, that I have long since ceased to wonder at the great encouragement which the practice of physic finds among us. Well constituted governments have always made the profession of a physician both honourable and advantageous. Homer's Machaon and Virgil's Iapis were men of renown, heroes in war, and made at least as much havoc among their enemies as among their friends. Those who have little or no faith in the abilities of a quack will apply themselves to him, either because he is willing to sell health at a reasonable profit, or because the patient, like a drowning man, catches at every twig, and hopes for relief from the most ignorant, when the most able physicians give him none. Though impudence and many words are as necessary to these itinerary Galens, as a laced hat for a Merry Andrew, yet they would turn very little to the advantage of the owner, if there were not some inward disposition in the sick man to favour the pretensions of the mountebank. Love of life in the one, and of money in the other, creates a good correspondence between them.

There is scarce a city in Great Britain

but has one of this tribe who takes it into his protection, and on the market-day harangues the good people of the place with aphorisms and receipts: You may depend upon it, he comes not there for his own private interest, but out of a particular affection to the town. I remember one of these public-spirited artists at Hammer-smith, who told his audience, that he had been born and bred there, and that having a special regard for the place of his nativity, he was determined to make a present of five shillings to as many as would accept of it. The whole crowd stood agape, and ready to take the doctor at his word when putting his hand into a long bag, as every one was expecting his crown-piece, he drew out an handful of little packers, each of which he informed the spectators was constantly sold at five shillings and six-pence, but that he would hate the odd five shillings to every inhabitant of that place: the whole assembly immediately closed with this generous offer, and took off all his physic, after the doctor had made them vouch for one another, that there were no foreigners among them, but that they were all Hammer-smith men.

There is another branch of pretensions to this art, who, without either horse or pickle-herring, lie snug in a garret, and send down notice to the world of their extraordinary parts and abilities by printed bills and advertisements. These seem to have derived their custom from an Eastern nation which Herodotus speaks of, among whom it was a law, that whenever any cure was performed, both the method of the cure, and an account of the dispenser, should

ed in some public place; but as  
s will corrupt, these our modern  
: themselves of persons to attest  
e, before they publish or make  
eriment of the prescription. I  
ard of a porter, who serves as a  
of the post under one of these  
rs; and, though he was never  
his life, has been cured of all the  
in the dispensary. These are  
n whose sagacity has invented  
of all sorts, pills and lozenges,  
ic it as an affront if you come to  
efore you are given over by every  
life. Their medicines are infall-  
and never fail of success, that is  
thing the doctor, and setting the  
effectually at rest.

ly dropt into a coffee-house at  
inster, where I found the room  
ound with ornaments of this na-  
There were elixirs, tinctures, the  
Fatus, English pills, electuaries,  
hort more remedies than I believe  
re diseases. At the sight of so  
ventions, I could not but ima-  
yself in a kind of arsenal or ma-  
where store of arms was repo-  
unst any sudden invasion. Should  
attacked by the enemy side-ways,  
s an infallible piece of defensive  
to cure the pleurisy: should a  
r beat up your head-quarters,  
might purchase an impenetrable  
or, in the language of the artist,  
ic tincture: if your main body  
led, here are various kinds of  
in case of various onsets. I be-  
ongratulate the present age upon  
inels men might reasonably hope  
life, when death was thus in a  
defeated; and when pain itself  
of so short a duration, that it  
ut just serve to enhance the value  
lure. While I was in these  
s, I unluckily called to mind a  
an ingenious gentleman of the  
s, who lying violently afflicted  
gout, a person came and offer-  
vice to cure him by a method  
assured him was infallible: the  
who received the message carried  
his master, who inquiring whe-  
person came on foot or in a cha-  
d being informed that he was  
—'Go,' says he, 'send the  
about his business: was his me-  
s infallible as he pretends, he  
long before now have been in  
ch and six.' In like manner

I concluded, that had all these adver-  
tisers arrived to that skill they pretend  
to, they would have had no need for so  
many years successively to publish to the  
world the place of their abode, and the  
virtues of their medicines. One of these  
gentlemen indeed pretends to an effectual  
cure for leanness: what effects it may  
have upon those who have tried it I can-  
not tell; but I am credibly informed,  
that the call for it has been so great,  
that it has effectually cured the doctor  
himself of that distemper. Could each  
of them produce so good an instance of  
the success of his medicines, they might  
soon persuade the world into an opinion  
of them,

I observe that most of the bills agree  
in one expression; viz. that, 'with  
'God's blessing,' they perform such and  
such cures; this expression is certainly  
very proper and emphatical, for that is  
all they have for it. And if ever a cure  
is performed on a patient where they are  
concerned, they can claim no greater  
share in it than Virgil's Iapis in the curing  
of Æneas; he tried his skill, was  
very assiduous about the wound, and  
indeed was the only visible means that  
relieved the hero; but the poet assures  
us it was the particular assistance of a  
deity that speeded the operation. An  
English reader may see the whole story  
in Mr. Dryden's translation.

Prop'd on his lance the pensive hero stood;  
And heard and saw unmov'd, the mourning  
crowd.

The fam'd physician tucks his robes around,  
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.  
With gentle touches he performs his part,  
This way and that soliciting the dart,  
And exercises all his heavenly art.  
All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign use,  
He presses out, and pours their noble juice;  
These first insus'd, to lenify the pain,  
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.  
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd;

But now the goddess mother, mov'd with  
grief,

And pierc'd with pity hastens her relief.  
A branch of healing Dittany she brought,  
Which in the Cretan fields with care she  
sought;

Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves sur-  
round;

The leaves with flow'rs, the flow'rs with  
purple crown'd;

Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief  
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.

This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and  
brews

Th' extracted liquor with Ambrosian dew,  
And



And od'rous Panacee : unseen she stands,  
Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands ;

And pours it in a bowl already crown'd  
With juice of med'cinal herbs, prepar'd to bathe the wound.

The leech, unknowing of superior art,  
Which aids the cure, with this foment }  
the part ;

And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.  
Stanch'd in the blood, and in the bottom stands

The steel, but scarcely touch'd with teasing hands.

Moves up and follows of it's own accord ;  
And health and vigour are at once restor'd.  
Lapis first perceiv'd the closing wound ;

And first the footsteps of a God he found :  
' Arms, arms ! ' he cries : ' the sword and  
' shield prepare,

' And send the willing chief, renew'd to war,

' This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,  
' Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine.'

## Nº DLXXIII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 28.

— CASTIGATA REMORDENT.

JUV. SAT. II. VER. 35.

CHASTISED, THE ACCUSATION THEY RETORT.

**M**Y paper on the club of widows has brought me in several letters; and, among the rest, a long one from Mrs. President, as follows:

SMART SIR,

**Y**OU are pleased to be very merry, as you imagine, with us widows: and you seem to ground your satire on our receiving consolation so soon after the death of our dears, and the number we are pleased to admit for our companions; but you never reflect what husbands we have buried, and how short a sorrow the loss of them was capable of occasioning. For my own part, Mrs. President as you call me, my first husband I was married to at fourteen by my uncle and guardian (as I afterwards discovered) by way of sale, for the third part of my fortune. This fellow looked upon me as a mere child, he might breed up after his own fancy; if he kissed my chamber-maid before my face, I was supposed so ignorant, how could I think there was any hurt in it? When he came home roaring drunk at five in the morning, it was the custom of all men that live in the world. I was not to see a penny of money, for, poor thing, how could I manage it? He took a handsome cousin of his into the house (as he said) to be my house-keeper, and to govern my servants; for how should I know how to rule a family? and while she had what money she pleased, which was but reasonable for the trouble she was at for my good, I was not to be so censorious as to dislike familiarity and kindness between near relations. I was too great a coward to contend, but

not so ignorant a child to be thus imposed upon. I repented his contempt as I ought to do, and as most poor passive blinded wives do, until it pleased Heaven to take away my tyrant, who left me free possession of my own hand, and a large jointure. My youth and money brought me many lovers, and several endeavoured to establish an interest in my heart while my husband was in his last sickness; the Honourable Edward Waitfort was one of the first who addressed to me, advised to it by a cousin of his that was an intimate friend, and knew to a penny what I was worth. Mr. Waitfort is a very agreeable man, and every body would like him as well as he does himself, if they did not plainly see that his esteem and love is all taken up, and by such an object, as it is impossible to get the better of; I mean himself. He made no doubt of marrying me within four or five months, and began to proceed with such an assured easy air, that piqued my pride not to banish him; quite contrary, out of pure malice, I heard his first declaration with so much innocent surprise, and blushed so prettily, I perceived it touched his very heart, and he thought me the best-natured silly poor thing on earth. When a man has such a notion of a woman, he loves her better than he thinks he does. I was overjoyed to be thus revenged on him, for designing on my fortune; and finding it was in my power to make his heart ache, I resolved to complete my conquest, and entertained several other pretenders. The first impression of my undesigned innocence was so strong in his head, he at-

all my followers to the inevitable of my charms; and from smiles and side glances, concluded the favourite; and when I used a dog for my diversion, he it was all prudence and fear, and the violence I did my own ins to comply with my friends, married Sir Nicholas Fribble of my age. You know, Sir, the Mrs. Medlar, I hope you would had me cry out my eyes for such a . I shed tears enough for my god a week after my marriage, he was put in his grave, reckon had been two years dead, and widow of that standing, I married weeks afterwards John Sturdy, next heir. I had indeed some of taking Mr. Waitfort, but he could stay, and besides he it indecent to ask me to marry until my year was out; so dissolving him for my fourth, I Sturdy for the present. Would he it, Sir, Mr. Sturdy was just twenty, about six foot high, stoutest fox-hunter in the county. I believe I wished ten thousand of my old Fribble again; he was his dogs all the day, and all keeping them up at table with his companions: however, I self obliged to them for leading me in which he broke his neck. Waitfort began his addresses anew, I believe I had married him at there was a young officer in which had debauched two or my acquaintance, and I could ear being a little vain of his. Mr. Waitfort heard of it, I me such an insolent lecture on conduct of women, I married that very day, out of pure him. Half an hour after I was I received a penitential letter from Honourable Mr. Edward Waitfort which he begged pardon for his as proceeding from the violence me; I triumphed when I read could not help, out of the pride heart, shewing it to my new and we were very merry together. Alas! my mirth lasted a day; my young husband was very debt when I married him, and action afterwards was to set up *riot and six in fine trappings behind. I had married so*

hastily I had not the prudence to reserve my estate in my own hands; my ready-money was lost in two nights at the Groom-porter's; and my diamond necklace, which was stole, I did not know how, I met in the street upon Jenny Wheedle's neck. My plate vanished piece by piece, and I had been reduced to downright pewter, if my officer had not been deliciously killed in a duel, by a fellow that had cheated him of five hundred pounds, and afterwards, at his own request, satisfied him and me too, by running him through the body. Mr. Waitfort was still in love, and told me so again; and to prevent all fears of ill usage, he desired me to reserve every thing in my own hands: but now my acquaintance began to wish me joy of his constancy, my charms were declining, and I could not resist the delight I took in shewing the young flirts about town it was yet in my power to give pain to a man of sense: this, and some private hopes he would hang himself, and what a glory would it be for me, and how I should be envied, made me accept of being third wife to my Lord Friday. I proposed, from my rank and his estate, to live in all the joys of pride; but how was I mistaken? he was neither extravagant nor ill-natured, nor debauched. I suffered however more with him than with all others. He was splenetic. I was forced to sit whole days hearkening to his imaginary ails; it was impossible to tell what would please him; what he liked when the sun shined, made him sick when it rained; he had no distemper, but lived in constant fear of them all: my good genius dictated to me to bring him acquainted with Dr. Gruel; from that day he was always contented, because he had names for all his complaints; the good doctor furnished him with reasons for all his pains, and prescriptions for every fancy that troubled him; in hot weather he lived upon juleps, and let blood to prevent fevers; when it grew cloudy he generally apprehended a consumption. To shorten the history of this wretched part of my life, he ruined a good constitution by endeavouring to mend it, and took several medicines, which ended in taking the grand remedy, which cured both him and me of all our uneasiness. After his death, I did not expect to hear any more of Mr. Waitfort; I knew he had renounced me to all his friends, and

called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few which men in any of the polished nations but among the multitude of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because instead of a pursuing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie or outdo one another in splendour and appearance. Men of rank have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this silly game that is played over their heads, and by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chase after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to sale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the King of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn—'Content is natural wealth,' says Socrates; to which I shall add, Luxury is artificial poverty. I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the philosopher; namely, that no man has so much care as he who endeavours after the most happiness.

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive great alleviation from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others, or between the misfortunes which he suffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a

fall from the mainmast, told the stander-by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them—'Every one,' says he, 'has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this.' We find an instance to the same purpose in the life of Doctor Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay without observing that there was never any system, besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us content with our present condition, many of the ancient philosophers tell us that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which the gods themselves are subject; while others very gravely tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so to keep up the harmony of the universe, and that the scheme of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like considerations, rather silence than satisfy a man. They may shew him that his discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as Augustus did to his friend who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again—'It is for that very reason,' said the emperor, 'that I grieve.'

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it shews him that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do will naturally tend to the removal of them: it makes him cry  
1001

because it can make him happy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them. *O*

N<sup>o</sup> DLXXV. MONDAY, AUGUST 2.

—NEC MORTE ERAT LOCUM—

VIRG. GEORG. IV. VER. 226.

NO ROOM IS LEFT FOR DEATH.

DRYDEN.

A young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, 'Fa-' says he, 'you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another d.'—'True, son,' said the hermit, 'but what is thy condition if there

Man is a creature designed for different states of being, or rather of different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are concerned in, is this, In which of two lives it is our chief interest to ourselves happy? Or, in other words, Whether we should endeavour to make ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at it's utmost to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which is fixed and settled, will never end? Every man, upon first hearing of this question, knows well which side of it he ought to choose. But however right we are in our choice, it is plain that in practice we are too much inclined to the wrong side of the question. We make no provisions for this life as if it were never to have an end, and neglect the other life as though it were to have a beginning.

Would a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take the way of it's inhabitants; what would be the expectations of us be? Would not he think that we are a species of beings for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would he think that it was our duty to toil for wealth, and station, and title? Would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He

would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years; and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age? How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence; when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which after many myriads of years will be still new and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may, after all, prove unsuccessful; whereas if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should

should be annihilated every thousand years? Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method until there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after? or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable until the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed, in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second

duration, which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, Whether we will chuse to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, say, perhaps of only twenty or ten years. I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity: what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing, what seldom happens, that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life: but if we suppose, as it generally happens, that virtue would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

Every wise man therefore will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

## Nº DLXXVI. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4.

NITOR IN ADVERSUM; NEC ME, QUI CÆTERA, VINCIT  
IMPETUS; ET RAPIDO CONTRARIIS EVENOR ORBI.

OID. MET. L. II. VER. 7.

I STEER AGAINST THEIR MOTIONS, NOR AM I  
BORNE BACK BY ALL THE CURRENT OF THE SKY.

ADDISON.

**I** Remember a young man of very lively parts, and of a sprightly turn in conversation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate desire of appearing fashionable. This ran him into many amours, and consequently into many distempers. He never went to bed until two o'clock in the morning, because he would not be a queer fellow; and was every now and then knocked down by a constable, to signalize his vivacity. He was initiated into half a dozen clubs before he was one and twenty, and so improved in them his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodging by a range of broken windows, and

other the like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his reputation of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five and twenty.

There is indeed nothing which betrays a man into so many errors and inconveniences, as the desire of not appearing singular; for which reason it is very necessary to form a right idea of singularity, that we may know when it is laudable, and when it is vicious. In the first place, every man of sense will agree with me, that singularity is laudable, when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conscience, morality, and honour.

we ought to consider, that it is not duty, which is the foundation; and that we should be reasonable, as we are reasonable. Truth is never the less to be attended to: and it is not of actions, not the number by which we ought to regulate our lives. Singularity in concerns is to be looked upon as necessary, in which a man leaves the way as he soars above it. What chance can there be of a weak, ungenerous temper, than for a man to live his whole life in opposition to his sentiments? or not to dare to think he ought to be? Singularity, therefore, is only vicious when it makes men act contrary to reason when it puts them upon distinguishing themselves by trifles. As for those, who are singular in that is, in religion, immorality, or in any other way, I believe every one will give them up. I shall therefore of those only who are remarkable for their singularity in things of importance, as in dress, behaviour, and all the little of life. In these cases certain deference due to custom notwithstanding there may be reason to deviate from the custom in some particulars, a man may sacrifice his private inclinations to the practice of the public. It must be confessed that good nature makes a humourist; but then it gives him for being of any mode in the world, and renders him agreeable to persons of a much inferior degree.

I heard of a gentleman in the country, who was a remarkable instance of this foolish singularity. He laid it down as a rule within himself to act in the most indifferent manner according to the most abstractions of reason and good sense, without any regard to fashion or example. His humour broke out at first in little oddities: he had never more than one hour for his dinner, supper, &c. because, said he, we ought to follow the calls of nature, and not to give our appetites to our meals, but our meals to our appetites. In conversation with country gentlemen he would not make use of a phrase not strictly true: he never told me, that he was his humble

servant, but that he was his well-wisher, and would rather be thought a male-content, than drink the king's health when he was not dry. He would thrust his head out of his chamber window every morning, and after having gaped for fresh air about half an hour, repeat fifty verses as loud as he could bawl them for the benefit of his lungs: to which end he generally took them out of Homer; the Greek tongue, especially in that author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to expectation, than any other. He had many other particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical reasons. As this humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a turban instead of a perriwig; concluding very justly, that a bandage of clean linnen about his head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the caul of a wig, which is soiled with frequent perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many ligatures in our English dress must naturally check the circulation of the blood; for which reason, he made his breeches and his doublet of one continued piece of cloth, after the manner of the Hussars. In short, by following the pure dictates of reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his countrymen, and indeed from his whole species, that his friends would have clapped him into Bedlam, and have begged his estate; but the judge being informed that he did no harm, contented himself with issuing out a commission of lunacy against him, and putting his estate into the hands of proper guardians.

The fate of this philosopher puts me in mind of a remark in Monsieur Fontenelle's *Dialogues of the Dead*. 'The ambitious and the covetous,' says he, 'are madmen to all intents and purposes, as much as those who are shut up in dark rooms; but they have the good luck to have numbers on their side; whereas the frenzy of one who is given up for a lunatic, is a frenzy *hors d'œuvre*; that is, in other words, something which is singular in its kind, and does not fall in with the madness of a multitude.'

The subject of this essay was occasioned by a letter which I received not long since, and which, for want of room at present, I shall insert in my next paper.

N<sup>o</sup> DLXXVII. FRIDAY, AUGUST 6.

—HOC TOLERABILE, SI NON  
ET FURERE INCIPIAS—

JUV. SAT. VI. VER. 613.

THIS MIGHT BE BORNE WITH, IF YOU DID NOT RAVE.

THE letter mentioned in my last paper is as follows.

SIR,

YOU have so lately decried that custom, too much in use amongst most people, of making themselves the subjects of their writings and conversation, that I had some difficulty to persuade myself to give you this trouble, until I had considered, that though I should speak in the first person, yet I could not be justly charged with vanity, since I shall not add my name; as also, because what I shall write will not, to say the best, rebound to my praise; but is only designed to remove a prejudice conceived against me, as I hope, with very little foundation. My short history is this.

I have lived for some years last past altogether in London, until about a month ago an acquaintance of mine, for whom I have done some small services in town, invited me to pass part of the summer with him at his house in the country. I accepted his invitation, and found a very hearty welcome. My friend, an honest plain man, not being qualified to pass away his time without the reliefs of business, has grafted the farmer upon the gentleman, and brought himself to submit even to the servile parts of that employment, such as inspecting his plough, and the like. This necessarily takes up some of his hours every day; and as I have no relish for such diversion, I used at these times to retire either to my chamber, or a shady walk near the house, and entertain myself with some agreeable author. Now you must know, Mr. Spectator, that when I read, especially if it be poetry, it is very useful with me, when I meet with any passage or expression which strikes me, to pronounce it aloud, with that tone of the voice which I think agreeable to the sentiments there expressed; and to this I generally add some motion or action of the body. It was not long before I was observed by

some of the family in one of these heroic fits, who thereupon received impressions very much to my disadvantage.

This however I did not soon discover, nor should have done probably, had it not been for the following accident. I had one day shut myself up in my chamber, and was very deeply engaged in the second book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. I walked to and fro with the book in my hand, and, to speak the truth, I fear I made no little noise; when presently coming to the following lines,

—On a sudden open fly,  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,  
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder, &c.

I in great transport threw open the door of my chamber, and found the greatest part of the family standing on the outside in a very great consternation. I was in no less confusion, and begged pardon for having disturbed them; addressing myself particularly to comfort one of the children, who received an unlucky fall in this action, while he was too intently surveying my meditations through the key-hole. To be short, after this adventure I easily observed that great part of the family, especially the women and children, looked upon me with some apprehensions of fear; and my friend himself, though he still continues his civilities to me, did not seem altogether easy. I took notice, that the butler was never after this accident ordered to leave the bottle upon the table after dinner. Add to this, that I frequently overheard the servants mention me by the name of the crazed gentleman, the gentleman a little touched, the mad Londoner, and the like. This made me think it high time for me to shift my quarters, which I resolved to do the first handsome opportunity; and was content in this resolution by a young lady in the neighbourhood, who frequently visited us, and who one day, after having heard of

things I was able to say, was with a scornful smile to bid me sleep.

first minute I got to my lodging-town, I set pen to paper, to deliver opinion, whether, upon the evidence before you, I am mad or not. I bring certificates that I behave my-erly before company, and I hope at least some merit in withdrawing be mad. Look you, Sir, I am ed to be esteemed a little touched, phrase it, but should be sorry to fer than my neighbours; there-ay let me be as much in my is you can afford. I know I ring yourself as an instance of who has confessed talking to ; but your's is a particular case, not justify me, who have not nce any part of my life. What ould own myself in love? you overs are always allowed the of soliloquy. But I will say : upon this subject, because I g since observed, the ready way ought mad is to contend that not so; as we generally conclude n drunk who takes pains to be sober. I will therefore leave to your determination; but, am e desirous to be thought in my that it may be no discredit to : I assure you that I have al- en very much

Your admirer.

If I must be mad, I desire the adly may believe it is for her.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JOHN  
A NOKES AND JOHN A STILES.

SHewETH,

THAT your petitioners have causes depending in Westminster-hall above five hundred years, and that we despair of ever seeing them brought to an issue: that your petitioners have not been involved in these law-suits out of any litigious temper of their own, but by the instigation of contentious persons; that the young lawyers in our inns of court are continually setting us together by the ears, and think they do us no hurt, because they plead for us without a fee; that many of the gentlemen of the robe have no other clients in the world besides us two; that when they have nothing else to do, they make us plaintiffs and defendants, though they were never retained by any of us: that they traduce, condemn, or acquit us, without any manner of regard to our reputations and good names in the world. Your petitioners therefore, being thereunto encouraged by the favourable reception which you lately gave to our kinsman Blank, do humbly pray, that you will put an end to the controversies which have been so long depending between us your said petitioners, and that our enmity may not endure from generation to generation; it being our resolution to live hereafter as it becometh men of peaceable dispositions.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> DLXXVIII. MONDAY, AUGUST 9.

—FUGUE FERIS HUMANA IN CORPORA TRANSIT,  
INQUE FERAS NOSTER—

OVID. MET. L. XV. VER. 167.

—TH' UNBODIED SPIRIT FLIES—  
AND LODGES WHERE IT LIGHTS, IN MAN OR BEAST.

DRYDEN.

RE has been very great reason, on several accounts, for the world to endeavour at settling was that might be said to com- onal identity.

ocke, after having premised that Person properly signifies a think- gent being, that has reason and , and can consider itself as it- cludes, that it is conscious-

ness alone, and not an identity of sub- stance, which makes this personal iden- tity of sameness. 'Had I the same con- 'sciousness,' says that author, 'that 'I saw the ark and Noah's flood, as 'that I saw an overflowing of the 'Thames last winter; or as that I now 'write; I could no more doubt that I 'who writ this now, that saw the 'Thames overflow last winter, and that 'viewed



'viewed the flood at the general deluge, was the same self, place that self in what substance you please, than that I who write this am the same myself now while I write, whether I consist of all the same substance material or immaterial or no, that I was yesterday; for as to this point of being the same self, it matters not whether this present self be made up of the same or other substances.'

I was mightily pleased with a story in some measure applicable to this piece of philosophy, which I read the other day in the Persian Tales, as they are lately very well translated by Mr. Phillips; and with an abridgement whereof I shall here present my readers.

I shall only premise that these stories are writ after the eastern manner, but somewhat more correct.

**FADLALLAH**, a prince of great virtues, succeeded his father Bim-Ottoo, in the kingdom of Mousel. He reigned over his faithful subjects for some time, and lived in great happiness with his beautiful consort Queen Zamroude, when there appeared at his court a young Dervis of so lively and entertaining a turn of wit, as won upon the affections of every one he conversed with. His reputation grew so fast every day, that it at last raised a curiosity in the prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so, and far from finding that common fame had flattered him, he was soon convinced that every thing he had heard of him fell short of the truth.

Fadlallah immediately lost all manner of relish for the conversation of other men; and as he was every day more and more sensible of the abilities of this stranger, offered him the first posts in his kingdom. The young Dervis, after having thanked him with a very singular modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a vow never to accept of any employment, and preferring a free and independent state of life to all other conditions.

The king was infinitely charmed with so great an example of moderation; and though he could not get him to engage in a life of business, made him however his chief companion and first favourite.

As they were one day hunting together, and happened to be separated from the rest of the company, the Dervis en-

tertained Fadlallah with an account of his travels and adventures. After relating to him several curious which he had seen in the Indies, 'was in this place,' says he, 'I contracted an acquaintance with an old Brachman, who was skilled in the most hidden powers of nature: within my arms, and with his breath communicated to me one of the most valuable secrets, on condition I should never reveal it to any.' The king immediately reflecting on the young favourite's having refused the offers of greatness he had made, told him he presumed it was the art of making gold. 'No, Sir,' said the Dervis, 'it is somewhat more wonderful than that; it is the power of animating a dead body, by infusing my own soul into it.'

While he was yet speaking and boasting by them, and the king had his bow ready, shot her through the heart; telling the Dervis, that a fair opportunity now offered for him to show his art. The young man immediately left his own body breathless on the ground, while at the same instant the doe was re-animated: she ran to the king, fawned upon him, as having played several wanton tricks again upon the grail; at the same time the body of the Dervis recovered its animation. The king was infinitely pleased with this uncommon operation, and communicated it to his friend by every thing that was in his power to do so. The king at first made some scruple of violating his promise to the dying Brachman, but he told him at last that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a prince; after having obliged him therefore by an oath to secrecy, he permitted him to repeat two cabalistic words, pronouncing of which the whole experiment succeeded. The king, impatient to see the experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and instantly found himself in the body of the doe. He had but a little time to contemplate himself in this new being, when the treacherous Dervis shooting his arrow into the royal corpse, and by the prince's own bow against his head laid him dead on the spot, had the king, who perceived his intention too late, fled to the woods.

The Dervis, now triumphing



'viewed the flood at the general deluge,  
'was the same self, place that self in  
'what substance you please, than that  
'I who wore this am the same myself  
'now while I wore, whether I consist of  
'all the same substance material or im-  
'material or no, that I was yesterday;  
'for as to this point of being the same  
'self, it matters not whether his present  
'self be made up of the same or other  
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taining a turn of wit, as won upon the  
affections of every one he conversed with.  
His reputation grew so fast every day,  
that it at last raised a curiosity in the  
prince himself to see and talk with him.  
He did so, and far from finding that  
common fame had flattered him, he was  
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ditions.

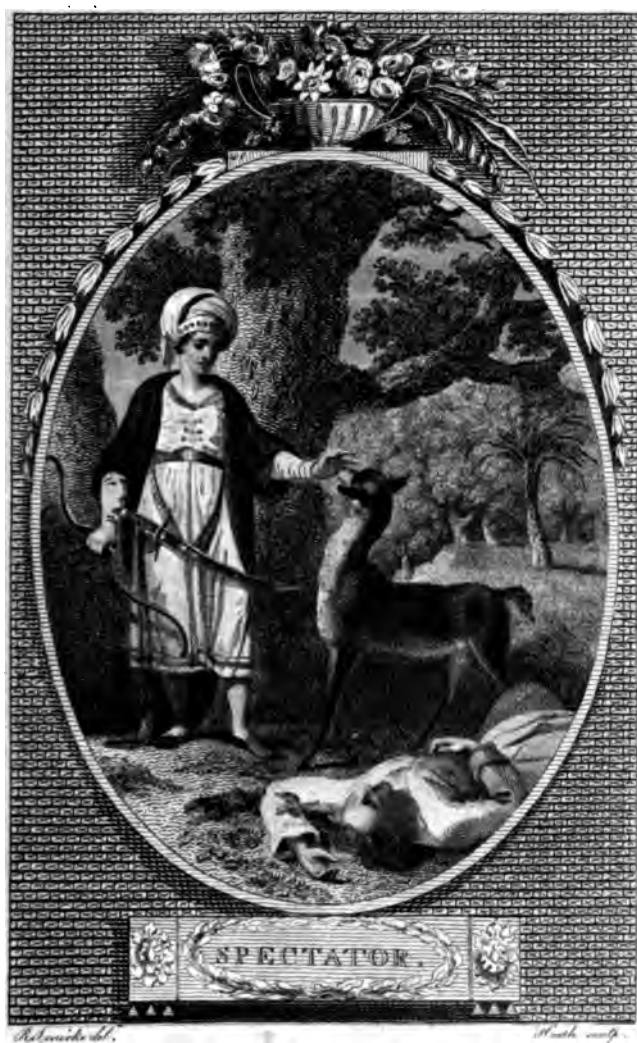
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had his bow ready, shot her through the  
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having played several wanton tricks, fell  
again upon the grates; at the same instant  
the body of the Dervis recovered its life.  
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his friend by every thing that was sacred  
to communicate it to him. The Dervis  
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doe. He had but a little time to con-  
template himself in this new being; for  
the treacherous Dervis shooting his own  
soul into the royal corpse, and bending  
the prince's own bow against him, had  
laid him dead on the spot, had not the  
king, who perceived his intent, fled  
swiftly to the woods.

The Dervis, now triumphing in his  
victory,



N<sup>o</sup> DLXXIX. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11.

—ODORA CANUM VIS.

VIRG. ÆN. IV. VER. 132.

SAGACIOUS HOUNDS.

**I**N the reign of King Charles the First, the company of Stationers, into whose hands the printing of the Bible is committed by patent, made a very remarkable *Erratum*, or blunder, in one of the editions: for instead of 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' they printed off several thousands of copies with 'Thou shalt commit adultery.' Archbishop Laud, to punish this their negligence, laid a considerable fine upon that company in the Star-Chamber.

By the practice of the world, which prevails in this degenerate age, I am afraid that very many young profligates, of both sexes, are possessed of this spurious edition of the Bible, and observe the commandment according to that faulty reading.

Adulterers, in the first ages of the Church, were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their lives for bearing a part in Christian assemblies, notwithstanding they might seek it with tears, and all the appearances of the most unfeigned repentance.

I might here mention some ancient laws among the heathens which punished this crime with death; and others of the same kind, which are now in force among several governments that have embraced the reformed religion. But because a subject of this nature may be too serious for my ordinary readers, who are very apt to throw by my papers, when they are not enlivened with something that is diverting or uncommon, I shall here publish the contents of a little manuscript lately fallen into my hands, and which pretends to great antiquity, though by reason of some modern phrases and other particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the production of a modern sophist.

It is well known by the learned, that there was a temple upon mount Ætna dedicated to Vulcan, which was guarded by dogs of so exquisite a smell, say the historians, that they could discern whether the persons who came thither were chaste or otherwise. They used

to meet and fawn upon such as were chaste, caressing them as the friends of their master Vulcan; but flew at those who were polluted, and never ceased barking at them till they had driven them from the temple.

My manuscript gives the following account of these dogs, and was probably designed as a comment upon this story.

'These dogs were given to Vulcan by his sister Diana, the goddess of hunting and of chastity, having bred them out of some of her hounds in which she had observed this natural instinct and sagacity. It was thought she did it in spite to Venus, who, upon her return home, always found her husband in a good or bad humour, according to the reception which she met with from his dogs. They lived in the temple several years, but were such snappish curs that they frightened away most of the votaries. The women of Sicily made a solemn deputation to the priest, by which they acquainted him, that they would not come up to the temple with their annual offerings unless he muzzled his mastiffs; and at last compromised the matter with him, that the offering should always be brought by a chorus of young girls, who were none of them above seven years old. It was wonderful, says the author, to see how different the treatment was which the dogs gave to these little misses, from that which they had shewn to their mothers. It is said that the Prince of Syracuse, having married a young lady, and being naturally of a jealous temper, made such an interest with the priests of this temple, that he procured a whelp from them of this famous breed. The young puppy was very troublesome to the fair lady at first, inasmuch that she solicited her husband to send him away; but the good man cut her short with the old Sicilian proverb—*Loro me, loro* 'my dog.' From which time she lived very peaceably with both of them. The ladies of Syracuse were very much annoyed with him, and several of my

l reputation refused to come to court  
l he was discarded. There were  
ed some of them that defied his sa-  
ty; but it was observed, though he  
not actually bite them, he would  
at them most confoundedly. To  
rn to the dogs of the temple: after  
had lived here in great repute for  
ral years, it so happened, that as  
of the priests, who had been mak-  
a charitable visit to a widow who  
l on the promontory of Lilybeum,  
rned home pretty late in the even-  
the dogs flew at him with so much

fury, that they would have worried him  
if his brethren had not come in to his  
assistance: upon which, says my author,  
the dogs were all of them hanged, as  
having lost their original instinct."

I cannot conclude this paper without  
wishing, that we had some of this breed  
of dogs in Great Britain, which would  
certainly do justice, I should say honour,  
to the ladies of our country, and shew  
the world the difference between pagan  
women and those who are instructed in  
sounder principles of virtue and reli-  
gion. 0

## Nº DLXXX. FRIDAY, AUGUST 13.

—SI VERBO AUDACIA DETUR,  
NON METUAM MAGNI DIXISSE PALATIA COELI.

—OVID. MET. L. 1. VER. 175.

THIS PLACE, THE BRIGHTEST MANSION OF THE SKY,  
I'LL CALL THE PALACE OF THE DEITY.

—DRYDEN.

2,  
considered in my two last letters that  
wful and tremendous subject, the  
ity or omnipresence of the Divine  
ig. I have shewn that he is equally  
nt in all places throughout the whole  
nt of infinite space. This doctrine  
agreeable to reason, that we meet  
it in the writings of the enlightened  
hens, as I might shew at large, were  
ot already done by other hands.  
though the Deity be thus essentially  
nt through all the immensity of  
e, there is one part of it in which he  
wers himself in a most transcendent  
visible glory. 'This is that place  
h is marked out in Scripture under  
ifferent appellations of 'Paradise,  
e third heaven, the throne of God,'  
'the habitation of his glory.' It  
ere where the glorified body of our  
our resides, and where all the celest-  
hierarchies, and the innumerable  
of angels, are represented as per-  
ally surrounding the seat of God  
hallelujahs and hymns of praise.  
is that presence of God which some  
he divines call his glorious, and  
as his majestic presence. He is in-  
as essentially present in all other  
as in this; but it is here where he  
es in a sensible magnificence, and  
e midst of all those splendours which  
affect the imagination of created  
re.

It is very remarkable that this opi-  
nion of God Almighty's presence in  
heaven, whether discovered by the light  
of nature, or by a general tradition  
from our first parents, prevails among  
all the nations of the world, whatsoever  
different notions they entertain of the  
Godhead. If you look into Homer,  
the most ancient of the Greek writers,  
you see the Supreme Power seated in the  
heavens, and accompanied with inferior  
deities, among whom the Muses are re-  
presented as singing incessantly about  
his throne. Who does not here see the  
main strokes and outlines of this great  
truth we are speaking of? The same  
doctrine is shadowed out in many other  
heathen authors, though at the same  
time, like several other revealed truths,  
dashed and adulterated with a mixture  
of fables and human inventions. But  
to pass over the notions of the Greeks  
and Romans, those more enlightened  
parts of the Pagan world, we find there  
is scarce a people among the late disco-  
vered nations who are not trained up in  
an opinion, that heaven is the habitation  
of the Divinity whom they worship.

As in Solomon's temple there was the  
*Sanctum Sanctorum*, in which a visible  
glory appeared among the figures of the  
cherubims, and into which none but  
the high-priest himself was permitted to  
enter, after having made an atonement  
for the sins of the people; so if we con-  
sider

sider the whole creation as one great temple, there is in it this holy of holies, into which the High-priest of our salvation entered, and took his place among angels and archangels, after having made a propitiation for the sins of mankind.

With how much skill must the throne of God be erected? With what glorious designs is that habitation beautified, which is contrived and built by him who inspired Human with wisdom? How great must be the majesty of that place, where the whole art of creation has been employed, and where God has chosen to shew himself in the most magnificent manner? What must be the architecture of infinite power under the direction of infinite wisdom? A spirit cannot but be transported after an ineffable manner with the sight of those objects, which were made to affect him by that Being who knows the inward frame of a soul, and how to please and ravish it in all its most secret powers and faculties. It is to this majestic presence of God we may apply those beautiful expressions in Holy Writ: 'Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not; yea the stars are not pure in his sight.' The light of the sun, and all the glories of the world in which we live, are but as weak and sickly glimmerings, or rather darkness itself, in comparison of those splendors which encompass the throne of God.

As the glory of this place is transcendent beyond imagination, so probable is the extent of it. There is light behind light, and glory within glory. How far that space may reach, in which God thus appears in perfect majesty, we cannot possibly conceive. Though it is not infinite, it may be indefinite: and though not immeasurable in itself, it may be so with regard to any created eye or imagination. If he has made these lower regions of matter so inconceivably wide and magnificent for the habitation of mortal and perishable beings, how great may we suppose the courts of his house to be, where he makes his residence in a more especial manner, and displays himself in the fullness of his glory, among an innumerable company of angels and spirits of just men made perfect?

This is certain, that our imaginations cannot be raised too high, when we think on a place where Omnipotence and Omnipresence have so signally excited

themselves, because that they are able to produce a scene infinitely more great and glorious than what we are able to imagine. It is not impossible but, at the consummation of all things, these outward apartments of nature which are now suited to those beings who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that glorious place of which I am here speaking; and by that means made a proper habitation for beings who are exempt from mortality, and cleared of their imperfections: for so the Scripture seems to intimate when it speaks of new heavens and of a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

I have only considered this glorious place with regard to the sight and imagination, though it is highly probable that our other senses may here likewise enjoy their highest gratifications. There is nothing which more ravishes and transports the soul, than harmony; and we have great reason to believe, from the descriptions of this place in Holy Scripture, that this is one of the entertainments of it. And if the soul of man can be so wonderfully affected with those strains of music which human art is capable of producing, how much more will it be raised and elevated by those, in which is exerted the whole power of harmony! The senses are faculties of the human soul, though they cannot be employed, during this our vital union, without proper instruments in the body. Why, therefore, should we exclude the satisfaction of these faculties, which we find by experience are inlets of great pleasure to the soul, from among those entertainments which are to make up our happiness hereafter? Why should we suppose that our hearing and seeing will not be gratified with those objects which are most agreeable to them, and which they cannot meet with in these lower regions of nature; objects, 'which neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive?'—'I knew a man in Christ,' says St. Paul, speaking of himself, 'above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth) such a one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth) how that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words,

s, which it is not possible for a man to utter.' By this is meant, that what he heard was so infinitely different from any thing which he had heard in the world, that it was impossible to express in such words as might convey an idea of it to his hearers.

It is very natural for us to take denials and enquiries concerning any foreign country, where we are some time to make our abode; and as we are to be admitted into this glorious world, it is both a laudable and useful inquiry to get what informations we can, whilst we make use of revelation as our guide. When these ever-open doors shall be open to us, we shall be sure that the pleasures and beauties of this place will infinitely transcend former hopes and expectations, and the glorious appearance of the Son of God will rise infinitely before whatever we are able to conceive.

We might here entertain our minds with many other speculations on this subject. From those several hints we find of it in the Holy Scriptures, as whether there may not be divisions and apartments of glory, of different natures; whether, as some excel one another in perfection, some are not admitted nearer to the throne Almighty, and enjoy greater manifestations of his presence; whether, at some not solemn times and occasions, and in the multitude of heaven cele-

brate the presence of their Maker in more extraordinary forms of praise and adoration; as Adam, though he had continued in a state of innocence, would, in the opinion of our divines, have kept holy the Sabbath-day, in a more particular manner than any other of the seven. These, and the like speculations, we may very innocently indulge, so long as we make use of them to inspire us with a desire of becoming inhabitants of this delightful place.

I have in this, and in two foregoing letters, treated on the most serious subject that can employ the mind of man, the omnipresence of the Deity; a subject which, if possible, should never depart from our meditations. We have considered the Divine Being, as he inhabits infinitude, as he dwells among his works, as he is present to the mind of man, and as he discovers himself in a more glorious manner among the regions of the blessed. Such a consideration should be kept awake in us at all times, and in all places, and possess our minds with a perpetual awe and reverence. It should be interwoven with all our thoughts and perceptions, and become one with the consciousness of our own being. It is not to be reflected on in the coldness of philosophy, but ought to sink us into the lowest prostration before him, who is so astonishingly great, wonderful, and holy. *U*

## Nº DLXXXI. MONDAY, AUGUST 16.

SUNT BONA, SUNT QUÆDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA FLURA  
QUÆ LEGIS—

MART. EPIC. XVII. L. I.

SOME GOOD, SOME BAD, SOME NEITHER ONE NOR T'OTHER.

I am at present sitting with a heap of letters before me, which I have rendered the character of Spectator. I receive complaints from lovers, schemes of rejection, scandal from ladies, relations, compliments, and abundance.

I have not been thus long an author, and am sensible of the natural fondness of every person must have for their own letters; and I begin to think I have treated my correspondents a little unkindly in stringing them all together in a file, and letting them lie so

long unregarded. I shall therefore, for the future, think myself at least obliged to take some notice of such letters as I receive, and may possibly do it at the end of every month.

In the mean time, I intend my present paper as a short answer to most of those which have been already sent me.

The public, however, is not to expect I should let them into all my secrets; and though I appear abstruse to most people, it is sufficient if I am understood by my particular correspondents.



My well-wisher Van Nath is very arch, but not quite enough so to appear in print.

Philadelphus will, in a little time, see his Query fully answered by a treatise which is now in the press.

It was very improper at that time to comply with Mr. G.

Miss Kitty must excuse me.

The gentleman who sent me a copy of verses on his mistress's dancing, is, I believe, too thoroughly in love to compose correctly.

I have too great a respect for both the universities to praise one at the expence of the other.

Tom Nimble is a very honest fellow, and I desire him to present my humble service to his cousin Fill Bumper.

I am obliged for the letter upon Prejudice.

I may in due time animadvert on the case of Grace Grumble.

The petition of P. S. granted.

That of Sarah Loveit, refused.

The papers of A. S. are returned.

I thank Aristippus for his kind invitation.

My friend at Woodstock is a bold man, to undertake for all within ten miles of him.

I am afraid the entertainment of Tom Turnover will hardly be relished by the good cities of London and Westminster.

I must consider farther of it, before I indulge W. F. in those freedoms he takes with the ladies stockings.

I am obliged to the ingenious gentleman who sent me an ode on the subject of the late Spectator, and shall take particular notice of his last letter.

When the lady who wrote me a letter, dated July the 20th, in relation to some passages in a lover, will be more particular in her directions, I shall be so in my answer.

The poor gentleman, who fancies my writings could reclaim an husband who can abuse such a wife as he describes, has, I am afraid, too great an opinion of my skill.

Philanthropos is, I dare say, a very well-meaning man, but a little too prolix in his compositions.

Constantius himself must be the best judge in the affair he mentions.

The letter dated from Lincoln is received.

Arethusa and her friend may hear of her from me.

Celia is a little too hasty.

Harriot is a good girl, but much too curious to folks she does not know.

I must ingenuously confess my Sampson Bentstaff has quite puzzled and writ me a long letter which not comprehend one word of.

Collidan must also explain what means by his drigelling.

I think it beneath my spectatorship, to concern myself in the fate of the boiled dumpling.

I shall consult some *Literati* project sent me for the discovery of longitude.

I know not how to conclude it more better, than by inserting a list of letters which are really genuine which I look upon to be two of the smartest pieces I have received from correspondents of either sex.

#### BROTHER SPEC,

WHILE you are surveying an object that falls in your way, I am wholly taken up with one, that sage, who demanded what was, lived to see the dear angel; he would not have asked such a question. Had another seen her, he would have loved the person in whom I have made virtue visible; and we ourselves to be in her company could never, with all your long say enough of her good-humour sense. I send you the outlines of a picture, which I can no more finish than sufficiently admire the dear one. I am your most affectionate brother

CONSTANTIO

#### GOOD MR. PER,

I Will allow you nothing unless I resolve me the following question. Pray what is the reason that when you only talk now upon Wednesday days, and Mondays, you pretend a greater talker, than when you every day as you formerly used. If this be your plunging out of taciturnity, pray let the length of speeches compensate for the frequency of them. I am, good Mr. Per, your admirer, if you will be long for me,

AMANDA LOVEIT

LXXXII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18.

—TENET INSANABILE MULTOS  
SCRIBENDI CACOETHES—

JUV. SAT. VII. VER. 51.

THE CURSE OF WRITING IS AN ENDLESS ITCH.

CH. DRYDEN.

There is a certain distemper, as is mentioned neither by Hippocrates, nor to be met in the London Dispensary. Just the motto of my paper, terms of which is a hard word not called in plain English, is of writing. This Cacoethes ical as the small-pox, there are few who are not seized with it, or other in their lives. However, this difference in tempers, that the first, after I posed you for a time, never returns; whereas this I am speaking of it is once got into the man comes out of it. The man is very much afflicted with it; and though very many have been applied to persons infected, few of them have ever been cured. Some have been with satires and lampoons, received little or no benefit; others have had their heads an hour together between a pillow which is made use of as a disease when it appears in malignity. There is indeed this malady which has been removed, like the biting of a scorpion with the sound of a musical instrument which is commonly known of a cat-call. But if you are of this kind under your own way assure yourself there is no recovery of him effectually forbidding him the use of his paper.

Upon the allegory before I have there is no species of scribosity, and more incurable, ridiculous writers whose works the public on certain days times. We have not then the perusal of these authors we find at the reading of them, that we are sure if patience we may come to our labours. I have often

admired an humorous saying of Diogenes, who reading a dull author to several of his friends, when every one began to be tired, finding he was almost come to the blank leaf at the end of it, cried—'Courage, lads, I see land.' On the contrary, our progress through that kind of writings I am now speaking of is never at an end. One day makes work for another, we do not know when to promise ourselves rest.

It is a melancholy thing to consider that the art of printing, which might be the greatest blessing to mankind, should prove detrimental to us, and that it should be made use of to scatter prejudice and ignorance through a people, instead of conveying to them truth and knowledge.

I was lately reading a very whimsical treatise, intitled, 'William Ramsay's Vindication of Astrology.' This profound author, among many mystical passages, has the following one: 'The absence of the sun is not the cause of night, forasmuch as his light is so great that it may illuminate the earth all over at once as clear as broad day; but there are tenebrous and dark stars, by whose influence night is brought on, and which do ray out darkness and obscurity upon the earth, as the sun does light.'

I consider writers in the same view this sage astrologer does the heavenly bodies. Some of them are stars that scatter light as others do darkness. I could mention several authors who are tenebrous stars of the first magnitude, and point out a knot of gentlemen, who have been dull in consort, and may be looked upon as a dark constellation. The nation has been a great while benighted with several of these antiluminaries. I suffered them to ray out their darkness as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a resolution of rising upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the British hemisphere.

N<sup>o</sup> DLXXXIII. FRIDAY, AUGUST 20.

IPSE THYMUM PINOSQUE FERENS DE MONTIBUS ALTIS,  
TECTA SERAT LATE CIRCUM, CUI TALIA CURÆ:  
IPSE LABORE MANUM DURO TERAT; IPSE FERACES  
FIGAT HUMO PLANTAS, ET AMICOS IRRIGET IMBRES.

VIRG. GEORG. IV. VER. 112.

WITH HIS OWN HAND, THE GUARDIAN OF THE BEES,  
FOR SLIPS OF PINES, MAY SEARCH THE MOUNTAIN TREES;  
AND WITH WILD THYME AND SAV'RY PLANT THE PLAIN,  
TILL HIS HARD HORN'Y FINGERS AKE WITH PAIN;  
AND DECK WITH FRUITFUL TREES THE FIELDS AROUND,  
AND WITH REFRESHING WATERS DRENCH THE GROUND.

DRYDEN.

**E**VERY station of life has duties which are proper to it. Those who are determined by choice to any particular kind of business, are indeed more happy than those who are determined by necessity, but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments, which may be either useful to themselves or beneficial to others: no one of the sons of Adam ought to think himself exempt from that labour and industry which were denounced to our first parent, and in him to all his posterity. Those to whom birth or fortune may seem to make such an application unnecessary, ought to find out some calling or profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a burden on the species, and be the only useless parts of the creation.

Many of our country gentlemen in their busy hours apply themselves wholly to the chase, or to some other diversion which they find in the fields and woods. This gave occasion to one of our most eminent English writers to represent every one of them as lying under a kind of curse pronounced to them in the words of Goliath, 'I will give thee to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.'

Though exercises of this kind, when indulged with moderation, may have a good influence both on the mind and body, the country affords many other amusements of a more noble kind.

Among these I know none more delightful in itself, and beneficial to the public, than that of Planting. I could mention a nobleman whose fortune has placed him in several parts of England, and who has always left these visible marks behind him, which shew he has been there: he never hired a house in

his life, without leaving all about it the seeds of wealth, and bestowing legacies on the posterity of the owner. Had all the gentlemen of England made the same improvements upon their estates, our whole country would have been at this time as one great garden. Nor ought such an employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for men of the highest rank. There have been heroes in this art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of Cyrus the Great, that he planted all the Lesser Asia. There is indeed something truly magnificent in this kind of amusement: it gives a nobler air to several parts of nature; it fills the earth with a variety of beautiful scenes, and has something in it like creation. For this reason the pleasure of one who plants is something like that of a poet, who, as Aristotle observes, is more delighted with his productions than any other writer or artist whatsoever.

Plantations have one advantage in them which is not to be found in most other works, as they give a pleasure of a more lasting date, and continually improve in the eye of the planter. When you have finished a building, or any other undertaking of the like nature, it immediately decays upon your hands; you see it brought to the utmost point of perfection, and from that time hastening to its ruin. On the contrary, when you have finished your plantations, they are still arriving at greater degrees of perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every succeeding year than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this art to men of estates as a pleasing amusement, but as it is a kind of virtuous employment.

ymment, and may therefore be induced by moral motives; particularly the love which we ought to for our country, and the regard we ought to bear to our posterity. For the first, I need only mention is frequently observed by others, the increase of forest trees does by no means bear a proportion to the demand of them, insomuch that in a few years the nation may be at a loss only itself with timber sufficient for the wants of England. I know when a man talks of posterity in matters of this kind, he is looked upon with an eye of ridicule by the cunning and selfish of mankind. Most people are of opinion that an old fellow of a collier when he was pressed by the necessity to come into something that should redound to the good of their success, grew very peevish; 'We are doing nothing,' says he, 'something for posterity, but I would fain see posterity do something for us.'

I think men are inexorable, who think it a duty of this nature, since it is easily discharged. When a man contented with the putting a few twigs into the ground is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the world fifty years hence, or that he is only making one of his own debts easy or rich, by so inconsiderable an expence; if he finds himself to it, he must conclude that he has a poor and base heart, void of all useful principles and love to man-

There is one consideration, which very much enforces what I have said. Many honest minds, that are naturally disposed to do good in the world, and become beneficial to mankind, complain within themselves that they have not talents for it. This is a good office, which is suited to the meanest capacities, and which is performed by multitudes, who are of abilities sufficient to deserve the service of their country, and to recommend themselves to their posterity, by any method. It is the phrase of a

friend of mine, when any useful country neighbour dies, that 'you may trace his name;' which I look upon as a good funeral oration at the death of an honest husbandman, who hath left the impressions of his industry behind him in the place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing considerations, I can scarce forbear representing the subject of this paper as a kind of moral virtue; which, as I have already shewn, recommends itself likewise by the pleasure that attends it. It must be confessed, that this is none of those turbulent pleasures which is apt to gratify a man in the heats of youth; but if it be not so tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful than to entertain ourselves with prospects of our own making, and to walk under those shades which our own industry has raised. Amusements of this nature compose the mind, and lay at rest all those passions which are uneasy to the soul of man; besides that they naturally engender good thoughts, and dispose us to laudable contemplations. Many of the old philosophers passed away the greatest part of their lives among their gardens. Epicurus himself could not think sensual pleasure attainable in any other scene. Every reader who is acquainted with Homer, Virgil, and Horace, the greatest geniuses of all antiquity, knows very well with how much rapture they have spoken on this subject; and that Virgil in particular has written a whole book on the art of planting.

This art seems to have been more especially adapted to the nature of man in his primæval state, when he had life enough to see his productions flourish in their utmost beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the flood might have seen a wood of the tallest oaks in the acorn. But I only mention this particular, in order to introduce, in my next paper, a history which I have found among the accounts of China, and which may be looked upon as an antediluvian novel. (1)

N<sup>o</sup> DLXXXIV. MONDAY, AUGUST 23.

HIC GELIDI FONTES, HIC MOLLIA PRATA, LYCORI,  
HIC NEMUS, HIC TOTO TECUM CONSUMERER AVO.

VIRG. ECL. X. VER. 42.

COME SEE WHAT PLEASURES IN OUR PLAINS ABOUND;  
THE WOODS, THE FOUNTAINS, AND THE FLOW'RY GROUNDS;  
HERE I COULD LIVE, AND LOVE, AND DIE WITH ONLY YOU.

DRYDEN.

**H**ILPA was one of the hundred and fifty daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohu, by whom some of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was but a girl of threecore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of Mount Tuzah, in the southern parts of China. Shalum (which is to say the planter in the Chinese language) possessed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tizah. Harpath was of a haughty contemptuous spirit; Shalum was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said that among the antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, because of his numerous flocks and herds, that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of Mount Tizah, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

Harpath made so quick a dispatch of his courtship, that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age, and being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked Shalum, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the vallies,

but came to an untimely end in the two hundred and fiftieth year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this day, from his name who perished in it, the river Harpath; and, what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which Shalum wished might fall upon his brother, when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa was in the hundred and sixtieth year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but fifty children before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow, though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover Shalum, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of Harpath; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

Shalum falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first address to Hilpa, began, immediately after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as to his amusement; his mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests, intermixed with walks, and lawns, and gardens; inasmuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest

who lived before the flood, drew multitudes of people, who were daily employed in the sinking of the digging of trenches, and the ing of trees, for the better distri- of water through every part of icious plantation.

habitations of Shalum looked ear more beautiful in the eyes of who, after the space of seventy is, was wonderfully pleased with tant prospect of Shalum's hills, were then covered with innu- e tufts of trees, and gloomy that gave a magnificence to the and converted it into one of the and skips the eye of man could

Chinese record a letter which is said to have written to Hilpa, leventh year of her widowhood. here translate it without depart- m that noble simplicity of senti- and plainness of manners which in the original.

um was at this time one hundred ty years old, and Hilpa one hun- dred seventy.

LUM, MASTER OF MOUNT ZAH, TO HILPA, MISTRESS OF VALLIES.

IN THE 788th YEAR OF THE CREATION.

AT have I not suffered, O thou daughter of Zilpah, since thou thyself away in marriage to

my rival? I grew weary of the light of the sun, and have since ever been covering myself with woods and forests. These threecore and ten years have I bewailed the loss of thee on the top of Mount Tirzah, and soothed my melancholy among a thousand gloomy shades of my own railing. My dwellings are at present as the garden of God; every part of them is filled with fruits and flowers, and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O my be- loved, and let us people this spot of the new world with a beautiful race of mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful shades, and fill every quarter of them with sons and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter of Zilpah, that the age of man is but a thousand years; that beauty is the admiration but of a few centuries. It flourishes as a mountain oak, or as a cedar on the top of Tirzah, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never be thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from it's roots. Think well on this, and remember thy neighbour in the moun- tains.

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only antediluvian billet-doux now extant, I shall in my next paper give the answer to it, and the sequel of this story. D

° DLXXXV. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25.

IPSA LÆTITIA VOCES AD SIDERA JACTANT  
INTONANT MONTES: IPSÆ JAM CARMINA RUPES,  
IPSA SONANT ARBUSTIA—— VIRG. ECL. V. VER. 63.

THE MOUNTAIN TOPS UNSHORN, THE ROCKS REJOICE;  
THE LOWLY SHAUBS PARTAKE OF HUMAN VOICE. DAYDEN.

SEQUEL OF THE STORY OF SHALUM AND HILPA.

E letter inserted in my last had good an effect upon Hilpa, that wared it in less than twelve after the following manner:

MISTRESS OF THE VALLIES, SHALUM, MASTER OF MOUNT AH.

IN THE 789th YEAR OF THE CREATION.

WHAT have I to do with thee, O Shalum? Thou praisest Hilpa's beauty, but art thou not secretly ena- moured with the verdure of her mea- dows? Art thou not more affected with the prospect of her green vallies, than thou wouldst be with the sight of her person? The lowings of my herds, and the bleatings of my flocks, make a plea- sant

fant echo in thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. What though I am delighted with the wavings of thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes which flow from the top of Tizrah: are these like the riches of the valley?

I know thee, O Shalum; thou art more wise and happy than any of the sons of men. Thy dwellings are among the cedars; thou searchest out the diversity of soils, thou understandest the influences of the stars, and markest the change of seasons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes of such a one? Disquiet me not, O Shalum; let me alone, that I may enjoy those goodly possessions which are fallen to my lot. Win me not by thy enticing words. May thy trees increase and multiply; mayest thou add wood to wood, and shade to shade; but tempt not Hilpa to destroy thy solitude, and make thy retirement populous.

The Chinese say, that a little time afterwards she accepted of a treat in one of the neighbouring hills to which Shalum had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said to have cost Shalum five hundred antelopes, two thousand ostriches, and a thousand tuns of milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that variety of delicious fruits and pot-herbs, in which no person then living could any way equal Shalum.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidst the wood of nightingales. This wood was made up of such fruit-trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds of singing-birds; so that it had drawn into it all the music of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the most agreeable consort in season.

He shewed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene in this new region of woods; and as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wish for of opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure he made him a kind of promise, and gave him her word to return him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the valleys, when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from Mishpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built

a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years, nay there were some that were leased out for three lives; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the convenience of life. In the mean time Shalum grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at Hilpa for the reception which she had given to Mishpach, inasmuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of Saturn; but finding that this intercourse went no farther than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her, who during his long silence is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon Mount Tizrah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Mishpach; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mishpach having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mishpach resolved to rebuild the place whatever it should cost him; and having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mishpach; and therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of Zolpah's daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains, he raised a most prodigious pile of cedar, and of every sweet smelling wood, which reached above three hundred cubits in height: he also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh and sheaves of spikeard, enriching it with

spicy shrub, and making it fat  
e gums of his plantations. This  
e burnt-offering which Shalum  
in the day of his espousals: the

smoke of it ascended up to heaven, and  
filled the whole country with incense  
and perfume. O

## Nº DLXXXVI. FRIDAY, AUGUST 27.

IN VITA USURPANT HOMINES, COGITANT, CURANT, VIDENT, QUAE-  
AGUNT VIGILANTES, ACITANTQUE, EA CUIQUE IN SOMNO ACCIDUNT.  
CIC. DE DIV.

INGS, WHICH EMPLOY MENS WAKING THOUGHTS AND ACTIONS, RECURE  
TO THEIR IMAGINATIONS IN SLEEP.

the last post I received the fol-  
lowing letter, which is built upon  
that that is new, and very well  
on; for which reasons I shall give  
public without alteration, addi-  
amendment.

as a good piece of advice which  
agoras gave to his scholars, that  
ight before they slept they should  
e what they had been doing that  
d so discover what actions were  
of pursuit to-morrow, and what  
ces were to be prevented from  
unawares into a habit. If I  
second the philosopher's advice,  
d be mine, that in a morning be-  
y scholar rose, he should consider  
e had been about that night, and  
e same strictness, as if the con-  
ne has believed himself to be in,  
d. Such a scrutiny into the ac-  
f his fancy must be of consider-  
vantage, for this reason, because  
umstances which a man imagines  
in during sleep, are generally  
intirely favour his inclinations  
r bad, and give him imaginary  
inities of pursuing them to the  
; so that his temper will lie fairly  
his view, while he considers how  
oved when free from those con-  
which the accidents of real life  
inder. Dreams are certainly the  
f our waking thoughts, and our  
opes and fears are what give the  
uch nimble relishes of pleasure,  
h severe touches of pain in it's  
ht rambles. A man that mur-  
enemy, or deserts his friend in  
t, had need to guard his temper  
revenge and ingratitude, and  
ed that he be not tempted to do  
ing in the pursuit of false, or the

neglect of true, honour. For my part,  
I seldom receive a benefit, but in a  
night or two's time I make most noble  
returns for it; which though my bene-  
factor is not a whit the better for, yet it  
pleases me to think that it was from a  
principle of gratitude in me, that my  
mind was susceptible of such generous  
transport while I thought myself repay-  
ing the kindness of my friend: and I  
have often been ready to beg pardon,  
instead of returning an injury, after  
considering that when the offender was  
in my power I had carried my resent-  
ments much too far.

I think it has been observed in the  
course of your papers, how much one's  
happiness or misery may depend upon  
the imagination: of which truth those  
strange workings of fancy in sleep are  
no inconsiderable instances; so that not  
only the advantage a man has of making  
discoveries of himself, but a regard to  
his own ease or disquiet, may induce  
him to accept of my advice. Such as  
are willing to comply with it, I shall  
put into a way of doing it with pleasure,  
by observing only one maxim which I  
shall give them, viz. To go to bed with  
a mind entirely free from passion, and  
a body clear of the least intemperance.

They, indeed, who can sink into sleep  
with their thoughts less calm or inno-  
cent than they should be, do but plunge  
themselves into scenes of guilt and mi-  
sery; or they who are willing to pur-  
chase any midnight disquietudes for the  
satisfaction of a full meal, or a skin full  
of wine; these I have nothing to say to,  
as not knowing how to invite them to  
reflections full of shame and horror: but  
those that will observe this rule, I pro-  
mise them they shall awake into health  
and chearfulness, and be capable of re-  
counting with delight those glorious mo-  
ments



ments, wherein the mind has been indulging itself in such luxury of thought, such noble hurry of imagination. Suppose a man's going supperless to bed should introduce him to the table of some great prince or other, where he shall be entertained with the noblest marks of honour and plenty, and do so much business after, that he shall rise with as good a stomach to his breakfast as if he had fasted all night long; or suppose he should see his dearest friends remain all night in great distress, which he could instantly have disengaged them from, could he have been content to have gone to bed without the other bottle; believe me these effects of fancy are no contemptible consequences of commanding or indulging one's appetite.

I forbear recommending my advice upon many other accounts until I hear how you and your readers relish what I have already said; among whom if there be any that may pretend it is useless to them, because they never dream at all, there may be others, perhaps, who do little else all day long. Were every one as sensible as I am what happens to him in his sleep, it would be no dispute whether we pass so considerable a portion of our time in the condition of flocks and flocks, or whether the soul were not perpetually at work upon the principle of thought. However, it is an honest endeavour of mine to persuade

my countrymen to reap some advantage from so many unregarded hours, and as such you will encourage it.

I shall conclude with giving you a sketch or two of my way of proceeding.

If I have any business of consequence to do to-morrow, I am scarce dropt asleep to-night but I am in the midst of it, and when awake I consider the whole procession of the affair, and get the advantage of the next day's experience before the sun has risen upon it.

There is scarce a great post but what I have some time or other been in; but my behaviour while I was master of a college, pleases me so well, that whenever there is a province of that nature vacant, I intend to step in as soon as I can.

I have done many things that would not pass examination, when I have had the art of flying or being invisible; for which reason I am glad I am not possessed of those extraordinary qualities.

Lastly, Mr. Spectator, I have been a great correspondent of yours, and have read many of my letters in your paper which I never wrote you. If you have a mind I should really be so, I have got a parcel of visions and other miscellanies in my noctuary, which I shall send you to enrich your paper on proper occasions. I am, &c.

JOHN SHALLOW.

Oxford, Aug. 20.

## Nº DLXXXVII. MONDAY, AUGUST 30.

—INTUS, ET IN CUTE NOVI.

PERS. SAT. III. VER. 30.

I KNOW THEE TO THY BOTTOM; FROM WITHIN  
THY SHALLOW CENTRE, TO THE UTMOST SKIN.

DRYDEN.

**T**HOUGH the author of the following vision is unknown to me, I am apt to think it may be the work of that ingenious gentleman, who promised me, in the last paper, some extracts out of his noctuary.

SIR,

I Was the other day reading the life of Mahomet. Among many other extravagancies, I find it recorded of that impostor, that in the fourth year of his age the angel Gabriel caught him up

while he was among his play-fellows, and carrying him aside, cut open his breast, plucked out his heart, and wrung out of it that black drop of blood, in which, say the Turkish divines, is contained the *Fomes Peccati*, so that he was free from sin ever after. I immediately said to myself, though this story be a fiction, a very good moral may be drawn from it, would every man but apply it to himself, and endeavour to squeeze out of his heart whatever sins or ill qualities he finds in it.

White





While my mind was wholly taken up with this contemplation, I insensibly fell into a most pleasing slumber, when methought two porters entered my chamber carrying a large chest between them. After having set it down in the middle of the room, they departed. I immediately endeavoured to open what was sent me, when a shape, like that in which we paint our angels, appeared before me, and forbade me. 'Inclosed,' said he, 'are the hearts of several of your friends and acquaintance; but before you can be qualified to see and animadvert on the failings of others, you must be pure yourself.' Whereupon he drew out his incision knife, cut me open, took out my heart, and began to squeeze it. I was in a great confusion, to see how many things, which I had always cherished as virtues, issued out of my heart on this occasion. In short, after it had been thoroughly squeezed, it looked like an empty bladder; when the phantom, breathing a fresh particle of divine air into it, restored it safe to its former repository; and having sewed me up, we began to examine the chest.

The hearts were all inclosed in transparent phials, and preserved in liquor which looked like spirits of wine. The first which I cast my eye upon, I was afraid would have broke the glass which contained it. It shot up and down, with incredible swiftness, through the liquor in which it swam, and very frequently bounced against the side of the phial. The *fomes*, or spot in the middle of it, was not large, but of a red fiery colour, and seemed to be the cause of these violent agitations. 'That,' says my instructor, 'is the heart of Tom Dread Nought, who behaved himself well in the late wars, but has for these ten years last past been aiming at some post of honour to no purpose. He is lately retired into the country, where quite choaked up with spleen and choler, he rails at better men than himself, and will be forever uneasy, because it is impossible he should think his merits sufficiently rewarded.' The next heart that I examined was remarkable for its smallness; it lay still at the bottom of the phial, and I could hardly perceive that it beat at all. The *fomes* was quite black, and had almost diffused itself over the whole heart. 'This,' says my interpreter, 'is the heart of Dick Gloomy, who never thirsted af-

ter any thing but money. Notwithstanding all his endeavours, he is still poor. This has flung him into a most deplorable state of melancholy and despair. He is a composition of envy and idleness, hates mankind, but gives them their revenge by being more uneasy to himself than to any one else.'

The phial I looked upon next contained a large fair heart which beat very strongly. The *fomes* or spot in it was exceeding small; but I could not help observing, that which way soever I turned the phial, it always appeared uppermost, and in the strongest point of light. 'The heart you are examining,' says my companion, 'belongs to Will Worthy.' He has, indeed, a most noble soul, and is possessed of a thousand good qualities. The speck which you discover is vanity.

'Here,' says the angel, 'is the heart of Freelove, your intimate friend.' 'Freelove and I,' said I, 'are at present very cold to one another, and I do not care for looking on the heart of a man which I fear is overcast with rancour.' My teacher commanded me to look upon it; I did so, and to my unspeakable surprise, found that a small swelling spot, which I at first took to be ill-will towards me, was only passion, and that upon my nearer inspection it wholly disappeared; upon which the phantom told me Freelove was one of the best-natured men alive.

'This,' says my teacher, 'is a female heart of your acquaintance.' I found the *fomes* in it of the largest size, and of an hundred different colours, which were still varying every moment. Upon my asking to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the heart of Coquetilla.

I set it down, and drew out another, in which I took the *fomes* at first for it to be very small, but was amazed to find, that, as I looked steadily upon it, it grew still larger. It was the heart of Melissa, a noted prude who lives the next door to me.

'I shew you this,' says the phantom, 'because it is indeed a rarity, and you have the happiness to know the person to whom it belongs.' He then put into my hands a large crystal glass, that inclosed an heart, in which, though I examined it with the utmost nicety, I could not perceive any blemish. I made no scruple to affirm, that it must be the heart

heart of Seraphina, and was glad, but not surprised, to find that it was so. 'She is indeed,' continued my guide, 'the ornament, as well as the envy, of her sex.' At these last words he pointed to the hearts of several of her female acquaintance which lay in different phials, and had very large spots in them, all of a deep blue. 'You are not to wonder,' says he, 'that you see no spot in an heart, whose innocence has been proof against all the corruptions of a depraved age. If it has any blemish, it is too small to be discovered by human eyes.'

I laid it down, and took up the hearts of other females, in all of which the *fomes* ran in several veins, which were twisted together, and made a very perplexed figure. I asked the meaning of it, and was told it represented deceit.

I should have been glad to have examined the hearts of several of my acquaintance, whom I knew to be particularly addicted to drinking, gaming, intriguing, &c. but my interpreter told me, I must let that alone until another opportunity, and flung down the cover of the chest with so much violence, as immediately awoke me,

## Nº DLXXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

DICITIS, OMNIS IN IMBECILLITATE EST ET GRATIA, ET CARITAS.

CICERO.

YOU PRETEND THAT ALL KINDNESS AND BENEVOLENCE IS FOUNDED IN WEAKNESS.

**M**AN may be considered in two views, as a reasonable, and as a sociable being; capable of becoming himself either happy or miserable, and of contributing to the happiness or misery of his fellow-creatures. Suitably to this double capacity, the Contriver of human nature hath wisely furnished it with two principles of action, self-love, and benevolence; designed one of them to render man wakeful to his own personal interest, the other to dispose him for giving his utmost assistance to all engaged in the same pursuit. This is such an account of our frame, so agreeable to reason, so much for the honour of our Maker, and the credit of our species, that it may appear somewhat unaccountable what should induce men to represent human nature as they do under characters of disadvantage, or having drawn it with a little sordid aspect, what pleasure they can possibly take in such a picture? Do they reflect that it is their own, and, if we would believe themselves, is not more odious than the original? One of the first that talked in this lofty strain of our nature was Epicurus. Beneficence, would his followers say, is all founded in weakness; and, whatever he pretended, the kindness that passeth between men and men, is by every man directed to himself. This, it must be confessed, is of a piece with the rest of that hopeful philosophy, which

having patched men up out of the four elements, attributes his being to chance, and derives all his actions from an unintelligible declination of atoms. And for these glorious discoveries the poet is beyond measure transported in the praises of his hero, as if he must needs be something more than man, only for an endeavour to prove that man is in nothing superior to beasts. In this school was Mr. Hobbes instructed to speak after the same manner, if he did not rather draw his knowledge from an observation of his own temper; for he somewhere unluckily lays down this as a rule, That from the similitudes of thoughts and passions of one man to the thoughts and passions of another, whosoever looks into himself and considers what he doth when he thinks, hopes, fears, &c. and upon what grounds, he shall hereby read and know what are the thoughts and passions of all other men, upon the like occasions. Now we will allow Mr. Hobbes to know best how he was inclined; but in earnest, I should be heartily out of conceit with myself, if I thought myself of this unamiable temper, as he affirms, and should have as little kindness for myself as for any body in the world. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent propensities were the original growth of the heart of man, and, however checked and overtopped by covetous inclinations

cessary, by the constant returns of hunger and thirst, those importunate appetites, to put it in mind of it's charge; knowing that if we should eat and drink no oftener than cold abstracted speculation should put us upon these exercises and then leave it to reason to prescribe the quantity, we should soon refine ourselves out of this bodily life. And, indeed, it is obvious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily unless carried to it by inclinations which anticipate our reason, and, like a bias, draw the mind strongly towards it. In order, therefore, to establish a perpetual intercourse of benefits amongst mankind, their Maker would not fail to give them this generous prepossession of benevolence, if, as I have said, it were possible. And from whence can we go about to argue it's impossibility? Is it inconsistent with self-love? Are their motions contrary? No more than the diurnal rotation of the earth is opposed to it's annual; or it's motion round it's own centre, which might be improved as an illustration of self-love, to that which whirls it about the common centre of the world, answering to universal benevolence. Is the force of self-love abated, or it's interest prejudiced by benevolence? So far from it, that benevolence, though a distinct principle, is extremely serviceable to self-love, and then doth most service when it is least designed.

But to descend from reason to matter of fact; the pity which arises on sight of persons in distress, and the satisfaction of mind which is the consequence of having removed them into a happier state, are instead of a thousand arguments to prove such a thing as a disinterested benevolence. Did pity proceed from a reflection we make upon our liability to the same ill accidents we see befall others, it were nothing to the present purpose; but this is assigning an artificial cause of a natural passion, and can by no means be admitted as a tolerable account of it, because children and persons most thoughtless about their own condition, and incapable of entering into the prospects of futurity, feel the most violent touches of compassion. And then as to that charming delight which immediately follows the giving joy to another, or relieving his sorrow, and is, when the objects are numerous, and the kindness of importance, really inexpressible, what can this be owing to

but consciousness of a man's having done something praise-worthy, and expressive of a great soul? Whereas, if in all this he only sacrificed to vanity and self-love, as there would be nothing brave in actions that make the most shining appearance, so nature would not have rewarded them with this divine pleasure; nor could the commendations, which a person receives for benefits done upon selfish views, be at all more satisfactory, than when he is applauded for what he doeth without design; because in both cases the ends of self-love are equally answered. The conscience of approving one's-self a benefactor to mankind is the noblest recompence for being so; doubtless it is, and the most interest'd cannot propose any thing so much to their own advantage; notwithstanding which, the inclination is nevertheless unselfish. The pleasure which attends the gratification of our hunger and thirst, is not the cause of these appetites; they are previous to any such prospect; and so likewise is the desire of doing good; with this difference, that being seated in the intellectual part, this last, though antecedent to reason, may yet be improved and regulated by it, and, I will add, is no otherwise a virtue

than as it is so. Thus have I contended for the dignity of that nature I have the honour to partake of; and, after all the evidence produced, I think I have a right to conclude, against the motto of this paper, that there is such a thing as generosity in the world. Though if I were under a mistake in this, I should say as Cicero in relation to the immortality of the soul, I willingly err, and should believe it very much for the interest of mankind to lie under the same delusion. For the contrary notion naturally tends to dispirit the mind, and sinks it into a meanness fatal to the God-like zeal of doing good: as, on the other hand, it teaches people to be ungrateful, by possessing them with a persuasion concerning their benefactors, that they have no regard to them in the benefits they bestow. Now he that banishes gratitude from among men, by so doing, stops up the stream of beneficence. For though in conferring kindnesses, a truly generous man doth not aim at a return, yet he looks to the qualities of the person obliged; and as nothing renders a person more unworthy of a benefit, than his being without all resentment of it, he will not be extremely to oblige such a man.

*With very great feeling, Duncan M. M. M.*

*M<sup>r</sup>. Hutcheson.*

laundries NO DLXXXIX. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

PERSEQUITUR SCELUS ILLE SUUM: LAMFACTAQUE TANDEM  
ICTIBUS INNUMERIS ADDUCTAQUE FUNIBUS ARBOR  
CORRUIT—

OVID. MET. L. 8. VER. 774.

THE IMPIOUS AXE HE PLIES; LOUD STROKES RESOUND;  
'TILL DRAGG'D WITH ROPES, AND FELL'D WITH MANY A WOUND,  
THE LOOSEN'D TREE COMES RUSHING TO THE GROUND. }

SIR,

I Am so great an admirer of trees, that the spot of ground I have chosen to build a small seat upon, in the country, is almost in the midst of a large wood. I was obliged, much against my will, to cut down several trees, that I might have any such thing as a walk in my gardens; but then I have taken care to leave the space, between every walk, as much a wood as I found it. The moment you turn either to the right or left, you are in a forest, where nature presents you with a much more beautiful scene than could have been raised by art.

Instead of tulips or carnations, I can shew you oaks in my gardens of four hundred years standing, and a knot of elms that might shelter a troop of horie from the rain.

It is not without the utmost indignation, that I observe several prodigal young heirs in the neighbourhood, selling down the most glorious monuments of their ancestors' industry, and ruining, in a day, the product of ages.

I am mightily pleased with your discourse upon planting, which put me upon looking into my books to give you some account of the veneration the ancients had for trees. There is an old tradition

on, that Abraham planted a cypress, a pine, and a cedar, and that three incorporated into one tree, was cut down for the building of the temple of Solomon.

Orus, who lived in the reign of Intus, assures us, that he saw, in his time, that famous oak in the ruins of Mamré, under which Adam is reported to have dwelt; and that the people looked upon it with great veneration, and preserved the sacred tree.

The heathens still went farther, and held it as the highest piece of sacrilege to injure certain trees which they believed to be protected by some deity. The story of Erichon, the grove at Dodona, and that at Delphi, are all instances of this kind.

We consider the machine in Virgil, which is blamed by several critics in this age, we shall hardly think it too vio-

lence, when he built his fleet in order to sail for Italy, was obliged to leave the grove on mount Ida, which he durst not do until he had received leave from Cybele, to whom it was dedicated. The goddess could not think herself obliged to protect the ships, which were made of consecrated timber, after a very extraordinary manner, and therefore desired Jupiter, that they might not be obnoxious to the effects of waves or winds. Jupiter would not grant this, but promised her, that many as came safe to Italy should be transformed into goddesses of the sea; the poet tells us was accordingly done.

At length the number'd hours were come,  
 And by Fate's irrevocable doom,  
 The great mother of the gods was free  
 To her ships, and finish'd Jove's decree.  
 From the quarter of the morn, there sprung  
 That sing'd the heavens, and shot along  
 From a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,  
 Ambrosial beard, and Bercynthian quires:  
 It a voice, with more than mortal sounds,  
 Soft in arms oppos'd with equal horror wounds.  
 Trojan rate, your needful aid forbear;  
 Now my ships are my peculiar care.

With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,  
 With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,  
 Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,

Loos'd from your crooked anchors launch at large,

Exalted each a nymph: forsake the sand,  
 And swim the seas, at Cybele's command.  
 No sooner had the goddesses ceas'd to speak,  
 When lo, th' obedient ships their haulers break;

And, strange to tell, like dolphins in the main,  
 They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:

As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,  
 As rode before tall vessels on the deep.

DRYDEN'S VIRG.

The common opinion concerning the nymphs, whom the ancients called Hamadryads, is more to the honour of trees than any thing yet mentioned. It was thought the fate of these nymphs had so near a dependence on some trees, more especially oaks, that they lived and died together. For this reason they were extremely grateful to such persons who preserved those trees with which their being subsisted. Apollonius tells us a very remarkable story to this purpose, with which I shall conclude my letter.

A certain man, called Rhæcus, observing an old oak ready to fall, and being moved with a sort of compassion towards the tree, ordered his servants to pour in fresh earth at the roots of it, and set it upright. The Hamadryad, or nymph, who must necessarily have perished with the tree, appeared to him the next day, and after having returned him her thanks, told him, she was ready to grant whatever he should ask. As she was extremely beautiful, Rhæcus desired he might be entertained as her lover. The Hamadryad, not much displeased with the request, promised to give him a meeting, but commanded him for some days to abstain from the embraces of all other women, adding that she would send a bee to him, to let him know when he was to be happy. Rhæcus was, it seems, too much addicted to gaming, and happened to be in a run of ill-luck when the faithful bee came buzzing about him; so that instead of minding his kind invitation, he had like to have killed him for his pains. The Hamadryad was so provoked at her own disappointment, and the ill usage



of her messenger, that the deprived Rhæ-  
 eus of the use of his limbs. However,  
 says the story, he was not so much a  
 cripple, but he made a shift to cut down  
 the tree, and consequently to fill his  
 mistress's.

## Nº DXC. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

ASSIDUO LABUNTUR TEMPORA MOTU  
 NON SECUS AC FLUMEN. NEQUE ENIM CONSISTERE FLUMEN,  
 NEC LEVIS HORA POTEST: SED UT UNDA IMPELLITUR UNDA,  
 URGETURQUE PRIOR VENIENTI, URGETQUE PRIOREM,  
 TEMPORA SIC FUGIUNT PARITER, PARITERQUE SEQUUNTUR;  
 ET NOVA SUNT SEMPER. NAM QUOD FUIT ANTE, RELICTUM EST;  
 FITQUE QUOD HAUD FUERAT: MOMENTAQUE CUNCTA NOVANTUR.

OVID. MET. L. 15. VER. 179.

E'EN TIMES ARE IN PERPETUAL FLUX, AND RUN,  
 LIKE RIVERS FROM THEIR FOUNTAINS, ROLLING ON.  
 FOR TIME, NO MORE THAN STREAMS, IS AT A STAY;  
 THE FLYING HOUR IS EVER ON HER WAY:  
 AND AS THE FOUNTAINS STILL SUPPLY THEIR STORE,  
 THE WAVE BEHIND IMPELS THE WAVE BEFORE;  
 THUS IN SUCCESSIVE COURSE THE MINUTES RUN,  
 AND URGE THEIR PREDECESSOR MINUTES ON,  
 STILL MOVING, EVER NEW: FOR FORMER THINGS  
 ARE LAID ASIDE, LIKE ABDICATED KINGS;  
 AND EVERY MOMENT ALTERS WHAT IS DONE,  
 AND INNOVATES SOME ACT, TILL THEN UNKNOWN.

DRYDEN.

THE following discourse comes from  
 the same hand with the essays upon  
 infinitude.

WE consider infinite space as an ex-  
 pansion without a circumference: we  
 consider eternity, or infinite dura-  
 tion, as a line that has neither a begin-  
 ning nor an end. In our speculations  
 of infinite space, we consider that par-  
 ticular place in which we exist, as a kind  
 of centre to the whole expansion. In  
 our speculations of eternity, we consider  
 the time which is present to us as the  
 middle, which divides the whole line  
 into two equal parts. For this reason,  
 many witty authors compare the present  
 time to an isthmus, or narrow neck of  
 land, that rises in the midst of an ocean,  
 immeasurably diffused on either side  
 of it.

Philosophy, and indeed common sense,  
 naturally throws eternity under two di-  
 visions, which we may call in English,  
 that eternity which is past, and that  
 eternity which is to come. The learned  
 terms of *Æternitas a parte ante*, and  
*Æternitas a parte p. st.*, may be more  
 amusing to the reader, but can have no  
 other idea affixed to them than what is  
 conveyed to us by those words, an eter-

nity that is past, and an eternity that is  
 to come. Each of these eternities is  
 bounded at the one extreme, or, in other  
 words, the former has an end, and the  
 latter a beginning.

Let us first of all consider that eter-  
 nity which is past, reserving that which  
 is to come for the subject of another  
 paper. The nature of this eternity is  
 utterly inconceivable by the mind of  
 man: our reason demonstrates to us that  
 it has been, but at the same time can  
 frame no idea of it, but what is big with  
 absurdity and contradiction. We can  
 have no other conception of any dura-  
 tion which is past, than that all of it was  
 once present; and whatever was once  
 present, is at some certain distance from  
 us, and whatever is at any certain dis-  
 tance from us, be the distance never so  
 remote, cannot be eternity. The very  
 notion of any duration's being past, im-  
 plies that it was once present, for the  
 idea of being once present, is actually  
 included in the idea of it's being past.  
 This, therefore, is a depth not to be  
 founded by human understanding. We  
 are sure that there has been an eternity,  
 and yet contradict ourselves when we  
 measure this eternity by any notion which  
 we can frame of it.

we go to the bottom of this matter, I find that the difficulties we meet in our conceptions of eternity proceed from this single reason, that we have no other idea of any kind of on, than that by which we our-

and all other created beings, do which is, a successive duration

up of past, present, and to come.

is nothing which exists after this

er, all the parts of whose existence

not once actually present, and con-

stantly may be reached by a certain

er of years applied to it. We may

as high as we please, and employ

ing to that eternity which is to

in adding millions of years to

ns of years, and we can never

up to any fountain-head of dura-

to any beginning in eternity: but

same time we are sure, that what-

as once present does lie within

ach of numbers, though perhaps

n never be able to put enough of

together for that purpose. We

s well say, that any thing may be

ly present in any part of infinite

which does not lie at a certain

ce from us, as that any part of

e duration was once actually pre-

and does not also lie at some de-

ted distance from us. The dif-

in both cases may be immeasur-

indefinite as to our faculties,

er reason tells us that it cannot be

itself. Here, therefore, is that

ly which human understanding is

pable of surmounting. We are

which is past, according to the best idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several articles on this subject, which are dictated to us by the light of reason, and which may be looked upon as the creed of a philosopher in this great point.

First, It is certain that no being could have made itself; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a contradiction.

Secondly, That therefore some being must have existed from all eternity.

Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created beings, or according to any notions which we have of existence, could not have existed from eternity.

Fourthly, That this eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of nature, 'the Ancient of Days,' who being at an infinite distance in his perfections from all finite and created beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no idea.

I know that several of the schoolmen who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the manner of God's existence, by telling us, that he comprehends infinite duration in every moment; that eternity is with him a *punctum flans*, a fixed point; or, which is as good sense, an infinite instant; that nothing, with reference to his existence, is either past or to come: to which the ingenious Mr. Cowley alludes in his description of heaven—

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,  
But an eternal *now* does always last.

For my own part, I look upon these propositions as words that have no ideas annexed to them; and think men had better own their ignorance, than advance doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which, indeed, are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our disquisitions, when we meditate on him, who is environed with so much glory and perfection, who is the source of being, the fountain of all that existence which we and his whole creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost humility acknowledge, that as some being must necessarily have existed from eternity, so this Being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a being to have ex-

isted from eternity after our manner or notions of existence. Revelation confirms these natural dictates of reason in the accounts which it gives us of the Divine Existence, where it tells us, that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; that he is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending; that a thousand years are with him as one day, and one day as a thousand years; by which, and the like expressions, we are taught, that his existence, with relation to time or duration, is infinitely different from the existence of any of his creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate conceptions of it.

In the first revelation which he makes of his own being, he entitles himself, 'I AM that I AM;' and when Moses desires to know what name he shall give him in his embassy to Pharaoh, he bids him say that 'I AM hath sent you.' Our great Creator, by this revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real existence, and distinguishes himself from his creatures, as the only being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonic notion which was drawn from speculations of eternity, wonderfully agrees with this revelation which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in reality exists, whose existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a flitting and successive existence is rather a shadow of existence, and something which is like it, than existence itself. He only properly exists

whose existence is entirely present; that is, in other words, who exists in the most perfect manner, and in such a manner as we have no idea of.

I shall conclude this speculation with one useful inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate ourselves and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable goodness and wisdom which contrived this existence for finite natures? What must be the overflowings of that good-will, which prompted our Creator to adapt existence to beings, in whom it is not necessary? Especially when we consider that he himself was before in the compleat possession of existence and of happiness, and in the full enjoyment of eternity. What man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable, and a happy creature, in short, of being taken in as a shaver of existence, and a kind of partner in eternity, without being swallowed up in wonder, in praise, in adoration! It is indeed a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the secrecy of devotion, and in the silence of his soul, than to be expressed by words. The Supreme Being has not given us powers or faculties sufficient to extol and magnify such unutterable goodness.

It is however some comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall be never able to do, and that a work which cannot be finished, will however be the work of an eternity,

O

## Nº DXCI. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

—TENERORUM LUSOR AMORUM.

OID. TRIST. ELEG. III. L. 3. VER. 73.

LOVE THE SOFT SUBJECT OF HIS SPORTIVE MUSE.

I Have just received a letter from a gentleman, who tells me he has observed with no small concern, that my papers have of late been very barren in relation to love; a subject which, when agreeably handled, can scarce fail of being well received by both sexes.

If my invention therefore should be almost exhausted on this head, he offers to serve under me in the quality of a Love Casuist; for which place he conceives himself to be thoroughly quali-

fied, having made this passion his principal study, and observed it in all its different shapes and appearances, from the fifteenth to the forty-fifth year of his age.

He assures me with an air of confidence, which I hope proceeds from his real abilities, that he does not doubt of giving judgment to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, on the most nice and intricate cases which can happen in an amour; as,

How

How great the contraction of the fingers must be before it amounts to a squeeze by the hand.

What can be properly termed an absolute denial from a maid, and what from a widow.

What advances a lover may presume to make, after having received a pat upon his shoulder from his mistress's fan.

Whether a lady, at the first interview, may allow an humble servant to kiss her hand.

How far it may be permitted to caress the maid in order to succeed with the mistress.

What constructions a man may put upon a smile, and in what cases a frown goes for nothing.

On what occasions a sheepish look may do service, &c.

As a farther proof of his skill, he also sent me several maxims in love, which he assures me are the result of a long and profound reflection; some of which I think myself obliged to communicate to the public, not remembering to have seen them before in any author.—

There are more calamities in the world arising from love than from hatred.

Love is the daughter of idleness, but the mother of disquietude.

'Men of grave natures,' says Sir Francis Bacon, 'are the most constant; for the same reason men should be more constant than women.'

The gay part of mankind is most amorous, the serious most loving.

A coquette often loses her reputation, while she preserves her virtue.

A prude often preserves her reputation when she has lost her virtue.

Love refines a man's behaviour, but makes a woman's ridiculous.

Love is generally accompanied with good-will in the young, interest in the middle-aged, and a passion too gross to name in the old.

The endeavours to revive a decaying passion generally extinguish the remains of it.

A woman who from being a flatterer becomes over-neat, or from being over-neat becomes a flatterer, is most certainly in love.—

I shall make use of this gentleman's skill as I see occasion; and since I am got upon the subject of love, shall conclude this paper with a copy of verses which were lately sent me by an unknown hand, as I look upon them to be above the ordinary run of sonneteers.

The author tells me they were written in one of his despairing fits; and I find entertains some hope that his mistress may pity such a passion as he has described, before she knows that she herself is Corinna.

CONCEAL, fond man, conceal the mighty smart,  
Nor tell Corinna she has fir'd thy heart.  
In vain would'st thou complain, in vain pretend

To ask a pity which she must not lend.  
She's too much thy superior to comply,  
And too, too fair to let thy passion die.  
Languish in secret, and with dumb surprise  
Drink the restless glances of her eyes.  
At awful distance entertain thy grief,  
Be still in pain, but never ask relief.  
Ne'er tempt her scorn of thy consuming state;  
Be any way undone, but fly her hate.  
Thou must submit to see thy charmer blest  
Some happier youth that shall admire herself;  
Who in that lovely form, that heavenly mind,  
Shall miss ten thousand beauties thou could'st find.

Who with low fancy shall approach her charms,  
While half enjoy'd she sinks into his arms.  
She knows not, must not know thy nobler fire,  
Whom she, and whom the muses do inspire;  
Her image only shall thy breast employ,  
And fill thy captive soul with shades of joy;  
Direct thy dreams by night, thy thoughts by day,  
And never, never, from thy bosom stray.

N<sup>o</sup> DXCII. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.

STUDIIUM SINE DIVITE VENA.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 409.

ART WITHOUT A VEIN.

ROSCOMMON.

I Look upon the playhouse as a world within itself. They have lately furnished the middle region of it with a new set of meteors, in order to give the sublime to many modern tragedies. I was there last winter at the first rehearsal of the new thunder, which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of. They have a Salmo-neus behind the scenes, who plays it off with great success. Their lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore; their clouds are also better furbelowed, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent storm locked up in a great chest, that is designed for the Tempest. They are also provided with above a dozen showers of snow, which, as I am informed, are the plays of many unsuccessful poets artificially cut and shredded for that use. Mr. Rymer's Edgar is to fall in snow at the next acting of King Lear, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the distresses of that unfortunate prince; and to serve by way of decoration to a piece which that great critic has written against.

I do not indeed wonder that the actors should be such professed enemies to those among our nation who are commonly known by the name of Critics, since it is a rule among these gentlemen to fall upon a play, not because it is ill written, but because it takes. Several of them lay it down as a maxim, that whatever dramatic performance has a long run, must of necessity be good for nothing; as though the first precept in poetry were 'not to please.' Whether this rule holds good or not, I shall leave to the determination of those who are better judges than myself; if it does, I am sure it tends very much to the honour of those gentlemen who have established it; few of their pieces having been disgraced by a run of three days, and most of them being so exquisitely written, that the town would never give them more than one night's hearing.

I have a great esteem for a true critic,

such as Aristotle and Longinus among the Greeks, Horace and Quintilian among the Romans, Boileau and Dacier among the French. But it is our misfortune, that some who set up for professed critics among us are so stupid, that they do not know how to put ten words together with elegance or common propriety; and withal so illiterate, that they have no taste of the learned languages, and therefore criticise upon old authors only at second-hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any notions they have of the authors themselves. The words Unity, Action, Sentiment, and Diction, pronounced with an air of authority, give them a figure among unlearned readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, because they are unintelligible. The ancient critics are full of the praises of their contemporaries; they discover beauties which escaped the observation of the vulgar, and very often find out reasons for palliating and excusing such little slips and oversights as were committed in the writings of eminent authors. On the contrary, most of the smatterers in criticism who appear among us, make it their business to vilify and depreciate every new production that gains applause, to decry imaginary blemishes, and to prove by far-fetched arguments, that what pass for beauties in any celebrated piece are faults and errors. In short, the writings of these critics, compared with those of the ancients, are like the words of the sophists compared with those of the old philosophers.

Envy and cavil are the natural fruits of laziness and ignorance; which was probably the reason, that in the heathen mythology Momus is said to be the son of Nox and Somnus, of darkness and sleep. Idle men, who have not been at the pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant men are very subject to decry those beauties in a celebrated work which they have not

discover. Many of our sons of arts, who dignify themselves by the name of Critics, are the genuine descendants of these two illustrious ancestors. They are often led into those gross absurdities, in which they instruct the people, by not considering that, First, There is sometimes a judgment shewn in deviating from the rules of art, than in adhering to them; and, 2dly, That there is more judgment in the works of a great genius ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little genius, who knows them, but scrupulously observes them.

We may often take notice of those who are perfectly acquainted with the rules of good-writing, and notwithstanding chuse to depart from them on extraordinary occasions. I could instance out of all the tragic writers many who have shewn their judgment in this particular; and purposely departed from an established rule of the art, when it has made way for a higher beauty than the observation of such a rule would have been. Those who have surveyed the noblest works of architecture and statuary, both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent deviations from the rules of the greatest masters, and have produced a much nobler effect than a more accurate and exact proceeding could have done. This is often arising from what the Italians

call the *Gusto grande* in these arts, which is what we call the sublime in writing.

In the next place, our critics do not seem sensible that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant of the rules of art, than in those of a little genius who knows and observes them. It is of these men of genius that Terence speaks, in opposition to the little artificial cavillers of his time—

*Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam  
Potius quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.*

Whose negligence he would rather imitate, than these men's obscure diligence.

A critic may have the same consolation in the ill success of his play, as Dr. South tells us a physician has at the death of a patient, that he was killed *secundum artem*. Our inimitable Shakespeare is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of these rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays, where there is not a single rule of the stage observed, than any production of a modern critic, where there is not one of them violated? Shakespeare was indeed born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in Pyrrhus's ring, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the Nine Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art.

D

## Nº DXCH. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.

QUALE PER INCERTAM LUNAM SUB LUCE MALIGNA  
EST ITER IN SYLVIS—

VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER. 270.

THUS WANDER TRAVELLERS IN WOODS BY NIGHT,  
BY THE MOON'S DOUBTFUL AND MALIGNANT LIGHT. DRYDEN.

A dreaming correspondent, Mr. Shadow, has sent me a second volume with several curious observations on dreams in general, and the method of sleep improving: an extract of which I will not, I presume, be disagreeable to my readers.

As we have so little time to spare, none of it may be lost, I see no reason why we should neglect to examine those imaginary scenes we are pre-

sented with in sleep, only because they have a less reality in them than our waking meditations. A traveller would bring his judgment in question, who should despise the directions of his map for want of real roads in it, because here stands a dot instead of a town, or a cypher instead of a city, and it must be a long day's journey to travel through two or three inches. Fancy in dreams gives us much such another landscape of life as that does of countries; and though it is

it's appearances may seem strangely jumbled together, we may often observe such traces and footsteps of noble thoughts, as, if carefully pursued, might lead us into a proper path of action. There is so much rapture and extacy in our fancied bliss, and something so dismal and shocking in our fancied misery, that though the inactivity of the body has given occasion for calling sleep the image of death, the briskness of the fancy affords us a strong intimation of something within us that can never die.

I have wondered that Alexander the Great, who came into the world sufficiently dreamed of by his parents, and had himself a tolerable knack at dreaming, should often say, that sleep was one thing which made him sensible he was mortal. I who have not such fields of action in the day-time to divert my attention from this matter, plainly perceive, that in those operations of the mind, while the body is at rest, there is a certain vastness of conception very suitable to the capacity, and demonstrative of the force of that divine part in our composition which will last for ever. Neither do I much doubt but had we a true account of the wonders the hero last mentioned performed in his sleep, his conquering this little globe would hardly be worth mentioning. I may affirm, without vanity, that when I compare several actions in Quintus Curtius with some others in my own noctuary, I appear the greater hero of the two.

I shall close this subject with observing, that while we are awake we are at liberty to fix our thoughts on what we please, but in sleep we have not the command of them. The ideas which strike the fancy, arise in us without our choice, either from the occurrences of the day past, the temper we lie down in, or it may be the direction of some superior being.

It is certain the imagination may be so differently affected in sleep, that our

actions of the day might be either rewarded or punished with a little age of happiness or misery. St. Austin was of opinion, that if in paradise there was the same vicissitude of sleeping and waking as in the present world, the dreams of it's inhabitants would be very happy.

And so far at present our dreams are in our power, that they are generally conformable to our waking thoughts; so that it is not impossible to convey ourselves to a concert of music, the conversation of distant friends, or any other entertainment which has been before lodged in the mind.

My readers, by applying these hints, will find the necessity of making a good day of it, if they heartily with themselves a good night.

I have often considered Marcia's prayer, and Lucius's account of Cato, in this light—

*Marc.* O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,

Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,  
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul  
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,  
And shew mankind that goodness is your care.

*Luc.* Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!

O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father;  
Some power invisible supports his soul,  
And bears it up in all it's wonted greatness.  
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him;  
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost  
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,  
He smil'd, and cry'd—' Caesar, thou canst  
' not hurt me '

Mr. Shadow acquaints me in a postscript, that he has no manner of title to the vision which succeeded his first letter; but adds, that as the gentleman who wrote it dreams very sensibly, he shall be glad to meet him some night or other under the great elm tree, by which Virgil has given us a fine metaphorical image of sleep, in order to turn over a few of the leaves together, and oblige the public with an account of the dreams that lie under them.

10 DXCIV. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

ABSENTEM QUI ROBIT AMICUM;  
 QUI NON DEFENDIT ALIO CULPANTE; SOLUTOS  
 QUI CAPTAT RISUS HOMINUM, FAMAMQUE DICACIS;  
 FINGERE QUI NON VISA POTEST; COMMISSA TACERE  
 QUI NEQUIT; NIC NIGER EST: NUNC TU, ROMANE, CAVE TO.

HOR. SAT. IV. L. I. VER. 81.

HE THAT SHALL RAIL AGAINST HIS ABSENT FRIENDS,  
 OR HEARS THEM SCANDALIS'D, AND NOT DEFENDS;  
 SPORTS WITH THEIR FAME, AND SPEAKS WHATE'ER HE CAN,  
 AND ONLY TO BE THOUGHT A WITTY MAN;  
 TELLS TALES, AND BRINGS HIS FRIEND IN DISREPUTE;  
 THAT MAN'S A KNAVE; BEWARE BEWARE OF HIM. CREECH.

WERE all the vexations of life put together, we should find that part of them proceed from those injuries and reproaches which we read abroad concerning one another. There is scarce a man living who is in some degree, guilty of this offence; though at the same time, how we treat one another, it must be confessed, that we all consent in speaking ill of the persons who are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves hated, an ostentation of wit, a vanity in being thought in the secrets of the world, or from a desire of gratifying one of these dispositions of mind in those persons with whom we converse.

The publisher of scandal is more or less odious to mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But however may be the occasion of spreading these false reports, he ought to consider, that the effect of them is equally judicial and pernicious to the person whom they are aimed. The injury to his fame, though the principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with much indulgence, when he passes a judgment on his own thoughts or actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is so universally practised, and at the same time, so universally blamed, I lay down three rules by which I should have a man examine and search his own heart, before he stands committed to himself of that evil disposition of mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, let him consider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured side.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

These are the several steps by which this vice proceeds, and grows up into slander and defamation.

In the first place, a man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, shews sufficiently that he has a true relish of scandal, and consequently the seeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his mind this criminal curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such stories as tend to the disreputation of others.

In the second place, a man should consult his own heart, whether he be not apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured side.

Such a credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a man's consciousness of his own secret corruptions. It is a pretty saying of Thales — 'Falshood is just as far distant from truth, as the ears are from the eyes.' By



By which he would intimate, that a wife man should not easily give credit to the report of actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules to be observed by the members of the celebrated Abbe de la Trappe, as they are published in a little French book.

The fathers are there ordered, never to give an ear to any accounts of base or criminal actions; to turn off all such discourse if possible; but in case they hear any thing of this nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose, that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention in him who is guilty of it. This is, perhaps, carrying charity to an extravagance, but it is certainly much more laudable, than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent and even good actions, pro-

ceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the third place, a man should examine his heart, whether he does not find in it a secret inclination to propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

When the disease of the mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this degree of malignity, it discovers itself in it's worst symptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the guilt in this last particular, which every one cannot but disapprove, who is not void of humanity, or even common discretion. I shall only add, that whatever pleasure any man may take in spreading whispers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater satisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the secret die within his own breast.

## Nº DXCV. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

—NON UT PLACIDIS COEANT IMMITIA, NON UT  
SERPENTES AVIBUS GEMINENTUR, TIGRIBUS AGNI.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 12.

—NATURE, AND THE COMMON LAWS OF SENSE,  
FORBID TO RECONCILE ANTIPATHIES;  
OR MAKE A SNAKE ENGENDER WITH A DOVE,  
AND HUNGRY TIGERS COURT THE TENDER LAMBS.

ROSCOMMON.

**I**F ordinary authors would condescend to write as they think, they would at least be allowed the praise of being intelligible. But they really take pains to be ridiculous; and, by the studied ornaments of style, perfectly disguise the little sense they aim at. There is a grievance of this sort in the commonwealth of letters, which I have for some time resolved to redress, and accordingly I have set this day apart for justice. What I mean is the mixture of inconsistent metaphors, which is a fault but too often found in learned writers, but in all the unlearned without exception.

In order to set this matter in a clear light to every reader, I shall in the first place observe, that a metaphor is a simile in one word, which serves to convey the thoughts of the mind under resemblances and images which affect the senses. There is not any thing in the world, which may not be compared to several things, if considered in several distinct lights; or, in other words, the same

thing may be expressed by different metaphors. But the mischief is, that an unskilful author shall run their metaphors so absurdly into one another, that there shall be no simile, no agreeable picture, no apt resemblance; but confusion, obscurity, and noise. Thus I have known a hero compared to a thunderbolt, a lion, and the sea; all and each of them proper metaphors for impetuosity, courage, or force. But by bad management it hath so happened, that the thunderbolt hath overflowed it's banks; the lion hath been darted through the skies, and the billows have rolled out of the Libyan desert.

The absurdity in this instance is obvious. And yet every time that clashing metaphors are put together, this fault is committed more or less. It hath already been said, that metaphors are images of things which affect the senses. An image, therefore, taken from what acts upon the sight, cannot, without violence, be applied to the hear-

d so of the rest. It is no less propriety to make any being in art to do things in it's meta-  
state, which it could not do in  
inal. I shall illustrate what I  
d by an instance which I have  
ore than once in controversial

'The heavy lashes,' saith a  
ed author, 'that have dropped  
your pen, &c.' I suppose this  
an having frequently heard of  
pping from a pen, and being  
n a satire, he was resolved to  
m both at any rate, and so ut-  
is compleat piece of nonsense.  
most effectually discover the ab-  
of these monstrous unions, if we  
pose these metaphors or images  
painted. Imagine then a hand  
a pen, and several lashes of whip-  
ling from it, and you have the  
resentation of this sort of elo-

I believe, by this very rule, a  
may be able to judge of the union  
metaphors whatsoever, and de-  
which are homogeneous, and  
eterogeneous; or, to speak more  
which are consistent, and which  
ent.

It is yet one evil more which I  
ce notice of, and that is the run-  
metaphors into tedious allego-  
rich, though an error on the bet-  
t, causes confusion as much as  
r. This becomes abominable,  
as lustre of one word leads a  
ut of his road, and makes him  
from his subject for a page to-

I remember a young fellow of

this turn, who having said by chance  
that his mistress had a *world* of charms,  
thereupon took occasion to consider  
her as one possessed of frigid and torrid  
zones, and pursued her from the one pole  
to the other.

I shall conclude this paper with a  
letter written in that enormous stile,  
which I hope my reader hath by this  
time set his heart against. The epistle  
hath heretofore received great applause;  
but after what hath been said, let any  
man commend it if he dare.

812,

AFTER the many heavy lashes that  
have fallen from your pen, you may  
justly expect in return all the load that  
my ink can lay upon your shoulders.  
You have quartered all the foul lan-  
guage upon me, that could be raked out  
of the air of Billingsgate, without know-  
ing who I am, or whether I deserve to  
be cupped and scarified at this rate. I  
tell you once for all, turn your eyes  
where you please, you shall never smell  
me out. Do you think that the panics,  
which you sow about the parish, will  
ever build a monument to your glory?  
No, Sir, you may fight these battles as  
long as you will, but when you come  
to balance the account, you will find  
that you have been fishing in troubled  
waters, and that an *ignis fatuus* hath  
bewildered you, and that indeed you  
have built upon a sandy foundation,  
and brought your hogs to a fair market.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

## Nº DXCVI. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

MOLLE MEUM LEVIBUS COR EST VIOLABILE TELIS.

OVIN. EV. XV. VER. 79.

CUPID'S LIGHT DARTS MY TENDER BOSOM MOVE.

POPE.

E case of my correspondent,  
so sends me the following letter,  
ewhat in it so very whimsical,  
know not how to entertain my  
better than by laying it before

fully convinced that there is not  
earth a more impertinent crea-  
in an importunate lover: we are

daily complaining of the severity of our  
fate, to people who are wholly uncon-  
cerned in it; and hourly improving a  
passion, which we would persuade the  
world is the torment of our lives. Not-  
withstanding this reflection, Sir, I can-  
not forbear acquainting you with my own  
case. You must know then, Sir, that  
even from my childhood, the most pre-  
vailing inclination I could perceive in  
myself, was a strong desire to be in fa-  
vor

your with the fair-sex. I am at present in the one and twentieth year of my age, and should have made choice of a the bedfellow many years since, had not my father, who has a pretty good estate of his own getting, and passes in the world for a prudent man, been pleased to lay it down as a maxim, That nothing spoils a young fellow's fortune so much as marrying early; and that no man ought to think of wedlock until six and twenty. Knowing his sentiments upon this head, I thought it in vain to apply myself to women of condition, who expect settlements; so that all my amours have hitherto been with ladies who had no fortunes: but I know not how to give you so good an idea of me, as by laying before you the history of my life.

I can very well remember, that at my school-mistress's, whenever we broke up, I was always for joining myself with the miss who lay-in, and was constantly one of the first to make a party in the play of Husband and Wife. This passion for being well with the females still increased as I advanced in years. At the dancing-school I contracted so many quarrels by struggling with my fellow-scholars for the partner I liked best, that upon a ball-night, before our mothers made their appearance, I was usually up to the nose in blood. My father, like a discreet man, soon removed me from this stage of softness to a school of discipline, where I learnt Latin and Greek. I underwent several severities in this place, until it was thought convenient to send me to the university; though, to confess the truth, I should not have arrived so early at that seat of learning, but from the discovery of an intrigue between me and my master's housekeeper; upon whom I had employed my rhetoric so effectually, that, though she was a very elderly lady, I had almost brought her to consent to marry me. Upon my arrival at Oxford, I found logic so dry, that, instead of giving attention to the dead, I soon fell to addressing the living. My first amour was with a pretty girl whom I shall call Parthenope: her mother sold ale by the town-wall. Being often caught there by the proctor, I was forced at last, that my mistress's reputation might receive no blemish, to confess my addresses were honourable. Upon this

I was immediately sent home; but Parthenope soon after marrying a shoe-maker, I was again suffered to return. My next affair was with my tailor's daughter, who deserted me for the sake of a young barber. Upon my complaining to one of my particular friends of this misfortune, the cruel wag made a mere jest of my calamity, and asked me with a smile, where the needle should turn but to the pole? After this I was deeply in love with a milliner, and at last with my bed-maker; upon which I was sent away, or, in the university phrase, rusticated for ever.

Upon my coming home, I settled to my studies so heartily, and contracted so great a respectableness by being kept from the company I most affected, that my father thought he might venture me at the Temple.

Within a week after my arrival I began to shine again, and became enamoured with a mighty pretty creature, who had every thing but money to recommend her. Having frequent opportunities of uttering all the soft things which an heart formed for love could inspire me with, I soon gained her consent to treat of marriage; but unfortunately for us all, in the absence of my charmer I usually talked the same language to her elder sister, who is also very pretty. Now, I assure you, Mr. Spectator, this did not proceed from any real affection I had conceived for her; but being a perfect stranger to the conversation of men, and strongly addicted to associate with the women, I knew no other language but that of love. I should however be very much obliged to you, if you could free me from the perplexity I am at present in. I have sent word to my old gentleman in the country, that I am desperately in love with the younger sister; and her father, who knew no better, poor man, acquainted him by the same post, that I had for some time made my addresses to the elder. Upon this old Pesty sends me up word, that he has heard so much of my exploits, that he intends immediately to order me to the South Sea. Sir, I have occasionally talked so much of dying, that I began to think there is not much in it; and if the old squire persists in his design, I do hereby give him notice that I am providing myself with proper instruments for the destruction

them of despairing lovers; let him therefore look to it, and consider that by his obstinacy he may himself lose the son of his strength, the world an hopeful lawyer, my mistress a passionate lover, and

you, Mr. Spectator, your constant admirer,

JEREMY LOVEMORE.

MIDDLE TEMPLE,

SEPT. 18.

## Nº DXCVII. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

—MENS SINE PONDERE LUDIT.

PETR.

THE MIND UNCOMMONER'S PLAYS.

**S**INCE I received my friend Shadow's letter, several of my correspondents have been pleased to send me an account how they have been employed in sleep, and what notable adventures they have been engaged in during that moonshine in the brain. I shall lay before my readers an abridgment of some few of their extravagancies, in hopes that they will in time accustom themselves to dream a little more to the purpose.

One who styles himself Gladio, complains heavily that his fair one charges him with inconstancy, and does not use him with half the kindness which the sincerity of his passion may demand; the said Gladio having by valour and stratagem put to death tyrants, enchanters, monsters, knights, &c. without number, and exposed himself to all manner of dangers for her sake and safety. He desires in his postscript to know, whether, from a constant success in them, he may not promise himself to succeed in her esteem at last.

Another who is very prolix in his narrative writes me word, that having sent a venture beyond sea, he took occasion one night to fancy himself gone along with it, and grown on a sudden the richest man in all the Indies. Having been there about a year or two, a gulf of wind that forced open his casement, blew him over to his native country again, where awaking at six o'clock, and the change of the air not agreeing with him, he turned to his left side in order to a second voyage; but before he could get on shipboard, was unfortunately apprehended for stealing a horse, tried and condemned for the fact, and in a fair way of being executed, if somebody stepping hastily into his chamber had not brought him a reprieve. This fellow too wants Mr. Shadow's advice, who, I dare say, would bid him be con-

tent to rise after his first nap, and learn to be satisfied as soon as nature is.

The next is a public-spirited gentleman, who tells me, that on the second of September at night the whole city was on fire, and would certainly have been reduced to ashes again by this time, if he had not flown over it with the New River on his back, and happily extinguished the flames before they had prevailed too far. He would be informed whether he has not a right to petition the lord mayor and aldermen for a reward.

A letter, dated September the ninth, acquaints me, that the writer being resolved to try his fortune, had fasted all that day; and that he might be sure of dreaming upon something at night, procured an handsome slice of bride-cake, which he placed very conveniently under his pillow. In the morning his memory happened to fail him, and he could recollect nothing but an odd fancy that he had eaten his cake; which being found upon search reduced to a few crumbs, he is resolved to remember more of his dreams another time, believing from this that there may possibly be somewhat of truth in them.

I have received numerous complaints from several delicious dreamers, desiring me to invent some method of silencing those noisy slaves whose occupations lead them to take their early rounds about the city in a morning, doing a deal of mischief, and working strange confusion in the affairs of its inhabitants. Several monarchs have done me the honour to acquaint me, how often they have been shook from their respective thrones by the rattling of a coach, or the rumbling of a wheel-barrow. And many private gentlemen, I find, have been hawled out of vast estates by fellows not worth three-pence. A fair lady was just upon the point of being married to a young,

handsome, rich, ingenious nobleman, when an impertinent tinker passing by, forbid the banns; and an hopeful youth who had been newly advanced to great honour and preferment, was forced by a neighbouring cobbler to resign all for an old song. It has been represented to me, that those inconsiderable rascals do nothing but go about dissolving of marriages, and spoiling of fortunes, impoverishing rich and ruining great people, interrupting beauties in the midst of their conquests, and generals in the course of their victories. A boisterous peripatetic hardly goes through a street without waking half a dozen kings and princes to open their shops or clean shoes, frequently transforming sceptres into paring shovels, and proclamations into bills. I have by me a letter from a young statesman, who in five or six hours came to be Emperor of Europe, after which he made war upon the Great Turk, routed him horse and foot, and was crowned lord of the universe in Constantinople: the conclusion of all his successes is, that on the twelfth instant, about seven in the morning, his imperial majesty was deposed by a chimney-sweeper.

On the other hand, I have epistolary testimonies of gratitude from many miserable people, who owe to this clamorous tribe frequent deliverances from great misfortunes. A small-coal-man, by waking one of these distressed gentlemen, saved him from ten years imprisonment. An honest watchman bidding a loud good-morrow to another, freed him from the malice of many potent enemies, and brought all their designs against him to nothing. A certain valetudinarian confesses he has often been cured of a sore throat by the hoarseness of a carman, and relieved from a fit of the gout by the sound of old shoes. A noisy puppy, that plagued a sober gentleman all night long with his impertinence, was silenced by a cinder-wench with a word speaking.

Instead therefore of suppressing this

order of mortals, I would propose it to my readers to make the best advantage of their morning salutations. A famous Macedonian prince, for fear of forgetting himself in the midst of his good fortune, had a youth to wait on him every morning, and bid him remember that he was a man. A citizen who is waked by one of these criers, may regard him as a kind of remembrancer, come to admonish him that it is time to return to the circumstances he has overlooked all the night-time, to leave off fancying himself what he is not, and prepare to act suitably to the condition he is really placed in.

People may dream on as long as they please, but I shall take no notice of any imaginary adventures, that do not happen while the sun is on this side the horizon. For which reason I stifle Fritilla's dream at church last Sunday, who, while the rest of the audience were enjoying the benefit of an excellent discourse, was losing her money and jewels to a gentleman at play, until after a strange run of ill luck she was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty children for her last stake. When she had thrown them away, her companion went off, discovering himself by his usual tokens, a cloven foot and a strong smell of brimstone; which last proved a bottle of spirits, which a good old lady applied to her nose, to put her in a condition of hearing the preacher's third head concerning time.

If a man has no mind to pass abruptly from his imagined to his real circumstances, he may employ himself a while in that new kind of observation which my onirocritical correspondent has directed him to make of himself. Pursuing the imagination through all its extravagancies, whether in sleeping or waking, is no improper method of correcting and bringing it to act in subordination to reason, so as to be delighted only with such objects as will affect it with pleasure, when it is never so cool and sedate.

N<sup>o</sup> DXCVIII. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

JAMNE IGITUR LAUDAS, QUOD DE SAPIENTIBUS ALTER  
RIDEAT, QUOTIES A LIMINE MOVERAT UNUM  
PROTULERATQUE PEDEM: FLEBAT CONTRARIUS ALTER?

JUV. SAT. X. VER. 23.

WILL YE NOT NOW THE PAIR OF SAGES PRAISE,  
WHO THE SAME END PURSU'D BY SEVERAL WAYS?  
ONE PITY'D, ONE CONTEMN'D THE WOEFUL TIMES;  
ONE LAUGH'D AT FOLLIES, ONE LAMENTED CRIMES.

DRYDEN.

**M**ANKIND may be divided into the merry and the serious, who, both of them, make a very good figure in the species, so long as they keep their respective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a fantastic levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable, while they diffuse a cheerfulness through conversation at proper seasons and on proper occasions; but on the contrary, a great grievance to society, when they infect every discourse with insipid mirth, and turn into ridicule such subjects as are not suited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the philosophers as the property of reason, the excess of it has been always considered as the mark of folly.

On the other side, seriousness has it's beauty whilst it is attended with cheerfulness and humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good humour of those with whom we converse.

These two sets of men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective characters, are apt to bear a natural aversion and antipathy to one another.

What is more usual, than to hear men of serious tempers and austere morals, enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the species; while they look with a kind of horror upon such pomps and diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a passage in the account which Mr. Baxter gives of his own life, wherein he represents it as a great blessing, that in his

youth he very narrowly escaped getting a place at court.

It must indeed be confessed that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a pass to his soul for any temptation that assaults it. It favours all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the resistance of virtue. For which reason a renowned statesman in Queen Elizabeth's days, after having retired from court and public business, in order to give himself up to the duties of religion, when any of his old friends used to visit him, had still this word of advice in his mouth—'Be serious.'

An eminent Italian author of this cast of mind, speaking of the great advantage of a serious and composed temper, wishes very gravely, that for the benefit of mankind he had Trophonius's cave in his possession; 'which,' says he, 'would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the work-houses and Bridewells in Europe.'

We have a very particular description of this cave in Pausanias, who tells us that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumstances, which disposed the person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; inasmuch, that no man was ever observed to laugh all his life after, who had once made his entry into this cave. It was usual in those times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloominess in his features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of Trophonius's cave.

On the other hand, writers of a more merry complexion have been no less severe on the opposite party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more turns of wit and humour.

After all, if a man's temper were at

his own disposal, I think he would not chuse to be of either of these parties; since the most perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither chuse to be a hermit nor a buffoon: human nature is

not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world; nor, at the same time, as if there were no men in it.

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N<sup>o</sup> DXCIX. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

UNIQUE

LUCIUS, UNIQUE FAVOR

VING. ÆT. 33. VER. 369.

ALL PARTS RESOUND WITH TUMULTS, PLAINTS, AND FEARS.

DAYEN.

**I**T has been my custom, as I grow old, to allow myself some little indulgences, which I never took in my youth. Among others is that of an afternoon's nap, which I fell into in the fifty-fifth year of my age, and have continued for the three last years past. By this means I enjoy a double morning, and rise twice a day fresh to my speculations. It happens very luckily for me, that some of my dreams have proved instructive to my countrymen, so that I may be said to sleep, as well as to wake, for the good of the public. I was yesterday meditating on the account with which I have already entertained my readers concerning the cave of Trophonius. I was no sooner fallen into my usual slumber, but I dreamed that this cave was put into my possession, and that I gave public notice of it's virtue, inviting every one to it who had a mind to be a serious man for the remaining part of his life. Great multitudes immediately resorted to me. The first who made the experiment was a Merry-Andrew, who was put into my hands by a neighbouring justice of peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of life. Poor pickle-herring had not taken above one turn in it, when he came out of the cave, like a hermit from his cell, with a penitential look, and a most rueful countenance. I then put in a young laughing fop, and, watching for his return, asked him, with a smile, how he liked the place? He replied—'Pr'ythee, friend, be not impertinent;' and stalked by me as grave as a judge. A citizen then desired me to give free ingress and egress to his wife, who was dressed in the gayest coloured ribbands I had ever seen. She went in with a flirt

of her fan and a smirking countenance, but came out with the severity of a vestal; and throwing from her several female gewgaws, told me with a sigh that she resolved to go into deep mourning, and to wear black all the rest of her life. As I had had many coquettes recommended to me by their parents, their husbands, and their lovers, I let them in all at once, desiring them to divert themselves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into daylight, you would have fancied my cave to have been a nunnery, and that you had seen a solemn procession of religious marching out, one behind another, in the most profound silence and the most exemplary decency. As I was very much delighted with so edifying a sight, there came towards me a great company of males and females, laughing, singing, and dancing in such a manner, that I could hear them a great while before I saw them. Upon my asking their leader, what brought them thither? they told me all at once, that they were French Protestants lately arrived in Great Britain, and that finding themselves of too gay a humour for my country, they applied themselves to me in order to compose them for British conversation. I told them, that to oblige them I would soon spoil their mirth; upon which I admitted a whole shoal of them, who, after having taken a survey of the place, came out in very good order, and with looks entirely English. I afterwards put in a Dutchman, who had a great fancy to see the kelder, as he called it, but I could not observe that I had made any alteration in him.

A comedian, who had gained great reputation in parts of humour, told me

the

had a mighty mind to aft Alex- the Great, and fancied that he l succeed very well in it, if he strike two or three laughing feat- out of his face: he tried the ex- tent, but contracted so very solid : by it, that I am afraid he will be no part hereafter but a Timon of is, or a mute in the Funeral.

ten clapt up an empty fantastic i, in order to qualify him for an nan. He was succeeded by a rake of the Middle Temple, who rought to me by his grandmother; o her great sorrow and surprize, he out a Quaker. Seeing myself sur- ed with a body of Free-thinkers, offers at religion, who were mak- emselves merry at the sober looks oughful brows of those who had n the cave, I thrust them all in, r another, and locked the door hem. Upon my opening it, they ked as if they had been frighted f their wits, and were marching with ropes in their hands to a wood as within sight of the place. I they were not able to bear them- in their first serious thoughts; but ng these would quickly bring them tter frame of mind, I gave them he custody of their friends until rappy change was wrought in

e last that was brought to me was ng woman, who at the first sight hort face fell into an immoderate laughter, and was forced to hold tes all the while her mother was ng to me. Upon this I interrupt-

ed the old lady, and taking her daughter by the hand—'Madam,' said I, 'be 'pleased to retire into my closet, while 'your mother tells me 'your case.' I then put her into the mouth of the cave; when the mother, after having begged pardon for the girl's rudeness, told me, that she often treated her father and the gravest of her relations in the same man- ner; that she would sit giggling and laughing with her companions from one end of a tragedy to the other; nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the middle of a sermon, and set the whole congregation a staring at her. The mother was going on, when the young lady came out of the cave to us with a composed countenance, and a low cur- sey. She was a girl of such exuberant mirth, that her visit to Trophonius only reduced her to a more than ordinary de- cency of behaviour, and made a very pret- ty pride of her. After having performed innumerable cures, I looked about me with great satisfaction, and saw all my patients walking by themselves in a very pensive and musing posture, so that the whole place seemed covered with philo- sophers. I was at length resolved to go into the cave myself, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful effects upon the company; but as I was stooping at the entrance, the door being somewhat low, I gave such a nod in my chair, that I awaked. After having recovered myself from my first startle, I was very well pleased at the accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little stay in the place might have spoiled my Spectators.

Nº DC. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

—————SCIENTIÆ SUUM, SVA SIDERA NORUNT.

VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER. 641.

STARS OF THEIR OWN, AND THEIR OWN SUNS THEY KNOW.

DRYDEN.

re always taken a particular pleas- e in examining the opinions which 'different religions, different ages, fferent countries, have entertain- cerning the immortality of the and the state of happiness which roush themselves in another

For whatever prejudices and human nature lies under, we find her reason, or tradition from our

first parents, has discovered to all peo- ple something in these great points which bears analogy to truth, and to the doc- trines opened to us by divine revelation. I was lately discoursing on this subject: with a learned person, who has been very much conversant among the inha- bitants of the more western parts of Africa. Upon his conversing with se- veral in that country, he tells me that their



their notion of heaven, or of a future state of happiness, is this; that every thing we there wish for will immediately present itself to us. 'We find,' say they, 'our souls are of such a nature that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this taste of happiness which he has planted in the soul of man, will raise up from time to time,' say they, 'every gratification which it is in the humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in groves or bowers among running streams or falls of water, we shall immediately find ourselves in the midst of such a scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with music and the melody of sounds, the concert arises upon our wish, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony. In short, every desire will be followed by fruition, and whatever a man's inclination directs him to will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in conformity to our wishes, or whether he only produces such a change in our imagination, as makes us believe ourselves conversant among those scenes which delight us. Our happiness will be the same, whether it proceed from external objects, or from the impressions of the Deity upon our own private fancies.' This is the account which I have received from my learned friend. Notwithstanding this system of belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in it's manner of considering the influence of a Divine Being on a human soul. It has also, like most other opinions of the heathen world upon these important points, it has, I say, its foundation in truth, as it supposes the souls of good men after this life to be in a state of perfect happiness; that in this state there will be no barren hopes, nor fruitless wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular circumstance which I am most pleased with in this scheme, and which arises from a just reflection upon human nature, is that variety of pleasures which it supposes the souls of good men will be possessed of in another world. This I think highly probable, from the dictates both of reason and revelation. The soul consists of many faculties, as

the understanding, and the will, with all the senses both outward and inward; or, to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action. She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear, love, and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like exercises of different kinds and natures; but what is more to be considered, the soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction from the exercise of any of these it's powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects; she can be entirely happy by the satisfaction of the memory, the sight, the hearing, or any other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a distinct taste in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to it's proper relish. Doctor Tillotson somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists the happiness of the blessed, because God Almighty is capable of making the soul happy by ten thousand different ways. Besides those several avenues to pleasure which the soul is endowed with in this life, it is not impossible, according to the opinions of many eminent divines, but there may be new faculties in the souls of good men made perfect, as well as new senses in their glorified bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new objects offered to all those faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take notice, that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very great variety of objects. The understanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical, and other kinds of truth. The memory likewise may turn itself to an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the soul shall have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

We cannot question but that the happiness of a soul will be adequate to it's nature, and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to lie useless and unemployed. The happiness is as to the happiness of the whole man, and we may easily conceive to ourselves the happiness of the soul, while any one of it's faculties is in the fruition of it's chief good. The happiness may be of a more exalted nature and proportion to the

employed is so; but as the whole is in the exertion of any of its similar powers, the whole soul is in the pleasure which arises from its particular acts. For, notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, it has been taken notice of by the greatest modern philosophers, who divide the soul into several powers or faculties, there is no such division of the soul itself, since it is the whole at remembrance, understanding, will, and feeling. Our manner of considering memory, understanding, will, reason, and the like faculties, is better enabling us to express our- selves in such abstracted subjects of speech, not that there is any such division in the soul itself.

Knowing then that the soul has many different faculties, or, in other words, different ways of acting; that it is intensely pleased, or made happy by these different faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with latent faculties, which it is not content in a condition to exert; that I do not believe the soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the soul is in a state of happiness; and in the next place, considering that the happiness of the whole world is to be the happiness of the whole man; who can question that there is an infinite variety in the pleasures we are speaking of; and that the fullness of joy will be made up of those pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving?

It shall be the more confirmed in doctrine, if we observe the nature of the soul, with regard to the mind of

The soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The faculties employ one another by turns, and receive different pleasures from the novelty of the objects about which they are employed.

It is likewise very much confirmed in this notion, under the different faculties which it gives us of our future pleasures. In the description of the pleasures of God, it represents to us all the objects which are able to gratify the senses and imagination: in very different places it intimates to us all the pleasures which the understanding can receive in that state, where all shall be revealed to us, and we

shall know, even as we are known; the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleasure of conversing with our blessed Saviour, with an innumerable host of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several parts of the Holy Writings. There are also mentioned those hierarchies or governments, in which the blessed shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great part of our happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and superiority; but, on the contrary, every one will find that station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other station. These, and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation, as the several ingredients of our happiness in heaven, which all imply such a variety of joys, and such a gratification of the soul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the cherubims are a set of angels who know most, and the seraphims a set of angels who love most. Whether this distinction be not altogether imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable, that among the spirits of good men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root.

I might here apply this consideration to the spirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they shall suffer in every one of their faculties, and the respective miseries which shall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But leaving this to the reflection of my readers, I shall conclude with observing how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the soul susceptible of pleasure by so many different ways. We see by what a variety of passages joy and gladness may enter into the thoughts of man; how wonderfully a human spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper satisfactions, and taste the goodness of its Creator. We may therefore look into ourselves with rapture and amazement.

and cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to him, who has encompassed us with such a profusion of blessings, and opened in us for many capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger argument that God has designed us for a state of future happiness, and for that heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the soul for it, and made it a being capable of receiving so much bliss. He would never have made such faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were

not to be exerted on such objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward frame and constitution of our minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite variety of pleasures and gratifications, which are not to be met with in this life. We should therefore at all times take care that we do not disappoint this his gracious purpose and intention towards us, and make those faculties which he formed as for many qualifications for happiness and rewards, to be the instruments of pain and punishment.

## Nº DCI. FRIDAY, OCTOBER I.

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος ἰσχυρῶς πεποιητός.

ANTONIN. LIB. IX.

MAN IS NATURALLY A BENEFICENT CREATURE.

THE following essay comes from an hand which has entertained my reader once before.

NOTWITHSTANDING a narrow contracted temper be that which obtains most in the world, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine characteristic of mankind; because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing good, and receive more of their happiness at second hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate sensation. Now, though these heroic souls are but few, and to appearance so far advanced above the grovelling multitude, as if they were of another order of beings, yet in reality their nature is the same, moved by the same springs, and endowed with all the same essential qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the same fluid body in winter and in summer; when it stands stiffened in ice, as when it flows along in gentle streams, gladdening a thousand fields in it's progress. It is a property of the heart of man to be diffusive; it's kind wishes spread abroad over the face of the creation; and if there be those, as we may observe too many of them, who are all wrapt up in their own dear selves, without any visible concern for their species, let us suppose that their good-nature is frozen, and by the prevailing force of some contrary quality restrained in it's operation. I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal checks upon this gene-

rous propensity of the human soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what method, this most useful principle may be unfettered, and restored to it's native freedom of exercise.

The first and leading cause is an unhappy complexion of body. The heathens, ignorant of the true source of moral evil, generally charged it on the obliquity of matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of change in any of it's properties, even by the Almighty Mind, who, when he came to fashion it into a world of beings, must take it as he found it. This notion, as most others of theirs, is a composition of truth and error. That matter is eternal, that, from the first union of a soul to it, it perverted it's inclinations, and that the ill influence it hath upon the mind is not to be corrected by God himself, are all very great errors, occasioned by a truth as evident, that the capacities and dispositions of the soul depend, to a great degree, on the bodily temper. As there are some fools, others are knaves, by constitution; and particularly, it may be said of many, that they are born with an illiberal cast of mind; the matter that composes them is tenacious as birdlime; and a kind of cramp draws their hands and their hearts together, that they never care to open them, unless to grasp at more. It is a melancholy lot this; but attended with one advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good offices, as it is to these men to perform them.

that whereas persons naturally often mistake instinct for virtue, reason of the difficulty of dining when one rules them, and on the other, men of the opposite character may be more certain of the motive which dominates in every action. If we cannot confer a benefit with that frankness which are necessary to a grace in the eye of the world, at least, the real merit of what they are thwarted by the opposition they meet in doing it. The strength of virtue is seen in rising against the force of nature, and every time they resolve to discharge their duty they make a sacrifice of inclination, conscience, which is always too ready to let its followers go without marks of its approbation. Perhaps the entire cure of this ill quality is not possible, than of some distemper descend by inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a beneficence obstinately persisted in, if any thing, being a likely establishment of a moral habit, which is somewhat of a counterpoise to the force of mechanism. Only it must be remembered that we do not intermit, by pretence whatsoever, the custom of doing good, in regard, if there be least cessation, nature will watch for an opportunity to return, and in a short time recover the ground it was so easily quitting: for there is this difference between mental habits, and such as their foundation in the body; these last are in their nature more constant and violent, and, to gain upon them is not to be opposed; where the former must be continually reinforced with fresh supplies, or they will wither and die away. And this suggests the reason why good habits, in general, require longer time for their extinction than bad; and yet are sooner regained; the reason is, that vicious habits, as drunkenness for instance, produce a change in the body, which the good, not doing, must be maintained in the way they are acquired, by the habit of industry, resolution, and temperance.

Another thing which suspends the force of benevolence, is the love of the world; proceeding from a false opinion men have taken up, that an increase of the world is an essential part in the happiness of life.

Worldly things are of such a quality as to lessen upon dividing, so that the more partners there are, the less must fall to every man's private share. The consequence of this is, that they look upon one another with an evil eye, each imagining all the rest to be embarked in an interest, that cannot take place but to his prejudice. Hence are those eager competitions for wealth or power; hence one man's success becomes another's disappointment; and like pretenders to the same mistress, they can seldom have common charity for their rivals. Not that they are naturally disposed to quarrel and fall out, but it is natural for a man to prefer himself to all others, and to secure his own interest first. If that which men esteem their happiness were, like the light, the same sufficient and unconfined good, whether ten thousand enjoy the benefit of it, or but one, we should see men's good-will, and kind endeavours, would be as universal.

*Homo qui erranti comiter monstrat viam,  
Quasi lumen de suo lumine accendat, facit,  
Nihilominus ipse luceat, cum illi accenderit.*

To direct a wanderer in the right way, is to light another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains.

But, unluckily, mankind agree in making choice of objects, which inevitably engage them in perpetual differences. Learn, therefore, like a wise man, the true estimate of things. Desire not more of the world than is necessary to accommodate you in passing through it; look upon every thing beyond, not as useless only, but burdensome. Place not your quiet in things which you cannot have without putting others beside them, and thereby making them your enemies, and which, when attained, will give you more trouble to keep, than satisfaction in the enjoyment. Virtue is a good of a nobler kind; it grows by communication, and so little resembles earthly riches, that the more hands it is lodged in, the greater is every man's particular stock. So, by propagating and mingling their fires, not only all the lights of a branch together cast a more extensive brightness, but each single light burns with a stronger flame. And, lastly, take this along with you, that if wealth be an instrument of pleasure, the greatest pleasure it can put into your

power, is that of doing good. It is worth considering, that the organs of sense act within a narrow compass, and the appetites will soon say they have enough: which of the two therefore is the happier man? he, who confining all his regard to the gratification of his own appetites, is capable but of short fits of pleasure? or the man, who reckoning himself a sharer in the satisfactions of others, especially those which come to them by his means, enlarges the sphere of his happiness?

The last enemy to benevolence I shall mention is uneasiness of any kind. A guilty, or a discontented mind, a mind ruffled by ill-fortune, disconcerted by its own passions, soured by neglect, or fretting at disappointments, hath not leisure to attend to the necessity or unreasonableness of a kindness desired, nor a taste for those pleasures which wait on beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted heart to relish them. The most miserable of all beings is the most envious; as, on the other hand, the most communicative is the happiest.

And if you are in search of the perfect love and friendship, you find it until you come to the blessed, where happiness, refreshing stream, flows from heart in an endless circulation preserved sweet and untainted motion. It is old advice, if you have a favour to request of any one, serve the softest times of address the soul, in a flush of good-takes a pleasure to shew itself. Persons conscious of their own satisfaction with themselves, and addition, and full of confidence preme Being, and the hope of felicity, survey all about them with a good-will. As trees which grow in fertile soil, they shoot out in exuberant kindness, and bend beneath the precious load, to the hand of the gatherer. Now if the mind be uneasy, it is an infallible sign that it is not in its natural state: place it in its right posture, it will immediately discover its innate propensity to beneficence. *M<sup>r</sup> Futcherson*

## N<sup>o</sup> DCII. MONDAY, OCTOBER 4.

PACIT HOC ELLOS HYACINTHOS.

JUV. SAT. VI. VER. 110.

THIS MAKES THEM HYACINTHS.

**T**HE following letter comes from a gentleman, who, I find, is very diligent in making his observations, which I think too material not to be communicated to the public.

1179.

**I**N order to execute the office of the love-casult of Great Britain, with which I take myself to be invested by your paper of September 8, I shall make some farther observations upon the two sexes in general, beginning with that which always ought to have the upper hand. After having observed with much curiosity the accomplishments which are apt to captivate female hearts, I find that there is no person so irresistible as one who is a man of importance, provided it be in matters of no consequence. One who makes himself talked of, though it be for the particular cock of his hat, or for prating aloud in

the boxes at a play, is in a fashion being a favourite. I have seen a young fellow make his fortune by knocking down a constable, and venture to say, though it may be paradox, that many a fair one has been a duelist in which both the combatants have survived.

About three winters ago I noticed a young lady at the theatre who conceived a passion for a notable fellow that headed a party of catcallers. I am credibly informed, that the daughter of the Mohocks married a rich widower in three weeks after having himself formidable in the city of London and Westminster. Several breaking of windows have done execution upon the sex. But no set of these male charmer-their way more successfully, who have gained themselves an intrigue, and have ruined

number of reputations. There is a strange curiosity in the female world to be acquainted with the dear man who has been loved by others, and to know what it is that makes him so agreeable. His reputation does more than half his business. Every one that is ambitious of being a woman of fashion, looks out for opportunities of being in his company; so that, to use the old proverb, 'When his name is up he may lie a-bed.'

I was very sensible of the great advantage of being a man of importance upon these occasions on the day of the king's entry, when I was seated in a balcony behind a cluster of very pretty country ladies, who had one of these showy gentlemen in the midst of them. The first trick I caught him at was bowing to several persons of quality whom he did not know; nay, he had the impudence to hem at a blue garter who had a finer equipage than ordinary, and seemed a little concerned at the impertinent huzzas of the mob, that hindered his friend from taking notice of him. There was indeed one who pulled off his hat to him, and upon the ladies asking who it was, he told them it was a foreign minister that he had been very merry with the night before; whereas in truth it was the city common hunt.

He was never at a loss when he was asked any person's name, though he seldom knew any one under a peer. He found dukes and earls among the aldermen, very good-natured fellows among the privy-counsellors, with two or three agreeable old rakes among the bishops and judges.

In short, I collected from his whole discourse, that he was acquainted with every body, and knew no body. At the same time, I am mistaken if he did not that day make more advances in the affections of his mistress, who sat near

him, than he could have done in half a year's courtship.

Ovid has finely touch'd this method of making love, which I shall here give my reader in Mr. Dryden's translation.

#### Page the eleventh.

Thus love in theatres did first improve,  
And theatres are still the scene of loves  
Nor shun the chariots, and the courier's races  
The Circus is no inconvenient place.  
Nor need is there of talking on the band,  
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand;  
But bold y next the fair your seat provide,  
Close as you can to hers, and side by side:  
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter, crouching fit;  
For so the laws of public shows permit.  
Then find occasion to begin discourse,  
Enquire whose chariot this, and whose that horse;  
To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,  
Suit all your inclinations to her mind.  
Like what she likes, from thence your court begin,  
And whom she favours wish that he may win.

#### Again, page the sixteenth.

O when will come the day by Heaven design'd,  
When, thou, the best and fairest of mankind,  
Drawn by white horses, shalt in triumph ride,  
With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side;  
Slaves that no longer can be safe in flight;  
O glorious object! O surprising sight!  
O day of public joy, too good to end in night!  
On such a day, if thou, and next to thee  
Some beauty sits, the spectacle to see;  
If she enquire the names of conquer'd kings,  
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs;  
Answer to all thou knowest; and if need be,  
Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly:  
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there  
Flows the swift Tigris, with his sea-green hair,  
Invent new names of things unknown before;  
Call this Armenia, that, the Caspian shore;  
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;  
Talk probably no matter for the truth.

N<sup>o</sup> DCIII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6.

DUCITE AB URBE DOMUM, MEA, CARMINA, DUCITE DAPHNIM.

VIRG. ECL. VIII. VER. 68.

RESTORE, MY CHARMS,  
MY LONG'RING DAPHNIS TO MY LONGING ARMS.

DRAIDEN.

THE following copy of verses comes from one of my correspondents, and has something in it so original, that I do not much doubt but it will divert my readers.

## I.

MY time, O ye muses, was happily spent,  
When Phebe went with me wherever I went;  
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:

Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!  
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,  
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find?  
When things were as fine as could possibly be,  
I thought 'twas the spring; but alas! it was she.

## II.

With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,  
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:  
I was so good humour'd, so cheerful and gay,  
My heart was as light as a feather all day.  
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown;  
So strangely uneasy as never was known.  
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,  
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more  
than a pound.

## III.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,  
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;  
Thou know'st little Cupid, if Phebe was there,  
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:  
But now she is absent, I walk by it's side,  
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide;  
Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?  
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear  
me complain.

## IV.

When my lambskins around me would oftentimes play,  
And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,  
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,  
When spring, love, and beauty, were all in their prime!  
But now in their frolics when by me they pass,  
I fling at their fleeces an handful of grass;  
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,  
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

## V.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see  
Come wagging his tail! to my fair one and me;  
And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog  
said—

'Come hither poor fellow;' and patted his head.

But now, when he's fawning, I with a fourlook  
Cry 'Sirrah;' and give him a blow with my crook:

And I'll give him another; for why should  
not Tray

Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away?

## VI.

When walking with Phebe, what sights  
have I seen?

How fair was the flower, how fresh was the  
green?

What a lovely appearance the trees and the  
shade,

The corn fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing  
made!

But now she has left me, tho' all are still there,  
They none of them now so delightful appear:  
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,  
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

## VII.

Sweet music went with us both all the  
wood thro',

The lark, I nnet, thro'!—, and nightingales too;  
Winds over us whisp'r'd, flocks by us did blest,

And chirp went the grasshopper under our  
feet.

But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,  
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;  
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,  
Gave ev'ry thing else it's agreeable sound.

## VIII.

Ros', what is become of thy delicate hue?  
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?

Does ought of it's sweetness the blossom be-  
guile?

That meadow, those daisies, why do they not  
smile?

Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you dress'd,  
And made yourselves fine for; a place in her  
breast:

You put on your colours to please her eye,  
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom  
to lie.

11. How

## IX.

How slowly Time creeps, till my Phebe  
return,  
While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool breezes  
I burn!  
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would  
tread,  
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould  
melt down the lead.  
Fly swifter ye minutes, bring hither my dear,  
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.  
Ah Colin! o'd Time is full of delay,  
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou  
canst say.

## X.

Will no pitying pow'r that bears me com-  
plain,  
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?  
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion  
remove;  
But what swain is so silly to live without  
love?  
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,  
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.  
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with de-  
spair;  
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so  
fair.

## Nº DCIV. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8.

TU NE QUÆSIERIS (SCIRE NEFAS) QUEM MIHI, QUEM TIBI,  
FINEM DII DEDERINT, LEUCONCE; NEC BABYLONIOS  
TENTARIS NUMEROS—

HOR. OD. XI. L. I. VER. 14.

AN, DO NOT STRIVE TOO MUCH TO KNOW,  
MY DEAR LEUCONCE,  
WHAT THE KIND GODS DESIGN TO DO  
WITH ME AND THEE.

CREECH.

**T**HE desire of knowing future events, is one of the strongest inclinations in the mind of man. Indeed an ability of foreseeing probable accidents is what, in the language of men, is called wisdom and prudence: but, not satisfied with the light that reason holds out, mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiously into futurity. Magic, oracles, omens, lucky hours, and the various arts of superstition, owe their rise to this powerful cause. As this principle is founded in self-love, every man is sure to be solicitous in the first place about his own fortune, the course of his life, and the time and manner of his death.

If we consider that we are free agents, we shall discover the absurdity of such enquiries. One of our actions which we might have performed or neglected, is the cause of another that succeeds it, and so the whole chain of life is linked together. Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural product of vicious and imprudent acts; as the contrary blessings are of good ones; so that we cannot suppose our lot to be determined without impiety. A great enhancement of pleasure arises from it's being unexpected; and pain is doubled by being foreseen. Upon all thes, and several other accounts, we ought to rest satisfied in this portion bestowed on us; to adore the

hand that hath fitted every thing to our nature, and hath not more displayed his goodness in our knowledge than in our ignorance.

It is not unworthy observation, that superstitious enquiries into future events prevail more or less, in proportion to the improvement of liberal arts and useful knowledge in the several parts of the world. Accordingly we find, that magical incantations remain in Lapland; in the more remote parts of Scotland they have their second sight; and several of our own countrymen have seen abundance of fairies. In Asia this credulity is strong; and the greatest part of refined learning there consists in the knowledge of amulets, talismans, occult numbers, and the like.

When I was at Grand Cairo, I fell into the acquaintance of a good-natured musfulman, who promised me many good offices, which he designed to do me when he became the prime minister, which was a fortune bestowed on his imagination by a doctor very deep in the curious sciences. At his repeated solicitations I went to learn my destiny of this wonderful sage. For a small sum I had his promise, but was desired to wait in a dark apartment until he had run through the preparatory ceremonies. Having a strong propensity, even then, to dreaming, I took a nap upon the sofa where



where I was placed, and had the following vision, the particulars whereof I picked up the other day among my papers.

I found myself in an unbounded plain, where methought the whole world, in several habits and with different tongues, was assembled. The multitude glided swiftly along, and I found in myself a strong inclination to mingle in the train. My eyes quickly singled out some of the most splendid figures. Several in rich castans and glittering turbans bustled through the throng, and trampled over the bodies of those they threw down; until, to my great surprise, I found that the great pace they went only hastened them to a scaffold or a bowstring. Many beautiful damsels on the other side moved forward with great gravity; some danced until they fell all along; and others painted their faces until they lost their noses. A tribe of creatures with busy looks falling into a fit of laughter at the misfortunes of the unhappy ladies, I turned my eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his pockets with gold and jewels; and when there was no room left for more, these wretches looking round with fear and horror, pined away before my face with famine and discontent.

This prospect of human misery struck me dumb for some miles. Then it was that, to disburden my mind, I took pen and ink, and did every thing that hath since happened under my office of Spectator. While I was employing myself for the good of mankind, I was surprised to meet with very unsuitable returns from my fellow-creatures. Never was poor author so beset with pamph-

leteers, who sometimes marched directly against me, but oftener shot at me from strong bulwarks, or rose up suddenly in ambush. They were of all characters and capacities, some with signs of dignity, and others in liveries; but what most surprized me, was to see two or three in black gowns among my enemies. It was no small trouble to me, sometimes to have a man come up to me with an angry face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never seen or heard of him in my life. With the ladies it was otherwise; many became my enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who resented the satire which they imagined I had directed against them. My great comfort was in the company of half a dozen friends, who, I found since, were the club which I have so often mentioned in my papers. I laughed often at Sir Roger in my sleep, and was the more diverted with Will Honeycomb's gallantries, (when we afterwards became acquainted) because I had foreseen his marriage with a farmer's daughter. The regret which arose in my mind upon the death of my companions, my anxieties for the public, and the many calamities still fleeing before my eyes, made me repent my curiosity; when the magician entered the room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was just going to begin.

N. B. I have only delivered the prophecy of that part of my life which is past, it being inconvenient to divulge the second part until a more proper opportunity.

## Nº DCV. MONDAY, OCTOBER II.

EXUERINT SYLVESTREM ANIMUM; CULTUQUE FREQUENTI,  
IN QUASCUNQUE VOCES ARTES, HAUD TARDA SEQUENTUR.

VIRG. GEORG. II. VER. 56.

—THEY CHANGE THEIR SAVAGE MIND,  
THEIR WILDNESS LOSE, AND QUITTING NATURE'S PART,  
OBEY THE RULES AND DISCIPLINE OF ART.

DRYDEN.

HAVING perused the following letter, and finding it to run upon the subject of love, I referred it to the learned casuist, whom I have retained in

my service for speculations of that kind. He returned it to me the next morning with his report annexed to it, with both of which I shall here present my reader.

SPECTATOR,

DING that you have entertained a useful person in your service in Love Casuist, I apply myself, under a very great difficulty, hath for some months perplexed I have a couple of humble persons of which I have no aversion either I think of very kindly. He hath the reputation of a man of sense, and is one of those people your sex are apt to value. My sister is reckoned a coxcomb among men, but is a favourite of the ladies.

If I marry the man of worth, as all him, I shall oblige my parents to improve my fortune; but with my sister I promise myself happiness, though not a jointure. Now I would enquire, whether I should consent to my life with a man that I have no objection to, or with him against all objections to me appear friendly. I am determined to follow the man's advice, and I dare say he will lay me upon so serious a thing as money contrary to my inclination. &c.

FANNY FICKLE.

I forgot to tell you, that the gentleman is the most complaisant creature in the world, and is always of good mind; but the other, forsooth, as he has as much wit as myself, is my lap-dog, and hath the inclination to contradict me when he thinks not in the right. About half an hour ago, he maintained to my face, that he always implies a pimple.

I look upon it to be my duty to side with the parents than the daughter, I shall propose some confessions to my gentle querist, which will incline her to comply with those whose direction she is: and at the same time convince her, that it is impossible but she may, in time, have a true affection for him who is, at present, indifferent to her; or, to use the old family maxim, that, 'if she tries first, love will come after.' The only objection that she seems to make against the gentleman proposed for, is his want of complaisance, as I perceive, she is very willing to give. Now, I can discover from this circumstance, that she and her friends whatever they may think of it, *ry good friends* is their hearts.

It is difficult to determine, whether love delights more in giving pleasure or pain. Let Miss Fickle ask her own heart, if she doth not take a secret pride in making this man of good sense look very silly. Hath she ever been better pleased, than when her behaviour hath made her lover ready to hang himself? or doth she ever rejoice more than when she thinks she hath driven him to the very brink of a purling stream? Let her consider, at the same time, that it is not impossible but her lover may have discovered her tricks, and hath a mind to give her as good as she brings. I remember a handsome young baggage that treated a hopeful Greek of my acquaintance, just come from Oxford, as if he had been a barbarian. The first week after she had fixed him, she took a pinch of snuff out of his rival's box, and apparently touched the enemy's little finger. She became a professed enemy to the arts and sciences, and scarce ever wrote a letter to him without wilfully mis-spelling his name. The young scholar, to be even with her, railed at coquettes as soon as he had got the word; and did not want parts to turn into ridicule her men of wit and pleasure of the town. After having irritated one another for the space of five months, she made an assignation with him fourscore miles from London. But as he was very well acquainted with her pranks, he took a journey the quite contrary way. Accordingly they met, quarrelled, and in a few days were married. Their former hostilities are now the subject of their mirth, being content at present with that part of love only which bestows pleasure.

Women who have been married some time, not having it in their heads to draw after them a numerous train of followers, find their satisfaction in the possession of one man's heart. I know very well, that ladies in their bloom desire to be excused in this particular; but when time hath worn out their natural vanity, and taught them discretion, their fondness settles on it's proper object. And it is probably for this reason, that among husbands, you will find more that are fond of women beyond their prime, than of those who are actually in the infolence of beauty. My reader will apply the same observation to the other sex.

I need not insist upon the necessity of  
7 L their

their pursuing one common interest, and their united care for their children; but shall only observe, by the way, that married persons are both more warm in their love, and more hearty in their hatred, than any others whatsoever. Mutual favours and obligations, which may be supposed to be greater here than in any other state, naturally beget an intense affection in generous minds: as, on the contrary, persons who have bestowed such favours have a particular bitterness in their resentments, when they think themselves ill treated by those of whom they have deserved so much.

Besides, Miss Pickle may consider, that as there are often many faults concealed before marriage, so there are sometimes many virtues unobserved.

To this we may add the great efficacy of custom, and constant conversation, to produce a mutual friendship and benevolence in two persons. It is a nice reflection, which I have heard a friend of mine make, that you may be sure a woman loves a man, when she uses his expressions, tells his stories, or imitates his manner. This gives a secret delight; for imitation is a kind of artless flattery, and mightily favours the powerful principle of self-love. It is certain, that married persons, who are possessed with a mutual esteem, not only catch the air and way of talk from one another, but fall into the same traces of thinking and liking. Nay, some have carried the remark so far as to assert, that the features of man and wife grow, in time, to resemble one another. Let my fair correspondent therefore consider, that the gentleman recommended will have a good deal of her own face in two

or three years; which she must not expect from the beau, who is the rival of his dear self to copy after another. And I dare appeal to her own judgment, if that person will not be the most unkind, that is the most like himself.

We have already said, in reference to our present purpose in the history of King Edgar, which I shall finish here, and leave it with my fair correspondent to be applied to herself.

This great monarch, who is so famous in British history, had a love so near his passions, though his kingdom, with a certain duke's daughter who lived near Winchester, and was the most celebrated beauty of the age. His importunities and the violence of his passion were so great, that the mother of the young lady promised a marriage to her daughter to his bed the next night, though in her heart she abhorred so infamous an office. It was no longer dark than she conveyed into his room a young maid of no disagreeable figure, who was one of her attendants, and did not want address to improve the opportunity for the advancement of her fortune. She made so good use of her time, that when she offered to rise a line before day, the king could by no means think of parting with her. So that finding herself under a necessity of discovering who she was, she did it in so handsome a manner, that his majesty was exceeding gracious to her, and took her ever after under his protection: in so much that our chronicles tell us he carried her along with him, made her his first minister of state, and continued true to her alone until his marriage with the beautiful Elfrida.

## Nº DCVI. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13.

LONGUM CANTU SOLATA LABOREM  
ARGUTO CONJUX PERCURRIT PECTINE TELAS.

VIRG. GEORG. I. VER. 294

MEAN TIME AT HOME  
THE GOOD WIFE SINGING FLIES THE VARIOUS LOOM.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have a couple of nieces under my direction, who so often run gadding abroad, that I do not know where to have them. Their drests, their tea, and their visits, take up all their time, and they go to bed as tired with doing no-

thing, as I am after quilting a whole under petticoat. The only time they are not idle, is while they read your Spectators; which being dedicated to the interests of virtue, I desire you to recommend the long neglected art of needle-work. Those hours which in

ge are thrown away in dress, play, and the like, were employed, in me, in writing out receipts, or in g beds, chairs, and hangings, for my family. For my part, I have plied edle these fifty years, and by my will would never have it out of my mind. It grieves my heart to see a of proud idle flirts tipping their or a whole afternoon, in a room round with the industry of their grand-mother. Pray, Sir, take idable mystery of embroidery into serious consideration, and as you a great deal of the virtue of the e in you, continue your ende: to reform the present.

I am, &c.

obedience to the commands of my ble correspondent, I have duly ed this important subject, and pronvself, from the arguments here down, that all the fine ladies of nd will be ready, as soon as their ing is over, to appear covered he work of their own hands.

at a delightful entertainment must o the fair sex, whom their native ty, and the tenderness of men to them, exempts from public busi- o pass their hours in imitating beauties of nature into their own or raising a new creation in their and apartments! How pleasing amusement of walking among the and groves planted by them, in surveying heroes slain by their , or little Cupids which they have ht into the world without pain!

is is, methinks, the most proper wherein a lady can shew a fine ge- and I cannot forbear wishing, several writers of that sex had to apply themselves rather to y than rhyme. Your pastoral es may vent their fancy in rural ips, and place despairing shep- under silken willows, or drown n a stream of mohair. The heroic s may work up battles as success- and inflame them with gold or hem with crimion. Even those ave only a turn to a song or an n, may put many valuable stitches , purse, and croud a thousand into a pair of parters. If I may, t breach of good-manners, ima- at any pretty creature is void of

genius, and would perform her part herein but very awkwardly, I must nevertheless insist upon her working, if it be only to keep her out of harm's way.

Another argument for busying good women in works of fancy, is, because it takes them off from scandal, the usual attendant of tea-tables, and all other unactive scenes of life. While they are forming their birds and beasts, their neighbours will be allowed to be the fathers of their own children: and Whig and Tory will be but seldom mentioned, where the great dispute is, whether blue or red is the more proper colour. How much greater glory would Sophronia do the general, if she would chuse rather to work the battle of Blenheim in tapestry, than signalize herself with so much vehemence against those who are Frenchmen in their hearts?

A third reason that I shall mention, is the profit that is brought to the family where these pretty arts are encouraged. It is manifest that this way of life not only keeps fair ladies from running out into expences, but is at the same time an actual improvement. How memorable would that matron be, who shall have it subscribed upon her monument, That she wrought out the whole Bible in tapestry, and died in a good old age, after having covered three hundred yards of wall in the mansion-house!

The premises being considered, I humbly submit the following proposals to all mothers in Great Britain.

I. That no young virgin whatsoever be allowed to receive the addresses of her first lover, but in a suit of her own embroidering.

II. That before every fresh humble servant, she be obliged to appear with a new stomacher at the least.

III. That no one be actually married until she hath the child-bed pillows, &c. ready stitched, and likewise the mantle for the boy quite finished.

These laws, if I mistake not, would effectually restore the decayed art of needle-work, and make the virgins of Great Britain exceedingly nimble-fingered in their business.

There is a memorable custom of the Grecian ladies in this particular, preserved in Homer, which I hope will have a very good effect with my country-women. A widow, in ancient times, could not, without indecency, receive a second husband, until she had woven a shroud

shroud for her deceased lord, or the next of kin to him. Accordingly, the chaste Penelope having, as she thought, lost Ulysses at sea, she employed her time in preparing a winding-sheet for Laertes, the father of her husband. The story of her web being very famous, and yet not sufficiently known in it's several circumstances, I shall give it to my reader, as Homer makes one of her woovers relate it.

Sweet hope she gave to every youth apart,  
With welltaught looks, and a deceitful heart:  
A web she wove of many a slender twine,  
Of curious texture, and perplex design;  
' My youths,' she cry'd, ' my lord but newly  
' dead,  
' Forbear a while to court my widow'd bed,  
' Till I have wov'n, as solemn vows require,  
' This web, a shroud for poor Ulysses' fire.

' His limbs, when fate the hero's soul de-  
' mands,  
' Shall claim this Labour of his daughter's  
' hands:  
' Left all the dames of Greece my name de-  
' spise,  
' While the great king without a covering  
' lies.'

Thus she. Nor did my friends mistrust  
the guile;

All day she sped the long laborious toil:  
But when the burnings lamps supply'd the sun,  
Each night unravell'd what the day begun.  
Three live-long summers did the fraud pre-  
vail;

The fourth her maidens told th' amazing tale:  
These eyes beheld, as close I took my stand,  
The backward labours of her faithless hand:  
Till watch'd at length, and press'd on every  
side,

Her talk she ended, and commenc'd a bride.

## Nº DCVII. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15.

DICITE IÖ PÆAN, ET IÖ BIS DICITE PÆAN:

DECIDIT IN CASSES PRÆDA PETITA MEOS.

OVID. *Ass Am.* L. I. VER. I.

NOW IÖ PÆAN SING, NOW WREATHS PREPARE,

AND WITH REPEATED IÖS FILL THE AIR:

THE PREY IS FALL'N IN MY SUCCESSFUL TOILS.

ANON.

MR. SPECTATOR,

HAVING in your paper of Monday last published my report on the case of Mrs. Fanny Fickle, wherein I have taken notice, that love comes after marriage; I hope your readers are satisfied of this truth, that as love generally produces matrimony, so it often happens that matrimony produces love.

It perhaps requires more virtues to make a good husband or wife, than what go to the finishing any the most shining character whatsoever.

Discretion seems absolutely necessary, and accordingly we find that the best husbands have been most famous for their wisdom. Homer, who hath drawn a perfect pattern of a prudent man, to make it the more compleat, hath celebrated him for the just returns of fidelity and truth to his Penelope; insomuch that he refused the caresses of a goddess for her sake; and, to use the expression of the best of Pagan authors—*'Vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati'*—His old woman was dearer to him than immortality.

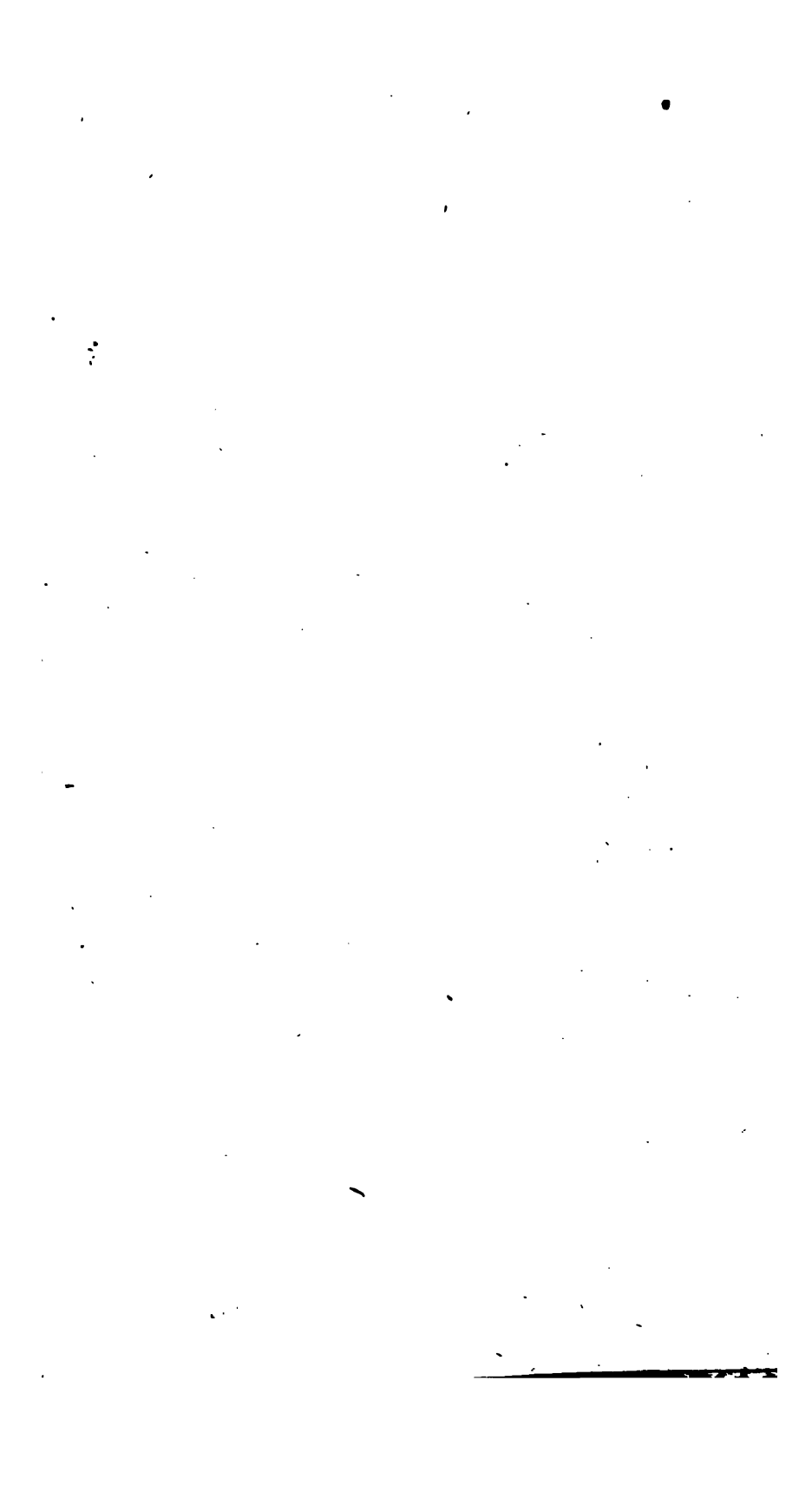
Virtue is the next necessary qualifi-

cation for this domestic character, as it naturally produces constancy and mutual esteem. Thus Brutus and Porcia were more remarkable for virtue and affection than any others of the age in which they lived.

Good-nature is a third necessary ingredient in the marriage-state, without which it would inevitably sour upon a thousand occasions. When greatness of mind is joined with this amiable quality, it attracts the admiration and esteem of all who behold it. Thus Cæsar, not more remarkable for his fortune and valour than for his humanity, stole into the hearts of the Roman people, when, breaking through the custom, he pronounced an oration at the funeral of his first and best beloved wife.

Good-nature is insufficient, unless it be steady and uniform, and accompanied with an evenness of temper, which is, above all things, to be preserved in this friendship contracted for life. A man must be easy within himself before he can be so to his other self. Socrates and Marcus Aurelius are instances of men, who by the strength of philoso-





aving entirely composed their and subdued their passions, are ed for good husbands, notwithstanding the first was yoked with Xand the other with Faustina. If lded pair would but habituate ves for the first year to bear with other's faults, the difficulty would y well conquered. This mutual ss of temper and complacency ely recommended in the nuptial nies among the heathens, who, ey sacrificed to Juno at that so-, always tore out the gall from tails of the victim, and cast it the altar.

ll conclude this letter with a past of Dr. Plot's Natural History of Shropshire, not only as it will serve up your present paper, but, if I /self in the humour, may give another; I having by me an old belonging to the place here un- tioned.

Philip de Somerville held the rs of Whichenovre, Scirescot, rare, Netherton, and Cowlee, all e county of Stafford, of the Earls ancaster, by this memorable ser-

The said Sir Philip shall find, tain, and sustain, one bacon-, hanging in his hall at Whiche-, ready arrayed all times of ear, but in Lent, to be given to man or woman married, after ay and the year of their marriage ist, in form following.

hensoever that any one such be- named will come to enquire for acon, in their own person, they come to the bailiff, or to the por- of the lordship of Whichenovre, shall say to them in the manner sueth:

ailiff, or porter, I do you to know, I am come for myself, to de- d one bacon flyke hanging in the of the Lord of Whichenovre, : the form thereunto belonging." fter which relation, the bailiff or r shall assign a day to him, upon ise by his faith to return, and him to bring twain of his neigh- s. And in the mean time the bailiff shall take with him twain e freeholders of the lordship of chenovre, and they three shall go e manor of Rudlow, belonging bert Knightleye, and there shall on the aforesaid Knightleye, or

his bailiff, commanding him to be ready at Whichenovre the day ap- pointed, at prime of day, with his car- riage, that is to say, a horse and a saddle, a sack and a prike, for to con- vey the said bacon and corn a journey out of the county of Stafford, at his costages. And then the said bailiff shall, with the said freeholders, sum- mon all the tenants of the said ma- nor, to be ready at the day appointed at Whichenovre, for to do and per- form the services which they owe to the bacon. And at the day assigned, all such as owe services to the bacon, shall be ready at the gate of the manor of Whichenovre, from the sun-rising to noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the bacon. And when he is come, there shall be delivered to him and his fellows, chapelets; and to all those which shall be there, to do their ser- vices due to the bacon. And they shall lead the said demandant with trumps and tabours, and other man- ner of minstrelsy, to the hall door, where he shall find the Lord of Whichenovre, or his steward, ready to deliver the bacon in this manner.

He shall enquire of him which de- mandeth the bacon, if he have brought twain of his neighbours with him: which must answer—"They be here ready." And then the steward shall cause these two neighbours to swear, if the said demandant be a wedded man, or have been a man wedded; and if since his marriage one year and a day be past; and if he be a freeman, or a villain. And if his said neigh- bours make oath, that he hath for him all these three points rehearsed; then shall the bacon be taken down and brought to the hall-door, and shall there be laid upon one half quarter of wheat, and upon one other of rye. And he that demandeth the bacon shall kneel upon his knee, and shall hold his right-hand upon a book, which book shall be laid upon the bacon and the corn, and shall make oath in this manner.

"Hear ye, Sir Philip de Somerville, Lord of Whichenovre, mayntener and gyver of this baconne: that I A sithe I wedded B my wife, and sithe I had hyr in my keepyng, and at my wylle, by a year and a day after our mar- riage, I would not have chaunged for none



" none other; farer, ne fowler; richer,  
 " ne pourer; ne for none other de-  
 " scended of greater lynage; sleeping  
 " ne waking, at noo tyme. And if  
 " the seyd B were sole, and I sole, I  
 " would take her to be my wife before  
 " all the wymen of the world, of what  
 " condicions soever they be, good or  
 " evylle: as help me God and his  
 " seyntes, and this flesh and all fleshes."

" And his neighbours shall make oath,  
 " that they trust verily he hath said truly.  
 " And if it be found by his neighbours  
 " before named, that he be a freeman,  
 " there shall be delivered to him half a  
 " quarter of wheat and a cheeke; and if  
 " he be a villain, he shall have half a  
 " quarter of rye without cheeke. And  
 " then shall Knightleye, the Lord of  
 " Ludlow, be called for, to carry all  
 " these things tofore rehearsed; and the  
 " said corn shall be laid on one horse,

" and the bacon above it: and he to  
 " whom the bacon appertaineth shall  
 " ascend upon his horse, and shall take  
 " the cheeke before him, if he have a  
 " horse. And if he have none, the  
 " Lord of Whichenovre shall cause him  
 " to have one horse and saddle, to such  
 " time as he be passed his lordship: and  
 " so shall they depart the manor of  
 " Whichenovre with the corn and the  
 " bacon, tofore him that hath won it,  
 " with trumpets, tabourets, and other  
 " manner of minstrelsy. And all the  
 " free tenants of Whichenovre, shall  
 " conduct him to be passed the lordship  
 " of Whichenovre. And then shall  
 " they all return except him, to whom  
 " appertaineth to make the carriage and  
 " journey without the county of Staf-  
 " ford, at the costs of his Lord of  
 " Whichenovre."

## Nº DCVIII. MONDAY, OCTOBER 18.

PERJURIA RIDET AMANTUM.

OVID. ARS AM. L. I. VER. 633.

FORGIVING WITH A SMILE

THE PERJURIES THAT EASY MAIDS BEGUIL.

DRYDEN.

MR. SPECTATOR,

ACCORDING to my promise I  
 herewith transmit to you a list of  
 several persons who from time to time  
 demanded the sitch of bacon of Sir Phi-  
 lip de Somerville, and his descendants;  
 as it is preserved in an ancient manu-  
 script under the title of 'The Register  
 of Whichenovre-hall, and of the Ba-  
 con Sitch there maintained.'

In the beginning of this record is re-  
 cited the law or institution in form, as  
 it is already printed in your last paper:  
 to which are added two bye-laws, as a  
 comment upon the general law, the sub-  
 stance whereof is, that the wife shall  
 take the same oath as the husband, *mutatis mutandis*; and that the judges shall,  
 as they think meet, interrogate or cross-  
 examine the witnesses. After this pro-  
 ceeds the register in manner following.

" Aubry de Falitaff, son of Sir John  
 " Falitaff, Kt. with dame Maude his  
 " wife, were the first that demanded the  
 " bacon, he having bribed twain of his  
 " father's companions to swear falsely in  
 " his behoof, whereby he gained the  
 " sitch: but he and his said wife falling

" immediately into a dispute how the  
 " said bacon should be dressed, it was by  
 " order of the judges taken from him,  
 " and hung up again in the hall.

" Alison the wife of Stephen Freckle,  
 " brought her said husband along with  
 " her, and set forth the good conditions  
 " and behaviour of her consort, adding  
 " withal that she doubted not but he  
 " was ready to attest the like of her his  
 " wife; whereupon he, the said Stephen,  
 " shaking his head, she turned short  
 " upon him, and gave him a box on  
 " the ear.

" Philip de Waverland, having laid  
 " his hand upon the book, when the  
 " clause, " were I sole and she sole,"  
 " was rehearsed, found a secret com-  
 " punction rising in his mind, and stopt  
 " it off again.

" Richard de Loveless, who was a  
 " courtier, and a very well bred man,  
 " being observed to hesitate at the words  
 " after our marriage," was thereupon  
 " required to explain himself. He re-  
 " plied, by talking very largely of his  
 " exact complaisance: while he was a  
 " lover; and alledged that he had not in

It disoblged his wife for a year day before marriage, which he was the same thing.

eline Jelly, Esq. making it ap- unquestionable testimony, that his wife had preserved full and affection for the space of the month, commonly called the honeymoon; he had in consideration of one rather bestowed upon him. er this,' says the record, 'many passed over before any demand- appeared at Whichenovre-hall; uch that one would have thought he whole country were turned so little was their affection to ch of bacon.'

next couple enrolled had like to ried it, if one of the witnesses deposed, that dining on a Sun- the demandant, whose wife had w the squire's lady at church, said wife dropped some ex- as if she thought her husband to be knighted; to which he a passionate Pish! The judges the premises into consideration, the aforesaid behaviour to im- unwarrantable ambition in the d anger in the husband.

recorded as a sufficient disqua- of a certain wife, that speak- her husband, she said—'God e him.'

ikewise remarkable that a cou- rejected upon the deposition of heir neighbours, that the lady

had once told her husband that it was her duty to obey; to which he replied— 'Oh, my dear! you are never in the 'wrong.'

The violent passion of one lady for her lap-dog; the turning away of the old house-maid by another; a tavern-bill torn by the wife, and a taylor's by the husband; a quarrel about the kissing-cruik; spoiling of dinners, and coming in late of nights; are so many several articles which occasioned the reprobation of some scores of demandants, whose names are recorded in the aforesaid register.

Without enumerating other particular persons, I shall content myself with observing that the sentence pronounced against one Gervase Poacher is, that 'he might have had bacon to his eggs, 'if he had not hitherto scolded his wife 'when they were over-boiled.' And the deposition against Dorothy Doolittle runs in these words, 'That she had so far usurped the dominion of the coal fire, (the stirring whereof her husband claimed to himself) that by her good- will she never would suffer the poker 'out of her hand.'

I find but two couples, in this first century; that were successful: the first was a sea-captain and his wife, who since the day of their marriage had not seen one another until the day of the claim. The second was an honest pair in the neighbourhood; the husband was a man of plain good sense, and a peace-able temper; the woman was dumb.

° DCIX. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20.

—YARRAGO LIBELLI.

JUV. SAT. I. VER. 86.

THE MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS OF MY BOOK.

PECTATOR,  
: for some time desired to appear our paper, and have therefore a day to steal into the Spectator, take it for granted you will not my spare minutes for specula- your own. As I was the other king with an honest country an, he very often was expressing ishment to see the town so might- iled with doctors of divinity: hich I told him he was very *faken if he took all those gen-*

tlemen he saw in scarfs to be persons of that dignity; for that a young divine, after his first degree in the university, usually comes hither only to shew him- self; and, on that occasion, is apt to think he is but half equipped with a gown and cassock for his public appear- ance, if he hath not the additional or- nament of a scarf of the first magnitude to entitle him to the appellation of Dr. from his landlady, and the boy at Child's. Now since I know that this piece of garniture is looked upon as a *mark*

mark of vanity or affectation, as it is made use of among some of the little spruce adventurers of the town, I should be glad if you would give it a place among those extravagancies you have justly exposed in several of your papers: being very well assured that the main body of the clergy, both in the country and the universities, who were almost to a man untainted with it, would be very well pleased to see this venerable foppery well exposed. When my patron did me the honour to take me into his family, (for I must own myself of this order) he was pleased to say he took me as a friend and companion; and whether he looked upon the scarf like the lace and shoulder-knot of a footman, as a badge of servitude and dependence, I do not know, but he was so kind as to leave my wearing of it to my own discretion; and not having any just title to it from my degrees, I am content to be without the ornament. The privileges of our nobility to keep a certain number of chaplains are undisputed, though perhaps not one in ten of those reverend gentlemen have any relation to the noble families their scarfs belong to; the right generally of creating all chaplains, except the domestic, where there is one, being nothing more than the perquisite of a steward's place, who if he happens to outlive any considerable number of his noble masters, shall probably, at one and the same time, have fifty chaplains, all in their proper accoutrements, of his own creation; though, perhaps, there hath been neither grace nor prayer said in the family since the introduction of the first coronet. I am, &c.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Wish you would write a philosophical paper about natural antipathies, with a word or two concerning the strength of imagination. I can give you a list upon the first notice, of a rational China cup, of an egg that walks upon two legs, and a quart-pot that sings like a nightingale. There is in my neighbourhood a very pretty prattling shoulder of veal, that squalls out at the sight of a knife. Then, as for natural antipathies, I know a general officer who was never conquered but by a smothered rabbit; and a wife that domineers over her husband by the help of a breast of mutton. A story that relates to myself on this subject may be thought not unentertain-

ing, especially when I assure you that it is literally true. I had long made love to a lady, in the possession of whom I am now the happiest of mankind, whose hand I should have gained with much difficulty without the assistance of a cat. You must know then, that my most dangerous rival had so strong an aversion to this species, that he infallibly swooned away at the sight of that harmless creature. My friend Mrs. Lucy, her maid, having a greater respect for me and my purse than she had for my rival, always took care to pin the tail of a cat under the gown of her mistress, whenever she knew of his coming; which had such an effect, that every time he entered the room he looked more like one of the figures in Mrs. Salmon's wax-work than a desirable lover. In short, he grew sick of her company; which the young lady taking notice of, (who no more knew why than he did) she sent me a challenge to meet her in Lincoln's Inn chapel, which I joyfully accepted, and have, amongst other pleasures, the satisfaction of being praised by her for my stratagem. I am, &c.

TOM NIMBLE.

FROM THE HOOP.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE virgins of Great Britain are very much obliged to you for putting them upon such tedious drudgeries in needlework as were fit only for the Hilpa's and the Nilpa's that lived before the flood. Here is a stir indeed with your histories in embroidery, your groves with shades of silk and streams of mohair! I would have you to know, that I hope to kill a hundred lovers before the best housewife in England can stitch out a battle, and do not fear but to provide boys and girls much faster than your disciples can embroider them. I love birds and beasts as well as you, but am content to fancy them when they are really made. What do you think of gilt leather for furniture? There is your pretty hangings for a chamber; and what is more, our own country is the only place in Europe where work of that kind is tolerably done. Without minding your lusty lessons, I am this minute going to Paul's Church-yard to bespeak a skreen and a set of hangings; and am resolved to encourage the manufacture of my country. Yours,

CLARA.

N<sup>o</sup> DCX. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22.

SIC, CUM TRANSIERINT MEI  
 NULLO CUM STREPITU DIES,  
 PLEBEIUS MORIAR SENEX,  
 ILLI MORS GRAVIS INCUBAT,  
 QUI, NOTUS NIMIS OMNIBUS,  
 IGNOTUS MORITUR SIBI.

SENeca.

THUS, WHEN MY FLEETING DAYS, AT LAST,  
 UNHEEDED, SILENTLY ARE PAST,  
 CALMLY I SHALL RESIGN MY BREATH,  
 IN LIFE UNKNOWN, FORGOT IN DEATH;  
 WHILE HE, OVERTAKEN UNPREPAR'D,  
 FINDS DEATH AN EVIL TO BE FEAR'D,  
 WHO DIES, TO OTHERS TOO MUCH KNOWN,  
 A STRANGER TO HIMSELF ALONE.

I have often wondered that the Jews should contrive such worthless greatness for the Deliverer whom they expect as to dress him up in external pomp and pageantry, and represent him to the imagination as making havock amongst his creatures, and acted with poor ambition of a Cæsar or Alexander. How much more illustrious does he appear in his real character, considered as the Author of universal benevolence among men, as rising our passions, exalting our nature, giving us vast ideas of immortality, and giving us a contempt of that little vanity grandeur, wherein the Jews made glory of their Messiah to consist!

Nothing, says Longinus, 'can be great, the contempt of which is great.' Possession of wealth and riches can give a man a title to greatness, because it is looked upon as a greatness of mind to contemn these gifts of fortune, to be above the desire of them. I have therefore been inclined to think, there are greater men who lie concealed among the species, than those who come out, and draw upon themselves eyes and admiration of mankind. A great name would never have been heard of, not his domestic misfortunes driven out of his obscurity, and brought to Rome.

We suppose that there are spirits or angels, who look into the ways of men, and it is highly probable there are, both by reason and revelation; how different are the notions which they enter into of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another? Were they to

thies as are now living, how different would it be from that which any of our own species would draw up?

We are dazzled with the splendor of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories: they, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little minds call poverty and distress. They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomps of a court, but often find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks and by-paths of life. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight, than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thousand men. A contemplation of God's works; a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment; a generous concern for the good of mankind; tears that are shed in silence for the misery of others; a private desire or resentment broken and subdued; in short, an unfeigned exercise of humility, or any other virtue; are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, with contempt, or with indignation; while those who are most obscure among their own species, are regarded with love, with approbation, and esteem.

The moral of the present speculation amounts to this, that we should not be led away by the censures and applauses of men, but consider the figure that every person will make at that time when Wisdom shall be justified of her children, and nothing pass for great or illustrious.

illustrious, which is not an ornament and perfection to human nature.

The story of Gyges, the rich Lydian monarch, is a memorable instance to our present purpose. The oracle being asked by Gyges, who was the happiest man, replied—Agläus. Gyges, who expected to have heard himself named on this occasion, was much surprised, and very curious to know who this Agläus should be. After much enquiry, he was found to be an obscure countryman, who employed all his time in cultivating a garden, and a few acres of land about his house.

Cowley's agreeable relation of this story shall close this day's speculation.

Thus Agläus (a man unknown to men,  
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him  
then)

Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,  
Agläus, now consign'd t' eternal fame.

For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and  
great,

Presum'd at wife Apollo's Delphic seat,  
Presum'd to ask—'Oh thou, the whole

' world's eye,  
' Seek thou a man that happier is than I?'

The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd—  
' Agläus happier is.' But Gyges cry'd,  
In a proud rage, ' Who can that Agläus be?  
' We've heard as yet of no such king as he.'  
And true it was, through the whole earth  
around,

No king of such a name was to be found.  
' Is some old hero of that name alive,  
' Who his high race does from the gods derive?  
' Is it some mighty gen'ral, that has done  
' Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won?  
' Is it some man of endless wealth?' said he:  
' None, none of these; who can this Agläus be?'  
After long search, and vain enquiries pass,  
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last,  
(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)  
Near Sopho's town, which he but once had  
seen,

This Agläus, who monarchs envy drew,  
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,  
This mighty Agläus was lab'ring found,  
With his own hands, in his own little ground.

So, gracious God, if it may lawful be,  
Among those foolish gods to mention thee,  
So let me act, on such a private stage,  
The last dull scenes of my declining age;  
After long toils and voyages in vain,  
This quiet port let my toils'd vessel gain;  
Of heav'nly rest this earnest to me lend—  
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.

## Nº DCXI. MONDAY, OCTOBER 25.

PERFIDE! SED DURI GENUIT TE CAUTIBUS HORRENS  
CAUCASUS, HIRCANÆQUE ADMORUNT UBERA TIGRES.

VIRG. ÆN. IV. VER. 366.

PERFIDIOUS MAN! THY PARENT WAS A ROCK,  
AND FIERCE HIRCANIAN TIGERS GAVE THEE SUCK.

**I** Am willing to postpone every thing, to do any the least service for the deserving and unfortunate. Accordingly I have caused the following letter to be inserted in my paper the moment that it came to my hands, without altering one tittle in an account which the lady relates so handsomely herself.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Flatter myself, you will not only pity, but, if possible, redress a misfortune myself and several others of my sex lie under. I hope you will not be offended, nor think I mean by this to justify my own imprudent conduct, or expect you should. No! I am sensible how severely, in some of your former papers, you have reproved persons guilty of the like mismanagements. I was scarce sixteen, and I may say without

vanity, handsome, when courted by a false perjured man; who, upon promise of marriage, rendered me the most unhappy of women. After he had deluded me from my parents, who were people of very good fashion, in less than three months he left me. My parents would not see, nor hear from me; and had it not been for a servant, who had lived in our family, I must certainly have perished for want of bread. However, it pleased Providence, in a very short time, to alter my miserable condition. A gentleman saw me, liked me, and married me. My parents were reconciled; and I might be as happy in the change of my condition, as I was before miserable, but for some things, that you shall know, which are insupportable to me; and I am sure you have so much honour and compassion as to let those persons

in some of your papers, how they are in the wrong. I have married near five years, and do now that in all that time I ever road without my husband's leave or robbing. I am obliged, through opportunities of several of my relations to go abroad oftener than suits me. Then it is, I labour unportable agonies. That man, a monster, haunts every place I

Base villain! by reason I will not his nauseous wicked visits pointments, he strives all the can to ruin me. He left me of friend or money, nor ever me worth enquiring after, unfortunately happened to see me out-box, sparkling with jewels. is passion returned. Then he pretended to be a penitent. He practised all those arts that before to undo me. I am not to see a second time by him. I abhor his odious passion; and vainly perceives it, either out of diversion, he makes it his business to expose me. I never fail seeing all public company, where he is most industriously spiteful. He is short, told all his acquaintance unhappy affair; they tell theirs; it is no secret among his companions which are numerous. They, to me tells it, think they have a title very familiar. If they bow to I out of good manners return it, am pestered with freedoms that are agreeable to myself or come. If I turn my eyes from them, displeased, they sour upon it, whisper the next person; he his until I have at last the eyes of the company upon me. Nay, they bominable falsehoods, under that notion, 'She that will grant us to one man, will to a hun-

I beg you will let those who try, know, how ungenerous this proceeding is. I am sure he will himself the person aimed at, and put a stop to the insolence of

Curfed is the fate of unhappy that men may boast and glory in things, that we must think of shame and horror! You have the making such odious customs appettable. For my sake, and I, for the sake of several others, not own it, but, like me, lie

under the same misfortunes, make it as infamous for a man to boast of favours, or expose our sex, as it is to take the lye or a box on the ear, and not resent it. Your constant reader, and admirer,

LESBIA.

P. S. I am the more impatient under this misfortune, having received fresh provocation, last Wednesday, in the Abbey.

I entirely agree with the amiable and unfortunate Lesbia, that an insult upon a woman in her circumstances is as infamous in a man, as a tame behaviour when the lye or a buffet is given; which truth I shall beg leave of her to illustrate by the following observation.

It is a mark of cowardice passively to forbear resenting an affront, the resenting of which would lead a man into danger; it is no less a sign of cowardice to affront a creature that hath no power to avenge itself. Whatever name therefore this ungenerous man may bestow on the helpless lady he hath injured, I shall not scruple to give him in return for it, the appellation of coward.

A man, that can so far descend from his dignity, as to strike a lady, can never recover his reputation with either sex, because no provocation is thought strong enough to justify such treatment from the powerful towards the weak. In the circumstances in which poor Lesbia is situated, she can appeal to no man whatsoever to avenge an insult, more grievous than a blow. If she could open her mouth, the base man knows, that a husband, a brother, a generous friend, would die to see her righted.

A generous mind, however enraged against an enemy, feels its resentments sink and vanish away, when the object of its wrath falls into its power. An estranged friend, filled with jealousy and discontent towards a bosom acquaintance, is apt to overflow with tenderness and remorse, when a creature that was once dear to him undergoes any misfortune. What name then shall we give to his ingratitude, who (forgetting the favours he solicited with eagerness, and received with rapture) can insult the miseries that he himself caused, and make sport with the pain to which he owes his greatest pleasure? There is but one being in the creation whose province it is to practise upon the imperfections of frail

frail creatures, and triumph in the woes which his own artifices brought about; and we well know, those who follow his example, will receive his reward.

Leaving my fair correspondent to the direction of her own wisdom and modesty; and her enemy, and his mean accomplices, to the compunction of their own hearts; I shall conclude this paper with a memorable instance of revenge, taken by a Spanish lady upon a guilty lover, which may serve to shew what violent effects are wrought by the most tender passion, when soured into hatred; and may deter the young and unwary from unlawful love. The story, however romantic it may appear, I have heard affirmed for a truth.

Not many years ago an English gentleman, who in a rencounter by night in the streets of Madrid had the misfortune to kill his man, fled into a church-porch for sanctuary. Leaning against the door, he was surprised to find it

open, and a glimmering light in the church. He had the courage to advance towards the light; but was terribly startled at the sight of a woman in white, who ascended from a grave with a bloody knife in her hand. The phantom marched up to him, and asked him what he did there. He told her the truth, without reserve, believing that he had met a ghost upon which she spoke to him in the following manner: 'Stranger, thou art in my power: I am a murderer as thou art. Know then, that I am a nun of a noble family. A base-perjured man undid me, and boasted of it. I soon had him dispatched; but not content with the murder, I have bribed the sexton to let me enter his grave, and have now plucked out his false heart from his body; and thus I use a traitor's heart.' At these words she tore it in pieces, and trampled it under her feet.

## Nº DCXII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27.

MURRANUS HIC, ATAVOS ET AVORUM ANTIQUA SONANTEM  
NOMINA, PER REGESQUE ACTUM GENUS OMNE LATINOS,  
PRÆCIPITEM SCOPULO, ATQUE INGENTIS TURBINE SAXI  
EXECUTIT, EFFUNDITQUE SOLO.

VIRG. ÆN. XII. VER. 529d

MURRANUS, BOASTING OF HIS BLOOD, THAT SPRINGS  
FROM A LONG ROYAL RACE OF LATIAN KINGS,  
IS BY THE TROJAN FROM HIS CHARIOT THROWN,  
CAUS'D WITH THE WEIGHT OF AN UNWIELDY STONE.

DRYDEN.

**I**T is highly laudable to pay respect to men who are descended from worthy ancestors, not only out of gratitude to those who have done good to mankind, but as it is an encouragement to others to follow their example. But this is an honour to be received, not demanded, by the descendants of great men; and they who are apt to remind us of their ancestors, only put us upon making comparisons to their own disadvantage. There is some pretence for boasting of wit, beauty, strength, or wealth, because the communication of them may give pleasure or profit to others; but we can have no merit, nor ought we to claim any respect, because our fathers acted well, whether we would or no.

The following letter ridicules the folly

I have mentioned, in a new, and, I think, not disagreeable light.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**W**ERE the genealogy of every family preserved, there would probably be no man valued or despised on account of his birth. There is scarce a beggar in the streets, who would not find himself lineally descended from some great man; nor any one of the highest title, who would not discover several base and indigent persons among his ancestors. It would be a pleasant entertainment to see one pedigree of men appear together, under the same characters they bore when they acted their respective parts among the living. Suppose, therefore, a gentleman, full of his illustrious family, should, in the same manner as

ces Æneas look over his descender the whole line of his progeny in a review before his eyes, saw many varying passions would old shepherds and soldiers, stateful artificers, princes and beggars, in the procession of five thousand

How would his heart sink or at the several sports of fortune in so diversified with rags and handicraft tools and sceptres, indignity and emblems of disgrace; would his fears and apprehensions his transports and mortifications, and one another, as the line of his progeny appeared bright or obscure? most of the pedigrees hung up in mansion-houses, you are sure to find it in the catalogue a great statesman or a soldier with an honourable mission. The honest artificer that him, and all his frugal ancestors him, are torn off from the top of gifter; and you are not left to see, that the noble founder of the house ever had a father. Were we to many boasted lines farther back, we should lose them in a mob of men, or a crowd of rustics, without hope of seeing them emerge again: like the old Appian way, which, having run many miles in length, itself in a bog.

I lately made a visit to an old country man, who is very far gone in this family madness. I found him studying perusing an old register of family, which he had just then discovered, as it was branched out in the of a tree, upon a skin of parchment.

Having the honour to have some blood in my veins, he permitted me to cast my eye over the boughs of venerable plant; and asked my advice on the reforming of some of the superfluous branches.

I passed slightly over three or four of our immediate forefathers, whom we know by tradition, but were soon stopped by an alderman of London, who, I observed, made my kinsman's heart go apace. His confusion increased, he found the alderman's father to be a grazier; but he recovered his fright by seeing justice of the *quorum* at the of his titles. Things went on pretty as we threw our eyes occasionally at the tree, when unfortunately he observed a merchant-taylor perched on

a bough, who was said greatly to have increased the estate; he was just a going to cut him off if he had not seen Gent. after the name of his son; who was recorded to have mortgaged one of the manors his honest father had purchased. A weaver, who was burnt for his religion in the reign of Queen Mary, was pruned away without mercy; as was likewise a yeoman, who died of a fall from his own cart. But great was our triumph in one of the blood who was beheaded for high treason: which nevertheless was not a little allayed by another of our ancestors who was hanged for stealing sheep. The expectations of my good cousin were wonderfully raised by a match into the family of a knight, but unfortunately for us, this branch proved barren: on the other hand, Margery the milk-maid, being twined round a bough, it flourished out into so many shoots, and bent with so much fruit, that the old gentleman was quite out of countenance. To comfort me, under this disgrace, he singled out a branch ten times more fruitful than the other, which, he told me, he valued more than any in the tree, and bade me be of good comfort. This enormous bough was a graft out of a Welsh heiress, with so many Ap's upon it, that it might have made a little grove by itself. From the trunk of the pedigree, which was chiefly composed of labourers and shepherds, arose a huge sprout of farmers: this was branched out into yeomen, and ended in a sheriff of the county, who was knighted for his good service to the crown, in bringing up an address. Several of the names that seemed to disparage the family, being looked upon as mistakes, were lopped off as rotten or withered; as, on the contrary, no small number appearing without any titles, my cousin, to supply the defects of the manuscript, added Esq. at the end of each of them.

This tree so pruned, dressed, and cultivated, was, within a few days, transplanted into a large sheet of vellum, and placed in the great hall, where it attracts the veneration of his tenants every Sunday morning, while they wait until his worship is ready to go to church; wondering that a man, who had so many fathers before him, should not be made a knight, or at least a justice of the peace.



N<sup>o</sup> DCXIII. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29.

— — — STUDII FLORENTINUM IGNOBILIS OTI.

VIRG. GEORG. IV. VER. 564.

AFFECTING STUDIES OF LESS NOISY PRAISE.

DRYDEN.

**I**T is reckoned a piece of ill-breeding for one man to engross the whole talk to himself. For this reason, since I keep three visiting-days in the week, I am content now and then to let my friends put in a word. There are several advantages hereby accruing both to my readers and myself. As first, young and modest writers have an opportunity of getting into print: again, the town enjoys the pleasures of variety; and posterity will see the humour of the present age, by the help of these lights into private and domestic life. The benefits I receive from thence, are such as these; I gain more time for future speculations; pick up hints which I improve for the public good; give advice; redress grievances; and by leaving commodious spaces between the several letters that I print, furnish out a Spectator with little labour and great ostentation.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Was mightily pleased with your speculation of Friday. Your sentiments are noble, and the whole worked up in such a manner, as cannot but strike upon every reader. But give me leave to make this remark; that while you write so pathetically on contentment, and a retired life, you soothe the passion of melancholy, and depress the mind from actions truly glorious. Titles and honours are the reward of virtue; we therefore ought to be affected with them: and though light minds are too much puffed up with exterior pomp, yet I cannot see why it is not as truly philosophical, to admire the glowing ruby, or the sparkling green of an emerald, as the fainter and less permanent beauties of a rose or a myrtle. If there are men of extraordinary capacities who lie concealed from the world, I should impute it to them as a blot in their character, did not I believe it owing to the meanness of their fortune rather than of their spirit. Cowley, who tells the story of Aglaüs with

so much pleasure, was no stranger to courts nor insensible of praise.

What shall I do to be for ever known,  
And make the age to come my own?

Was the result of a laudable ambition. It was not until after frequent disappointments, that he termed himself the melancholy Cowley; and he praised solitude, when he despaired of shining in a court. The soul of man is an active principle. He, therefore, who withdraws himself from the scene before he has played his part, ought to be hissed off the stage, and cannot be deemed virtuous, because he refuses to answer his end. I must own I am fired with an honest ambition to imitate every illustrious example. The battles of Blenheim and Ramillies have more than once made me wish myself a soldier. And when I have seen those actions so nobly celebrated by our poets, I have secretly aspired to be one of that distinguished class. But in vain I wish, in vain I pant with the desire of action. I am chained down in obscurity, and the only pleasure I can take is in seeing so many brighter geniuses join their friendly lights, to add to the splendour of the throne. Farewel then, dear Spec, and believe me to be with great emulation, and no envy, your professed admirer,

WILL HOPELESS.

MIDDLE-TEMPLE, OCTOBER 26, 1714.

SIR,

**T**HOUGH you have formerly made eloquence the subject of one or more of your papers, I do not remember that you ever considered it as possessed by a set of people, who are so far from making Quintilian's rules their practice, that I dare say for them, they never heard of such an author, and yet are no less masters of it than Tully or Demosthenes among the ancients; so without your

the moderns. The persons I am  
g of are our common beggars  
his town; and that what I say is  
appeal to any man who has a  
degree softer than a stone. As  
part, who do not pretend to more  
ty than my neighbours, I have  
es gone from my chambers with  
in my pocket, and returned to  
ot only pennyls, but destitute  
rthing, without bestowing of it  
er way than on these seeming ob-  
pity. In short, I have seen more  
ce in a look from one of these  
le creatures, than in the eye of  
st she I ever saw, yet no one a  
admirer of that sex than myself.  
have to desire of you is, to lay  
me directions in order to guard  
these powerful orators, or else I  
othing to the contrary but I must  
e forced to leave the profession  
w, and endeavour to get the quali-  
necessary to that more profitable  
begging. But in which soever  
two capacities I shine, I shall  
desire to be your constant reader,  
r will be your most humble ser-

J. B.

N reading a Spectator last week,  
ere Mrs. Fanny Fickle submit-  
-boice of a lover for life to your  
determination, and imagining I  
claim the favour of your advice in  
of the like, but much more dis-  
-ture, I called for pen and ink,  
to draw the characters of seven  
servants, whom I have equally  
ged for some time. But, alas!  
was reflecting on the agreeable  
and contriving an advantageous  
on of the dear person I was most  
to favour, I happened to look  
glass. The sight of the small-  
t of which I am just recovered,  
ed me at once with the loss of  
ivating arts and my captives.  
usion I was in, on this unhap-  
-seasonable discovery, is inex-  
- Believe me, Sir, I was so  
p with the thoughts of your fair  
ndent's case, and so intent on  
a design, that I fancied myself  
phant in my conquests as ever.  
Sir, finding I was incapaci-  
-amuse myself on that pleasing  
I resolved to apply myself to

you, or your casuistical agent, for ad-  
vice in my present circumstances. I am  
sensible the tincture of my skin, and the  
regularity of my features, which the  
malice of my late illness has altered, are  
irrecoverable: yet do not despair, but  
that that loss, by your assistance, may  
in some measure be repairable, if you  
will please to propose a way for the re-  
covery of one only of my fugitives.

One of them is in a more particular  
manner beholden to me than the rest; he  
for some private reasons being desirous  
to be a lover incognito, always address-  
ed me with *billet-doux*, which I was so  
careful of in my sickness, that I secured  
the key of my love magazine under my  
head, and hearing a noise of opening a  
lock in my chamber, endangered my  
life by getting out of bed, to prevent, if  
it had been attempted, the discovery of  
that amour.

I have formerly made use of all those  
artifices which our sex daily practises  
over yours, to draw, as it were unde-  
signedly, the eyes of a whole congrega-  
tion to my pew; I have taken a pride in  
the number of admirers at my afternoon  
levee; but am now quite another crea-  
ture. I think, could I regain the at-  
tractive influence I once had, if I had a  
legion of suitors, I should never be am-  
bitious of entertaining more than one.  
I have almost contracted an antipathy  
to the trifling discourses of impertinent  
lovers, though I must needs own, I have  
thought it very odd of late, to hear gen-  
tlemen, instead of their usual complai-  
sances, fall into disputes before me of  
politics, or else weary me with the te-  
dious repetition of how thankful I ought  
to be, and satisfied with my recovery  
out of so dangerous a distemper: this,  
though I am very sensible of the blessing,  
yet I cannot but dislike, because such  
advice from them rather seems to insult  
than comfort me, and reminds me too  
much of what I was; which melancholy  
consideration I cannot yet perfectly sur-  
mount, but hope your sentiments on  
this head will make it supportable.

To shew you what a value I have for  
your dictates, these are to certify the  
persons concerned, that unless one of  
them returns to his colours, if I may so  
call them now, before the winter is over,  
I will voluntarily confine myself to a re-  
tirement, where I will punish them all  
with my needle. I will be revenged on  
them by decyphering them on a carpet,  
humbly

humbly begging admittance, myself scornfully refusing it. If you disapprove of this, as favouring too much of malice, be pleased to acquaint me with

a draught you like better, and it shall be faithfully performed, by the unfortunate

MONIMIA.

Nº DCXIV. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

SI MIHI NON ANIMO FIXUM IMMOTUMQUE SEDERET,  
NE CUI ME VINCULO VELLE SOCIARE JUGALI;  
POSTQUAM PRIMUS AMOR DECEPTAM MORTE FEFELLIT;  
SI NON PERTÆSUM INALAMI, TEDÆQUE FUISSET;  
NUIC UNI FORSAN POTUI SUCCUMBERE CULPÆ.

VIRG. ÆN. IV. VER. 15.

—WERE I NOT RESOLV'D AGAINST THE YOE  
OF HAPLESS MARRIAGE; NEVER TO BE CURS'D  
WITH SECOND LOVE, SO FATAL WAS THE FIRST;  
TO THIS ONE ERROR I MIGHT YIELD AGAIN.

DRYDEN.

**T**HE following account hath been transmitted to me by the love-casulist.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**H**AVING in some former papers taken care of the two states of virginity and marriage, and being willing that all people should be served in their turn, I this day drew out my drawer of widows, where I met with several cases, to each whereof I have returned satisfactory answers by the post. The cases are as follow:

2. Whether Amoret be bound by a promise of marriage to Philander, made during her husband's life?

2. Whether Semphronia, having faithfully given a promise to two several persons during the last sickness of her husband, is not thereby left at liberty to chuse which of them she pleases, or to reject them both for the sake of a new lover?

Cleora asks me, whether she be obliged to continue single according to a vow made to her husband at the time of his presenting her with a diamond necklace; she being informed by a very pretty young fellow of a good conscience, that such vows are in their nature sinful?

Another enquires, whether she hath not the right of widowhood, to dispose of herself to a gentleman of great merit, who presses very hard; her husband being irrecoverably gone in a consumption?

An unreasonable creature hath the

confidence to ask, whether it be proper for her to marry a man who is younger than her eldest son?

A scrupulous well-spoken matron, who gives me a great many good words, only doubts whether she is not obliged in conscience to shut up her two marriageable daughters, until such time as she hath comfortably disposed of herself?

Sophronia, who seems by her phrase and spelling to be a person of condition, sets forth, that whereas she hath a great estate, and is but a woman, she desires to be informed, whether she would not do prudently to marry Camillus, a very idle tall young fellow, who hath no fortune of his own, and consequently hath nothing else to do but to manage her's?

Before I speak of widows, I cannot but observe one thing, which I do not know how to account for; a widow is always more sought after than an old maid of the same age. It is common enough among ordinary people, for a stale virgin to set up a shop in a place where she is not known; where the large thumb-ring, supposed to be given her by her husband, quickly recommends her to some wealthy neighbour, who takes a liking to the jolly widow, that would have overlooked the venerable spinster.

The truth of it is, if we look into this set of women, we find, according to the different characters or circumstances wherein they are left, that widows may be divided into those who raise love, and those who raise compassion.

But not to ramble from this subject, there are two things in which consists chiefly the glory of a widow; the love of her deceased husband, and the care of her children: to which may be added a third arising out of the former, such a prudent conduct as may do honour to both.

A widow possessed of all these three qualities, makes not only a virtuous but a sublime character.

There is something so great and so generous in this state of life, when it is accompanied with all its virtues, that it is the subject of one of the finest among our modern tragedies in the person of Andromache, and had met with an universal and deserved applause, when introduced upon our English stage by Mr. Philips.

The most memorable widow in history is Queen Artemisia, who not only erected the famous Mausoleum, but drank up the ashes of her dead lord: thereby inclosing them in a nobler monument than that which she had built, though deservedly esteemed one of the wonders of architecture.

This last lady seems to have had a better title to a second husband than any I have read of, since not one dust of her first was remaining. Our modern heroines might think a husband a very bitter draught, and would have good reason to complain, if they might not accept of a second partner, until they had taken such a troublesome method of losing the memory of the first.

I shall add to these illustrious exam-

ples out of ancient story, a remarkable instance of the delicacy of our ancestors in relation to the state of widowhood, as I find it recorded in Cowell's Interpretor. 'At East and West Enborne in the county of Berks, if a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls her free-bench in all his copy-hold lands, *dum sola et casta fuerit*; that is, while she lives single and chaste; but if she commits incontinency, she forfeits her estate: yet if she will come into the court riding backward upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the words following, the steward is bound by the custom to re-admit her to her free-bench.'

He e I am,  
Riding upon a black ram,  
Like a whore as I am;  
And for my crinum cranium,  
Have lost my bincum bancum;  
And for my tail's game,  
Have done this worldly shame;  
Therefore, I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have my land again.

The like custom there is in the manor of Torre in Devonshire, and other parts of the west.

It is not impossible but I may in a little time present you with a register of Berkshire ladies, and other western dames, who rode publicly upon this occasion; and I hope the town will be entertained with a cavalcade of widows.

N<sup>o</sup> DCXV. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

— — — — — QUI DEGRUM  
MUNERIS SAPIENTER UTI,  
DURANQUE CALLET PAUPERIEM PATI,  
FFJUSQUE LETHO FLAGITIUM TIMET:  
• NON ILLE PRO CARIS AMICIS  
AUT PATRIA TIMIDUS PERIRE.

HOR. OD. IX. L. 4. VER. 47.

WHO SPEND THEIR TREASURE FREELY, AS 'T WAS GIVEN  
BY THE LARGE BOUNTY OF INDULGENT HEAVEN;  
WHO IN A FIX'D UNALTERABLE STATE  
SMILE AT THE DOUBTFUL TIDE OF FATE,  
AND SCORN ALIKE HER FRIENDSHIP AND HER HATE;  
WHO POISON LESS THAN FALSHOOD FEAR,  
LOTH TO PURCHASE LIFE SO DEAR;  
BUT KENDLY FOR THEIR FRIEND EMBRACE COLD DEATH,  
AND SEAL THEIR COUNTRY'S LOVE WITH THEIR DEPARTING BREATH.  
STEPNEY.

**I**T must be owned that fear is a very powerful passion, since it is esteemed one of the greatest virtues to subdue it. It being implanted in us for our preservation, it is no wonder that it sticks close to us, as long as we have any thing we are willing to preserve. But as life, and all it's enjoyments, would be scarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual dread of losing them, it is the business of religion and philosophy to free us from all unnecessary anxieties, and direct our fear to it's proper object.

If we consider the painfulness of this passion, and the violent effects it produces, we shall see how dangerous it is to give way to it upon slight occasions. Some have frightened themselves into madness, others have given up their lives to these apprehensions. The story of a man who grew grey in the space of one night's anxiety is very famous.

*O! non, quam larga es, quæ facis una senem!*  
A tedious night indeed, that makes a young man old!

These apprehensions, if they proceed from a consciousness of guilt, are the sad warnings of reason; and may excite our pity, but admit of no remedy. When the man of the Almighty is visibly lifted against the impious, the heart of mortal man cannot withstand him. We have this passion sublimely represented in the punishment of the Egyptians, tormenting them with the plague of darkness in the memorable book of Wisdom ascribed to Solomon.

‘ For when unrighteous men thought  
‘ to oppress the holy nation; they being  
‘ shut up in their houses, the prisoners  
‘ of darkness, and fettered with  
‘ the bonds of a long night, lay there  
‘ exiled from the Eternal Providence.  
‘ For while they supposed to lie hid in  
‘ their secret sins, they were scattered  
‘ under a dark veil of forgetfulness, being  
‘ horribly astonished and troubled  
‘ with strange apparitions.—For wickedness,  
‘ condemned by her own witness,  
‘ is very timorous, and being oppressed  
‘ with conscience, always foretelleth  
‘ grievous things. For fear is  
‘ nothing else but a betraying of the  
‘ succours which reason offereth.—For  
‘ the whole world shineth with clear  
‘ light, and none were hindered in their  
‘ labour. ~~Over~~ them only was spread  
‘ a heavy night, an image of that darkness  
‘ which should afterwards receive  
‘ them; but yet were they unto themselves  
‘ more grievous than the darknesses.’

To fear, so justly grounded, no remedy can be proposed; but a man (who hath no great guilt hanging upon his mind, who walks in the plain path of justice and integrity, and yet either by natural complexion, or confirmed prejudices, or neglect of serious reflection, suffers himself to be moved by this unjust and unmanly passion) would do well to consider, that there is nothing so much deserves his fear, but that benevolent Being who is his Friend, his protector, and his God. Were this one thought  
through

fixed in the mind, what calamity could be dreadful? what load can lay upon us when we are sure of robbery of him who will repay grace of a moment with the glory of eternity? what sharpness is there in diseases, when they only hasten the pleasures that will never fade? nothing is in death when we are assured that it is only the beginning of a man who lives so, as not to fear is inconsistent with himself, if he lifts himself up to an incidental an-

intrepidity of a just good man is set forth by Horace, that it be too often repeated.

man resolv'd and steady to his trust,  
 not ill, and obstinately just,  
 the rude rabble's insolence despise,  
 the senseless clamours and tumultuous cries:  
 against his fierceness he boggles,  
 his stern brow, and the harsh voice denies,  
 his superior greatness smiles.

the rough whirlwind that deforms  
 the black gulph, and vexes it with storm,  
 the unborn virtue of his soul can move;  
 the red arm of angry Jove,  
 bringing the thunder from the sky,  
 as it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

and the whole frame of nature round  
 him break,  
 and confusion hurl'd,  
 concern'd would hear the mighty crack,  
 and secure amidst a falling world.

vanity of fear may be yet farther  
 ed, if we reflect,

What we fear may not come  
 No human scheme can be so  
 ely projected, but some little cir-  
 cumstance intervening may spoil it. He  
 tests the heart of man at his plea-  
 sure and understands the thoughts long

before, may by ten thousand accidents, or an immediate change in the inclinations of men, disconcert the most subtle project, and turn it to the benefit of his own servants.

In the next place we should consider, though the evil we imagine should come to pass, it may be much more supportable than it appeared to be. As there is no prosperous state of life without its calamities, so there is no adversity without its benefits. Ask the great and powerful, if they do not feel the pangs of envy and ambition. Enquire of the poor and needy, if they have not tasted the sweets of quiet and contentment. Even under the pains of body, the infidelity of friends, or the misconstructions put upon our laudable actions, our minds, when for some time accustomed to these pressures, are sensible of secret flowings of comfort, the present reward of a pious resignation. The evils of this life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a distance, but at our nearer approach, we find little fruitful spots, and refreshing springs, mixed with the harshness and deformities of nature.

In the last place, we may comfort ourselves with this consideration; that, as the thing feared may not reach us, so we may not reach what we fear. Our lives may not extend to that dreadful point which we have in view. He who knows all our failings, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our strength, is often pleased, in his tender severity, to separate the soul from its body and miseries together.

If we look forward to him for help, we shall never be in danger of falling down those precipices which our imagination is apt to create. Like those who walk upon a line, if we keep our eye fixed upon one point, we may step forward securely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly glance on either side will infallibly destroy us.

N<sup>o</sup> DCXVI. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

QUI BELLUS HOMO EST, COTTA, PUSILLUS HOMO EST.

MARTIAL. EPIG. X. L. I.

A PRETTY FELLOW IS BUT HALF A MAN.

CICERO hath observed, that a jest is never uttered with a better grace, than when it is accompanied with a serious countenance. When a pleasant thought plays in the features, before it discovers itself in words, it ranks too great an expectation, and loses the advantage of giving surprise. Wit and humour are too less poorly recommended by a levity of phrase, and that kind of language which may be distinguished by the name of Cant. Ridicule is never more strong, than when it is concealed in gravity. True humour lies in the thought, and arises from the representation of images in odd circumstances, and uncommon lights. A pleasant thought strikes us by the force of it's natural beauty; and the mirth of it is generally rather passed, than heightened by that ridiculous phraseology, which is so much in fashion among the pretenders to humour and pleasantry. This tribe of men are like our mountebanks; they make a man a wit, by putting him in a fantastic habit.

Our little burlesque authors, who are the delight of ordinary readers, generally abound in these pert phrases, which have in them more vivacity than wit.

I lately saw an instance of this kind of writing, which gave me so lively an idea of it, that I could not forbear begging a copy of the letter from the gentleman who showed it to me. It is written by a country wit, upon the occasion of the rejoicings on the day of the king's coronation.

PAST TWO O'CLOCK AND A  
FROSTY MORNING.

DEAR JACK,

I HAVE just left the right worshipful and res. mynisters about a flocker of five persons. The whole in gallery was pretty well dressed, but I gave them the slip. Our friend the alderman

was half seas over before the bonfire was out. We had with us the attorney, and two or three other bright fellows. The doctor plays least in sight.

At nine o'clock in the evening we set fire to the Whore of Babylon. The Devil acted his part to a miracle. He has made his fortune by it. We equipped the young dog with a tetter a-piece. Honest old Brown of England was very drunk, and shewed his loyalty to the tune of a hundred rockets. The mob drank the king's health on their marrowbones, in Mother Day's double. They whipped us half a dozen hog-heads. Poor Tom Tyler had like to have been demolished with the end of a sky-rocket, that fell upon the bridge of his nose as he was drinking the king's health, and spoiled his tip. The mob were very loyal until about midnight, when they grew a little mutinous for more liquor. They had like to have dumfounded the justice; but his clerk came in to his assistance, and took them all down in black and white.

When I had been huzzaed out of my seven senses, I made a visit to the women, who were guzzling very comfortably. Mrs. Mayerefs clipped the king's English. Clack was the word.

I forgot to tell thee, that every one of the posse had his hat cocked with a didich: the senators sent us down a cargo of ribbon and metre for the occasion.

Sir Richard, to shew his zeal for the Protestant religion, is at the expence of a tar-barrel and a ball. I peeped into the knight's great hall, and saw a very pretty bevy of spinsters. My dear relief was amongst them, and ambled in a country dance as notably as the best of them.

May all his majesty's liege subjects love him as well as his good people of this his ancient borough. Adieu.

N<sup>o</sup> DCXVII. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

TORVA MIMALLONEIS IMPLERUNT CORNUA HOMINIS,  
 ET RAPTUM VITULO CAPUT ABLATURA SUPERBO  
 BASSARIS, ET LYNCEM MÆNAS FLEXURA CORYMBIS,  
 EVION INGEMINAT: REPARABILIS ADIGNAT ECHO.

PERSIUS, SAT. I. VER. 104.

THEIR CROOKED HORNS THE MIMALLONIAN CREW  
 WITH BLASTS INSPIR'D; AND BASSARIS, WHO SLW  
 THE SCORNFUL CALF, WITH SWORD ADVANC'D ON HIGH,  
 MADE FROM HIS NECK HIS HAUGHTY HEAD TO FLY.  
 AND MÆNAS, WHEN WITH IVY-BRIDLES BOUND,  
 SHE LED THE SPOTTED LYNX, THEN EVION RUNG AROUND,  
 EVION FROM WOODS AND FLOODS REPAIRING ECHOES SOUND.

DRYDEN.

HERE are two extremes in the  
 stile of humour, one of which  
 shifts in the use of that little pert  
 raseology which I took notice of in  
 last paper; the other in the affecta-  
 tion of strained and pompous expres-  
 sions fetched from the learned languages.  
 The first favours too much of the town;  
 the other of the college.

As nothing illustrates better than ex-  
 ample, I shall here present my reader  
 with a letter of pedantic humour, which  
 is written by a young gentleman of  
 a university to his friend, on the same  
 occasion, and from the same place, as  
 the lively epistle published in my last  
 spectator.

DEAR CHUM,

IT is now the third watch of the night,  
 the greatest part of which I have  
 spent round a capacious bowl of China,  
 led with the choicest products of both  
 the Indies. I was placed at a quadrang-  
 ular table, diametrically opposite to  
 the mace-bearer. The visage of that  
 venerable herald was, according to cus-  
 tom, most gloriously illuminated on this  
 joyful occasion. The mayor and alder-  
 men, those pillars of our constitution,  
 began to totter; and if any one at the  
 board could have so far articulated, as  
 to have demanded intelligibly a rein-  
 forcement of liquor, the whole assembly  
 would have been by this time extended under  
 the table.

The celebration of this night's so-  
 munity was opened by the obtrusive  
 y of drummers, who, with their parch-  
 ment thunder, gave a signal for the ap-  
 pearance of the mob under their several  
 dresses and denominations. They were

quickly joined by the melodious clank  
 of marrow-bone and cleaver, while a  
 chorus of bells filled up the concert. A  
 pyramid of stack-saggots cheered the  
 hearts of the populace with the promise  
 of a blaze: the guns had no sooner ut-  
 tered the prologue, but the heavens were  
 brightened with artificial meteors and  
 stars of our own making; and all the  
 High Street lighted up from one end to  
 another, with a galaxy of candles. We  
 collected a largess for the multitude,  
 who tipped eleemosynary until they grew  
 exceeding vociferous. There was a  
 paste-board pontiff, with a little swarthy  
 Demon at his elbow, who, by his dia-  
 bolical whispers and insinuations, tempt-  
 ed his holiness into the fire, and then  
 left him to shift for himself. The mo-  
 bile were very sarcastic with their clubs,  
 and gave the old gentleman several  
 thumps upon his triple head-piece. Tom  
 Tyler's phiz is something damaged by  
 the fall of a rocket, which hath almost  
 spoiled the gnomon of his countenance.  
 The mirth of the commons grew so very  
 outrageous, that it found work for our  
 friend of the *quorum*, who, by the help  
 of his amanuensis, took down all their  
 names and their crimes, with a design  
 to produce his manuscript at the next  
 quarter-sessions, &c. &c. &c.

I shall subjoin to the foregoing piece  
 of a letter, the following copy of verses  
 translated from an Italian poet, who  
 was the Cleveland of his age, and had  
 multitudes of admirers. The subject is  
 an accident that happened under the  
 reign of Pope Leo, when a fire-work,  
 that had been prepared upon the castle  
 of St. Angelo, began to play before it's  
 time.



time, being kindled by a flash of lightning. The author has written a poem in the same kind of style, as that I have already exemplified in prose. Every line in it is a riddle, and the reader must be forced to consider it twice or thrice, before he will know that the Cynic's tenement is a tub, and Bacchus his cast-coat a hoghead, &c.

'Twas night, and Heav'n, a Cyclops all the day,  
And Argus now did countless eyes display;  
In every window Rome her joy declares,  
All bright, and studded with terrestrial stars.  
A blazing chain of lights her roofs entwines,  
And round her neck the mingled lights shine;  
The Cynic's roling tenement enquires,  
With Bacchus his cast-coat, to feed the fires.

The pile, still big with undiscover'd shows,  
The Tuscan pine did last its fire-ght disclose,  
Where the proud tops of Rome's new *Ætna* rise,  
Whence giants fall, and invade the skies.

Whilst all with the multitude expect the time,  
And their tired eyes the lofty mountain climb,  
As thousand iron mouths their voices try,  
And thunder out a dreadful harmony;  
In treble notes the small artillery plays,  
The deep-mouth'd cannon bellows in the bass,  
The lab'ring pile now heaves, and having given  
Proofs of its travail, lights in flames to Heav'n.

The clouds envelop'd Heav'n from human sight,  
Quench'd every star, and put out every light;  
Now real thunder grumbles in the skies,  
And in distant murmurs Rome denies;  
Nor doth it's answer'd challenge Rome decline;  
But whilst both parties in full comfort join,  
While heav'n and earth in rival reels rebound,  
The doubtful cracks the hearer's sense confound;

Whether the claps of thunderbolts they hear,  
Or else the curs of cannon wounds their ear;  
Whether clouds rag'd by struggling metals rent,  
Or struggling clouds in Roman metals pent,  
But, O, my Muse, the whole adventure tell,  
As every accident in order fell.

Tall groves of trees the Hadrian tow'r surround,

Fictitious trees with paper garlands crown'd.  
These know no spring, but when the bodies sprout

In fire, and shoot their gilded blossoms out;  
When blazing leaves appear above their head,  
And into branching flames their bodies spread.  
Whilst real thunder splits the firmament,  
And heav'n's whole roof in one vast cleft is rent.

The three-fork'd tongue amidst the raptur'd hills,

Then drops, and on the airy turret falls,  
The trees now kindle, and the gaudy bow,  
A thousand thunderbolts for one returns:  
Brigades of burning archers upward fly,  
Bright spears and shining spear-men mount  
on high,

Flash in the clouds, and glitter in the sky.  
A seven-fold shield of spheres doth heav'n defend,

And back again the blunted weapons send;  
Unwillingly they fall, and dropping down,  
Pour out their souls, their sulph'rous souls,  
and groan.

With joy, great Sir, we view'd this pompous show,  
While Heav'n, that fat Spectator still till now,  
Itself turn'd actor, proud to pleasure you;  
And so 'tis fit, when Leo's fires appear,  
That Heav'n itself should turn an engineer;  
That Heav'n itself should all its wonders show,  
And orbs above consent with orbs below.

## Nº DCXVIII. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

NEQUE ENIM CONCLUDERE VERSUM  
PIXERIS ESSE SATIS: NEQUE SIQUIS SCRIBAT, UTI NOS,  
SERMONI PROPIURA, PUTES NUNC ESSE POETAM.

HOR. SAT. IV. L. I. VER. 40.

'TIS NOT ENOUGH THE MEASUR'D FEET TO CLOSE;  
NOR WILL YOU GIVE A POET'S NAME TO THOSE,  
WHOSE HUMBLE VERSE, LIKE MINE, APPROACHES PROSE.

MR. SPECTATOR,  
YOU having, in your two last Spectators, given the town a couple of remarkable letters in different styles; I take this opportunity to offer to you some remarks upon the epistolary way of writing in verse. This is a species

of poetry by itself; and has not so much as been hinted at in any of the arts of poetry, that have ever fallen into my hands: neither has it in any age, or in any nation, been so much cultivated, as the other several kinds of poetry. A man of genius may, if he pleases, write

in verse upon all manner of subjects are capable of being embellished with wit and language, and may seem new and agreeable by giving proper turn to them. But in regard, at present, of epistolary poetry, it should be understood to mean only writings in this kind, as have been among the ancients, and have copied from them by some moderns.

These may be reduced into two in the one I shall range love-letters of friendship, and letters upon several occasions: in the other I shall teach epistles in verse, as may properly be called familiar, critical, and to which may be added letters of advice and humour. Ovid for the first and Horace for the latter, are the originals we have left.

That is ambitious of succeeding in the Ovidian way, should first examine several useful occasions: in the other I shall teach epistles in verse, as may properly be called familiar, critical, and to which may be added letters of advice and humour. Ovid for the first and Horace for the latter, are the originals we have left.

Qualifications requisite for writing letters after the model given us by the ancients, are of a quite different nature. It would excel in this kind must have a good fund of strong masculine ideas, to this there must be joined a large knowledge of mankind, together with an insight into the business, the prevailing humours of the age. The author must have his mind well furnished with the finest precepts of morality, and be filled with nice reflections on the bright and dark sides of human nature; he must be a master of refined language, and understand the delicacies, as well as the absurdities of conversation.

He must have a lively turn of thought, and an easy and concise manner of expression: every thing he says, must be clear and disengaged manner. He must be guilty of nothing that betrays a recluse, but appear a man of the world throughout. His illustrations,

his comparisons, and the greatest parts of his images must be drawn from common life. Strokes of satire and criticism, as well as panegyric, judiciously thrown in (and as it were by the bye) give a wonderful life and ornament to compositions of this kind. But let our poet, while he writes epistles, though never so familiar, still remember that he writes in verse, and must for that reason have a more than ordinary care not to fall into prose, and a vulgar diction, excepting where the nature and humour of the thing does necessarily require it. In this point Horace hath been thought by some critics to be sometimes careless, as well as too negligent of his versifications of which he seems to have been sensible himself.

All I have to add is, that both these manners of writing may be made as entertaining, in their way, as any other species of poetry, if undertaken by persons duly qualified; and the latter sort may be managed so as to become in a peculiar manner instructive. I am, &c.

I shall add an observation or two to the remarks of my ingenious correspondent; and, in the first place, take notice, that subjects of the most sublime nature are often treated in the epistolary way with advantage, as in the famous epistle of Horace to Augustus. The poet surprises us with his pomp, and seems rather betrayed into his subject, than to have aimed at it by design. He appears, like the visit of a king incognito, with a mixture of familiarity and grandeur. In works of this kind, when the dignity of the subject hurnes the poet into descriptions and sentiments, seemingly unpremeditated, by a sort of inspiration; it is usual for him to recollect himself, and fall back gracefully into the natural stile of a letter.

I might here mention an epistolary poem, just published by Mr. Eutken on the king's accession to the throne: wherein, among many other noble and beautiful strokes of poetry, his reader may see this rule very happily observed.

N<sup>o</sup> DCXIX. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

—DURA  
 REECE IMPERIA, ET RAMOS COMPESCERE FLUVENTES.  
 VIRG. GEORG. II. VER. 369.

—EXERT A RIGOROUS SWAY,  
 AND LOSE THE TOO LUXURIANT BOUGHS AWAY.

I Have often thought, that if the several letters which are written to me under the character of Spectator, and which I have not made use of, were published in a volume; they would not be an unentertaining collection. The variety of the subjects, styles, sentiments, and informations, which are transmitted to me, would lead a very curious, or very idle reader, insensibly along, through a great many pages. I know some authors who would pick up a secret history out of such materials, and make a bookseller an alderman by the copy. I shall therefore carefully preserve the original papers in a room set apart for that purpose, to the end that they may be of service to posterity; but shall at present content myself with owning the receipt of several letters, lately come to my hands, the authors whereof are impatient for an answer.

Charissa, whose letter is dated from Cornhill, desires to be eased in some scruples relating to the skill of astrologers. 'Referred to the dumb man for an answer.'

J. C. who proposes a love-case, as he calls it, to the love-casulist, is hereby desired to speak of it to the minister of the parish; it being a case of conscience.

The poor young lady, whose letter is dated October 26, who complains of a harsh guardian, and an unkind brother, can only have my good wishes, unless she pleases to be more particular.

The petition of a certain gentleman, whose name I have forgot, famous for renewing the curls of decayed periwigs, is referred to 'the censor of snail wares.'

The remonstrance of T. C. against the profanation of the Sabbath by barbers, shoe-cleaners, &c. had better be offered to 'the faculty of tailors.'

A learned and laborious treatise upon the art of fencing, 'returned to the author.'

To the gentleman of Oxford, who desires me to insert a copy of Latin verses, which were denied a place in the university books. Answer. *Nonum primum in annum.*

To my learned correspondent who writes against masters gowns, and poke sleeves, with a word in defence of large scarves. Answer. 'I resolve not to raise animosities amongst the clergy.'

To the lady who writes with rage against one of her own sex, upon the account of party warmth. Answer. 'Is not the lady she writes against reckoned handsome?'

I desire Tom Truelove (who sends me a sonnet upon his mistress, with a desire to print it immediately) to consider, that it is long since I was in love.

I shall answer a very profound letter from my old friend the upholsterer, who is still inquisitive whether the King of Sweden be living or dead, by whispering him in the ear, 'that I believe he is alive.'

Let Mr. Dapperwit consider, 'What is that long story of the cuckoldom to me?'

At the earnest desire of Monimia's lover, who declares himself very penitent, he is recorded in my paper by the name of 'The faithful Catholic.'

The petition of Charles Cockfure, which the petitioner styles 'very reasonable'—'rejected.'

The memorial of Philander, which he desires may be dispatched out of hand, 'postponed.'

I desire S. R. not to repeat the expression 'under the sun' so often in his next letter.

The letter of P. S. who desires either to have it printed entire, or committed to the flames. 'Not to be printed entire.'

N<sup>o</sup> DCXX. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

NIC VIR, NIC EST, TIBI QUEM PROMITTI SÆPIUS AUDIS.

VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER. 791.

BEHOLD THE PROMIS'D CHIEF!

**H**AVING lately presented my reader with a copy of verses full of the false sublime, I shall here communicate to him an excellent specimen of the true: though it hath not been yet published, the judicious reader will readily discern it to be the work of a master; and if he hath read that noble poem on *The Prospect of Peace*\*, he will not be at a loss to guess at the author.

## THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

**W**HEN Brunswick first appear'd, each lionest heart,

Intent on verse, disdain'd the rules of art;  
For him the songsters, in unmeasur'd odes,  
Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods,  
In golden chains the kings of India led,  
Or rent the turban from the sultan's head,  
One, in old fables, and the Pagan strain,  
With nymphs and titons, waifs him o'er  
the main;

Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,  
And fills th' infernal reg' on with alarms;  
A third awakes some Druid, to foretel  
Each future triumph from his dreary cell.  
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,  
While the mind nauseates what she can't  
believe.

My muse th' expected hero shall pursue  
From clime to clime, and keep him still in  
view;

His shining march describe in faithful lays,  
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise;  
Their charms, if charms they have, the  
truth supplies,

And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise.

By longing nations for the throne design'd,  
And call'd to guard the rights of human-kind;  
With secret grief his godlike soul repines,  
And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines,  
While prayers and tears his destin'd progress  
stay,

And crowds of mourners choke their sov'-  
reign's way.

Not so he march'd, when hostile squadrons  
stood,

In scenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood;  
When his hot courser paw'd th' Hungarian  
plain,

And adverse legions stood the shock in vain.  
Hi front'ers past, the Belgian bounds he view'd,  
And cross the level fields his march pursue.

Here pleas'd the land of freedom to survey,  
He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway.  
O'er the thin soil, with filnet joy, he spies  
Transplanted woods, and bogrow'd verdure  
rise;

Where every meadow won with toil and blood,  
From haughty tyrants, and the raging flood,  
With fruits and flowers the careful hand sup-  
plies,

And clothes the marshes in a rich disguise.  
Such wealth for frugal hands doth Heav'n  
decree,

And such thy gifts, celestial Liberty!

Through stately towns, and many a fertile  
plain,

The pomp advances to the neighbouring main.  
Whole nations croud around with joyful cries,  
And view the hero with insatiate eyes.

In Haga's towers he waits, till eastern gales  
Propitious rise to swell the British sails.  
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings  
The vows and friendships of the neighb'ring  
kings;

Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind  
Takes in the blended int'rests of mankind,  
The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious  
breast;

Secure in him, O Europe, take thy rest;  
Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain con-  
fin'd

By rocks or streams, the mounds which  
Heav'n design'd;

The Alps their new-made monarch shall re-  
strain,

Nor shall thy hills, Pirene, rise in vain.

But see! to Britain's isle the squadron stand,  
And leave the sinking towers, and lessening  
land.

The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,  
Breaks through the billows, and divides the  
main.

O'er the vast deep, great monarch, dart thine  
eyes,

A wat'ry prospect bounded by the skies  
Ten thousand vessels, from ten thousand  
shores,

Bring guns and gold, and either India's shores;  
Behold the tributes hastening to thy throne,  
And let the wide horizon all thy own.

Still is it thine; tho' now the cheerful crew  
Hail Albion's cliff just whitening to the view.  
Before the wind with swelling sails they ride,  
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.

The monarch hears the thundering peals  
around,  
From trembling woods and echoing hills re-  
bound;  
Nor miffs yet, amid the deafening train,  
The roarings of the hoarse rebounding main.

As in the flood he fills, from either side,  
He views his kingdom in its rural pride;  
A various scene the wide spread landscape yields,  
O'er rich meadows and luxuriant fields:  
A lowing herd each to the pasture fills,  
And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills.  
Fair Greenwolds smile with new delight,  
(Snares above shade) now wiles to the light:  
His woods ordain'd to visit every shore,  
And guard the island which they grac'd be-  
fore.

'The sun now rolling down the western way,  
A blaze of fires renews the fading day;  
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge infold,  
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;  
Less thick the finny shoals, a countless fry,  
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly;  
In one vast shout he seeks the crowded strand,  
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.

- Welcome, great stranger, to our lunging  
eyes—
- Oh! king desir'd, adopted Albion cries.
- For thee the east breath'd out a prosperous  
breeze,
- Bright were the suns, and gently swell'd  
the seas.
- Thy presence did each doubtful heart com-  
pose,
- And factions wonder'd that they once were  
foes;
- That joyful day they lost each hostile name,
- The same their aspect, and their voice the  
same.

So two fair twins whose features were de-  
sign'd  
At one soft moment in the mother's mind,  
Show each the other with reflected grace,  
And the same beauties bloom in either face;  
The puzzled strangers which is which inquire;  
• Delusion grateful to the smiling fire.

From that fair hill, where hoary sages  
boast  
To name the stars, and count the heav'nly  
host,

By the next dawn doth great Augustus rise,  
Proud to unveil the noblest scene beneath the  
skies.

O'er Thame's her thousand spires their lustre  
shed,  
And a vast navy hides his ample bed,  
A floating forest. From the distant strand  
A line of golden cars strikes o'er the land:  
Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,  
Before their king, triumphant led the way,  
Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,  
A bright procession, shines along the plain.

So haply through the heav'n's wide path-  
lets ways  
A comet draws a long extended blaze;  
From east to west burns through th' ethereal  
frame,  
And half heav'n's convex glitters with the  
flame.

Now to the regal towers securely brought  
He plans Britannia's glories in his thought,  
Resumes the delegated power he gave,  
Rewards the faithful, and restores the brave.  
Whom shall the muse from out the throng  
through

Select, to heighten and adorn her song?  
Thee, Halifax. To thy capacious mind,  
O man approv'd, Britain's wealth consign'd.  
Her coin (while Naïssa fought) debas'd and  
rude,

By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,  
An arduous work! again thy charge we see,  
And thy own care once more returns to thee.  
O! form'd in every scene to awe and please,  
Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with ease;  
Tho' call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn  
To smile on arts thyself did once adorn:  
For thy name succeeding time shall praise,  
And envy less thy garter, than thy bays.

The muse, if fir'd with thy enlivening  
beams,  
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes,  
Record our monarch in a nobler strain,  
And sing the opening wonders of his reign;  
Bright Carolina's heav'nly beauties trace,  
Her valiant Confort, and his blooming son,  
A train of kings their fruitful love supplies,  
A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes;  
Who sees by Brunswick's hand her scepter  
sway'd,  
And through his line from age to age con-  
vey'd.

• Flamingo-house.

N<sup>o</sup> DCXXI. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

POSTQUAM SE LUMINE PURO  
IMPLEVIT, STELLASQUE VAGAS MIRATUR ET ASTRA  
FIXA POLI, VIDIT QUANTA SUR NOCTE JACERET  
NOSTRA DIAS, RISITQUE SUI LUDIBRIA

LUCAN, L. IX. VER. 11.

NOW TO THE BLEST ABODE, WITH WONDER FILL'D,  
THE SUN AND MOVING PLANETS HE BEHELD;  
THEN LOOKING DOWN ON THE SUN'S FEEBLE RAY,  
SURVEY'D OUR DUSKY, FAINT, IMPERFECT DAY,  
AND UNDER WHAT A CLOUD OF NIGHT WE LAY.

Rowe.

THE following letter having in it some observations out of the common road, I shall make it the entertainment of this day.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE common topics against the pride of man, which are laboured by florid and declamatory writers, are taken from the baseness of his original, the imperfections of his nature, or the short duration of those goods in which he makes his boast. Though it be true that we can have nothing in us that ought to raise our vanity, yet a consciousness of our own merit may be sometimes laudable. The folly therefore lies here; we are apt to pride ourselves in worthless or perhaps shameful things; and on the other hand, count that disgraceful which is our truest glory.

Hence it is, that the lovers of praise take wrong measures to attain it. Would a vain man consult his own heart, he would find that if others knew his weaknesses as well as he himself doth, he could not have the impudence to expect the public esteem. Pride therefore flows from want of reflection, and ignorance of ourselves. Knowledge and humility come upon us together.

The proper way to make an estimate of ourselves, is to consider seriously what it is we value or despise in others. A man who boasts of the goods of fortune, a gay dress, or a new title, is generally the mark of ridicule. We ought therefore not to admire in ourselves, what we are so ready to laugh at in other men.

Much less can we with reason pride ourselves in those things, which at some time of our life we shall certainly de-

spise. And yet, if we will give ourselves the trouble of looking backward and forward on the several changes which we have already undergone and hereafter must try, we shall find that the greater degrees of our knowledge and wisdom serve only to shew us our own imperfections.

As we rise from childhood to youth, we look with contempt on the toys and trifles which our hearts have hitherto been set upon. When we advance to manhood, we are held wise in proportion to our shame and regret for the rashness and extravagance of youth. Old age fills us with mortifying reflections upon a life mispent in the pursuit of anxious wealth or uncertain honour. Agreeable to this gradation of thought in this life, it may be reasonably supposed, that in a future state, the wisdom, the experience, and the maxims of old age, will be looked upon by a separate spirit in much the same light as an ancient man now sees the little follies and toys of infants. The pomps, the honours, the policies, and arts of mortal men, will be thought as trifling as hobby-horses, mock-battles, or any other sports that now employ all the cunning, and strength, and ambition of rational beings from four years old to nine or ten.

If the notion of a gradual rise in beings from the meanest to the most high, be not a vain imagination, it is not improbable that an angel looks down upon a man, as a man doth upon a creature which approaches the nearest to the rational nature. By the same rule, if I may indulge my fancy in this particular, a superior brute looks with a kind of pride on one of an inferior species.

If they could reflect, we might imagine from the gestures of some of them that they think themselves the sovereigns of the world, and that all things were made for them. Such a thought would not be more absurd in brute creatures, than one which men are apt to entertain, namely, that all the stars in the firmament were created only to please their eyes and amuse their imaginations. Mr. Dryden, in his fable of the Cock and the Fox, makes a speech for his hero the cock, which is a pretty instance for this purpose.

Then turning, said to Partlet—' See, my dear,  
' How lavish nature hath adorn'd the year;  
' How the pale primrose and the violet spring;  
' And birds essay their throats, diffus'd to sing:  
' All these are our's, and I with pleasure see  
' Man strutting on two legs, and aping me.'

What I would observe from the whole is this, that we ought to value ourselves upon those things only which superior beings think valuable, since that is the only way for us not to sink in our own esteem hereafter.

## Nº DCXXII. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

—FALLEN TIS SEMITA VITÆ.

HOR. EP. XVIII. L. I. VER. 103.

—A SAFE PRIVATE QUIET, WHICH BETRAYS  
ITSELF TO EASE, AND CHEATS AWAY THE DAYS.

POPE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

IN a former speculation you have observed, that true greatness doth not consist in that pomp and noise wherein the generality of mankind are apt to place it. You have there taken notice, that virtue in obscurity often appears more illustrious in the eye of superior beings, than all that passes for grandeur and magnificence among men.

When we look back upon the history of those who have borne the parts of kings, statesmen, or commanders, they appear to us stripped of those outside ornaments that dazzled their contemporaries; and we regard their persons as great or little, in proportion to the eminence of their virtues or vices. The wise sayings, generous sentiments, or disinterested conduct of a philosopher under mean circumstances of life, set him higher in our esteem than the mighty potentates of the earth, when we view them both through the long prospect of many ages. Were the memoirs of an obscure man, who lived up to the dignity of his nature, and according to the rules of virtue, to be laid before us, we should find nothing in such a character which might not set him on a level with men of the highest stations. The following extract out of the private papers of an honest country gentleman will set this matter in a clear light. Your reader will perhaps conceive a greater idea of him from these actions

done in secret, and without a witness, than of those which have drawn upon them the admiration of multitudes.

### MEMOIRS.

' In my twenty-second year I found  
' a violent affection for my cousin  
' Charles's wife growing upon me,  
' wherein I was in danger of succeeding, if I had not upon that account  
' begun my travels into foreign countries.

' A little after my return to England, at a private meeting with my  
' uncle Francis, I refused the offer of  
' his estate, and prevailed upon him not  
' to disinherit his son Ned.

' Mem. Never to tell this to Ned, lest he should think hardly of his deceased father; though he continues to speak ill of me for this very reason.

' Prevented a scandalous law-suit betwixt my nephew Harry and his mother, by allowing her underhand, out  
' of my own pocket, so much money  
' yearly as the dispute was about.

' Procured a benefice for a young  
' divine, who is sister's son to the good  
' man who was my tutor, and hath  
' been dead twenty years.

' Gave ten pounds to poor Mrs. —, my friend H——'s widow.

' Mem. To retrench one dish at my table, until I have fetched it up again.

' Mem. To repair my house and finish my gardens in order to employ poor people after harvest time.

Ordered

ordered John to let out Goodman's sheep that were pounded, by the law; but not to let his fellow-servants know it.

He revailed upon M. T. Esq. not to be the law of the farmer's son for tiring a partridge, and to give him gun again.

He paid the apothecary for curing an woman that confessed herself a whore.

He gave away my favourite dog for nothing to a beggar.

He made the minister of the parish and his justice of one mind, by putting them to explain their notions to one another.

He sent Peter to turn off for shooting a doe while she was eating acorns out of his hand.

When my neighbour John, who hath often injured me, comes to make his request to-morrow:

Mem. I have forgiven him.

Laid up my chariot, and sold my horses to relieve the poor in a scarcity of corn.

In the same year remitted to my tenants a fifth part of their rents.

As I was sitting to-day, I fell into a thought that warmed my heart, and shall, I hope, be the better for it as long as I live.

Mem. To charge my son in private to erect no monument for me; but not to put this in my last will.

## Nº DCXXIII. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

SED MIHI VEL TELLUS OPTEM PRIUS IMA DENISCAT,  
VEL PATER OMNIPOTENS ADIGAT ME FULMINE AD UMBRAS,  
FALLENTE UMBRAS ERREI NOCTEMQUE PROFUNDAM,  
ANTE, PUDOR, QUAM TE VIOLEM, AUT TUA JURA RESOLVAM.  
ILLE MEOS, PRIMUS QUI ME SIBI JUNGIT, AMORE  
ABSTULIT: ILLE HAREAT SECUM SERVETQUE SEPULCHRO.

VIRG. ÆN. IV. VER. 24.

BUT FIRST LET YAWNING EARTH A PASSAGE BEND,  
AND LET ME THRO' THE DARK ABYSS DESCEND;  
FIRST LET AVENGING JOVE, WITH FLAMES FROM HIGH,  
PUNISH DOWN THIS BODY TO THE NETHER SKY,  
CONDEMN'D WITH GHOSTS IN ENDLESS NIGHT TO LIE;  
BEFORE I BREAK THE FLIGHTED FAITH I GAVE:  
NO; HE WHO HAD MY VOWS, SHALL EVER HAVE;  
FOR WHOM I LAY'D ON EARTH, I WORSHIP IN THE GRAVE.

DRYDEN.

am obliged to my friend, the love-lust, for the following curious of antiquity, which I shall communicate to the public in his own words.

SPECTATOR,

You may remember, that I lately transmitted to you an account of ancient custom, in the manors of East West Enborne, in the county of , and elsewhere. 'If a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what law calls her Free-bench, in all copyhold lands, *dum sola et casta sit*, that is, while she lives single and free; but if she commits incontinency, she forfeits her estate: yet if she will come into the court riding toward upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the words following, the steward is bound by

the custom to re-admit her to her free-bench.

'Here I am,  
'Riding upon a black ram,  
'Like a whore as I am,  
'And for my crinum & anem,  
'Have lost my *bin. um bancum*;  
'And, for my tail's game,  
'Have done this worldly shame.  
'Therefore, I pray you, Mr. Steward,  
'let me have my land again.'

After having informed you that my Lord Coke observes, that this is the most frail and slippery tenure of any in England, I shall tell you, since the writing of that letter, I have, according to my promise, been at great pains in searching out the records of the black ram; and have at last met with the proceedings of the court-baron, held in that



that behalf, for the space of a whole day. The record fifth, that a strict inquisition having been made into the right of the tenants to their several estates, by the crafty old steward, he found that many of the lands of the manor were, by default of the several widows, forfeited to the lord, and accordingly would have entered on the premises: upon which the good women demanded the 'benefit of the ram.' The steward, after having perused their several pleas, adjourned the court to Barnaby-bright, that they might have day enough before them.

The court being set, and filled with a great concourse of people, who came from all parts to see the solemnity, the first who entered was the widow Frontly, who made her appearance in the last year's cavalcade. The register observes, that finding it an easy pad-ram, and foreseeing that she might have further occasion for it, she purchased it of the steward.

Mrs. Sarah Dainty, relict of Mr. John Dainty, who was the greatest pride of the parish, came next in the procession. She at first made some difficulty of taking the tail in her hand; and was observed, in pronouncing the form of penance, to soften the two most emphatical words into *clincum clancum*: but the steward took care to make her speak plain English, before he would let her have her land again.

The third widow that was brought to this worldly shame, being mounted upon a vicious ram, had the misfortune to be thrown by him; upon which she hoped to be excused from going through the rest of the ceremony: but the steward being well versed in the law, observed very wisely upon this occasion, that the breaking of the rope does not hinder the execution of the criminal.

The fourth lady upon record was the widow Ogle, a famous coquette, who had kept half a score young fellows off and on for the space of two years; but having been more kind to her carter John, she was introduced with the huzzas of all her lovers about her.

Mrs. Stable appearing in her weeds,

which were very new and fresh, and of the same colour with her whimsical palfrey, made a very decent figure in the solemnity.

Another, who had been summoned to make her appearance, was excused by the steward, as well knowing in his heart that the good squire himself had qualified her for the ram.

Mrs. Quick having nothing to object against the indictment, pleaded her belly. But it was remembered that she made the same excuse the year before. Upon which the steward observed, that she might so contrive it, as never to do the service of the manor.

The widow Fidget being cited into court, insisted that she had done no more since the death of her husband, than what she used to do in his life-time; and wished desired Mr. Steward to consider his own wife's case if he should chance to die before her.

The next in order was a dowager of a very corpulent make, who would have been excused as not finding any ram that was able to carry her; upon which the steward commuted her punishment, and ordered her to make her entry upon a black ox.

The widow Maskwell, a woman who had long lived with a most unblemished character, having turned off her old chambermaid in a pet, was by that revengeful creature brought in upon the black ram nine times the same day.

Several widows of the neighbourhood, being brought upon their trial, shewed that they did not hold of the manor, and were discharged accordingly.

A pretty young creature who closed the procession came ambling in, with so bewitching an air, that the steward was observed to cast a sheep's eye upon her, and married her within a month after the death of his wife.

N. B. Mrs. Touchwood appeared, according to summons, but had nothing laid to her charge; having lived irreproachable since the decease of her husband, who left her a widow in the sixty-ninth year of her age.

I am, Sir, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> DCXXIV. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

AUDIRE, ATQUE TOGAM JUREO COMPOSERE, QUISQUIS  
AMBITIONE MALA, AUT ARGENTI PALLET AMORE,  
QUISQUIS LUXURIA

HOR. SAT. III. L. 2. VER. 77.

BE STILL, AND HEAR, THOSE WHOM PROUD THOUGHTS DO SWELL,  
THOSE THAT LOOK PALE BY LOVING COIN TOO WELL;  
WHOM LUXURY CORRUPTS.

CREECH.

**M**ANKIND is divided into two parts, the busy and the idle. The busy world may be divided into the virtuous and the vicious. The vicious again into the covetous, the ambitious, and the sensual. The idle part of mankind are in a state inferior to any one of these. All the other are engaged in the pursuit of happiness, though often misplaced, and are therefore more likely to be attentive to such means as shall be proposed to them for that end. The idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically called by Doctor Tillotson, fools at large. They propose to themselves no end, but run adrift with every wind. Advice therefore would be but thrown away upon them, since they would scarce take the pains to read it. I shall not fatigue any of this worthless tribe with a long harangue; but will leave them with this short saying of Plato, that 'Labour is preferable to idleness, as brightness to rust.'

The pursuits of the active part of mankind are either in the paths of religion and virtue; or, on the other hand, in the roads to wealth, honours, or pleasure. I shall, therefore, compare the pursuits of avarice, ambition, and sensual delight, with their opposite virtues; and shall consider which of these principles engages men in a course of the greatest labour, suffering, and assiduity. Most men, in their cool reasonings, are willing to allow that a course of virtue will in the end be rewarded the most amply; but represent the way to it as rugged and narrow. If therefore it can be made appear, that men struggle through as many troubles to be miserable, as they do to be happy, my readers may perhaps be persuaded to be good, when they find they shall lose nothing by it.

First, for avarice. The miser is more industrious than the saint: the pains of

getting, the fears of losing, and the inability of enjoying his wealth, have been the mark of satire in all ages. Were his repentance upon his neglect of a good bargain, his sorrow for being overreached, his hope of improving a sum, and his fear of falling into want, directed to their proper objects, they would make to many different christian graces and virtues. He may apply to himself a great part of St. Paul's catalogue of sufferings. 'In journeyings often; in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often.' At how much less expence might he 'lay up to himself treasures in heaven?' or, if I may, in this place, be allowed to add the saying of a great philosopher, he may 'provide such possessions, as fear neither arms, nor men, nor Jove himself.'

In the second place, if we look upon the toils of ambition in the same light as we have considered those of avarice, we shall readily own that far less trouble is requisite to gain lasting glory, than the power and reputation of a few years; or, in other words, we may with more ease deserve honour than obtain it. The ambitious man should remember Cardinal Wolsey's complaint:—'Had I served God with the same application wherewith I served my king, he would not have forsaken me in my old age.' The cardinal here softens his ambition by the specious pretence of 'serving his king'; whereas his words, in the proper construction, imply, that if instead of being acted by ambition, he had been acted by religion, he should now have felt the comforts of it, when the whole world turned its back upon him.

Thirdly, let us compare the pains of the sensual with those of the virtuous, and see which are heavier in the balance.

It may seem strange, at the first view; that the men of pleasure should be advised to change their course, because they lead a painful life. Yet when we see them so active and vigilant in quest of delight; under so many disquiets, and the sport of such various passions; let them answer, as they can, if the pains they undergo do not outweigh their enjoyments. The infidelities on the one part between the two sexes, and the caprices on the other; the debasement of reason, the pangs of expectation, the disappointments in possession, the things of remorse, the vanities and vexations attending even the most refined delights that make up this business of

life; render it so silly and uncomfortable, that no man is thought wise until he hath got over it; or happy, but in proportion as he hath cleared himself from it.

The sum of all is this. Man is made an active being. Whether he walks in the paths of virtue or vice, he is sure to meet with many difficulties to prove his patience and excite his industry. The same, if not greater labour, is required in the service of vice and folly, as of virtue and wisdom; and he hath this easy choice left him, whether, with the strength he is master of, he will purchase happiness or repentance.

## Nº DCXXV. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

AMORES  
RE SERENO MEDITATUR UNQUS.

HOR. OD. VI. L. 3. VER. 23.

LOVE, FROM HER TENDER YEARS, HER THOUGHTS EMPLOY'D.

THE love-casult hath referred to me the following letter of queries, with his answers to each question, for my approbation. I have accordingly considered the several matters therein contained, and hereby confirm and ratify his answers, and require the gentle querist to conform herself thereunto.

SIR,

I Was thirteen the ninth of November last, and must now begin to think of settling myself in the world, and so I would humbly beg your advice, what I must do with Mr. Fondle; who makes his addresses to me. He is a very pretty man, and hath the blackest eyes and whitest teeth you ever saw. Though he is but a younger brother, he dresses like a man of quality, and nobody comes into a room like him. I know he hath refused great offers, and if he cannot marry me, he will never have any body else. But my father hath forbid him the house, because he sent me a copy of verses; for he is one of the greatest wits in town. My eldest sister, who, with her good-will, would call me Miss as long as I live, must be married before me, they say. She tells them that Mr. Fondle makes a fool of me, and will spoil the child, as she calls me, like a consistent thing as she is. In short, I

am resolved to marry Mr. Fondle, if it be but to spite her. But because I would do nothing that is imprudent, I beg of you to give me your answers to some questions I will write down, and desire you to get them printed in the Spectator, and I do not doubt but you will give such advice as, I am sure, I shall follow.

When Mr. Fondle looks upon me for half an hour together, and calls me angel, is he not in love?

Answer, No.

May not I be certain he will be a kind husband, that has promised me half an portion in pin-money, and to keep me a coach and six into the bargain?

No.

Whether I, who have been acquainted with him this whole year almost, am not a better judge of his merit, than my father and mother, who never heard him talk but at table?

No.

Whether I am not old enough to do for myself?

No.

Whether it would not have been rude in me to refuse a lock of his hair?

No.

Should not I be a very barbarous creature,

e, if I did not pity a man who is fighting for my sake?

ther you would not advise me to say with the poor man?

ther you do not think, that if I have him, he will not drown?

t shall I say to him the next time me if I will marry him?

following letter requires neither fiction nor answer.

SPECTATOR,  
der that, in the present situation of affairs, you can take pleasure in any thing but news; for, in a world where minds are any thing else? The only pleasure is in increasing knowledge, and something new every hour of the noblest entertainment of a creature. I have a very good secret, and am naturally of a placid temper; by which means I am able of doing you great services every day. In order to make myself am early in the antichamber, thrust my head into the thickets, and catch the news, at the very door, while it is warm.

Sometimes I stand by the beef-eaters, and take the buzz as it passes by me. At other times I lay my ear close to the wall, and suck in many a valuable whisper, as it runs in a straight line from corner to corner. When I am weary with standing, I repair to one of the neighbouring coffee-houses, where I sit sometimes for a whole day, and have the news as it comes from court fresh and fresh. In short, Sir, I spare no pains to know how the world goes. A piece of news loses its flavour when it hath been an hour in the air. I love, if I may so speak, to have it fresh from the tree; and to convey it to my friends before it is faded. Accordingly my expences in coach-hire make no small article: which you may believe, when I assure you, that I post away from coffee-house to coffee-house, and forestall the evening post by two hours. There is a certain gentleman, who hath given me the slip twice or thrice, and hath been beforehand with me at Child's. But I have played him a trick. I have purchased a pair of the best coach-horses I could buy for money, and now let him outstrip me if he can. Once more, Mr. Spectator, let me advise you to deal in news. You may depend upon my assistance. But I must break off abruptly, for I have twenty letters to write.

Your's in haste,

THO. QUID-NUNC.

DCXXVI, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

—BULCQUE ANIMOS NOVITATE TENEO.

OVID. MET. L. IV. VER. 284.

WITH SWEET NOVELTY YOUR TASTE I'LL PLEASE.

EUBEN.

seen a little work of a learned confuting of extemporary speaking, which owed their birth to the irregular occurrences of life. His method was, to write down any sort of thought which arose in upon the sight of any odd gesture in a man, any whimsical misapprehension in a beast, or whatever remarkable in any object of creation. He was able to open a snuff-box, would flout upon a tucker or a pair of and draw practical inferences

from a full-bottomed periwig. This I thought fit to mention, by way of excuse, for my ingenious correspondent, who hath introduced the following letter by an image, which, I will beg leave to tell him, is too ridiculous in so serious and noble a speculation.

MR. SPECTATOR,

WHEN I have seen young puss playing her wanton gambols, and with a thousand antic shapes express her own gaiety at the same time that she moved mine, while the old grannum hath in

by with a most exemplary gravity, unmoved at all that passed; it hath made me reflect what should be the occasion of humours so opposite in two creatures, between whom there was no visible difference but that of age; and I have been able to resolve it into nothing else but the force of novelty.

In every species of creatures, those who have been least time in the world, appear best pleased with their condition; for, besides that to a new-comer the world hath a freshness on it that strikes the sense after a most agreeable manner, being itself, unattended with any great variety of enjoyments, excites a sensation of pleasure. But as age advances, every thing seems to wither, the senses are disgusted with their old entertainments, and existence turns flat and insipid. We may see this exemplified in mankind; the child, let him be free from pain, and gratified in his change of toys, is diverted with the smallest trifle. Nothing disturbs the mirth of the boy, but a little punishment or confinement. The youth must have more violent pleasures to employ his time; the man loves the hurry of an active life, devoted to the pursuits of wealth or ambition; and, lastly, old age, having lost its capacity for these avocations, becomes its own unsupportable burden. This variety may in part be accounted for by the vivacity and decay of the faculties; but I believe is chiefly owing to this, that the longer we have been in possession of being, the less sensible is the gust we have of it; and the more it requires of adventitious amusements to relieve us from the satiety and weariness it brings along with it.

And as novelty is of a very powerful, so of a most extensive influence. Moralists have long since observed it to be the source of admiration, which lessens in proportion to our familiarity with objects, and upon a thorough acquaintance is utterly extinguished. But I think it hath not been so commonly remarked, that all the other passions depend considerably on the same circumstance. What is it but novelty that awakens desire, enhances delight, kindles anger, provokes envy, inspires horror? To this cause we must ascribe it, that love languishes with fruition, and friendship itself is recommended by intervals of absence: hence monsters, by use, are beheld without loathing, and the

most enchanting beauty without rapture. That emotion of the spirits in which passion consists, is usually the effect of surprise, and as long as it continues, heightens the agreeable or disagreeable qualities of its object; but as this emotion ceases, (and it ceases with the novelty) things appear in another light, and affect us even less than might be expected from their proper energy, for having moved us too much before.

It may not be a useless enquiry how far the love of novelty is the unavoidable growth of nature, and in what respects it is peculiarly adapted to the present state. To me it seems impossible, that a reasonable creature should not absolutely be satisfied in any acquisition whatever without endeavouring farther; for after its highest improvements, the mind hath an idea of an infinity of things still behind worth knowing, to the knowledge of which therefore it cannot be indifferent; as by climbing up a hill in the midst of a wide plain, a man hath his prospect enlarged, and, together with that, the bounds of his desires. Upon this account, I cannot think he degrades from the state of the blessed, who conceives them to be perpetually employed in fresh searches into nature, and to eternity advancing into the fathomless depths of the divine perfections. In this thought there is nothing but what doth honour to these glorified spirits; provided still it be remembered, that their desire of more proceeds not from their disrelishing what they possess; and the pleasure of a new enjoyment is not with them measured by its novelty, (which is a thing merely foreign and accidental) but by its real intrinsic value. After an acquaintance of many thousand years with the works of God, the beauty and magnificence of the creation fills them with the same pleasing wonder and profound awe which Adam felt himself seized with as he first opened his eyes upon this glorious scene. Truth captivates with unborrowed charms; and whatever hath once given satisfaction will always do it: in all which they have manifestly the advantage of us, who are so much governed by sickly and changeable appetites, that we can with the greatest coldness behold the stupendous displays of Omnipotence, and be in transports at the puny essays of human skill; throw aside speculations of the sublimest nature and vastest importance into

into some obscure corner of the mind, to make room for new notions of no consequence at all; are even tired of health, because not enlivened with alternate pain; and prefer the first reading of an indifferent author, to the second or third perusal of one whose merit and reputation are established.

Our being thus formed serves many useful purposes in the present state. It contributes not a little to the advancement of learning; for, as Cicero takes notice, that which makes men willing to undergo the fatigues of philosophical disquisitions, is not so much the greatness of objects as their novelty. It is not enough that there is field and game for the chase, and that the understanding is prompted with a restless thirst of knowledge, effectually to rouse the soul, sunk into a state of sloth and indolence; it is also necessary that there be an uncommon pleasure annexed to the first appearance of truth in the mind: This pleasure being exquisite for the time it lasts, but transient, it hereby comes to pass that the mind grows into an indifference to its former notions, and passes on after new discoveries, in hope of repeating the delight. It is with knowledge as with wealth, the pleasure of which lies more in making endless additions, than in taking a review of our old store. There are some inconveniences that follow this temper, if not guarded against; particularly this, that through a too great eagerness of something new, we are many times impatient of staying long enough upon a question that requires some time to resolve it, or, which is worse, persuade ourselves that we are masters of the subject before we are so, only to be at the liberty of going upon a fresh scent; in Mr. Locke's words—'We see a little, presume a great deal, and so jump to the conclusion.'

A farther advantage of our inclination for novelty, as at present circumstantiated, is, that it annihilates all the boasted distinctions among mankind. Look not up with envy to those above. Sounding titles, stately buildings,

fine gardens, gilded chariots, rich equipages, what are they? They dazzle every one but the possessor: to him they are accustomed to them they are cheap and regardless things: they supply him not with brighter images, or more sublime satisfactions than the plain man may have; whose small estate may just enable him to support the charge of a simple unincumbered life. He enters heedless into his rooms of state as you or I do under our poor sheds. The noble paintings and costly furniture are lost on him; he sees them not: as how can it be otherwise, when by custom, a fabric infinitely more grand and finished, that of the universe, stands unobserved by the inhabitants, and the everlasting lamps of heaven are lighted up in vain, for any notice that mortals take of them? Thanks to indulgent Nature, which not only placed her children originally upon a level, but still, by the strength of this principle, in a great measure preserves it, in spite of all the care of man to introduce artificial distinctions.

To add no more, is this fondness of novelty, which makes us out of conceit with all we already have, a convincing proof of a future state? Either man was made in vain, or this is not the only world he was made for: for there cannot be a greater instance of vanity, than that to which man is liable, to be deluded from the cradle to the grave with fleeting shadows of happiness. His pleasures, and those not considerable neither, die in the possession, and fresh enjoyments do not rise fast enough to fill up half his life with satisfaction. When I see persons sick of themselves any longer than they are called away by something that is of force to chain down the present thought; when I see them hurry from country to town, and then from the town back again into the country, continually shifting postures, and placing life in all the different lights they can think of—'Surely,' say I to myself, 'life is vain, and the man beyond expression stupid or prejudiced, who from the vanity of life cannot gather, he is designed for immortality.'

Mr Grove of Taunton.

N<sup>o</sup> DCXXVII. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1.

TANTUM INTER DENSAS UMEROSA CACUMINE FAGOS  
 ASSIDUUS VENIEBAT; IBI HÆC INCONDITA SOLUS  
 MONTIVS ET SILVIS STUDIO JACTABAT INANI.

HE UNDERNEATH THE BEECHEN SHADE ALONE,  
 THUS TO THE WOODS AND MOUNTAINS MADE HIS MOOR.

DRYDEN.

THE following account, which came to my hands some time ago, may be no disagreeable entertainment to such of my readers as have tender hearts and nothing to do.

MR. SPECTATOR,

A Friend of mine died of a fever last week which he caught by walking too late in a dewy evening among his reapers. I must inform you that his greatest pleasure was in husbandry and gardening. He had some humours which seemed inconsistent with that good sense he was otherwise master of. His uneasiness in the company of women was very remarkable in a man of such perfect good-breeding, and his avoiding one particular walk in his garden, where he had used to pass the greatest part of his time, raised abundance of idle conjectures in the village where he lived. Upon looking over his papers we found out the reason, which he never intimated to his nearest friends. He was, it seems, a passionate lover in his youth, of which a large parcel of letters he left behind him are a witness. I send you a copy of the last he ever wrote upon that subject, by which you will find that he concealed the true name of his mistress, under that of Zelinda.

A Long month's absence would be insupportable to me, if the business I am employed in were not for the service of my Zelinda, and of such a nature as to place her every moment in my mind. I have furnished the house exactly according to your fancy, or, if you please, my own; for I have long since learned to like nothing but what you do. The apartment designed for your use is so exact a copy of that which you live in, that I often think myself in your house when I step into it, but sigh when I find it is not your proper inhabitant. You

will have the most delicious prospect from your closet-window that England affords: I am sure I should think it so, if the landscape that shews such variety did not at the same time suggest to me the greatness of the space that lies between us.

The gardens are laid out very beautifully; I have dressed up every hedge in woodbines, sprinkled bowers and arbours in every corner, and made a little Paradise round me; yet I am still like the first man in his solitude, but half blest without a partner in my happiness. I have directed one walk to be made for two persons, where I promise ten thousand satisfactions to myself in your conversation. I already take my evening's turn in it, and have worn a path upon the edge of this little alley, while I soothed myself with the thought of your walking by my side. I have held many imaginary discourses with you in this retirement; and when I have been weary, have sat down with you in the midst of a row of jessamines. The many expressions of joy and rapture I use in these silent conversations have made me, for some time, the talk of the parish; but a neighbouring young fellow, who makes love to the farmer's daughter, hath found me out, and made my case known to the whole neighbourhood.

In planting of the fruit-trees I have not forgot the peach you are so fond of. I have made a walk of elms along the river side, and intend to sow all the place about with cowslips, which I hope you will like as well as that I have heard you talk of by your father's house in the country.

Oh! Zelinda, what a scheme of delight have I drawn up in my imagination! what day-dreams do I indulge myself in! when will the six weeks be at an end, that lie between me and my promised happiness?

Yours

How could you break off so abruptly in your last, and tell me you must go and dress for the play? If you loved as I do, you would find no more company in a crowd, than I have in my solitude.  
I am, &c.

On the back of this letter is written, in the hand of the deceased, the following piece of history.

Mem. Having waited a whole week for an answer to this letter, I hurried to town, where I found the perfidious creature married to my rival. I will bear it as becomes a man, and endeavour to find out happiness for myself in that retirement which I had prepared in vain for a false, ungrateful woman.

I am, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> DCXXVIII. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3.

LABETUR ET LABETUR IN OMNE VOLUBILIS REVUM.

HOR. EP. II. L. I. VER. 43.

IT ROLLS, AND ROLLS, AND WILL FOR EVER ROLL.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THESE are none of your speculations which please me more than those upon infinitude and eternity. You have already considered that part of eternity which is past, and I wish you would give us your thoughts upon that which is to come.

Your readers will perhaps receive greater pleasure from this view of eternity than the former, since we have every one of us a concern in that which is to come: whereas a speculation on that which is past is rather curious than useful.

Besides, we can easily conceive it possible for successive duration never to have an end; though, as you have justly observed, that eternity which never had a beginning is altogether incomprehensible; that is, we can conceive an eternal duration which may be, though we cannot an eternal duration which hath been; or, if I may use the philosophical terms, we may apprehend a potential though not an actual eternity.

This notion of a future eternity, which is natural to the mind of man, is an unanswerable argument that he is a being designed for it; especially if we consider that he is capable of being virtuous or vicious here: that he hath faculties improveable to all eternity; and by a pro-

per or wrong employment of them, may be happy or miserable throughout that infinite duration. Our idea, indeed, of this eternity, is not of an adequate or fixed nature, but is perpetually growing and enlarging itself toward the object, which is too big for human comprehension. As we are now in the beginnings of existence, so shall we always appear to ourselves as if we were for ever entering upon it. After a million or two of centuries, some considerable things, already past, may slip out of our memory; which, if it be not strengthened in a wonderful manner, may possibly forget that ever there was a sun or planets; and yet, notwithstanding the long race that we shall then have run, we shall still imagine ourselves just starting from the goal, and find no proportion between that space which we know had a beginning, and what we are sure will never have an end.

But I shall leave this subject to your management, and question not but you will throw it into such lights as shall at once improve and entertain your reader.

I have inclosed sent you a translation of the speech of Cato on this occasion, which hath accidentally fallen into my hands, and which, for conciseness, purity, and elegance of phrase, cannot be sufficiently admired.



## ACT V. SCENE 1.

CATO SOLUS, &amp;c.

*Sp. Mentivory.*

**SIC**, sic se habere rem necesse prorsus est,  
 Rationi vinis, de luteis monus, *Plato.*  
 Quid enim dedisset, quæ dedit se fra nibil,  
 Eternitati inquam & pudorem  
 Natura? Quorsum hæc dantis expectatio;  
 Vitæque non exphæna melioris sitis?  
 Quid vult sibi alius iste redeundi in nihil  
 Horrur, sub ius quicquid agens præcordiis?  
 Cur turba in se refugit anima, cur tremis  
 Attenta, quæta, morte ne pereat, timet?  
 Particula nempe ista cuique nascenti indita  
 Divini; quæ corpus incleus agit;  
 Hominique succum, tua est æternitas.  
 Eternitas! O subricum nimis alpihi,  
 Mixtumque dulci gaudium formidine!

Quæ demigrabitur alia hinc in corpora?  
 Quæ terra mixta incognita? Quis orbis novus  
 Manet inclaudus? Quanta erit mutatio?  
 Hæc intuenti spatia mihi quæquæ patent  
 Immensa: sed culiginis, nec premit;  
 Nec luce clarâ vult videri singula.  
 Figendus hic per, certa sunt hæc balteus;  
 Si quod gubernet numen humanum genus,  
 (At, quid gubernet, esse clamant omnia)  
 Virtute non gaudere certe non potest:  
 Nec esse non beata, quæ gaudet, potest.  
 Sed quâ beata fide? Quæve in tempore?  
 Hæc quanta terra, tota est Caesaris.  
 Quid dubius hæret animus usque adeo? Brevis  
 hic modum hic omni expediet. Arma exin-  
 duor.

[Ensi manum admovent.

In utramque partem facta; quæque vim in-  
 serant,  
 Et quæ propulsant! Dexterâ intentat necem;  
 Pectus sinistrâ vulnus hæc dabit manus;  
 Alga medelam vulnris: hic ad exitum  
 Deduct, ista simpli; hæc vetant mori.  
 Scrua ridet anima mucronis minas,  
 Ensequæ strictos, interire nescia.  
 Exinguet ætas sidera diuturnior;  
 Mente languens ipse sol obscurius  
 Bænter urbi consenscenti jubar;  
 Natura et ipsa sentius quondam vices  
 Motus; annis ipsa deficiet gravitas;  
 At tibi juvenus, at tibi immortalitas  
 Tibi pars divum est vita. Perimunt mutui  
 Elementa sese et interibunt istibus.  
 Tu permanebis sola semper integra,  
 Tu cuncta rerum quassa, cuncta nanfraga.  
 Jam portu in ipso iuta, contemplabere.  
 Compæge ruptâ, corrumpunt in se invicem;  
 Orbisque fractis ingereantur orbibus;  
 Illa tu sedebis extra fragorem

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

CATO ALONE, &amp;c.

**I**T must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond  
 ædise,

This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward borrow  
 Of falling into nought? Why strikes the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;  
 'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out an hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.  
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

Through what variety of untry'd being,  
 Through what new scenes and changes mad  
 we pass!

The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before  
 me;

But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us;  
 (And that there is all Nature cries aloud  
 'Through all her works) he must delight in  
 virtue;

And that which he delights in must be happy;  
 But when, or where!—This world was  
 made for Caesar.

I'm weary of conjectures—This must end 'em.  
 [Laying his hand on his sword.

Thus am I doubly arm'd; my death and  
 life,

My bane and antidote are both before me.  
 This in a moment brings me to an end;  
 But this informs me I shall never die.  
 The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in want;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
 The wrecks of matter, and the trash of earth;

N<sup>o</sup> DCXXIX. MONDAY, DECEMBER 6.

—EXPERIAR QUID CONCEDATUR IN ILLOS,  
 QUORUM FLAMINIA TEGITUR CINIS, ATQUE LATINA.

JUV. SAT. I. VER. 176.

—SINCE NONE THE LIVING DARE IMPEACH,  
 ARRAIGN THEM IN THE PERSONS OF THE DEAD.

DAYDEN.

**T**EXT to the people who want a place, there are none to be pitied more than those who are solicited for it. A plain answer with a denial is looked upon as pride, and a civil answer as a promise.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the tensions of people upon these occasions. Every thing a man hath suffered, whilst his enemies were in play, is certainly brought about by the means of the opposite party. A bad cause could not have been lost, if such an one had not been upon the bench; nor profligate youth disinherited, if he had not got drunk every night by toasting out ministry. I remember a Tory, who having been fined in a court of justice for a prank that deserved the pillory, fired upon the merit of it to be made justice of peace when his friends came to power; and shall never forget a high criminal, who, upon being indicted for a rape, told his friends, 'You see what a man suffers for sticking to his principles.'

The truth of it is, the sufferings of a man in party are of a very doubtful nature. When they are such as have promoted a good cause, and fallen upon a man undeservedly, they have a right to be heard and recompensed beyond any other pretension. But when they rise out of rashness or indiscretion, and the result of such measures as have rather injured than promoted the interest they pretend, which hath always been the case of many great sufferers, they only serve to recommend them to the children of silence, or folly.

I have by me a bundle of memorials presented by several cavaliers upon the restoration of King Charles II. which may serve as so many instances to our present purpose.

Among several persons and pretensions recorded by my author, he mentions one of a very great estate, who, for

having roasted an ox whole, and distributed a hog'shead upon King Charles's birth-day, desired to be provided for, as his majesty in his great wisdom shall think fit.

Another put in to be Prince Henry's governor, for having dared to drink his health in the worst of times.

A third petitioned for a colonel's commission, for having cursed Oliver Cromwell, the day before his death, on a public bowling-green.

But the most whimsical petition I have met with is that of B. B. Esq. who desired the honour of knighthood, for having cuckolded Sir T. W. a notorious roundhead.

There is likewise the petition of one, who having let his beard grow from the martyrdom of King Charles the First until the restoration of King Charles the Second, desired in consideration thereupon to be made a privy-counsellor.

I must not omit a memorial setting forth that the memorialist had, with great dispatch, carried a letter from a certain lord to a certain lord, wherein, as it afterwards appeared, measures were concerted for the restoration, and without which he verily believes that happy revolution had never been effected; who therefore humbly prays to be made postmaster-general.

A certain gentleman, who seems to write with a great deal of spirit, and uses the words Gallantry and Goodleman-like very often in his petition, begs (that in consideration of his having worn his hat for ten years past in the royal cavalier cock, to his great danger and detriment) he may be made a captain of the guards.

I shall close my account of this collection of memorials, with the copy of one petition at length, which I recommend to my reader as a very valuable piece.

THE

## THE PETITION OF E. H. ESQ.

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

**T**HAT your petitioner's father's brother's uncle, Colonel W. H. lost the third finger of his left-hand at Edgehill fight.

That your petitioner, notwithstanding the smallness of his fortune, (he being a younger brother) always kept hospitality, and drank confusion to the round-heads in half a score bumpers every Sunday in the year, as several honest gentlemen (whose names are underwritten) are ready to testify.

That your petitioner is remarkable in his country, for having dared to treat Sir P. P. a cursed sequestrator, and three members of the assembly of divines, with brawn and minced pies upon New Year's-day.

That your said humble petitioner hath been five times imprisoned in five several county-gaols, for having been a ring-leader in five different riots; into which

his zeal for the royal cause hurried him when men of greater estates had not the courage to rise.

That he the said E. H. hath had six duels and four and twenty boxing-matches in defence of his majesty's title; and that he received such a blow upon the head at a bonfire in Stratford upon Avon, as he hath been never the better for from that day to this.

That your petitioner hath been so far from improving his fortune, in these damnable times, that he verily believes, and hath good reason to imagine, that if he had been master of an estate, he had infallibly been plundered and sequestered.

Your petitioner, in consideration of his tried merits and sufferings, humbly requests that he may have the place of receiver of the taxes, collector of the customs, clerk of the peace, deputy-lieutenant, or whatsoever else he shall be thought qualified for. And your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> DCXXX. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8.

FAVETE LINGUIS—

HOR. OD. 1. L. 3. VER. 2.

WITH MUTE ATTENTION WAIT.

**H**AVING no spare time to write any thing of my own or to correct what is sent me by others, I have thought fit to publish the following letters.

SIR, OXFORD, NOVEMBER 22.

**I**F you would be so kind to me, as to suspend that satisfaction, which the learned world must receive in reading one of your speculations, by publishing this endeavour, you will very much oblige and improve one, who has the boldness to hope, that he may be admitted into the number of your correspondents.

I have often wondered to hear men of good sense and good nature profess a dislike to music, when at the same time they do not scruple to own, that it has the most agreeable and improving influences over their minds: it seems to me an unhappy contradiction, that those persons should have an indifference for an art, which raises in them such a variety of sensible pleasures.

However, though some few, by their

own or the unreasonable prejudices of others, may be led into a dislike for those musical societies, which are erected merely for entertainment; yet sure I may venture to say, that no one can have the least reason for disaffection to that solemn kind of melody which consists of the praises of our Creator.

You have, I presume, already prevented me in an argument upon this occasion, which some divines have successfully advanced upon a much greater, that musical sacrifice and adoration has claimed a place in the laws and customs of the most different nations; as the Grecians and Romans of the profane, the Jews and Christians of the sacred world did as unanimously agree in this, as they disagreed in all other parts of their economy.

I know there are not wanting some, who are of opinion that the pompous kind of music which is in use in foreign churches is the most excellent, as it most affects our senses. But I am suggested by my judgment, to the contrary.

is observed in the musical part of votions. Methinks there is something very laudable in the custom of a cry before the first lesson; by this is supposed to be prepared for the vision of those divine truths, which shortly to receive. We are then all worldly regards from off our souls, all tumults within are then hushed, and there should be nothing in the soul but peace and tranquillity. In this short office of praise, the soul is raised above himself, and is almost already amidst the joys of future glory.

We have heard some nice observers freely commend the policy of our church in this particular; that it leads by such easy and regular measures that we are perfectly deceived.

When the spirits begin to shew (as they too often do with a set series of petitions) she takes away from them a pious respite, and sends them with the raptures of an angel.

Nor can we doubt that the sublimity, softened in the most moving of music, can never fail of humbling the soul to any pitch of devotion. Who can bear the terrors of the Lord of Hosts described in the expressive melody, without being into a veneration? Or who can be kind and endearing attributes of our Father, and not be softened to love towards him?

The rising and sinking of the psalm, the casting off of noble hints into verse, is the natural privilege of music, to more particularly of music which is employed at the altar.

The impressions which it leaves upon the mind are more deep and lasting, as it is founded more upon reason.

It diffuses a calmness all around, makes us drop all those vain or least thoughts which would be an obstacle to us in the performance of our duty of thanksgiving, which, are informed by our Almighty Father, is the most acceptable reparation which can be made for those infirmities of blessings which he daily sends to pour down upon his creation.

When we make use of this pastoral method of addressing ourselves, we can scarce contain from rapture.

The heart is warmed with a sublimity of goodness. We are all piety and devotion.

How do the blessed spirits rejoice and wonder to behold unthinking man prostrating his soul to his dread Sovereign in such a warmth of piety as they themselves might not be ashamed of!

I shall close these reflections with a passage taken out of the third book of Milton's Paradise Lost, where those harmonious beings are thus nobly described.

Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,

Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side,  
Like quivers hung, and with prelude sweet  
Of charming symphony they introduce  
The sacred song, and waken raptures high:  
No one exempt, no voice but well could join  
Melodious part, such concord is in heav'n.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE town cannot be unacquainted, that in divers parts of it there are vociferous sets of men who are called Rattling Clubs; but what shocks me most is, they have now the front to invade the church, and institute these societies there, as a clan of them have in late times done, to such a degree of insolence, as has given the partition where they reside in a church near one of the city gates, the denomination of the Rattling Pew. These giv fellows, from humble lay professions, set up for critics without any trifle of letters or reading, and have the vanity to think they can lay hold of something from the pulpit which may be formed into ridicule.

It is needless to observe, that the gentlemen who every Sunday have the hard province of instructing these wretches in a way they are in no present disposition to take, have a fixed character for learning and eloquence, not to be tainted by the weak efforts of this contemptible part of their audiences. Whether the pulpit is taken by these gentlemen, or any strangers their friends, the way of the club is this: if any sentiments are delivered too sublime for their conception; if any uncommon topic is entered on, or one in use now modified with the finest judgment and dexterity; or any controverted point be never so elegantly handled; in short, whatever surpasses the narrow limits of their theology, or is not suited to their taste, they are all immediately upon the watch, fixing their eyes upon each other, with as much warmth as our gladiators of Klockley in the Hole, and waiting like them for a hit; if one touches, all take fire, and

and their nodules instantly meet in the centre of the pew; then, as by beat of drum, with exact discipline, they rear up into a full length of stature, and with odd looks and gesticulations confer together in so loud and clamorous a manner, continued to the close of the discourse, and during the after-psalm, as is not to be silenced but by the bells. Nor does this suffice them, without aiming to propagate their noise through all the church, by signals given to the adjoining seats, where others designed for this fraternity are sometimes placed upon trial to receive them.

The folly as well as rudeness of this practice is in nothing more conspicuous than this, that all that follows in the sermon is lost; for whenever our sparks take alarm, they blaze out and grow so tumultuous that no after-explanation can avail, it being impossible for themselves or any near them to give an account thereof. If any thing really novel is advanced, how averse soever it may be to their way of thinking, to say nothing of duty, men of less levity than these would be led by a natural curiosity to hear the whole.

Laughter, where things sacred are

transacted, is far less pardonable than whining at a conventicle; the last has at least a semblance of grace, and where the affectation is unseen may possibly imprint wholesome lessons on the sincere; but the first has no excuse, breaking through all the rules of order and decency, and manifesting a remissness of mind in those important matters, which require the strictest composure and steadiness of thought: a proof of the greatest folly in the world.

I shall not here enter upon the veneration due to the sanctity of the place, the reverence owing the minister, or the respect that so great an assembly as a whole parish may justly claim. I shall only tell them, that as the Spanish cobbler, to reclaim a profligate son, bid him have some regard to the dignity of his family, so they as gentlemen (for we citizens assume to be such one day in a week) are bound for the future to repeat of, and abstain from, the gross abuses here mentioned, whereof they have been guilty in contempt of heaven and earth, and contrary to the laws in this case made and provided. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

R. M.

## Nº DCXXXI. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10.

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS

HOR. OD. V. L. L. VER. 5.

CHARMS NEAT WITHOUT THE HELP OF ART.

CREECH.

I Had occasion to go a few miles out of town, some days since, in a stage-coach, where I had for my fellow travellers a dirty beau, and a pretty young Quaker woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myself backward, with a design to survey them and pick a speculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my attention. The gentleman was dressed in a suit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from some few spaces, that had escaped the powder, which was incorporated with the greatest part of his coat: his periwig which cost no small sum, was after so slovenly a manner cast over his shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the

year 1712; his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain Spanish from the chin to the lowest button, and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it sparkled amidst the rubbish of the mine, where it was first discovered. On the other hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanliness. Not a speck was to be found upon her. A clear, clean, oval face, just edged about with little thin plaits of the purest cambric, received great advantages from the shade of her black hood; as did the whiteness of her arms from that sober-coloured stuff, in which she had clothed herself. The plainness of her dress was very well suited to the simplicity of her phrases:

ich put together, though they not give me a great opinion of her, they did of her innocence.

adventure occasioned my throw-  
gether a few hints upon cleanli-  
hich I shall consider as one of the  
tues, as Aristotle calls them, and  
commend it under the three fol-  
heads; as it is a mark of polite-  
it produces love; and as it bears  
to purity of mind.

It is a mark of politeness. It  
is fully agreed upon, that no one,  
end with this virtue, can go into  
y without giving a manifest of-

The easier or higher any one's  
is, this duty rises proportion-  
The different nations of the world  
much distinguished by their clean-  
as by their arts and sciences.  
ore any country is civilized, the  
ey consult this part of politeness.  
d but compare our ideas of a fe-  
otentot and an English beauty  
rified of the truth of what hath  
vanced.

e next place, cleanliness may be  
be the foster-mother of love.  
indeed most commonly produces  
sion in the mind, but cleanliness  
s it. An indifferent face and  
kept in perpetual neatness, hath  
ny a heart from a pretty flatter-  
elf is not unamiable, while it is  
d clean and unfulfilled: like a  
metal constantly kept smooth  
ght, we look on it with more  
than on a new vessel that is  
d with rust.

ht observe farther, that as clean-  
nders us agreeable to others, so  
s us easy to ourselves; that it is  
ient preservative of health; and  
eral vices, destructive both to  
d body, are inconsistent with  
of it. But these reflections  
ave to the leisure of my readers;  
I observe in the third place, that  
a great analogy with purity of  
d naturally inspires refined sen-  
and passions.

It is from experience, that through  
valence of custom, the most vici-  
ous lose their horror by being  
miliar to us. On the contrary,  
to live in the neighbourhood of

good examples, fly from the first appear-  
ances of what is shocking. It fares with  
us much after the same manner, as our  
ideas. Our senses, which are the inlets  
to all the images conveyed to the mind,  
can only transmit the impression of such  
things as usually surround them. So  
that pure and unfulfilled thoughts are na-  
turally suggested to the mind, by those  
objects that perpetually encompass us,  
when they are beautiful and elegant in  
their kind.

In the East, where the warmth of the  
climate makes cleanliness more imme-  
diately necessary than in colder countries,  
it is made one part of their religion: the  
Jewish law, and the Mahometan, which  
in some things copies after it, is filled  
with bathings, purifications, and other  
rites of the like nature. Though there  
is the above-named convenient reason  
to be assigned for these ceremonies, the  
chief intention undoubtedly was to typi-  
fy inward purity and cleanliness of heart  
by those outward washings. We read  
several injunctions of this kind in the  
book of Deuteronomy, which confirm  
this truth; and which are but ill-ac-  
counted for by saying as some do, that  
they were only instituted for conveni-  
ence in the desert, which otherwise could  
not have been habitable for so many  
years.

I shall conclude this essay with a  
story which I have somewhere read in an  
account of Mahometan superstitions.

A Dervise of great sanctity one morn-  
ing had the misfortune, as he took up a  
crystal cup which was consecrated to the  
Prophet, to let it fall upon the ground,  
and dash it in pieces. His son coming  
in some time after, he stretched out his  
hand to bless him, as his manner was  
every morning; but the youth going  
out, stumbled over the threshold and  
broke his arm. As the old man won-  
dered at these events, a caravan passed  
by in its way from Mecca. The Der-  
vise approached it to beg a blessing; but  
as he stroked one of the holy camels, he  
received a kick from the beast, that ter-  
ribly bruised him. His sorrow and amaze-  
ment increased upon him, until he re-  
collected that through hurry and im-  
pertinency he had that morning come  
abroad without washing his hands.

N<sup>o</sup> DCXXXII. MONDAY, DECEMBER 13.

—EXPLESO NUMERUM, REDDARQUE TENEBRIS.

VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER. 545.

—THE NUMBER I'LL COMPLEAT,  
THEN TO OBSCURITY WE'LL PLEAS'D RETREAT.

THE love of symmetry and order; which is natural to the mind of man, betrays him sometimes into very whimsical fancies. 'This noble principle,' says a French author, 'loves to amuse itself on the most trifling occasions. You may see a profound philosopher,' says he, 'walk for an hour together, in his chamber, and industriously treading, at every step, upon every other board in the flooring.' Every reader will recollect several instances of this nature without my assistance. I think it was Gregorio Leti who had published as many books as he was years old; which was a rule he had laid down and punctually observed to the year of his death. It was, perhaps, a thought of the like nature, which determined Homer himself to divide each of his poems into as many books as there were letters in the Greek alphabet. Herodotus has in the same manner adapted his books to the number of the Muses, for which reason many a learned man had wished there had been more than nine of that sisterhood.

Several epic poets have religiously followed Virgil as to the number of his books; and even Milton is thought by many to have changed the number of his books from ten to twelve, for no other reason, as Cowley tells us, it was his design, had he finished his *Davidis*, to have also imitated the *Æneid* in this particular. I believe every one will agree with me, that a perfection of this nature hath no foundation in reason; and, with due respect to their great names, may be looked upon as something whimsical.

I mention these great examples in defence of my bookseller, who occasioned this eighth volume of *Spectators*, because, as he said, he thought seven a very odd number. On the other side,

numerous grave reasons were urged on this strange subject; as in particular, that was the precise number of the

wife men, and that the most beautiful constellation in the heavens was composed of seven stars. This he allowed to be true, but still insisted, that seven was an odd number; suggesting at the same time, that if he were provided with a sufficient stock of leading papers, he should find friends ready enough to carry on the work. Having by this means got his vessel launched and set afloat, he hath committed the steering of it, from time to time, to such as he thought capable of conducting it.

The close of this volume, which the town may now expect in a little time, may possibly ascribe each sheet to its proper author.

It were no hard task to continue this paper a considerable time longer, by the help of large contributions sent from unknown hands.

I cannot give the town a better opinion of the *Spectator's* correspondents, than by publishing the following letter, with a very fine copy of verses upon a subject perfectly new.

DUBLIN, NOV. 30, 1714.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU lately recommended to your female readers the good old custom of their grandmothers, who used to lay out a great part of their time in needle-work: I entirely agree with you in your sentiments, and think it would not be of less advantage to themselves and their posterity, than to the reputation of many of their good neighbours, if they passed many of those hours in this innocent entertainment, which are lost at the tea-table. I would, however, humbly offer to your consideration the case of the poetical ladies; who, though they may be willing to take any advice given them by the *Spectator*, yet cannot so easily quit their pen and ink as you may imagine. Pray allow them, at least now and then, to indulge themselves in other amusements of fancy, when they are

h stooping to their tapettry.  
 a very particular kind of work,  
 late several ladies here in our  
 are very fond of, which seems  
 adapted to a poetical genius  
 making of grotto's. I know  
 ho has a very beautiful one,  
 I by herself, nor is there one  
 it not stuck up by her own  
 I here send you a poem to the  
 itest, which I would not offer  
 f, until I knew whether this  
 of a lady's passing her time were  
 of by the British Spectator;  
 with the poem, I submit to your  
 who am your constant reader  
 ble servant,

A. B.

## ON HER GROTTTO.

to so complete, with such design,  
 nds, Calypso, could have form'd but  
 line?  
 quer'd pebble, and each shining shell,  
 proportion'd, and dispos'd so well,  
 g lustre from thy thought receive,  
 g beauties more than nature gave.  
 their various shapes, and glossy hue,  
 rious symmetry they owe to you.  
 d Amphion's lute, whose pow'rful  
 all  
 ling stones dance to the Theban  
 all,  
 harmonious ranks could make  
 seem tall.

Not ev'ning cloud a brighter arch can show,  
 Nor richer colours paint the heav'nly bow.

Where can unpolis'd nature boast a piece,  
 In all her mossy cells exact as this?  
 At the gay parti-colour'd scene we start,  
 For chance too regular, too rude for art.

Charm'd with the sight, my ravish'd breast  
 is fix'd  
 With hints like those which ancient bards  
 inspir'd;  
 All the feign'd tales by superstition told,  
 All the bright train of fabled nymphs of old,  
 Th' enthusiastic muse believes are true,  
 Thinks the spot sacred, and it's genius you.  
 Lost in wild rapture, wou'd she soon disclose,  
 How by degrees the pleasing wonder rose,  
 Industrious in a faithful vein to trace  
 The various beauties of the lowly place;  
 And while she keeps the glowing work in view,  
 Thro' ev'ry maze thy artful hand pursue.

O were I equal to the bold design,  
 Or cou'd I boast such happy art as thine!  
 That cou'd rude shells in such sweet order  
 place,  
 Give common objects such uncommon grace!  
 Like them my well-chos'n words in ev'ry line,  
 As sweetly temper'd should as sweetly shine.  
 So just a fancy shou'd my numbers warm,  
 Like the gay piece shou'd the description  
 charm.  
 Then with superior strength my voice I'd  
 raise,  
 The echoing grotto shou'd approve my lays,  
 Pleas'd to reflect the well-sung founder's  
 praise.

## DCXXXIII. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15.

PROFECTO, CUM SE A COELESTIBUS REBUS REVERT AD HUMANAS,  
 EXCELSUS MAGNIFICENTIBUSQUE ET DICT ET SENTIET. CICERO.

CONTEMPLATION OF CELESTIAL THINGS WILL MAKE A MAN BOTH SPEAK  
 THINK MORE SUBLIMELY AND MAGNIFICENTLY, WHEN HE DESCENDS  
 UMAN AFFAIRS.

Following discourse is printed,  
 it came to my hands, without  
 1.

CAMBRIDGE, DEC. 11.

As a very common enquiry among  
 ncients, why the number of ex-  
 orators, under all the encourage-  
 he most flourishing states could  
 m, fell so far short of the num-  
 those who excelled in all other  
 . A find of men used marry-  
 to this cause an observation of  
 s, who says, that the most use-

ful animals are the most fruitful in their  
 generation; whereas the species of those  
 beasts that are fierce and mischievous to  
 mankind, are but scarcely continued.  
 The historian instances in a hare, which  
 always either breeds or brings forth;  
 and a lioness, which brings forth but  
 once, and then loses all power of con-  
 ception. But leaving my friend to his  
 mirth, I am of opinion, that in these  
 latter ages we have greater cause of com-  
 plaint than the ancients had. And since  
 that solemn festival is approaching, which  
 calls for all the power of oratory, and  
 which



which affords as noble a subject for the pulpit as any revelation has taught us, the design of this paper shall be to shew, that our moderns have greater advantages towards true and solid eloquence, than any which the celebrated speakers of antiquity enjoyed.

The first great and substantial difference is, that their common-places, in which almost the whole force of amplification consists, were drawn from the profit or honesty of the action, as they regarded only this present state of duration. But Christianity, as it exalts morality to a greater perfection, as it brings the consideration of another life into the question, as it proposes rewards and punishments of a higher nature and a longer continuance, is more adapted to affect the minds of the audience, naturally inclined to pursue what it imagines it's greatest interest and concern. If Pericles, as historians report, could shake the firmest resolution of his hearers, and set the passions of all Greece in a ferment, when the present welfare of his country, or the fear of hostile invasions, was the subject: what may be expected from that orator, who warns his audience against those evils which have no remedy, when once undergone, either from prudence or time? As much greater as the evils in a future state are than these at present, so much are the motives to persuasion under Christianity greater than those which mere moral consideration could supply us with. But what I now mention relates only to the power of moving the affections. There is another part of eloquence, which is indeed it's matter-piece; I mean the marvellous or sublime. In this the Christian orator has the advantage beyond contradiction. Our ideas are so infinitely enlarged by revelation, the eye of reason has so wide a prospect into eternity, the notions of a Deity are so worthy and respectable, and the accounts we have of a state of happiness or misery so clear and evident, that the contemplation of such objects will give our discourse a noble vigour, an invincible force, beyond the power of any human consideration. Fully requires in his perfect orator some skill in the nature of heavenly bodies, because, says he, his mind will become more extensive and unconfined; and when he descends to treat of human affairs, he will both

think and write in a more exalted and magnificent manner. For the same reason that excellent master would have recommended the study of those great and glorious mysteries which revelation has discovered to us; to which the noblest parts of this system of the world are as much inferior as the creature is less excellent than it's Creator. The wisest and most knowing among the heathens had very poor and imperfect notions of a future state. They had indeed some uncertain hopes, either received by tradition, or gathered by reason, that the existence of virtuous men would not be determined by the separation of soul and body: but they either disbelieved a future state of punishment and misery; or, upon the same account that Apelles painted Antigonus with one side only towards the spectator, that the loss of his eye might not cast a blemish upon the whole piece; so these represented the condition of a man in it's fairest view, and endeavoured to conceal what they thought was a deformity to human nature. I have often observed, that whenever the above-mentioned orator in his philosophical discourses is led by his argument to the mention of immortality, he seems like one awaked out of sleep; roused and alarmed with the dignity of the subject, he stretches his imagination to conceive something uncommon, and, with the greatness of his thoughts, casts, as it were, a glory round the sentence. Uncertain and unsettled as he was, he seems fired with the contemplation of it. And nothing but such a glorious prospect could have forced so great a lover of truth as he was, to declare his resolution never to part with his persuasion of immortality, though it should be proved to be an erroneous one. But had he lived to see all that Christianity has brought to light, how would he have lavished out all the force of eloquence in those noblest contemplations which human nature is capable of, the Resurrection and the judgment that follows it? How had his breast glowed with pleasure, when the whole compass of felicity lay open and exposed to his view? How would his imagination have hurried him on in the pursuit of the mysteries of the Incarnation? How would he have entered, with the force of lightning, into the affections of his hearers, and fixed their attention, in sight of

osition of corrupt nature, upon serious themes which his eloquence hath painted in such lively and colours?

advantage Christians have; and with no small pleasure I lately read a fragment of Longinus, which served, as a testimony of that eloquence, at the beginning of a copy of the New Testament in our library. After that author numbered up the most celebrated among the Grecians, he says—of these Paul of Tarsus, the patron opinion not yet fully proved. At Athens, he condemns the Christians; and as an impartial critic, is in favour of the promoter and of it. To me it seems, that every part of his judgment adds weight to his opinion of St. Paul's eloquence, since, under all the prejudices which are directly opposite, he is content to acknowledge the merit of it. And no doubt, such as he describes St. Paul, such he is to the inhabitants of those cities which he visited and blessed with his doctrines he was divinely inspired to preach. Sacred history, in one circumstance, a confirmation of his eloquence, when at Lystra called him Mercury, because he was the chief speaker, and they gave paid divine worship to him, as a god who invented and presided over eloquence. This one account of him sets his character, considered as an orator only, above all the celebrations of the skill and influence of Demosthenes and his contemporaries. His power in speaking was admired, but it was thought human: their hearts were warmed and ravished by him, but still it was thought the voice of man, not the voice of God. What then had St. Paul above those of Athens or Rome? I confess, I can find this excellence to nothing but in the doctrines he delivered,

which may have still the same influence on the hearers; which have still the power, when preached by a skilful orator, to make us break out in the same expressions, as the disciples, who met our Saviour in their way to Emmaus, made use of; 'Did not our hearts burn within us, when he talked to us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?' I may be thought bold in my judgment by some; but I must affirm, that no one orator has left us so visible marks and footsteps of his eloquence as our apostle. It may perhaps be wondered at, that in his reasonings upon idolatry at Athens, where eloquence was born and flourished, he confines himself to strict argument only; but my reader may remember what many authors of the best credit have assured us, that all attempts upon the affections and strokes of oratory were expressly forbidden by the laws of that country, in courts of judicature. His want of eloquence therefore here, was the effect of his exact conformity to the laws: but his discourse on the Resurrection to the Corinthians, his harangue before Agrippa upon his own conversion, and the necessity of that of others, are truly great, and may serve as full examples to those excellent rules for the sublime, which the best of critics has left us. The sum of all this discourse is, that our clergy have no farther to look for an example of the perfection they may arrive at, than to St. Paul's harangues; that when he, under the want of several advantages of nature, as he himself tells us, was heard, admired, and made a stand up to succeeding ages by the best judges of a different persuasion in religion; I say, our clergy may learn, that, however instructive their sermons are, they are capable of receiving a great addition; which St. Paul has given them a noble example of, and the Christian religion has furnished them with certain means of attaining to.

N<sup>o</sup> DCXXXIV. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17.

Ὁ ἰσχυρὸς ἐλάττω· ἴσους θεῶν.

SOCRATES APUD XEN.

THE FEWER OUR WANTS, THE NEARER WE RESEMBLE THE GODS.

**I**T was the common boast of the heathen philosophers, that by the efficacy of their several doctrines, they made human nature resemble the divine. How much mistaken soever they might be in the several means they proposed for this end, it must be owned that the design was great and glorious. The finest works of invention and imagination are of very little weight, when put in the balance with what refines and exalts the rational mind. Longinus excites Homer very handsomely, when he says the poet made his gods like men, that he might make his men appear like the gods. But it must be allowed that several of the ancient philosophers acted, as Cicero wishes Homer had done: they endeavoured rather to make men like gods, than gods like men.

According to this general maxim in philosophy, some of them have endeavoured to place men in such a state of pleasure, or indolence at least, as they vainly imagined the happiness of the Supreme Being to consist in. On the other hand, the most virtuous sect of philosophers have created a chimerical wit men, whom they made exempt from passion and pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him sufficient.

This last character, when divested of the glare of human philosophy that surrounds it, signifies no more than that a good and wise man should to arm himself with patience, as not to yield tamely to the violence of passion and pain; that he should learn so to suppress and contract his desires as to have few wants; and that he should cherish so many virtues in his soul, as to have a perpetual source of pleasure in himself.

The Christian religion requires, that, after having framed the best idea we are able of the Divine Nature, it should be our next care to conform ourselves to it, as far as our imperfections will permit. I might mention several passages in the sacred writings on this head, to which I might add many maxims and

wise sayings among the Greeks and Romans.

I shall only instance a remarkable passage, to this purpose, out of Junian's Cæsars. That emperor having represented all the Roman emperors, with Alexander the Great, as passing in review before the gods, and striving for the superiority, lets them all drop, excepting Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Augustus Cæsar, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, and Constantine. Each of these great heroes of antiquity lays in his claim for the upper place, and, in order to it, sets forth his actions after the most advantageous manner. But the gods, instead of being dazzled with the lustre of their actions, enquire by Mercury into the proper motive and governing principle that influenced them throughout the whole series of their lives and exploits. Alexander tells them, that his aim was to conquer; Julius Cæsar, that his was to gain the highest post in his country; Augustus, to govern well; Trajan, that his was the same as that of Alexander, namely, to conquer. The question, at length, was put to Marcus Aurelius, who replied, with great modesty, that 'it had always been his care to imitate the gods.' This conduct seems to have gained him the most votes and best place in the whole assembly. Marcus Aurelius being afterwards asked to explain himself, declares, that, by imitating the gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the use of his understanding, and of all other faculties; and, in particular, that it was always his study to have as few wants as possible in himself, and to do all the good he could to others.

Among the many methods by which revealed religion has advanced morality, this is one, that it has given us a more just and perfect idea of that Being whom every reasonable creature ought to imitate. The young man, in a heathen comedy, might justify his lewdness by the example of Jupiter; as, indeed, there

ce any crime that might not be anced by those notions of the high prevailed among the com- plete in the heathen world: Re- religion sets forth a proper ob- imitation, in that Being who is urnal, as well as the source, of all perfection.

we remain in this life, we are to innumerable temptations, if listened to, will make us de-

viate from reason and goodness, the only things wherein we can imitate the Supreme Being. In the next life we meet with nothing to excite our inclinations that doth not deserve them. I shall therefore dismiss my reader with this maxim, viz. 'Our happiness in this world proceeds from the suppression of our desires, but in the next world from the gratification of them.'

## 10 DCXXXV. MONDAY, DECEMBER 20.

TE SEDEM HOMINUM AC DOMUM CONTEMPLARI; QUE SI TIBI PARVA EST) ITA VIDETUR, NEC CŒLÆSTIA SEMPER SPECTATO; ILLA NUMQUAM ENNITO.

CICERO SOMN. SCIP.

IVE YOU CONTEMPLATE THE SEAT AND HABITATION OF MEN; WHICH APPEARS AS LITTLE TO YOU AS IT REALLY IS, FIX YOUR EYES PER- ALLY UPON HEAVENLY OBJECTS, AND DESPISE EARTHLY.

3 following essay comes from e ingenious author of the letter ively, printed in a late Spectator: ons are drawn from the Platonic hinking; but as they contribute die mind, and may inspire noble its of our own future grandeur pinefs, I think it well deserves :sented to the public:

universe be the creature of an igent mind, this mind could immediate regard to himself in g it: He needed not to make his omnipotence, to be informed cts were within it's reach: the : existing in his eternal idea was beautiful as now it is drawt to being; and in the immense his essence are contained far scenes than will be ever set view; it being impossible that t Author of Nature should is own power by giving exist- a system of creatures so perfect cannot improve upon it by any ertions of his almighty will: finite and infinite there is an ured interval, not to be filled up s ages; for which reason, the ellent of all God's works must ly short of what his power is roduce as the most imperfect; y be exceeded with the same

thought hath made some im- har, it must be confessed, is not

impossible) that the unfathomed space is ever teeming with new births, the younger still inheriting a greater perfection than the elder. But as this doth not fall with- in my present view, I shall content my- self with taking notice, that the consid- eration now mentioned proves undeni- ably, that the ideal worlds in the divine understanding yield a prospect incom- parably more ample; various, and de- lightful, than any created world can do; and that therefore as it is not to be sup- posed that God should make a world merely of inanimate matter, however di- versified, or inhabited only by creatures of no higher an order than brutes; so the end for which he designed his rea- sonable offspring is the contemplation of his works, the enjoyment of himself; and in both to be happy; having, to this purpose, endowed them with correspon- dent faculties and desires. He can have no greater pleasure from a bare review of his works, than from the survey of his own ideas; but we may be assured that he is well pleased in the satisfaction derived to beings capable of it, and for whose entertainment he hath erected this immense theatre. Is not this more than an intimation of our immortality? Man, who when considered as on his proba- tion for a happy existence hereafter, is the most remarkable instance of divine wisdom, if we cut him off from all re- lation to eternity, is the most wonderful and unaccountable composition in the whole creation. He hath capacities

to lodge a much greater variety of knowledge than he will be ever master of, and an unsatisfied curiosity to tread the secret paths of nature and providence: but, with this, his organs, in their present structure, are rather fitted to serve the necessities of a vile body, than to minister to his understanding; and from the little spot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering guesses concerning the innumerable worlds of light that encompass him, which, though in themselves of a prodigious bigness, do but just glimmer in the remote spaces of the heavens; and, when with a great deal of time and pains he hath laboured a little way up the steep ascent of truth, and beholds with pity the groveling multitude beneath, in a moment his foot slides, and he tumbles down headlong into the grave.

Thinking on this, I am obliged to believe, in justice to the Creator of the world, that there is another state when man shall be better situated for contemplation, or rather have it in his power to remove from object to object, and from world to world; and be accommodated with senses, and other helps, for making the quickest and most amazing discoveries. How doth such a genius as Sir Isaac Newton, from amidst the darkness that involves human understanding, break forth, and appear like one of another species! The vast machine, we inhabit, lies open to him; he seems not unacquainted with the general laws that govern it; and while with the transport of a philosopher he beholds and admires the glorious work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational homage to his Maker. But, alas! how narrow is the prospect even of such a mind? and how obscure to the compass that is taken in by the ken of an angel; or of a soul but newly escaped from it's imprisonment in the body! For my part, I freely indulge my soul in the confidence of it's future grandeur; it pleases me to think that I who know so small a portion of the works of the Creator, and with slow and painful steps creep up and down on the surface of this globe, shall ere long shoot away with the swiftness of imagination, trace out the hidden springs of nature's operations, be able to keep pace with the heavenly bodies in the rapidity of their career, be a spectator of the long chain of events in the natural and moral

worlds, visit the several apartments of the creation, know how they are furnished and how inhabited, comprehend the order, and measure the magnitudes and distances of those orbs, which to us seem disposed without any regular design, and set all in the same circle; observe the dependance of the parts of each system, and (if our minds are big enough to grasp the theory) of the several systems upon one another, from whence results the harmony of the universe. In eternity a great deal may be done of this kind. I find it of use to cherish this generous ambition; for besides the secret refreshment it diffuses through my soul, it engages me in an endeavour to improve my faculties, as well as to exercise them conformably to the rank I now hold among reasonable beings, and the hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted station.

The other, and that the ultimate end of man, is the enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a wish. Dim at best are the conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his creatures in suspense, neither discovering, nor hiding himself; by which means, the libertine hath a handle to dispute his existence, while the most are content to speak him fair, but in their hearts prefer every trifling satisfaction to the favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good man for the singularity of his choice. Will there not a time come, when the free-thinker shall see his impious schemes overturned, and be made a convert to the truths he hates; when deluded mortals shall be convinced of the folly of their pursuits; and the few wise who followed the guidance of Heaven, and scorning the blandishments of sense, and the sordid bribery of the world, aspired to a celestial abode, shall stand possessed of their utmost wish in the vision of the Creator? Here the mind heaves a thought now and then towards him, and hath some transient glances of his presence: when, in the instant it thinks itself to have the fullest hold, the object eludes it's expectations, and it falls back tired and baffled to the ground. Doubtless there is some more perfect way of conversing with heavenly beings. Are not spirits capable of mutual intelligence, unless immersed in bodies, or by their intervention? Must superior natures depend on inferior for the main privilege of sociable beings,

don

f conversing with and knowing  
ther? What would they have done  
atter never been created? I sup-  
not have lived in eternal solitude.  
corporeal substances are of a nobler  
so be sure, their manner of in-  
rse is answerably more expedite  
timate. This method of com-  
ation we call intellectual vision,  
ething analagous to the sense of  
which is the medium of our ac-  
ance with this visible world. And  
such way can God make himself  
ject of immediate intuition to  
fied; and as he can, it is not im-  
le that he will, always conde-  
g, in the circumstances of doing  
the weakness and proportion of  
minds. His works but faintly  
the image of his perfections; it

is a second-hand knowledge; to have a  
just idea of him, it may be necessary  
that we see him as he is. But what is  
that? It is something that never entered  
into the heart of man to conceive; yet,  
what we can easily conceive, will be a  
fountain of unspeakable, and everlast-  
ing rapture. All created glories will  
fade and die away in his presence. Per-  
haps it will be my happiness to compare  
the world with the fair exemplar of it  
in the divine mind; perhaps, to view  
the original plan of those wise designs  
that have been executing in a long suc-  
cession of ages. Thus employed in find-  
ing out his works, and contemplating  
their Author, how shall I fall prostrate  
and adoring, my body swallowed up in  
the immensity of matter, my mind in  
the infinitude of his perfections!

*Mr Grove of Taun*  
*May 1788*

[illegible]

# I N D E X

TO THE

FIFTH, SIXTH, SEVENTH, AND EIGHTH  
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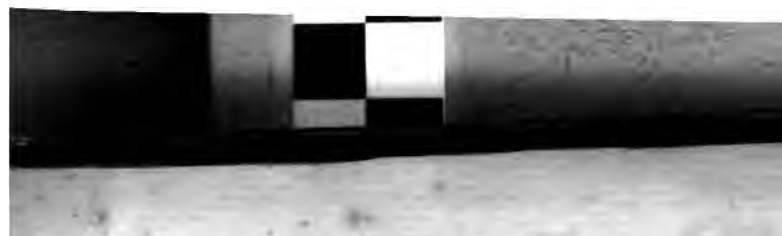
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